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KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL;

FOR
INTER-COMMUNICATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY,
POPULAR SCIENCE, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

CONDUCTED BY
WILLIAM KIDD, OF HAMMERSMITH.

VOLUME II.

Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss—
All various NATURE pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, Content,
Retirement, Rural quiet, Friendship, Books,
Ease, and alternate Labor, useful Life,
PROGRESSIVE VIRTUE, AND APPROVING HEAVEN.
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TO THE READER.

THE TIME has again come round, for us to submit to the Public eye our Collected Sayings and Doings of the last six months.

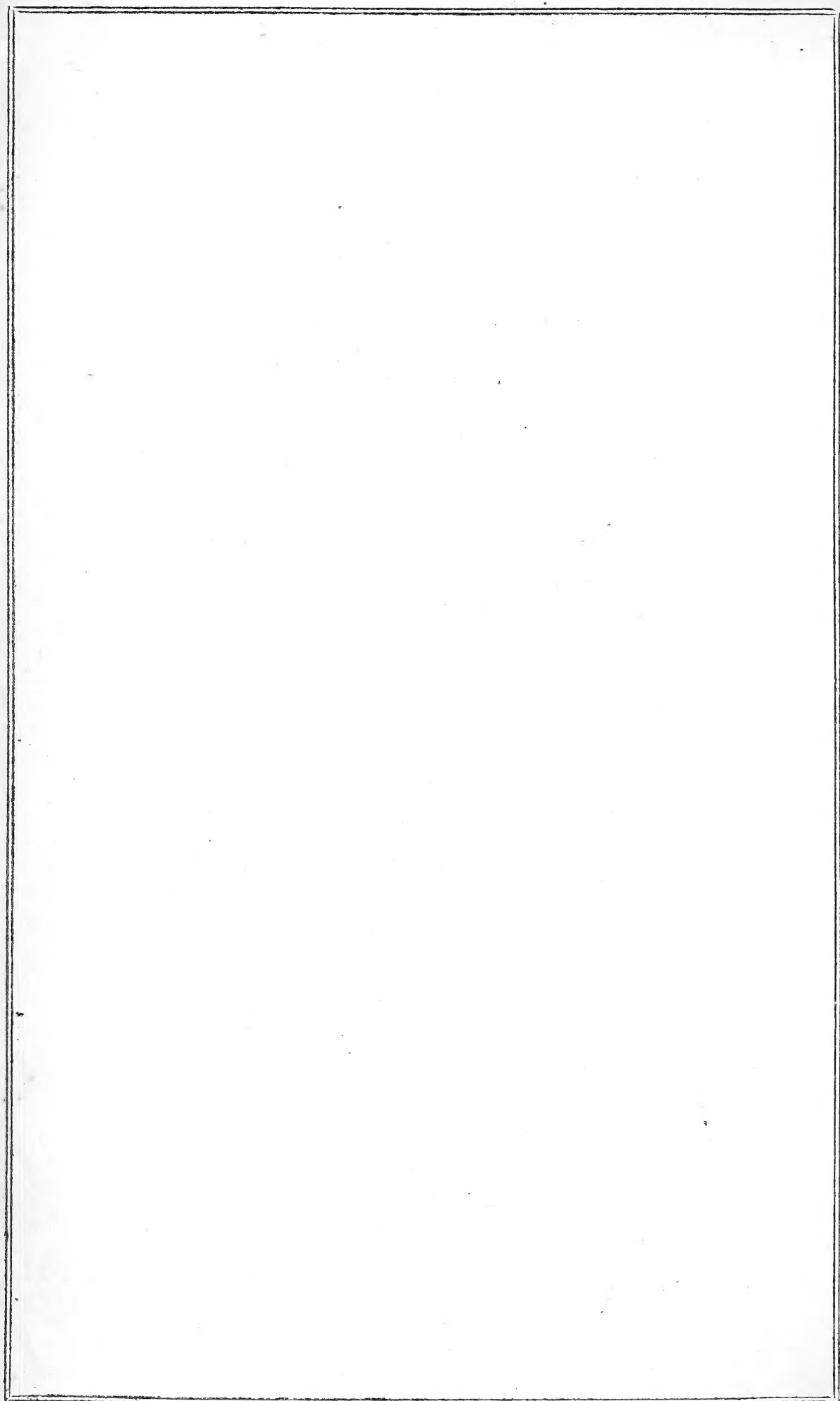
In our former Preface, we intimated a hope,—a belief, that our CHRISTMAS VOLUME would be even more interesting than that of MIDSUMMER. We trust our prophecy will be recognised as “fulfilled.” Our heart has been in our work. It is not therefore a matter for surprise if we should succeed in pleasing.

Let us again predict that, when our next Volume appears, we shall excel even more than we do now. Perfection is worth striving after ; and as we are supported by a powerful body of Choice Spirits, we shall pursue it with untiring and unceasing energy.

WILLIAM KIDD.

NEW ROAD, HAMMERSMITH,

January 1st, 1853.



INDEX TO VOLUME II.

- Aberdevine, The, 61
 Abstinence from Food in Animals, 122
 Affection for Animals, 126
 Agitation of Birds, 54
 Air and Atmosphere, 322
 "All is not Gold that glitters," 158
 American Aloe, 316
 — Cress, 379
 Animals, Cruelty to, 235, 283, 297, 376
 — Absurd Anecdotes of, 11
 — and their Prejudices, 93
 — in their proper Places, Dogs, 206
 — Birds, &c., Art of Taming, 47, 170, 177
 Animalcules and their Instincts, 1
 Ants, 50, 58, 65, 203
 — and Fairy Rings, 333
 Ant Flies, 188
 Ardent Spirits, 32, 60
 Artificial State of Society, 104, 200
 Ass, Revenge in the, 362
 Atheism, a Blow to, 157
 Atrophy in Birds, 61
 Australian Gold Fields, Panorama of the, 176
 Autumn Wild Flowers, 147
 AVIARY, THE, AND ITS OCCUPANTS, 277, 308, 340, 371, 403
 — Birds, 77
 Avidavats, 58, 91
 Babillard, The, 243
 Bamboo, and its Applications, 346
 Bed-room Walls, 188
 Bees, 41, 69, 155, 172
 — in Canada, 831
 — in New South Wales, 378
 BIRDS OF SONG—reprinted with additions, from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, 3, 20, 45, 53, 93, 99, 115, 132, 146, 161, 179, 193, 211, 227, 243, 261, 277, 308, 340, 371
 — Is it cruel to confine them? 111
 — their Affection for their Young, 172
 — Nests of, perforated; and the eggs removed, 11, 41, 142
 Bird-Cages with Painted Wires, 125
 Bird-sellers, Tricks of, 395
 Blackbird, The, 26
 — A White, 91
 Black-Cap, The, 26, 115, 132, 146, 161, 179, 193, 283
 Boarding Houses, 169
 Bookseller, An Honest! 158
 Brain, Phenomena of the, 143
 Breath, The, 35
 Bullfinch, The, 273, 300
 Cactus, The, 395
 Camel, The, 236, 316
 Canaries, 9, 58, 60, 61, 74, 75, 186, 187, 395
 — in the open air, at Maidstone, 9
 Canary Shows, 376, 412, 413
 Carbonic Acid, 140
 Cat, An amiable, 299
 Cats, Rats, and Kittens, 235, 283,
 — 43, 189
 — without Tails, Philosophy of, 172
 Caterpillars, 37, 76
 Chameleon, The, 205
 Cheap Immoral Periodicals, 120, 185, 271, 330
 — Glass for Window-Gardening, 314, 363
 Cheerfulness and Uniformity of Temper, 206
 Cheese-Mite, The, 397
 Chemistry of Nature and Art, 382
 Children, 55, 151, 239
 Cobra-di-Capello, The, 302, 313
 Cocoa-nut Crab, The, 397
 Cod-Liver Oil, 347
 Combustion, Philosophy of, 12
 Contemplation of Nature, 199
 Coral, The, 395
 Cruelty of Children towards Animals, 147, 170
 Cuckoo, The, 156
 Dahlia, The, 235
 Damp in Walls, 156
 Dawn of Day, 181
 Delirium, 111
 Destruction of Birds and its Consequences, 90
 Distinctions and Differences—The Crow and the Rook, 17
 Dogs, 28, 47, 76, 142, 165, 190, 203, 206
 Dogs, A Lady's Apologies for, 165—168
 Dog and Kitten, 95
 — Rabbit, and Cat, 391
 Dolphin, The, 365
 Eagle and the Salmon, 27
 Early Education, 106, 138, 170, 349
 — Rising, 73, 77, 139, 188, 348
 Eggs without Shells, 45
 — carried off by Crows, 236
 Englishman, An, proof against Gold! 362
 English Birds and Plants acclimated in the United States, 290

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

Affection, 375; Angling, 291; Appearances often Deceitful, 97; Ardent Spirits, England's Curse, 386; August and its Insects, 213; Australia, 234; Auto-biography of a Dog, 279, 290, 325, 341, 354, 374, 389, 405; Beauties of Autumn, 319; Boarding-houses, 169; Character Reading, 280, 312; Childhood, 55; Christmas, 392, 409; Christmas-Tree, The, 306; Confirmation-Day, 358; Dawn of Day, 181; Days without Nights, 271; December, 1852, 360, 414; Delights of the Tea-table, 264; Departing Year, The, 328; Destruction of Birds, 90; Dream, a Remarkable, 250; Every-day Life in India, 87; Field Paths and Country Stiles, 29; First Feeling of Winter, 373; Fish-ponds and Tittle-bats, 390; Floods, 323, 412; Gold, 234; Hanwell Asylum, 257; Happiness, 120; Holly, The, 401; Human Pulse, 94; Human Sorrow transient, 414; Humanising Influences of Summer, 73; Human-

INDEX.

- ity to Bees, 69; Kensall Green Cemetery, 153; Ladies' "Pet Fancies," Dogs, 165; Ladies' Hair, 36; Love, general and particular, 331; "Man Overboard!" 173, 204; Memory, 296; Men and Brutes, 226; Mischief of Fun, 382; My First Salmon, 124; Nature's Goodness, 323; Night, A Fragment, 116; Notes by a Naturalist, 162, 180, 242, 290, 353, 385; Our Climate, 6; Our Codes of Health and Religion, 209, 344, 394; Pen, The, Danger resulting from its Use, 271; Poetry.—What is it? 68; Philosophy of Sleep, 250; Pictures of Society, by Forestiera, 337, 369; Power of Love, 330; Progress of the Seasons, 8, 24, 40, 56, 62, 72, 88, 104, 120, 137, 152, 168, 184, 216, 233, 249, 264, 280, 296, 328, 360, 392, 408; Rambles to—Sharpham Wood, 33; Wanstead and Hainault Forest, 139; Montgomery, North Wales, 144, 244; Banks of the Lea, 130; Shaking Hands, 204, 413; Sound, the Nature of, 242, 404; Spider, The, 275; Spring-Day in Winter, 373; Street Music, 91; Sun, The, 357; Tame Hares, 135; Town or Country? 286; Value of Reason, 257; Watering-place Delights and Follies, 169, 200; White Coral Islands, 84; Winter in the Olden Time, 415; Woman, a "Fairy," 201; Women, their Value, 342; Women, Powerful Influence of, 143; Wonders of the Insect World, 228; World, The, and its Inhabitants, 270; World we Live in, 183.
- Evil Company, 80
 Fairy Rings, 10, 58
 Fertility of Animals, 123
 Fish, Artificial Fecundation of the Roe of, 139
 Fishes, Migration of, 197
 Five Fingers, The, 183,
 Flies, Destroyed by Flowers, 285
 Flint in Vegetables, 59
 Flowers, 59, 141
 ——— To Strike Cuttings of, 364
 Flower Bulbs, 187, 284
 Fly-papers, The, 21, 42
 Flying-Fish, 364
 Forget me Not, Origin of the, 123
 Fox, Sagacity of a, 378
 Friends, (How Rare!), 99
 Friendship, A Trial of, 8
 Fright, Effects produced by, 95
 Frog, The, a Weather Glass, 140
 Frogs, 189, 203, 267, 283, 315
 GALL, Dr.. His Celebrated Work, 328
 Game of the "Christmas-Tree," 415
 Gardens, Hints on Watering, 284
 Gardening in Australia, 254
 Garden-Warbler, The, 211
 Goat, The Marching Military, 173
 Goats, 26, 108, 122, 143, 173
 Goldfinch-Mules, 27
 Gold-Fish, Odd Feat of a, 158
 Goldsmith, Anecdotes of, 215, 238, 311
 Good-Nature sometimes ridiculous, 96
 Good-Will to Man, 215
 Gossamer, The, 218, 228
 Grapes, How to Ripen Early, 189
 "Grave of Annie!" 154
 Green-eyed Monster, The, 379
 Grouse, A curious Hybrid, 218
 Gutta-Percha Tree, 236
 Hares, Tame, 135
 Harmony of Colors in a Garden, 237
 Harvest of 1852, Joys of the, 137
 Harvest Moon, The, 317
 Hats, Modern, 45, 88
 Haymaking, Joys of, 9, 25
 Health of Mind, 288, 309
 ——— Dependent on Light and Sun, 43
 ——— and Ventilation, 252
 Hedgehog, The, 92, 97, 156, 364
 Heron, The, 301
 Hollyhock, The, 204, 348
 Honors paid to the Rose, 265
 Honey-Bees, 268, 284
 ——— and Chloroform, 349
 "Hope on—Hope ever!" 56
 Horse-Dragon Fly, 181
 Horse, Revenge in a, 299
 Human Head, The, and Figure, 352
 ——— Pulse, The, 94
 Hyacinth, Management of the, 309
 ——— with Diseased Roots, 348, 381
 Ichneumon, The, 83, 311
 India-Rubber Tree of Brazil, 79
 Indoor Plants, 346
 Insects, To destroy, 266
 Insects and Spiders, 266
 ——— Remarkable Descent of, 218, 253
 ——— their wonderful Strength, 327
 Intemperance, Horrors of, 32, 60
 Iron, Utility of, 365
 Jackdaw, A Remarkable, 410
 John Bull, "proved to be mad," 329, 361, 362
 Kangaroo Hunt in Australia, 75
 Kindness to Animals, 170, 177
 Lack-a-daisical Women, 136
 Ladies, their Dress, and remarkable Taste, 88
 141
 ——— and Dogs, 165
 ——— Monkeys, 285
 Ladies' Hair, 36
 ——— "Shrouds," invented by Satan, 44, 107,
 201, 253
 Life in Death—A Man Overboard, 174, 204
 Light, Irradiation of, 365,
 Lightning, Velocity of, 143
 Lily, The, 318
 Lion Ant, The, 329
 London and its Public Conveyances, 268, 282
 London in November, 297
 Long Faces,—Out of Date, 121
 Love and Friendship, very different Things, 110
 Lungs, Development of the, 412
 Mackerel, The, 119
 Magnet, The, 142
 Magpie, The, 61
 Man, a Semi-Savage, 227, 285
 Matrimonial Jars, 122
 Mechanism of the Eyes of Birds, 295
 Mice, Singularly marked, 110
 "Might against Right," 205, 349
 Migration of Birds, 261
 Mind's Expanse, The, 192
 ——— Influence on the Body, 111
- MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
- Ages Passed Away, 350; Authorship, 355; Be Merry and Wise, 414; Beauty, 186, 335; Beneficence of Nature, 220; Benevolence, 416; Blue Glass for Hot-houses, 333; Case of Conscience, 345; Californian Onions, 333; Charity, 318; Child, The, we live for, 240; Clove, The, 411; Cold in the Arctic Regions, 237; Confined Air, 397; Contentment, 240, 325;

INDEX.

Corns, A Cure for, 333; Curious Bill of Costs, 332; Cut Flowers, 379; Daisy, The, 399; Dear Bargains, 151; Eating, 272; Ennui, 182; Entomology, Study of, 221; Fancy, 383; Fear, 351; Female Education, 13; Feminine Beauty, 16; First Love, 320; Forgiveness, 256; Friendship, 215, 319; Gardens, 111; "Gentlemen" and their Wide-awake Hats, 253; Happiness in Degree, 103; Health, 252; Honest Conscience, 16; Human Hair, 142; Humanity, 28; Hypocrisy, 304; Idiosyncrasy, 296; Ignorance, 28; Infidelity, 327; Inquisitive People, 391; Judgment, 16; Lapland Witch, 232; Latin Prescriptions, 391; Lemon Juice, 381; Lend me a Shilling, 413; Life, 138; Little Kindnesses, 384; Lock of Hair, 224; Mechanism of a Watch, 411; Man known by his Dress, 400; Milk, Cream, Cheese, 267; Mussel found in Sand, 397; Modesty, 87; Necessities and Superfluities, 55; New Planet, 45; Novel Weather-glass, 286; Old Oak, 397; Opinions, 16; "Our own Editor," 218; Petty Annoyances, 357; Philosophy of the Heart, 303; Pleasure and Pain, 48; Praise, 208; Present Age, The, 256; Pretty Look-out, 367; Prosperity and Adversity, 48, 336; Reading, 306; Revolutionary Principles, 285; Romping, 25; Salt, 239; Sea, The, 111, 265; Seed Time and Harvest, 83; Sparrow killed by Electricity, 397; Temperance, 336; Time, 239, 324; Tomorrow, 314; Triumph of Principle, 351; True Goodness, 255; True Philosophy, 16; Try Again! 224; Unkindness, 16; Value of Life, 219; Vinegar and its Adulterations, 219; Vulgar Minds, 272; Walnuts as Medicine, 221; Water for Ever! 265; Way to Fame,—rough very! 67; White Thorn, The, 23; Wine, 348; Wit and Judgment, 246; Women, deadly Foes to each other under Suffering, 234; Won't You? 174

Mole Cricket, The, 74

Mother's Love, A, 174, 204

Mule, A very ancient, 391

Mushrooms, 220, 316, 381

Nature and Art, 26

Nettles, converted into Cloth, 333

New Regulation of Time by the Electric Ball, 126

Nightingale, The, 3, 20, 45, 53, 59, 93, 99, 155, 273, 286

Notable Things, 16

Notes upon Notes, 294

Nothing seen but Light, 103

Nuthatch, The, and its Nest, 332

Nutting Excursions, 184

Obituary,—Death of Professor Macgillivray, 194

Odors of Flowers, 238

Omnivorous Caterpillar, 37, 310

"Our Little Carpet Bag," 105, 137

Our "Open Sesame!" 185

Ostrich, The, 314

Owl, The, 11, 12

Pæonies Improvable by Culture, 139

Papering of Walls,

Parrots, 90, 178, 314

Partridge, Affection of the, 187

Peacock, The, 159

Pheasant, Ferocity of the, 366

Pheasants, Gold and Silver, 12

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION, 5, 21, 37, 70, 85, 117, 133, 163, 196, 230, 262, 292, 326, 355, 387

Picnics, 25, 74

Pigs, Sagacious, 188

— Swift of Foot, 365

Pigeons, 51, 125, 219, 268

— Wood, 78, 154

Plants in Bed-rooms, 380

— for Pillar Decoration, 411

"Platonic Affection," 157

Pleasure,—What is it? 43

POETRY.

Age of Cruelty, 384; August in London, 89; Autumn Robin, 255; Be Kind! 215; Beauty, 192; Bless that Dimple! 208; Blessings of Friendship, 32; Chastity, Majesty of, 160; Childhood's Happy Hours, 144; Childhood's Tear, 144; Christmas, 407, 415; Capture of the Pike, 221; Child's, A, First Letter, 343; Choice of a Wife, 239; Contentment, 240; Daisy to Violet, 336; Death and Sleep, 272; Delights of the Country, 96; Domestic Lays, 320, 352; Dream, The, 256; End of Autumn, 400; Evening Star, 121; Faith and Hope, 288; First Love, 64; First Sorrow, The, 128; Flora and her Handmaidens, 96; Flowers on the Tomb, 160; Glow-worm, The, 119; "Good Ship Honesty," 208; Good Night 112; Goodness of God to Man, 16; Harmless Pleasures, 208; Hast thou a Friend? 368; Heart to dispose of, 80; Holly, The, 416; Home, 304; "Hope on—Hope ever," 91; How wilt thou love me; 336; Hope, 224; Insect Life, 58; Joy in Heaven, 272; Joys of Hope, 400; Joyous Innocence of Childhood, 336; Law of Kindness, 176; Lines connected with "Our Own Editor's" Tomb, 154; Lines on Helvellyn, 348; Lines on a Solitary Thrush, 406; Little Fairy Reaper, 105; Long looked for come at Last, 80; Love better than Fear, 144; Love and Friendship, 128; Love thy Mother, 368; Love one Another, 413; Love, a Mystery, 416; Madness, 416; "To Mary," 216; Merry Hearts, 347; Mind's disease, The, 272; Mother's Love, 352; Mother and her Dumb Boy, 399; Nature's Constancy, 25; Nature's Gentleman, 400; Nightingale's Nest, 59; "Our Own Editor," 151; Plea for the Poor, 416; Private Whisper, 174; Reapers, The, 137, 138; Remembrance, 176; Summer, 48, 57, 151, 184; Shades of Character, 288; Sketch from Life, 248; Small Things, 237; Smiles and Tears, 384; Social Harmony, 320; Solitude, 271; Succor the Distressed, 267; Sweet o' the Year, 32; Talking, 288; Taste, 368; To an Absent Girl, 256; To my Love, 223; To a Wife Sleeping, 352; True Friend, The, 407; True Happiness, 64; Twilight, 48, 89; Violet to Daisy, 368; "We'll meet again!" 224; What am I to Thee? 400; Wedding Ring, 238; Winter, 407; Winter Robin, 304; Women and Flowers, 240; Won't You? 174; World, The, as good as ever, 112; Yes, and No, 415;

Poppy, Seed of the, 189

Popular Discussions—Booksellers' Question, The, 3, 12; Ichneumon, 83; Phrenological Development, 53

POULTRY—Valuable Remarks connected with, 12, 26, 51, 59, 92, 108, 124, 155, 187, 219, 255, 300, 366, 380, 393

Pride and Humility, 199

Prudery, 160

Rabbits, 15, 45

INDEX.

Railway and Steam-Boat Dangers, 137, 150, 201, 294
 Rat Poison, 110
 Reason, 103
 Reward of Fidelity, 208
 Roach and Dace in Ponds, How they spawn, 316
 Robin, The, 9, 255, 274, 363
 Roses, a Freak of Nature, 58
 ———The Moss, 396 ; The Bourbon, 413
 Russian Violets, 331
 Salt-Cat for Pigeons, 268
 Scarlet Runner, The, 318
 Shell Fish, Notes on, 141
 Ship-worm, The, 123
 Silk-worm The, 195, 213, 333
 Silk worn as under Clothing, 346
 Siskin, The, 273
 Skeleton Cat and Rat, 266
 Skeletons of Animals,—How to obtain, 365
 Sky-Lark, 28, 93, 110
 Sleep, Philosophy of, 144
 Small Pox and Vaccination, 47
 Smoking and Smokers, 25, 169
 Snakes in India, 386
 Soap, Substitution for, in California, 124
 Sound, Nature of, 145
 Spider, History of the, 275
 Squirrels, 13
 Starling, The, 61
 Summer-Heat in 1852, &c., 107
 Sunburn, 44
 Sunrise in Autumn, 152
 Surfeit in Birds, 203
 Swallow, The, 111, 187
 Talc, A Substitute for Glass, 379

TALES AND SKETCHES.

Curate and Apparition, 62 ; Fatal Gift, 269 ;
 First Love, 350, 366 ; Foreign Railways, 149 ;
 Give me the other Fig, 190 ; Green Silk Bon-

net, 302, 318 ; Journey to London, 13 ; Lion, the King of Dogs, 246 ; Olive Hathaway, 158 ; Particular People, 126 ; People of Importance, 334 ; Philosophers and Philosophy, 397 ; Pleasure Party in July, 101 ; Slow People, 222 ; Two Shining Characters,—Grant Thorburn and Jenny Lind, 206
 Tallow Greaves for Fattening Animals, 267
 Telescope, Craig's "Monster," 174
 Thrush, The, 42, 77, 89, 274
 Tiger Moth, 108, 171
 Toad, The, 267, 283, 315, 332, 394
 Toads and Wasps, 253
 Tobacco and its Victims, 383
 Two Full-Moons of July, 1852, 88
 Vampire Bat, The, 237
 Vanessa Antiopa, 157
 ——— Urticæ, 391
 Vermin in Cages, 236
 Victoria Regia, 299
 Vine Mildew, 364
 Vinegar Eels, 378
 Virginian Creeper, 317
 "Vocative" of Cat, 314
 Wasp, The, 154, 267
 Water Ermine, The, 200
 Welch Rarebits, 60
 Wellington Mania, The, 339, 361, 362, 394, 396
 Whale, The, 381
 Wheatear, The, 45
 Whitethroat, The, 227
 Why and Because, 375
 Window Plants, Directions for Watering, &c., 140
 Wire Lace, 268
 Woman, and her dear little "Silver Bell," 379
 Woman,—the ONLY one we ever failed to please ! 24, 78
 Woodpecker, The, 187
 Wood-Pigeons, 78
 World we live in, 121, 183

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Conducted by WILLIAM KIDD, of Hammersmith,—

AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;" "THE AVIARY," &c.

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Their lives ALL ECSTASY, and quick CROSS motion.
MONTGOMERY.

OF ALL THE GROUPS OF ANIMALS, those of the least consequence, one would think, must be those that for the most part escape the inquiring eye, unless aided by a microscope. The infusories, or as they have been also called *animalcules*, *microscopic animals*, *acrita*, or indiscernibles, *amorpha* or without form, are of this description. These wonderful little creatures, though they are everywhere dispersed, remain like seeds, without apparent life or motion, perhaps after animation has been suspended for years, till they come in contact with some fluid, when they are immediately reanimated, move about in various directions, absorb their proper nutriment, and exercise their reproductive powers according to the law of their several natures. Yet these little animals, though in some respect they exhibit no slight analogy to vegetables, are not only distinguished from them by their irritability, but likewise by their organisation, and powers of locomotion and voluntary action. Their mode of reproduction, however, is not far removed from that of some vegetables; they are spontaneously divisible, some longitudinally and others transversely, and these cuttings, if they may be so called, as in the Hydra or common Polype, become separate animals. They are also propagated by germs, and some appear to be viviparous. The species of *Vibrio*, found in diseased wheat by M. Bauer, is oviparous, as is evident from his observations and admirable figures. Lamarck indeed regards them as having no volition, as taking their food by absorption like plants; as being without any mouth, or internal organ; in a word, as transparent gelatinous masses, whose motions

are determined not by their will, but by the action of the medium in which they move; that they have neither head, eyes, muscles, vessels, nerves, nor indeed any particular determinable organ, whether for respiration, generation, or even digestion. On account of these supposed negative characters, they were called by De Blainville, *Agastria*, or stomachless, as having no intestines; but Ehrenberg, who has studied them in almost every climate, has discovered, by keeping them in colored waters, that they are not the simple animals that Lamarck and others suppose, and that almost all have a mouth and digestive organs, and that numbers of them have many stomachs. Spallanzani, and other writers that preceded Lamarck, had observed that their motions evidently indicated *volition*: this appeared from their avoiding each other and obstacles in their way; from their changing their direction, and going faster or slower as occasion required; from their passing suddenly from a state of rest to motion without any external impulse; from their darting eagerly at particles of infused substances; from their incessantly revolving on themselves without a change of place; from their course against the current; and from their crowding to shallow places of the fluid in which they are: each species seems also to exhibit a peculiar kind of instinct. Lamarck thinks all this delusion; proceeding from errors in judgment, and the result of prejudices inducing people readily to believe what accords with their persuasions. But to apply this remark to such observers as Spallanzani, &c., is drawing rather largely on the credulity of his readers, who might very justly change the tables and apply it to himself, who is certainly as much chained by system as any one can be. Admitting that the observations of Spallanzani just stated record facts, it appears clearly to follow from them that these animals have volition, and therefore cannot properly be denominated apathetic, or insensible. The fact that they almost all have a

mouth and a digestive system, many of them eyes, and some rudiments of a nervous one, implies a degree, more or less, of sensation in them all, and consequently that they have all—whether it be molecular and diffused in their substance, or confined to particular organs—I say that they have all a nervous influence and excitement sufficient for their several wants, corresponding with their several natures.

These minim animals may be said almost to be universally dispersed; they inhabit the sea, the rivers, and other waters; are supposed to float in the air; they are found in the blood and urine; in the tartar of the teeth; in animal substances; in vinegar; in paste; in vegetable substances; in fruits, seeds, and grain; in sand; amongst tiles; in wells, on mountains, &c. Their numbers are infinite; hundreds of thousands may be seen in a single drop of water; their minuteness is extreme, some being not more than one-two thousandth part of a line in length, and yet these atoms of animals have a mouth and several stomachs!

Let a man, says Dalzell, the translator of Spallanzani, conceive himself in a moment conveyed to a region where the properties, and the figure and motions of every animal are unknown. The amazing varieties of these will first attract his attention. One is a long slender line; another an eel or serpent; some are circular, elliptical, or triangular; one is a thin flat plate; another like a number of reticulated seeds; several have a long tail, almost invisible; or their posterior part is terminated by two robust horns; one is like a funnel; another like a bell, or cannot be referred to any object familiar to our senses. Certain animalcules can change their figure at pleasure: sometimes they are extended to immoderate length, then almost contracted to nothing; sometimes they are curved like a leech, or coiled like a snake; sometimes they are inflated, at others flaccid; some are opaque, while others are scarcely visible from their extreme transparency. No less singular is the variety of their motions; several swim with the velocity of an arrow, so that the eye can scarcely follow them; others appear to drag their body along with difficulty, and move like the leech; and others seem to exist in perpetual rest; one will revolve on its centre, or the anterior part of its head; others move by undulations, leaps, oscillations, or successive gyrations;—in short, there is no kind of animal motion, or other mode of progression, that is not practised by animalcules.

Their organs are equally various. Some appear to take their food by absorption, having no mouth; to this tribe belong what have been called vinegar eels: others have a

mouth and several stomachs, but no orifice for the transmission of their excrements; others, again, have both a mouth and anal passage, and what is wonderful, in such minute creatures, sometimes as many as forty or fifty stomachs: though many are without eyes, others are furnished with these useful organs, some having one, others two, others three, and others four; some have processes resembling legs. In the second class of these animals, the Rotatories, to which the wheel-animalcules belong, the internal organisation approaches to that of the higher classes, for they exhibit the rudiments of a nervous system; their alimentary canal is simple; they have a branching dorsal vessel, but without a systole and diastole; their pharynx is usually furnished with mandibles, which are sometimes armed with teeth. The mouth of the majority, especially amongst the rotatories, is fringed with ray-like bristles, which Cuvier thinks are connected with their respiration. This circumstance of a circle of rays surrounding the oral orifice, is found in the polypes and several other animals of a higher grade. Their use in the present instance, I speak more particularly of the wheel-animalcules, is by their rotation to produce a current in the water to the mouth of the animal, bringing with it the still more minute beings which constitute its food.

Organisation so complex, and life, and spontaneous motion, and appetite, and means to satisfy it, and digestion, and nutrition, and powers of reproduction in animals of such infinite minuteness! Who can believe it? Yet so it is, and that each of these should be varied in the different tribes and genera; that these less than the least of all the creatures that present themselves to the observation of mankind, and which till within a century or two were not suspected to exist, should out-number, beyond all statement of numbers, all the other animals together that people the whole globe; that they should probably enter into us and circulate in our blood, nestle between our teeth, be busy everywhere, and perceived nowhere, till the invention of the microscope drew aside the veil between us and these entities, and we saw how God had filled all things with life, and had based the animal kingdom upon living atoms, as well as formed the earth and the world of inert ones! But to us, the wondrous spectacle is seen and known only in part; for those that still escape all our methods of assisting sight, and remain members of the invisible world, may probably far exceed those that we know!

We may conclude that this vast, or rather infinite host of animalcules, was not created merely to be born and die; was not sown, as it were, over every part of the earth's surface, lurking in seeds, and other vegetable and

animal substances, till coming into contact with fluid matter of whatever description it starts into life, and swarming in the ocean, and its tributary streams; it was not thus dispersed everywhere, either alive or in a state to revive and live, but for some great purpose, for which its organisation, structure, and station amongst animals, particularly adapt it.

[We have gleaned these interesting particulars from the Rev. WILLIAM KIRBY'S Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God,"—a work that ought to be in the hands of *every* thinking man in the kingdom. We congratulate the public on these "Bridgewater Treatises" having come into the possession of Mr. H. G. BOHN, who, at a cost merely nominal, is about to present them in all their freshness to the world at large. We say "freshness," because their original cost was fearfully exorbitant. They were "sealed books" to the masses.]

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.

THE BOOKSELLERS' QUESTION—No. II.

WE HAVE ALREADY SHOWN how bitterly the large Publishing houses have repented their rash act of folly in interfering with the profits of the Retail trade. They have opened the eyes of the public at large to "a great fact," of which some few only were before cognisant; but of which, now, the world at large will of course take advantage.

We have settled the point of discussion about the rate of profit allowed by the wholesale booksellers to the retail booksellers; and proved that it is, under all circumstances, by no means exorbitant. However it is, we learn, to be considerably reduced, if not altogether held back. This, time will show.

We are to-day to deal with the "cheap booksellers." These are few in number,—at least the *very* "cheap booksellers," who regularly take off 20 per cent. from the published price of all new books. We well know, but do not consider it needful to mention, the parties who have given most offence. These gentlemen are book merchants,—dealing very largely in second-hand books, and valuable "remainders" of books purchased at "trade dinner sales," and also privately, of their respective publishers. These, when first purchased, are in what are technically called *sheets* or *quires*,—that is, unbound. Strangely however, and handsomely are they soon arrayed, and bedizened in calf, morocco, and other "taking" bindings; and thereby their value becomes enhanced—we will not say to *what* extent. If however we "guessed" that from 50 to

100 per cent. is often realised on some of these purchases, and generally 50 per cent., we need not fear contradiction; we are quite within the mark.

Now then, we come to the why and because of the *very* "cheap booksellers" making the public so large an allowance on New Publications. It is with a view to entice them to their well-stored shops. Once there, book-buyers soon find cause sufficient to repeat their visit. Indeed, if these cheap booksellers were to sell new publications without any profit at all, it would answer their purpose admirably well,—on the same principle that a grocer sells his sugars at cost price to secure customers for his teas and other articles.

We do not see how this can be prevented. When a man buys anything,—either in large or small quantities, surely the purchase is his own; *de jure et de facto*, as the lawyers say. There is no law existing that can prevent it,—but there *is* a law existing that permits it. Hence the folly of the Great Houses attempting to "bark," when their teeth are drawn. They *would* bite, but they can't bite. As for their growl, Lord Campbell laughed at it,—so did the "cheap booksellers;" so did the Public. They are now muzzled.

We have thus satisfactorily shown, wherein consists the much-vaunted *philanthropy* of the "cheap booksellers," who talk so loudly about disseminating knowledge at a cheap rate—for the "benefit of their fellow man!" We have lived long enough to know, that selfishness exists largely in us all; and we verily believe that in every case, where we find cheap folk "selling off" at ruinous sacrifices for the benefit of the Public, they are realising thereby an *extra* profit for themselves of some 50 per cent. over the former prices.

So much for the "cheap booksellers." We have perhaps let them off too easily,—but we deprecate anything like bitterness.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

NO. XVII.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

WE ARE GLAD TO KNOW, and as happy to be able to record it, that this has been a "bad season" for nightingales—bad in so far as their enemies, the bird-catchers, are concerned. These human, or rather *inhuman* vermin, have laid in wait for their innocent victims in vain. The weather has been cold and chilly, and the abundance of rain which has fallen has clothed the trees with such rich

verdure, that the miscreant's trap has failed to become seen. Hence, the number of old nightingales for sale this year has been comparatively small.

The song of these birds is now, about to cease for the season. If therefore you have neglected to make your purchases, you are just too late. After June, they are not worth the trouble and anxiety that *must* be bestowed on them, if you wish them to be happy. We speak, of course, about the old birds. "Nestlings" are just now coming into the market; and if you are determined on keeping them, you should lose no time about securing a nest of young birds. Make your wishes known at once to some of the dealers. In *this* matter they cannot cheat you. Out of a nest, you are likely to rear one or two fine male birds. The hens, when proved to be such, will of course be liberated, —but not in the winter.

"Branchers" too, will be on sale in a few days, and should be caged as soon as caught. You will find them, for the most part, cheerful and sociable; and so imitative, that they quickly learn to unite a number of other voices with their own. They possess however, the charm of executing whatever they attempt, to perfection; so that this variety will be pleasingly agreeable.

Branchers and nestlings—the latter in particular—never sing their own natural song only; unless indeed they be brought up immediately under an old steady song bird, and allowed to hear the voice of none other. Here let us caution you, never to forget to pay your "pets" marked attention; for nightingales are apt, if slighted, to grow sulky, and refuse their regular food. This they will do for very many hours. In such cases, you must give way; and win their favor by presenting to them their favorite *morceau*. This will cause them to return to their food. We have seen many a bird exhibit these signs of obstinacy. Indeed, we believe some would literally die before being the *first* to give in. These lovely little fellows know their powers, and *will* be treated with becoming respect. But if you treat them with *affection*—what a reward will be yours! Their motto to a "friend" is,—"*Je ne change qu'en mourant*." Faithful are they to their last dying gasp. We have proved it, again and again.

Apropos of the affection of the nightingale, where he observes a corresponding feeling on the part of his admirer. By remarkably good fortune, one of the most extraordinary of these songsters has recently taken full possession of our garden. We call the gay, joyous fellow "extraordinary," for we never yet heard such seraphic strains, such perfect freedom of song, from any of the tribe,—much as we have had to do with

them. And what makes us value this merry little rogue the more, is—his almost incredible tameness. He sings, the night through, just under our chamber window, and seldom leaves the garden, by day or by night, for more than a few minutes at a time. We usually rise to greet him at 5 A.M.; and on venturing an humble imitation of his swelling note, he flies to us at once. Seating himself on a shady bough, and bending slightly forward, there he remains—holding converse with us so long as our time permits us to tarry; and he improvises such music the while, that we can hardly tear ourselves away from him. He knows *our* voice, and we know *his*. Thus do we, morning by morning, exchange familiarities; and greatly do we love to return, after the fatigues of a day of toil, to renew our intimacy. We believe the pleasure is quite mutual. We cannot but imagine that this bird possesses an unusual charm; for he has drawn into one focus a host of blackbirds, thrushes, robins, black-caps, and other vocalists, whose orchestral accompaniments, blending with his own heavenly voice, almost lead us to suppose we are in fairy land. They rehearse early in the evening; and the concert once commenced lasts until long after sunrise. Perhaps, this has been one of the finest, though the shortest nightingale seasons ever known.* Nor do we remember ever before to have observed so much "interest" shown towards this bird of Paradise. It cannot be his beauty that has worked this charm? Most assuredly not. It may be, that *our* good word has had something to do in the matter. Let us hope so.

The nightingale so far from being handsome, is of a remarkably common presence; yet has he "within, that which passeth show." No person, to look at him, would set any value upon him. This bears out our old favorite saying,—that Nature seldom gives rare excellences and a handsome person united. Look at the beautiful plumage of many of the American and other foreign birds—yet have they no voice. Exquisite in form, of faultless symmetrical proportions—yet not one particle of music, or of vocal melody, is there among the entire tribe! Here again we find practical instruction; and learn how vain is beauty without mind.

We never see any of these gaudy automata without a feeling of pity. They were never intended by Nature to visit our country; nor were they ever intended to be immured

* We speak more particularly as regards our own neighborhood, and parts adjacent. Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew, and Richmond, have been most highly favored this year. We have heard Philomel's lovely voice in all these localities. Never sang he more joyously, never did he show more contempt for his prowling enemies! Safely concealed among the luxuriant foliage, he has sung defiance to all his foes; and he is *now* "safe."

in cages. They cannot be said to "live" here. Theirs is an "existence" only; for they are never well, never happy. They suffer a martyrdom in their confinement, and die in the very prime of life. We throw out these remarks advisedly, and in the kindest spirit of humanity, trusting they will not fall far short of their intended aim.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XIV.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

By F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 407.)

WE shall commence to-day with the FIRST SECTION of what Dr. Gall calls the MORAL Part of his Work. This treats specially of THE NATURE OF MAN, AND OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE.

THE phenomena which take place in Man, from the moment of his conception to that of his death, taken together, constitute the nature of man.

All these phenomena are perhaps the result of one single and uniform principle; but they manifest themselves under forms and conditions so different, that to acquire a clear and detailed knowledge of them, we must examine them under points of view, as various as these forms and conditions themselves; we must study man in all his relations, in all his points of contact with entire nature.

The greatest obstacle which has ever been opposed to the knowledge of man's nature, is that of insulating him from other beings, and endeavoring to remove him from the dominion of the laws which govern him.

We may, without inconvenience, neglect the relation of man to unorganised nature. Let us leave to the cultivator of natural history, the care of determining the laws of contractility, elasticity, weight, attraction, crystallisation, the action of capillary tubes, electricity, &c. But, it is impossible to avoid an endless confusion of words and notions, and not to lose ourselves in the most absurd explanations, unless we distinguish the functions which man has in common with the vegetable kingdom, from those which are peculiar to him as an animal.

The vegetable kingdom offers us organisation infinitely varied. We recognise in it the act of fecundation, assimilation, nutrition, growth, a species of circulation, secretions, and excretions, irritability, and an elective force, or a faculty of placing itself in relation with objects out of itself; of choosing, for example, the most suitable nourishment; of attaching itself to surrounding objects; of avoiding or seeking the light; of closing the leaves or flowers by day or by night, &c. All these operations take place from the influence of a blind necessity, without sensation, consciousness, or will. For this reason we assign to the vegetable kingdom a life, but a life purely organic, automatic, vegetative; and as all this passes in the interior of the organism

itself, and the individual takes no account of the action of external things, it has been thought proper to call it an internal life. Those who find the supposition of "a soul," necessary to explain these phenomena, give it the name of a vegetative soul.

The same functions are exercised in animals and in man. Fecundation, assimilation, nutrition, growth, secretions, and excretions, &c., are performed in them equally by the laws of organisation, by a blind necessity, without perception, consciousness, or will. Man and animals, therefore, share the vegetative, automatic life, with the vegetable kingdom. But they likewise enjoy functions of a more elevated and essentially different order; they possess the faculty of sensibility, of perceiving impressions, external and internal; they have the consciousness of their existence; they exercise voluntary movements, and the functions of the senses; they are endowed with mechanical aptitudes for industry; with instincts, propensities, sentiments, talents; with moral qualities and intellectual faculties.

As soon as one or more of these functions take place in any being, it is considered as possessing animal life. And as men have thought, that all these faculties were the product of impressions on the senses, it has been called the life of relation, or external life.

It is therefore with reason, that the parts of the body have been divided into organs of vegetable life, and organs of animal life.

Those readers who are not versed in the study of natural history, will here ask me, What is the organ, or what are the organs of animal life? By what means has nature effected all its phenomena, from simple sensation to the most complicated faculties, moral and intellectual?

These means, these organs, form a peculiar apparatus, of which vegetables and zoophytes are still deprived: it is the nervous system. The nerves alone are the instruments of sensibility, of voluntary movement, of the functions of the senses. Without a nervous system, there is no *mechanical aptitude*, no instinct, no propensity, no sentiment, talent, moral quality, or intellectual faculty; no affection, no passion.

Each particular order of the functions of animal life is affected by a peculiar nervous system, by particular nerves, distinct from the other nervous systems, and from other nerves. There is a peculiar nervous system for the viscera, and for the vessels principally destined to vegetable life; there is a nervous system, the instrument of voluntary movements; there is one which belongs to the functions of the senses; finally, the noblest in animals and in man the most considerable, the brain, has all the others under its dominion; it is the source of all perception, the seat of every instinct, of every propensity, of all power, moral and intellectual.

In order to proceed from the simple to the compound, I shall give my readers some views of the nervous system, with which the animal character commences, but the functions of which belong even more to vegetable than to animal life.

In all animals placed in the scale of living beings above the zoophytes,—that is, in all animals properly so called, there exist one or

more masses of a gelatinous substance, very vascular, of different color and consistence, which give rise to white threads, called nervous filaments. These filaments unite and form nerves, nervous chords, which go to this or that viscus and there spread themselves. These masses of gelatinous substance, called ganglions or plexuses, these sources of nervous filaments and the nerves formed from them, are more or less numerous, according to the number of parts or viscera with which the animal is provided, and for which they are destined.

These nervous apparatuses exist, even in animals which have neither spinal marrow nor brain; consequently, their origin and their action in these imperfect animals are independent of all other nervous systems.

They are the type of the nervous system of the viscera, of the abdomen, of the chest, and of the vessels of animals of the most perfect organisation, and of man.

As long as there exists in an animal of the lower order, a sole internal part, and a sole ganglion with its nervous filaments, this nerve acts in an insulated manner; but as soon as, in a single individual, the existence of several organs renders several ganglions and several nerves necessary, these ganglions and these nerves ordinarily enter into communication by means of filaments, passing from one to the other.

There are then as many of these ganglions and of these different nerves, as there are different viscera; and as each viscus is destined to a particular use, to digestion, to the secretion of bile or semen; as each viscus has its specific irritability, these ganglions and these nerves must necessarily have their interior structure and their functions, differing from each other.

It is probable, that in animals, even of the lowest order, this nervous system is endowed with sensibility; but in man, and the higher animals, it is, like the spinal marrow and the nerves of the senses, entirely under the dominion of the brain. In a state of health, the viscera and the vessels execute their functions without any volition on our part, and without our having the slightest consciousness of the fact: the intestines are in fact in continual motion; they choose the nutriment which suits them, and reject heterogeneous substances; they form the secretions and the excretions.

But, we have seen that vegetables present to us similar phenomena: the capacity of being stimulated, of re-acting against stimulus, a character of irritability, ought not to be confounded, as most physiologists do confound it, with the faculty of *perceiving* a stimulus, of having a consciousness of it, of feeling it. The perception, the consciousness of an irritation, of an impression, are inseparable from the nerve of sensation. Sensation, or organic sensibility without consciousness, is a contradiction in terms, but a contradiction very sagely preserved and professed in our schools. Sensibility, or the faculty of feeling, constitutes the essential character of the animal. When the changes produced by an impression take place without consciousness, they must be considered the result of irritability, and as belonging to automatic life; but when changes take place with consciousness, with per-

ception, with sensation, this act of consciousness, of perceiving, belongs to the animal life.

"But," you will say, "admitting that, in a state of perfect health, we have no consciousness of what passes in the heart, stomach, liver, &c., still we feel hunger and thirst, and the need of certain evacuations; we experience trouble, uneasiness, and pains, in the intestines, &c., and in general it would be difficult to find a part of the body, the bones, tendons, and even hair, not excepted, which may not, under certain circumstances, transmit sensations, and consequently become an organ of animal life. How happens this?"

We have seen, that the ganglions and nerves of the viscera and vessels communicate together; they send several filaments of communication to the spinal marrow, and this is immediately connected with the brain. It is thus that all the impressions on the other nervous systems are transmitted to the centre of all sensibility, and that the influence of all the nerves on the brain, and of the brain on all the nerves, is established. It is for this reason, that the nervous apparatus of the chest and abdomen has received the name of sympathetic nerve, or, because its branches of communication take their course between the ribs to the spinal marrow, the intercostal nerve. Besides these means of reciprocal action and reaction, several nerves of the spinal marrow and of the head, such as the hypoglossal nerve, the glosso-pharyngeal, the abductor, the facial nerve, unite themselves with the sympathetic.

The organs of both lives can only perform their special functions in proportion to their development, to their organic function. Before the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, are formed, there can be no secretion of bile, of urine, of gastric juice; in like manner, the propensities and talents cannot unfold themselves until the brain is developed.

The divers ganglions, plexuses and nerves of the sympathetic, are not developed simultaneously; and for this reason, the functions of the organs of vegetable life do not commence and terminate simultaneously. It is the same with the various ganglions and pairs of nerves of the spinal marrow and of the nerves of the senses. Their successive and independent development and death, explain their successive and independent perfection and failure of the various organs of voluntary motion, and of the senses.

I shall hereafter prove, that the different constituent parts of the brain, each of which is destined to a peculiar function, are equally subjected to successive development and destruction. This explains how instincts, propensities, and talents do not all either appear or fail, at the same periods of life.

OUR CLIMATE.

OUR "horrid climate," so fertile in catarrhs, rheumatism, and blue devils,—what can be said of it? But what should prompt the invalid to fly—the mere creature of skiey influences to pack up and depart—the devout admirer of nature's loveliness to hasten to some more genial clime? Our

ancestors, the ancient Britons (we are all true Britons of course), were clothed with skins of beasts, and dwelt in huts, which they erected in the "forests and marshes with which the country was covered." "And marshes"—mark that! we quote the words of an eminent historian. England was a marshy country in "those days;" and that is not surprising, if England's climate was then anything akin to what it is in our days. What precious wild ducks those skin-covered ancestors of ours must have been, with their nests in the bullrushes—strong on the wing, too; for, adds our historical remembrancer, "they shifted easily their habitation, when actuated either by the hopes of plunder or the fear of an enemy." He has another observation upon them, but it is almost superfluous after the preceding recitals; it is, that "as they were ignorant of all the refinements of life, their wants and their possessions were equally scanty and limited."

Well, the marshes have been drained pretty tolerably, but there is water enough left upon the surface, we are happy to say, to preserve a connection between the description of ancient geographers and the phenomena of modern times. Our winter still comes—

"Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
Vapors, and clouds, and storms."

Fogs visit us in November. The hail rebounds from our plate glass in April, and sometimes in June and July; and as to rain—simple rain—we have at all times enough of it—enough, at least, to keep the umbrella trade from perishing.

Some people talk of the rigors of a Canadian winter; but though different from, we question if they are greater than, those of our sea-girt isle. In the country of the St. Lawrence, it is true, the cold is greater, and at this season, nature assumes her universal snowy mantle; but what then? We are assured that the "sky is quite cloudless, the air bracing, and, from the absence of wind, in spite of the low temperature, the cold is not felt to be disagreeable." Canada is at least as inviting a country to a wandering Englishman, as England must have appeared to an inhabitant of the Eternal City in the days of Julius Cæsar. We cannot conceive of anything more terrible than old Albion must have seemed to a cargo of Italian emigrants, had some speculative Wakefield of that day been able to get up a company, and induce a colonial settlement of society "in its frame" from the banks of the Tiber to, let us say, the banks of the Mersey, and that they had embarked on the Lancashire side at one of our winter seasons. Would not

"Shadows vast—

Deep tinged and damp—and congregated clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence of heaven,"

in which we English are involved for months together, have dismayed them? Houseless wretches, without coal, without gas, amid fens and morasses, and darkness almost Cimmerian, upon what an inhospitable, gloomy coast, would they not have deemed themselves cast? Would they have stayed to hear some soothsayer's predictions of great things hereafter to arise; would they have had an ear or stomach for such improbable imaginings, while they looked from their tents upon one uninterrupted and sunless envelopment of mist—heard the continual howl of storm, or surveyed the almost hopeless sail to which the plausible, but unreal descriptions of a projector had invited them?

Now see what wonders persevering industry has accomplished! It is not in human power, indeed, to cause every wilderness and howling waste to blossom as the rose: but where certain capabilities exist, we may say with our writing-master's school piece, that "labor overcometh all things." It is true that our sun is not, like the sun of Italy, over head; neither do we go abroad to bask in his rays, or to enjoy his light; nor is there anything in his appearance that should tempt us to worship him, as the Persians do the great luminary above. No: our sun is beneath the earth's surface, and we dig him up—the most manageable of constellations—just as we want him. With this invaluable body, we counteract all the churlishness of nature in other respects, and can do almost anything. With this we smile at frosts and imbruous falls, darkness and tempest, and are unenvious of those who are warmed without labor, and who, stretched under the open canopy of heaven, are content with existence, as in itself enjoyment. With this we greet even winter—"ruler of the inverted year"—and crown him

"King of intimate delights,

Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

In short, it is here that nature has compensated us for what she has otherwise denied, and, upon the whole, we have reason to be grateful for her favors. It is no forced or extravagant hypothesis to say that Englishmen owe a great deal to their outwardly ungenial clime. It supplies a perpetual spur to their exertions, and gives vitality to their industry; it creates in them that desire for comforts which forms so fixed a trait in the national character. Nor is this stimulus in vain; a bountiful Providence has taken care

that it shall not be so; and England is just England—that is to say, simply with her people the first and finest country on the face of the earth. Those who rail at our climate are but shallow people, and we pity their ignorance!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—**FELICIA.** By all means. Write fully. Anything imparted to us, confidentially, lives and dies with us.—**JAMES W.** In about ten days.—**ELIZA F.** Most assuredly: send the particulars at once.—**LOUISA K.** You are *not* forgotten. That would be impossible. Wait *one* week longer.—**E. W.,** and a host of other kind correspondents, shall have their wishes complied with at the earliest possible moment. **PENELOPE.**—Your frankness charms us. We therefore unreservedly say, “yes.” Let your pen follow the dictates of your heart, and fear nothing.—**S. B. W.** In our next.—**G. S.,** Thanks. All in good time.—“**VERBUM SAT.**” A good idea. We will improve upon it.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any “facts” connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode.* In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, July 3, 1852.

OUR FIRST VOLUME, ranging over a period of twenty-six weeks, is now completed.

For the last fortnight, we have been busily occupied in preparing an INDEX worthy of it,—we say “worthy” of it, for the mass of contributions upon which our eye has fallen, are indeed valuable.

We are to-day about to try an interesting experiment—interesting in a two-fold view. First, as regards ourselves; we are once more going to invoke the aid of our “grey goose quill” to help us up the few remaining steps of the ladder of life,—and secondly, we propose to see if the old writers were not in error when they said “Friendship,” properly so called, “exists but in name.” This last essay is particularly pleasing to us; for, ere this Volume is completed, the question will have been tried, and the point decided. Oh, how we do long to prove that the world is *not* so universally bad as some pronounce it to be,—altogether hollow, altogether false-hearted!

If there be faith in Man; if there be faith in Woman,—we believe there is in *both*,—then will our JOURNAL progress from to-day in a manner perfectly delightful.

We have had it said to us,—“Be of good courage, Mr. Editor; you have friends all

over the country, who will never let your Paper perish while you live. Only be true to yourself. Issue it at a price that will keep it alive; continue its present excellence; and trust to our good offices for the rest. Every day adds to your fair fame; and victory will soon be yours.”

The above sentences embody, in few words, the spirit of a multitude of other kind communications that have reached us. We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that such friendly promises were ever made with a view to their being remorselessly broken. At all events, we are

“Again afloat,”—

and we return to our labor of love with a lighter heart (though not with a heavier purse), than accompanied us during our FIRST half-year.

The SECOND half-year will show whether we have wisely confided in our kind patrons, or whether we have, like the rest of the world, been again pursuing a shadow.

“’Tis not in mortals to COMMAND success,” but we will do all that in us lies to DESERVE it. If we fail, we shall have no cause, hereafter, for self-reproach.

TO WRITE ABOUT PRETTY WALKS in shady groves; to give glowing accounts of wild-flowers rejoicing in the fields and the woods; and to luxuriate in flowery descriptions of what grows* in our gardens—is delightful, truly. But how does our pen shrink from this pleasing employment at the present time! It refuses to describe what it cannot enjoy.

Rain is falling in torrents; the elements are raging; the winds are howling; the clouds are big with mischief; and all nature seems at war with itself. We have gone abroad to admire our roses. We have seen them “open,” and for a few hours we have enjoyed their fragrance; but alas! all have been destroyed, one by one, by a succession of heavy showers! The peonies too, of which we have before spoken, how soon these were

“Gone from our gaze!”

We left them reposing, over-night, in their loveliness; and at day-break, found them and many others mere fragments. Wind and storms had bowed down their heads—which alas! will be raised no more! Pinks, Balsams, Geraniums, Fuchsias, Sweet Williams, Pansies, and Virginia stocks—all have shared a like fate, and our garden is a comparative wreck.

As for the foliage which clothes the trees, it is indeed luxuriant in its wildness; but it has superseded both flowers and fruit, and weeds run riot with unrestrainable free-

dom where we had fondly hoped to find nothing but flowers.

To endure this patiently, is a proof of Philosophy. Let us candidly acknowledge that we are "young" in that school. Our heart aches at the "progress of the seasons" thus far,—for we have lost what we cannot see again for another twelve months, and ere we had time to take even a parting leave of it. Like Jonah's gourd, our delights of Spring seem to have withered so soon as they have sprung up.

Well; we have now entered upon July,—the month of SUMMER. Let "hope" be in the ascendant, and let us anticipate that the latter part of the year will be more delightful than the beginning. We have Hay-making in the near distance; and this presents a treat that we dearly love. Who is there amongst us that cannot associate some of his happiest hours with the hay-field? Who is there that cannot remember when, among the frolicsome lads and lasses, all has been hurry-scurry; leading to "scrimmages" innumerable; these eventually ending in a ringing laugh of innocent, boisterous merriment? Sunny days, these! say we; and if the Sun ever means to show his golden head again (which our pen now ventures, and with good reason, to doubt) —*won't* we once more join in the festive dance among the new-mown hay! What a profusion of it there will be this year!

We long once more to see the merry mowers, stooping over their scythes, and moving with measured paces through the early morning mists—interrupted at intervals by the freshening music of the whetstone. We love to call to mind the many pastoral enjoyments of bygone days, the zest for a renewal of which is even now on the increase. In these scenes, we live again.

And what of the harvest-home and its attendant pleasures? A glance at these would fill a volume. Where is the heart that cannot rejoice when the fruits of the earth are about to be all gathered safely in, and housed? The last load! There is music in the words.

The time is then come, when man and nature, mutually assisting each other, have completed everything that remains for them to do. The laborers all stand round in a merry group, joining in a laughing chorus. Their wives and joyous children echo the song, whilst the cart stands still to receive the last fork-full of hay. The horse, too, understands well what is going forward, and enjoys it as much as the rest. All but hidden beneath his over-arching load, you may see him lift up his patient head to take a "sweet mouthful"—by way of companionship.

The sun-burnt laborers, leaning listlessly on their implements, and eyeing the com-

pletion of their work in the harvest field, is a sight we love to gaze upon. Often have we followed the "last load" home, and made merry in the farmer's hall on our arrival!—How is it that these early scenes dwell so vividly in the remembrance? We would not forget them—if we could.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Does the Robin sing at this Season, whilst his Mate is sitting?—Dear Mr. Editor; the very same day I forwarded you the particulars of the young Robins domiciled *chez moi* (see page 361, Vol. I.), their mamma paid them a final visit. Nor would she then have entered the room, had not her children put forth the most entreating and eloquent cries. When she *did* come, she had some moss in her bill! You will be glad to hear that all my little friends are well. There is already a tinge of orange perceptible on their breasts, and one has already commenced "recording" his song. I must tell you, that my "pet" *par excellence* has since hatched another brood; and although food is abundant, she is as familiar as ever. Am I wrong in thinking that her mate sings? and that he has sung all the Spring? He is never near the nest, but in quite the opposite part of the garden, excepting when the hen was so frequently in my room. He then came nearer the window. The note has not the fullness of the autumn song,—yet still I think it is he. What think you?—FORESTIERA.

[What you here remark, has also been remarked by ourselves. The male *does* sing (sweetly) at a remote distance,—whilst his *cara sposa* is sitting. He remains in the garden, but far removed; and his song is varied for the purpose of amusing his partner during her arduous task. You may rely on this being the same bird that has sung all the Spring; for he never would have allowed access to any other bird on his premises. The other portion of your letter, which we have not printed, shall have due attention paid it at a fitting season. We are under obligations to you for your friendly communications, that we shall not readily forget; nor would we "cancel" those obligations for the wealth of the Indies.]

Emancipated Canaries at Maidstone.—I have read your "Canaries Breeding in the Open

Air," at Welling. This was done some seven or eight years ago, in the same county. A paper-maker, living in a cottage near the Messrs. Balston's paper-mills at Maidstone, bred them in large numbers, and they flew about the cherry orchards around his cottage for some distance. The cottage still remains, but not the birds. I forget what became of them, but I believe a great number of them were shot. The cottage still bears the name of the "Canary cottage," and is beautifully situated on the banks of the Medway. The truth of this any one at Maidstone will verify. I see all sorts of questions are put to you and answered; you are called "such a kind, dear creature," that I shall put one myself, now that I am a subscriber. I have a pet canary. It may be one of the same family I have spoken of, at Maidstone. It came from that place. I believe it is a last year's bird, and a good singer. I have a wish to have one nest from him. To carry out my intentions, I gave 2s. for a hen, in the Seven Dials, which died the next morning. I then gave the same party 3s. for another. This time, I think, it is a good one. I put two cages together, not wanting to buy a breeding cage. After a little chattering and fighting, they soon made a nest, and four eggs appeared. After sitting about fourteen days, I heard a great deal of chatter and soft talk, about five o'clock one morning. On looking into the cage, I found two eggs brought to the front cage and broken in pieces. The other two were thrown out, and under the nest, but not broken. All were bad,—what does all this mean? Have I done anything wrong, or left anything undone? I must say greater attention could not be paid by any husband. He seemed delighted whilst feeding his lady, or whilst sitting on the nest; for which indeed he was not very well rewarded. She left the nest only for water, that I could see; and seemed quite distressed when all turned out so bad. I have let them fly about for a day, and they are both looking very well and lively. The cock bird sings again. I have properly cleaned the cages, and am now trying again. Already I think a nest is being made. A few angry words take place now and then, but a great deal of soft talk as well. In reading your Papers, I expect to find some hints that will be applicable to my case. If so, I shall not expect any mention of my complaints. Should such not be the case, pray do tell me if I have any chance of better luck this time? I really did not think broken eggs instead of young birds could give me so much pain. How is it your JOURNAL is so difficult to get? I have wandered from street to street, till I was almost in despair about getting it at all. At last, I found it at your publisher's in the Strand.—WILLIAM C.

[We have printed your letter in full, because very many young beginners find their birds serve them in the same way. Novices no longer, your canaries will hatch safely enough the second time. We would, however, recommend your procuring a cheap breeding-cage. It is better adapted for the purpose than the two small cages. If you read our "Treatise on the Canary," you will therein find all you want to know. We had heard about the canaries of Maidstone; but were not acquainted with the

particulars. ORDER this JOURNAL regularly of your nearest bookseller; and if he does not send it you, call for it.]

"Imitation" in the Blackcap.—The powers of imitation inherent in this beautiful songster are remarkable. We have at this time in our garden a striking example. Last summer, a boy was employed in an adjoining nursery ground, who was in the habit of whistling from morning till night. It was perfectly delightful to listen to him. Never was boy so cheerful. Songs, polkas, and quadrilles he would run over with admirable precision, giving them their full force. Among other accomplishments, he could with such exactness imitate the notes of the nightingale, thrush, and blackbird, that we were often puzzled to distinguish the boy from a bird! Just at the period I am speaking of, a blackcap had a nest of young in our garden. Amongst the boy's favorite pieces was the first part of "Rory o' More;" also a polka. These he invariably whistled in snatches, scarcely ever attempting to conclude an air. Now for the object of this communication. This year, we have been as much amused as surprised to hear a blackcap in our garden whistling snatches of extraordinary tunes,—and among them the favorite "Rory," given with perfect correctness, and *con spirito*. He concludes with part of the "polka." So exactly does he imitate the intonation of the boy, that our servant for an instant imagined it was he; but on looking to be satisfied as to the fact, there was the bird himself in the garden. Till within the last week or so, this little fellow has been in the habit of singing immediately under my window, waking me as early as four o'clock. This is certainly curious,—and being no less true, it deserves to be recorded in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL."—ANGELINA.

[Blackcaps have singular powers of imitation, and if brought up from the nest under any bird of song, they would copy every note faithfully. We formerly possessed one of these birds, who often puzzled us as described above. Whether we were listening to a thrush, a canary, a blackbird, or a titlark was, at times, a mere matter of guess.]

Fairy Rings.—At page 282, Vol. I., your Correspondent "F. G." asks for some information about "Fairy Rings." The following, from the Magazine of Natural History, will no doubt be acceptable:—"It is asserted that these rings are occasioned by centrifugal fungi, which the ground is capable of producing only once; and these drop their seeds outwards, extending the rings like circles in the water. Fungi I conceive to be the effect and not the cause of these rings; and ground producing fungi once is not incapable of reproductiveness. This, the possessors of mushroom beds well know; for simply by watering, they will reproduce exuberantly without fresh spawn for many years. Besides, we find all these fungi without rings plentifully; but rarely without some visible (and never perhaps without some latent) excitement,—such as dung, combustion, decomposition of wood, or weeds. Indeed, the seeds of fungi are so absolutely impalpable, that I have sometimes thought they are

taken up with the juices into the capillary tubes of all vegetables, and so appear when decomposition affords them a pabulum and excitement, or rotten wood and leaves. This seed is produced in such excessive quantities, thrown off so freely, and borne about so easily, that perhaps there is hardly a particle of matter whose surface is not imbued therewith; and had these seeds the power of germinating by mere wetness alone, without some other exciting cause, all surfaces would be crowded with them, and pasturage impeded. Now, were these rings caused by the seeds falling continually, they would enlarge, which they do not; after a year or two, they utterly disappear, though plenty of seed may be seen to load the grass all round. I have brought large patches of these rings into other fields, but never found them to enlarge; and the turf I have taken back to replace in the rings, has never partaken of their nature. Why should the grass be more rank in the rings? One would conclude the seeds of fungi would make it less so. Now the exciting cause that occasions these fungi and deeper verdure to come up, in circles, I hold to be strokes of electricity. They are generally found in open places, on hill-sides, wide fields, and broad meadows, where lightning is more likely to strike; and seldom near trees or woods, which throw off, or receive the fluid silently, and imperceptibly.—FRANCIS MYLES GOLDING.

What Animal is it that perforates the Nests of Birds, and afterwards removes the Eggs?—The following particulars are too curious, Mr. Editor, to pass without notice in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL," to which all the world ought to contribute what comes before them in the way of novelty. In a large walled-in garden, containing about an Irish acre, and surrounded with fruit trees, two *missel thrushes* built their nests within the last three weeks, in two pear trees, on opposite sides of the garden,—the greenhouse dividing them. The one was beyond my reach, requiring a short ladder to gain access to the hen's nest: she was sitting with such assiduity that on my approaching very closely she did not move off. Not wishing to molest her till the young were out, I refrained visiting the nest again for some days; when, to my surprise, I found the eggs which had scarcely time to be hatched, had been gone, to all appearance, some time. Thinking this must have been done by the magpie, or some other depredator, I took out the nest; and on examination found a large oval hole neatly scooped out of the bottom part, next the wall, beginning at the *outside*, and very neatly cut through the twigs and mud with which the interior of these birds' nests is always lined. The *missel thrush*, on the opposite side, built her nest much lower down, so as to be quite accessible to the hand; and contained, as indeed both did, five eggs. The nest was so concealed by the leaves, that it was only when the bird flew off, with a loud chattering cry, that it could be discovered. On Sunday last, I raised her twice off the nest; but on going round the garden to-day to examine the fruit trees, I was surprised not to see her; and on putting in my hand I found the eggs gone, and the nest cold and damp. On bringing it out, the bottom part, next the wall, was scooped out,

even more neatly than the former one,—beginning at the outside so as to form a considerable-sized *oval*, or rather long-shaped hole, through which the robber gained access to the eggs; and some small portions of the sweets were adhering to the mud lining. Though the *missel thrush* has frequented my garden for many years, and committed vast depredations on the apples and pears, which it destroys in great numbers, I have never observed its nest attacked in a similar manner: and I should be glad to know from you, or any of your subscribers, what animal you think was the intruder, and how he might be trapped? I may remark, that in another pear tree, close by, a green linnet had built. The nest was examined in the forenoon by two or three individuals; and on going again in the evening, the five eggs it contained were gone. This, on the very day the others were missed. The gardener ascribed both to the cuckoo, which at that time was observed in the garden every morning. In another part of the wall (but in a *currant tree*) on a level with one's hand, is the nest of a blackbird, which has brought out her young unmolested; also a hedge sparrow's; and I confess I am at a loss to account for the destruction of the thrushes in both instances. The cutting of the nests from the outside, proves that either the rat, weasel, or other animal was the thief; and not the magpie or cuckoo as is generally supposed.—WILLIAM M., *Carrickfergus*.

Habits of the Owl.—The habits of the common owl often appear strange and curious; and when an opportunity occurs for ascertaining the mode of living pursued by these tenants of the air, the inquirer generally observes some before-unheard-of peculiarity in their economy. The writer of this notice recently found an owl sitting with all the gravity of Minerva in a last-year's magpie nest, near Alltyrun House, the residence of John Hodgkinson, Esq. The circumstance struck him as being remarkable; and he was anxious to learn something of the bird's history. He was informed that the nest (as he had surmised) was once the property of a magpie; and that the owl in its wanderings having apparently conceived a high opinion of its commodiousness, seemed determined upon having it for its home, and communicated that conclusion to the magpie, who, however, would not hear of it—it wasn't fair or honest. The owl, however, was firm, the magpie equally so; consequently there was no alternative but to fight for it. Fortune deserted *right*; the owl proved the conqueror, and took possession of the nest, which has been retained ever since. It is built in a lofty fir-tree, from which all the mice, toads, and frogs of the neighborhood can be seen at proper hours.—G. H., *Stepney*.

"Throwing the Hatchet."—You have very properly, Mr. Editor, been putting your paw upon those ridiculous anecdotes of animals which are going the rounds of the papers at this season of dullness. Nothing can do more towards bringing them into contempt, than exposure. Read the following, taken from the *Canterbury Journal*:—

"The Cat and the Owl.—A curious circumstance [very!] happened at Manston Court, Isle of Thanet, on Monday last. A cat had kitted

in a barn, at the upper end of which an owl was located, evidently watching the movements of puss. As soon as the latter had succeeded in getting her little family into a quiet sleep, she gently withdrew, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary aids for the body corporate. She had hardly left the barn when the owl descended, and after narrowly scanning the kittens, he took them with great care, one by one, and without injuring them in the least, placed them safely in his own domicile. Puss returned, but found the objects of her care gone! With the sagacity of her tribe, she began an exploration of the barn for her progeny, and at length discovered the place of their retreat; but here her difficulties were not complete. The owl had got possession, and would not budge an inch; a terrific battle ensued of *three quarters of an hour's duration*, in which both were severely injured—and puss came off triumphant. She immediately took her kittens off to their old quarters; but the owl was so seriously wounded in the battle that he *died* the following day."—Is it not a good thing, Mr. Editor, that the owl is *dead*? he cannot now be called in as "a witness."—JAMES E., *Maidstone*.

[These marvels are only now "beginning." They may be looked for *in extenso* daily. The above certainly *was* a "remarkable" owl!]

Gold and Silver Pheasants.—All hail, Mr. Editor, to your "Consulting Journal!" And let me congratulate you on your new resolution. May it answer the desired end! It shall, if unceasing energy on my part can avail anything. I have a pair of beautiful gold pheasants; their eggs are plentiful, but the hen never wants to sit. I therefore rear young birds under bantam fowls; strange to say, they all invariably die from the third to the fifth day. I am convinced there is something wrong in their diet, that I am unacquainted with. I expect very shortly to have a brood hatched, and therefore feel anxious about the mode of treatment. Where can I procure a hen silver pheasant? [Address a note to Mr. Baker, "Pheasantry," King's Road, Chelsea, enclosing a stamp; he will tell you the price, and recommend you a good bird.] My male bird is a sad savage in his temper and disposition; will he be likely to pair with, and take kindly to, a young hen? [Certainly not. He is a Turk.] He has already played the part of Bluebeard to some ten bantam hens. [*Has* he! At once, then, reduce his stature by a head. He is useless to breed from. Procure a pair of young "silvers" immediately; then will you escape all disappointment.] I shall be so greatly indebted to you if you will answer my questions.—ARTHUR H.

[You ought to rear your young pheasants under larger fowl—not under bantams. They require much more warmth than can be imparted by these little creatures; and they ought to have a mother, if we may so speak, of altogether larger proportions. Feed them on soft food, and let them have flies, worms, and insects, in preference to grain, when so very young. Above all things keep them clean, and let their habitation be free from contamination of every kind. Extreme cleanliness is a "domestic talisman," and ought to be practised throughout all creation; yet is it but very little regarded.

We shall no doubt be able to offer you, through the medium of our columns, much minute information about golden pheasants and their progeny. Meantime, these remarks will serve your present purpose.]

Philosophy of Combustion as shown by a Common Candle.—How very few of us, Mr. Editor, are practically conversant with the commonest principles of cause and effect! I was much struck the other day by the following, which I found on papa's table, in the *Builder*. Thinking it just the thing for a periodical of popular science like yours, I have copied it and now send it you. "Before you put your candle out, *look at it*. It has been burning some time unsnuffed, and gives little or no light; the wick is long, and is topped by a heavy black clot—a lump of unconsumed carbon. Take the candlestick in your hand, and move it gently from side to side; the superfluous wick burns away, and the candle is again bright. When you ask yourself why this is, you learn that flame is hollow, and as it admits no oxygen, which is necessary for combustion, the wick which it surrounds remains unconsumed, and diminishes the light. When the flame, by motion, leaves the wick exposed at intervals to the oxygen of the atmosphere, it speedily burns away. Note the valuable deduction from this fact—the formation of a wick which constantly turns outward and reaches the exterior air, and so gives us a candle requiring no snuffing. There is much philosophy in the burning of a candle. The wick you may think is intended to burn and give light; *but this is not exactly the fact*. The wick is simply to bring the melted tallow, or oil, if in a lamp, into that finely divided state in which it is best fitted for combustion. The heat applied to 'light' the candle, decomposes into its constituents the small quantity of tallow next the wick: heat and light are produced in the operation, and the heat so produced carries on the decomposition."—Let us hope that the Public's "OWN JOURNAL" will be the means of making many other of these delightful facts known to the inquiring mind. My aid, dear Mr. Kidd, in so good a cause, shall assuredly not be wanting.—LAURA C., *Finchley*.

[Miss Laura! you are a dear girl; a jewel in your papa's crown; a perfect philosopher in petticoats. You stand enrolled "one of us." Continue active in the good cause, and command our services at all times. Try something "original." There is evidence in one part of your epistle to us (not printed), that you are a girl of much thought and accurate perception.]

Chickens.—*What is the Cause of their suddenly dropping off?*—Dear Mr. Editor,—We are sadly plagued this year with our chickens, which, when nearly reared and about to be taken from their parents, suddenly die. This is not the case with a few of us only, but with most of us. How is it? Do pray prescribe for us; for in our parts you are an idol. We all say, among ourselves, "May the Editor and his pet Journal live for ever!"—SARAH W., *Worcester*.

[Miss Sarah! gently, if you please. Do not get into our good graces by flattery. We value the regard of yourself and towns-folk highly;

and if we can serve you, or any of you, how happy shall we be! With respect to your chickens, the season has much to do with their sudden death. You must vary their food. Give them a change of boiled rice (served warm); boiled potatoes (also warm), and a little roasted butchers' meat, chopped fine. Be sure to keep them *warm* in their habitations at night; and let them have free access to plenty of pure spring water. Their regular diet of barley and oats, mixed, may be given as usual, once a day,—and what we have prescribed will form an agreeable change. Above all things, be careful to keep your poultry-houses well cleansed. More chickens die from want of cleanliness, whilst roosting, than from any other cause whatever. The stench from below engenders, as it rises, an incurable disorder. By the way, Miss Sarah, if the weather continues as it is at the present time of writing, we imagine that your prayer for us and our JOURNAL to "live for ever," will be rendered vain. We have lived in the hope of a change, till hope has almost given up the ghost; and left us hardly the materiality of a washed-out shadow.]

Tame Squirrels with Tin Collars. — A "Wrinkle." — The good-natured Public, Mr. Editor, little imagine whilst buying a tame squirrel with a tin collar in the street, that the latter, if not removed, will soon destroy the former. But it is so. Every Spring, squirrel selling is made a trade of. Young ones are caught, and placed under cats, whose kittens are first destroyed. The cats of course suckle them, and they thrive. They are then used to lap milk, and to eat bread soaked in it. Previous to being sent up for the London market, a piece of tin, vandyked, is placed over their respective heads. Under this, a piece of red cloth is fastened, to hide the cruelty practised by the tightness of the collar. No sooner are these little creatures exposed for sale, by boys in smock-frocks, ("just come from the woods!") than they find ready purchasers. They are then fed on nuts, bread-and-milk, and fruit of all sorts. The consequence is, they are very shortly afterwards attacked by ulcerated sore throats, and found choked at the bottom of their cages. With these collars on, they cannot bite; nor eat without sensible pain. This very Spring, I have purchased one of these little fellows, and lost him of course. It was this that induced me to pursue the inquiry, the result of which I now send you *pro bono*. I recently asked one of these "smock-frock" gentry, why he did not tell his customers to remove the collars? "No-ah!" replied he, "If ar deed thart, um wouldn't die, and ar couldn't sell no mo-ar on um!" Let us hope after this, Mr. Editor, that we shall assist in diminishing cruelty to these dumb animals at least. —ÆOLUS.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Is it not a matter for surprise, that while young ladies are so sedulously taught all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize? They are taught to be *exhibitors* abroad; whereas he wants a *companion* at home.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A COLD."

AMONG THE MANY PAST PERIODS of our existence round which memory delights to hover, there are always a few pre-eminently attractive, and enlinked with a thousand tender associations. Of these, the day on which we may be said to have commenced the voyage of life, remains pictured on the heart, in colors that outlast the wear of years. The hopes and dreams which then gathered round the mind, panting for exertion,—the visions of triumph and renown that fancy dimly traced; and, above all, the last and sacred interview with those who have reared us from the cradle up to manhood's bloom; these are the favorite subjects of our retrospective hours; and, though often remembered, seldom become wearisome. Such, at least, is the case with some of us. Some eventful years have rolled away since I left a faithful guardian, to fight my battles amid the wide world, in all the pride of inexperience and romantic enthusiasm. It was on a bright summer's evening, and the clouds that garlanded the sky, the breezes that played in the air, and the glance of mingled sorrow and delight with which I gazed on the beautiful suburbs of B——, while the vehicle rattled carelessly by them, still linger fresh on my memory. As the coach—no railways had we then—toiled slowly up a beetling hill that overhung the town, I turned round to take one "longing, lingering look." Before me lay one of the most splendid cities in the universe, embosomed in a valley, whose surrounding hills were dotted with cottages that now glittered beautifully in the sun. Here might be seen the shattered relic of a castle, with ivy clinging faithfully to its iron window-gaps; and there the white face of some stately mansion gleaming through the trees. From its peculiar situation, and the reverent tint of its houses, it looked imposingly grand, viewed from an eminence. The sunshine mingling with the livid smoke, flung a silky dimness over the piles; softening their shadows, and increasing their stateliness. Crescents fronted with vine-trellis, parades with their smooth broad pavements; and here and there an ancient steeple, frowning with melancholy sublimity over all, arrested and delighted the eye. To finish the picture; to the left were seen occasional glimpses of the Avon, flashing along its snaky course beneath the shades of alders and drooping briars. All this, however, soon grew shapeless in the dim distance—house after house sank from the gaze—and then I silently and sorrowfully took my seat.

The first object that attracted the eyes of the passengers, was a dying horse. To make a serious matter of such a subject, will excite

the smile of some readers ; but it would not, had they witnessed the scene. The day had been remarkably sultry—the breezes were impregnated with heat, as they passed over the parched earth,—and scarce a pond was to be seen without exhibiting half of its bosom crusted with mud. Amid such sultriness, a poor horse, oppressed with toil, had dropped on the road. Upon a withered patch of grass, the fine animal struggled in the agonies of death ; his broad sides heaved up and down with a reluctant motion ; his limbs quivered, till by degrees each wrestle of life became more faint ; his mane hung over his vein-swollen neck, and then with ears momentarily upshot, he turned his red eye-balls with a fiery expression on his master, swelled forth a groan,—and died. I shall never forget the laborer's look, as he stood, dumb and motionless, by his beast ; it was the eloquent sorrow of affection, rather than selfish regret for his mere loss ; he appeared unconscious of the passing coach, and, with a drooping head, gazed intensely on the animal ; his eye seeming filled with the collected gratitude of years for his services.

A boisterous but heart-warm exclamation of pity from a tar, seated before me, soon diverted my attention. He appeared an open-hearted fellow, fraught with all the amiable, but blunt, qualities of an English sailor. It was delightful to observe the joy that glittered in his eye, from time to time, as he turned to his wife, who held a punchy boy on her lap : it was evident, too, that he had just returned from a voyage : his natty round straw hat, with its ribbon dallying with the wind, the snug blue jacket and clean Russia-duck trowsers, all proclaimed him newly rigged out for a little sport on land. His face was somewhat seamed ; but there was a generous feeling playing about his features, and lighting them up into manly expressiveness. Though not exactly conceited, he was aware that he was no disgrace to his Majesty's navy ; sometimes he would exhibit his small foot, by swinging it heedlessly over the coach, and then, with a preparatory bridling of the head, he would strain down the collar of his jacket, take a look at the nosegay stuck in his button-loop, then clap his powder-veined hands together, and conclude by parentally pinching the cheek of his son, as much as to say—"Go it, my boy ! I hope you'll make such another as your father !"

There was more politeness in this unsophisticated specimen of good-nature, than in half the courtiers of the land. Assuredly, it was not very delicate ; but it held the same control over the stranger's heart. He could not possibly sit quiet—now he was gazing across the shadowy fields, now hailing a traveller with a jocose salute, and then looking round about on the passengers, with a dumb

request for them to share in his happiness. He was ready to make all the world as contented as himself. To the coachman he was particularly liberal with his services, being ever active in supplying the place of a guard, by well-timed "hollos !" when carts or closed turnpikes threatened any interruption. The hills were a considerable relief to his restless hilarity ; in a breath he was down on the road to secure the drag, and then "up again," with infinite facility.

Being seated at the hinder part of the coach, I had little opportunity of observing the remainder of the passengers : there was one, however, by my side, whom I shall never forget—one of those interesting beings, who, though strangers, never fail to fix themselves in our memory. Who, or what she was, it was impossible to determine ;—her dress, mien, and other nameless attributes of good breeding, betrayed her of no mean rank. Her countenance was almost beyond beautiful : it added to the grace of expression a delicate tinge of melancholy. Once, with great gentleness, I endeavored to entice her into conversation, by resorting to the Englishman's introductory topic : she replied, but it was with a brevity that hinted her wish to enjoy her thoughts. Once, in particular, I saw her cast her eye, with intense meditation, athwart the landscape. It was one of those looks that reveal the course of the imagination :—hers seemed, at that moment, to be travelling into distant lands, perhaps voyaging across the ocean, and hovering round a wave-tossed vessel that contained some cherished friend. She gazed in this manner for several minutes, till a tear stole into her eye, and then, as if awakening from a dream, she wiped it away, and resumed her previous calm. The temporary bustle at the inn now intruded agreeably on the monotony of a long journey ; as the coach rested here for a quarter of an hour, we all alighted except the interesting stranger. Every entreaty failed to persuade ; and she sat quietly in her seat while the rest went to exhilarate themselves with requisite cheer. Not feeling any inclination to join them, I preferred pacing outside the inn, and enjoying the beauty of the night. The meadows were now glittering with the night dews, as if studded with diamonds, and the moon was in her watch-tower, coloring all around with a blue radiance. The trees in their shadowy groups, appeared truly beautiful ; while at a distance might be heard the tinkle of a team, winding the round-roofed wagon along the moonlit road. In the midst of this, my attention was called to a still more pleasing sight. Spite of all the "lady's" previous rejections of refreshments, the mariner, in the plenitude of his warm-heartedness, determined on another trial. For this purpose, he had prepared a tumbler full of spirits and

water, which he was now handing with strong recommendations to the lady. Fearful of wounding his feelings by a continued refusal, the stranger put it to her lips, and then returned it, with gentle thanks; the tar lifted his hand to his hat, and tossed off the remainder with that facility which is the result of practice.

By five in the morning, the suburbs of London came in prospect; there was a mist, however, rolling about in the air, in wavy phantoms, that for awhile curtailed the view, at last, the sun's prevailing rays melted it all away; and then innumerable houses, and towers, and walls, and waving flags, rose on the eye, all brightening into bold effect beneath the influence of the sunshine. At this moment, a detachment of the horse-guards rode by on their majestic steeds, and in their commanding regimentals. It was the first time I had seen this regiment, and therefore, the impression they made was the more forcible. I could almost have imagined them, as they approached with that dignity inseparable from gigantic form and graceful posture, an array of monumental statues, that had left their pedestals, and started into life!

I was now informed that we were in "London!" What a thrill that word shot through every part of my body!—Here then was the "city of the soul,"—the cynosure of all my boyish hopes—the wondrous place, where I had so often travelled in my dreams of enthusiasm. This was the ground hallowed by genius!—the nursing mother of the mighty! Yes!—thought I (oblivious for a moment of the stern realities of my lot)—and I will make my name to be heard amongst its countless multitudes—I—but there these Alnaschar-like aspirations were checked, by an unceremonious jerk from the coach, that had now arrived at its destination.

What a singular influence the situation of the person has on the feelings! I had no sooner deposited myself on the ground, than all lofty aspiration evaporated, and left me perfectly awake to my present condition. Oh! the blank, cold misery of arriving in town, unknown and ungreeted, while all around is an atmosphere of bustle and joy!

There is an undefinable sensitiveness about us, for the first few moments after our arrival in a strange town. The merry countenances, and the unrestrained stir of business and pleasure on all sides, appear a heartless mockery of our own dismal and dreamy aspect. For five minutes, I stood half bewildered amid the indefinite concourse that surrounded the hotel at Piccadilly. Here was a monotonous-looking farmer, moving about like a living rick from his own yard—and there, was a peevish old gentleman, poking his way through the crowd with a family walking-stick, while behind him some despe-

rate urchin was bobbing between the passengers' legs, and laughing at his own dexterity. A violent push from the pointed corner of a portmanteau soon roused me from my torpor, while at the same time a brawny porter thrust his round head into my face, and roared out—"Which is *your* luggage, Sir?" Profiting by this ingenuous memento, I deposited my trunk and "self" in a cab, and proceeded in search of lodgings.

Of my further adventures, more anon.

PRIZE RABBITS.

The Fancy Rabbit Show.

THE "Metropolitan Fancy Rabbit Club" have just held their twentieth session, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street; and we never recollect seeing the room more numerously filled, nor finer specimens of rabbits exhibited for the decision of the Judges.

Dr. Handey was, as usual, in the chair, and presided as he always does over the meeting, with much good humor, and a thorough zest for the "fancy" in which he so much delights. He was ably supported by Mr. Wynne, in the vice-chair.

The Chairman, after dwelling a little on the utility of the society, and eulogising the harmony that prevailed among the members of this club in particular, called on the business of the evening.

On the prize animals being brought forward, one by one, for exhibition, the admiration expressed was most lively. They were certainly beautiful creatures. In our days of boyhood we used to think certain of the breed *then* very handsome; but the perfection to which they are *now* brought, exceeds the power of description.

The number of prizes awarded was ten. These were granted for "length of ears;" the best black and white; best yellow and white; best tortoise-shell; best blue and white; best grey and white; also for self-colors, and for weight.

Mr. Herring, the animal painter, carried off the first prize, for his tortoise-shell buck. Although only four months and fifteen days old, its ears measured $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in breadth. The other successful aspirants were Messrs. Bancks, Littleton, Arnold, Cavendish, Bird, and Locke. To some of these were awarded *double* prizes. We may also mention that, in several instances, two animals were so closely alike, that *both* their owners had prizes given them.

We should indeed be wanting in observation, did we neglect to particularise the buck shown in the course of the evening by its owner, Mr. Arnold. It was a lovely fawn-color, and its ears measured 20 inches

by 5 inches. Its sire is still living, and in the possession of Anthony Bancks, Esq. As a remarkable animal, this deserves separate mention. It was the admiration of the whole room.

The Judges were Messrs. William Jones, Payne, Lock, and Bird. On the health of the Chairman being given, that gentleman responded in a manner in which none but himself can respond; he was all heart, all enthusiasm. Of course the "Judges" were also toasted; and, on their behalf, Mr. William Jones "came out" in a neat speech, comprising volumes of meaning in a nutshell of space; the true art of oratory. He was loudly applauded. The remainder of the evening being devoted to hilarity, joviality, and good fellowship, we of course evaporated. Late hours, to us, are a terror.

Had the room not been so densely crowded, we should have asked the chairman to have furnished us with the age and measurement of each particular rabbit. We could not get near him. However, we will procure it forthwith.

Notable Things.

When found, make a note of.—CAPT'N CUTTLE.

OPINIONS.—Neither accept an opinion, nor except against it, on the score of its novelty. All that is new is not true, and much that is old is false.—*Zimmerman*.

UNKINDNESS.—More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—*Young*.

TRUE FEMININE BEAUTY.—Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature; yet if *boldness* be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty, and acts as a foil against true love.

VALUE OF AN HONEST CONSCIENCE.—When slandered, instead of complaining, be thankful that you have not been left to commit the wrong ascribed to you. The reproaches of conscience are much harder to bear than the reproaches of men.

JUDGMENT.—A man of sound judgment is not diverted from the truth by the strength of opposition. He decides with unbiassed impartiality, never suffering any passion to interfere with the love of truth. He does not form a hasty opinion; he is not tenacious in retaining an opinion when formed; "he is never ashamed of being wiser to-day than he was yesterday;" he never wanders from the substance of the matter in judgment, into useless subtlety and refinement.

A TRUE PHILOSOPHER.—The laws of nature are divine; and he who leads men to understand and practise them, is a philosopher of the highest kind.

The Goodness of God to Man.

By HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Oh, call not the world either heartless or dreary,
Abundance of blessings kind Nature bestows;
Bright Hope for the cheerless, a rest for the weary,
The pure crystal stream from whence happiness flows.

First Spring, gentle Spring, hastens on to its duty,
Its birds, buds, and blossoms, its sunshine and showers;
Then Summer bursts forth in ethereal beauty,
With songs of enchantment, and paths strewn'd with flowers.

Rich Autumn next claims our warm admiration,
Luxuriant in glory, in grandeur sublime;
And Winter has charms in its wild desolation,
Its bright sparkling icicles form'd by the rime.

All nature is beautiful, free from confusion;
Seed time and Harvest glide gracefully by,
Oh, tremble, ye Atheists, own your delusion,—
Learn wisdom from Heaven, Earth, Ocean, and Sky.

Let fashion's mad votaries boast of enjoyment,
And rush madly onward,—we envy them not,
From Nature we claim both delight, and employment,
Creation our study, contentment our lot.

Let slaves to ambition enjoy its deception,
And revel in pleasures that tend to destroy;
Dame nature we hail with a cordial reception,
And bask in the sunshine of Hope, Peace, and Joy.

From proud forest trees, to the meek humble daisy,
Rocks, mountains, and valleys, Omnipotence prove;
God of the Universe! all thy works praise thee;
GRANT US THY MERCY—ACCEPT OF OUR LOVE!

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No. 28.—1852.

SATURDAY, JULY 10:

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DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFERENCES.

THE CROW AND THE ROOK.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN TOWNS, or pay little attention to these matters, would no doubt consider these two birds as one and the same, alike as they are in size and color, and seen, as they usually are, spread over our fields, or uttering their well-known cawings on the top of some hedge. They are, however, as distinct in their characters and habits as a hare and a rabbit. The real crow, commonly called the carrion crow, is the next link in the chain after the raven, which it resembles far more nearly than it does the rook. The male and his mate, for example, seldom associate with the rest of their species, except for particular purposes, but generally remain in pairs. Their favorite food too, like the raven's, is carrion, and they will watch their opportunity, and pounce down on young lambs, or even sheep, when they find them what is called cast,—that is, thrown upon their backs in a furrow, and unable to rise. In these cases, the eye is the point which they first attack; but smaller living prey they will also attempt to carry off, to be devoured at leisure. A person walking near a plantation heard a shrill cry, and running in to find out the cause, discovered a crow fastening itself on a young rabbit, weighing from half to three-quarters of a pound, which was making great efforts to release itself; but in vain, for the crow actually caught it up and bore it away across two or three fields. Such is their favorite food; but, when pressed by hunger, they will also feed on potatoes, barley, or, in short, whatever comes within their reach.

The rook, on the other hand, is a social bird,* passing its days with those relations

and friends amongst whom it was born and bred; and for its food, preferring a vegetable diet, or such insects as it can collect under the sod of the meadow, or pick up in its progress over a fallow or fresh-ploughed field. There is one intermediate link seen, in parts of England, between the carrion crow and the rook—namely, the hooded-grey or Royston crow. They are clever birds, and when frequenting the sea-shore, in search of shell-fish, may be frequently seen, after vain attempts to break through the hard shell of a cockle or mussel, to seize it in their bill, mount with it to a great height, and then let it fall on a hard rock, by which it is broken, and the bird has nothing more to do than to reap the fruits of its forethought.

It is said that this species of crow will pair with the common crow, a proof how nearly allied the two species are; as it seems almost an established law of nature, one at least rarely infringed, that neither animals nor birds, essentially differing, however near may be their apparent resemblance, will ever breed together. One great difference, besides the color (which in the hooded crow is partly grey), is, that the latter is a regular migrating bird,—that is, going and coming at certain times of the year, to certain districts. But even in this respect, the carrion crow has been known to resemble it in a slight degree; it having been remarked by a naturalist, that in the parish in which he resided no crows were

we may mention that a pair of these birds have left their companions and recently nested in our garden. Their young, three in number, are now busily occupied in flying among the high trees; and seem with their parents, to be as happy as birds can be. Our lofty pine trees afford refuge and safe-keeping to many other large birds. Magpies, jays, starlings, the wood-pigeon, &c., abound during the season of incubation. The voice of the Rook is far from being discordant, indeed we have learned to listen to it with pleasure. It is delightful to have the various larger tribes so closely associated.—ED. K. J.

* To prove that the Rook is not altogether gregarious, and that certain members of their family are of retired habits and refined taste,

seen for several months, and what became of them, or whither they went, he could never learn.

The crow, like the raven, may be easily tamed, and converted into a very entertaining member of a family; though, like the rest of the tribe, he is sure to carry off, to some secret store, whatever he can conveniently dispose of. He soon becomes quite familiar, and distinguishes at a glance a stranger from one of his friends; and, even after a long absence, will recollect those from whom he has received kindness. A gentleman had reared one, and kept it for a long time, but at length it disappeared, and was supposed to have been killed; when to his great surprise, about a year afterwards, as he was walking out, a crow, flying over his head, in company with others, left them, and, flying towards him, perched on his shoulder. He soon recognised the bird to be his lost favorite; but, though the crow appeared very glad to see its old master, it seemed to have learned the value of liberty, and would not allow itself to be caught; and at last, looking up after its companions, again took wing, and was never seen or heard of more.

It has been observed, that they are usually of solitary habits, seldom associating in greater numbers than pairs; but this rule has also its exceptions, and the following instances of the mysterious assemblages of birds may be justly classed amongst their most extraordinary instinctive habits.

In the northern parts of Scotland, and in the Feroe Islands, extraordinary meetings of crows are occasionally known to occur. They collect in great numbers, as if they had been all summoned for the occasion; a few of the flock sit with drooping heads, and others seem as grave as judges, while others again are exceedingly active and noisy: in the course of about an hour they disperse, and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot. These meetings will sometimes continue for a day or two, before the object, whatever it may be, is completed. Crows continue to arrive from all quarters during the session. As soon as they have all arrived, a very general noise ensues; and, shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals and put them to death: when this execution has been performed, they quietly disperse.

Another and nearly similar meeting was once witnessed near Oggersheim, a village on the banks of the Rhine; where, in a large meadow, every autumn, the storks assemble, to hold (as the country people call it) a council, just before their annual migration. On one of these occasions about fifty were observed, formed in a ring round one indi-

vidual, whose appearance bespoke great alarm. One of the party then seemed to address the conclave, by clapping its wings for about five minutes. It was followed by a second, a third, and a fourth, in regular succession; each, like the first, clapping its wings in the same odd and significant manner. At last they all joined in chorus, and then with one accord fell upon the poor culprit in the middle, and despatched him in a few seconds; after which they rose up in a body, and one, according to their custom, taking the lead, flew off to the southward. This curious story is in some degree corroborated by the opinion of old writers, one of whom (Bellonius) in describing the migrations of these birds in the Eastern countries, says, that when they go away, the stork that comes last to the place of rendezvous is killed on the spot by the others.

At Dunham, near Altrincham, in Cheshire, the seat of the Earl of Stamford, there is a heronry, which has existed for many years. It happened, about the latter end of March, or beginning of April, a few years ago, that a gentleman, riding along the turnpike-road, saw, in a small field, about a mile from the trees where the birds breed, about thirty-five or forty standing on the ground, and occasionally moving slowly in various directions. At first he was uncertain what birds they were, as their heads were thrown back, and they appeared little raised from the ground; but, on approaching the spot, he was soon satisfied that they were herons. His presence, however, had no other effect (though in general they are remarkably shy and cautious) than inducing those nearest the hedge, where he had stationed himself to watch their motions, to walk leisurely to a more distant part of the field. He remained for some time a spectator of their singular assemblage, which impressed him with the opinion that it was a deliberate council; and we agree with him that in this case, at least, though not in the preceding, which occurred in the autumn, their object was connected with the usual pairing, which takes place about that time. We are the more strengthened in the opinion, from having witnessed meetings in some degree similar amongst magpies, and some other birds.

In the month of February, we recollect once seeing a prodigious number of magpies in a field; some hopping about near the hedge, others secreted in the hedge, and no less than twenty-seven perched on a small ash-tree. At first, the presence of a fox was suspected, knowing it to be a constant practice with these birds to collect, if Reynard shows himself; but, as they did not appear to be hovering over any particular spot, as if a concealed enemy were lurking near, we

inclined to the opinion, that some private concerns of their own had brought them together. The chattering was incessant, and when disturbed, and under the necessity of beating a retreat, they flew nearly in the same direction, as if disposed to adjourn their meeting to a more retired spot, than with a view to break it up.

A singular habit, somewhat similar, little known or noticed, though uncommon, prevails also among starlings. If carefully watched, they may be seen occasionally to alight in a regular circular form. A numerous flock was once seen to divide itself into two companies, each forming a distinct circle. If undisturbed, they will remain a considerable time in the same place, uttering the same twittering note upon the ground, as when perched on trees or reeds. This habit is usually observable in pastures; sometimes, though rarely, in stubble-fields; but never upon fallow or new-ploughed land.

We have pointed out some of the broad marks of distinction between the crow and the rook, as far as relates to their food and habits: a slight reference to the personal difference between them will be sufficient. The beak of the crow is more bent and rather stronger, and is never without the bristly feathers that cover the base and the nostrils, as is the case with the rook, whose beak, when of full growth, is easily distinguished by the naked and scurfy white skin at its base and on the chin, produced, as some naturalists assert, by the bristles being rubbed off, owing to its constantly thrusting its bill deep into the soil, in search of worms and insects. We feel, however, much inclined to doubt this, and would rather attribute this nakedness to the base of the bill, to an original and natural peculiarity. It has been well argued, in favor of the former opinion, that a specimen was killed whose beak was much longer than usual, and the extremities of which were not only much curved, but actually crossed, like a cross-bill's, and that the base of the beak of this bird, from an impossibility of its being thrust into the ground, was clothed with a full plumage of bristles, and not bare like those of other rooks. On the other hand, it has been urged, that if these bristles were worn down by being thrust into the ground, they would be renewed, like other feathers, at the regular moulting-time; and, further, as all new feathers are full of blood at the roots, any application tending to grind them down, would be so painful to the rook, that it would be very unwilling, if indeed able, to thrust its beak into the ground; and again, —which we consider as a still stronger argument—it may be asked, if the rook's bristles are destroyed by this process, how

comes it that the jackdaw, jay, and magpie, and some other birds, retain them, though as constantly thrusting their beaks into the ground, in search of worms, as the rooks?

When viewed together, a further distinction will be seen between the rook and the common crow, in the glossy colors of their plumage; that of the rook being more inclined to a rich purple, whereas that of the crow is of a greenish blue. There is one other supposed distinctive mark, which we shall mention, merely because we believe it does not exist—namely, that the rook has a pouch under its chin, in which it can carry a full supply of food for its young.

"It is perfectly true," says Dr. Stanley, "that rooks appear to have such an appendage; in the spring-time, it is particularly conspicuous, when they may be seen flying with a swelling under the throat, of the size of a pigeon's egg; but closer observers have discovered that in the crow, jackdaw, &c., there is the same elasticity and pliability of the skin; and that they not only can, but do often take in a provision of food, which swells the upper part of the throat out to a considerable size; though, owing to the grey color of the rook's chin, this swelling is more apparent."

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.

THE BOOKSELLERS.—No. III.

WE have found little difficulty in disposing of the "Cheap Booksellers;" of Retail Booksellers; and of Authors. We have chronicled their doings, their misdoings, their hopes, their fears, and their final doom,—to many, disappointment; perhaps something worse.

We have now only to perform the promise we gave with respect to the wholesale Booksellers' "liberality." It has been said, that if all profit be withholden from the retail dealer, and all new books be sold by their publishers or their servants over the counter, the Public will be thereby benefited. The benefit, it is said, will be the exact difference formerly made by the publisher to the retail dealer. For instance,—if one of the "large houses" published a book at 6s., and charged a dealer 4s. 6d. for it (making him thereby an allowance of 25 per cent.), it is imagined that the said establishments would, under the proposed new arrangements, now issue the same book to the PUBLIC at 4s. 6d., and let them have the benefit! This is a huge fallacy. We can hardly write seriously about it.

The wholesale booksellers have talked very largely of late; and have endeavored to make the Public believe that they are deeply anxious to protect the fair-dealing

tradesman. "Interested" in so doing, they are, doubtless; but *not* in the way they wish the world to believe. They well know,—cunning Isaacs! that the more retail book-sellers there are, the more outlets present themselves for the circulation of *their* books. So far, and no further, does their "kind interest" extend.

Among all existing monopolies, Paternoster Row ranks first and foremost. The words liberality of feeling, as applied to this locality, are quite out of place. As a market for books, it is indeed unrivalled; but nothing beyond. There is no living author that will not readily attest this.

Were a Publisher to forego any part of his full profit to benefit the PUBLIC, and were he to issue a book one farthing cheaper in consequence of there being no allowance made to the retail dealer, *then* should we believe the moon was made of green cheese, and that the end of the world was near at hand. A better joke has not been launched for a century.

We shall keep an eye on these noble, kind-hearted gentlemen, and narrowly watch over the best interests of—the Public.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. XVIII.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHILST OUR FAVORITE, THE NIGHTINGALE, is yet with us, and ere his sweet voice altogether ceases to be heard in our latitudes—parental cares, alas! have almost silenced him for the season—we are most particularly anxious to clear him, once and for ever, of the ridiculously-false charge of his being a "melancholy bird," and his song indicative of grief. Surely not; surely not, ye lovers of melody. Whence this strange and unfair reading of our "pet's" musical voice, we know not. When HE sings, all nature is "happy." When silence prevails throughout the night, and HIS love-chant is *not* heard upon the breeze, are we not melancholy from the loss? Assuredly, yes.

It is a strange fact, that many of our best poets have ranged themselves together on the dark side of this lovely bird. Pollok, for instance, whose inspired powers none can dispute, apostrophises the nightingale thus:—

"Sad bird! pour through the gloom thy weeping song;
Pour all thy dying melody of grief;
And, with the turtle, spread the wail of woe."

Thus gloomily, too, sings our sweetest of bards—Milton:—

"Hail, lovely nightingale!
Most musical,—most melancholy bird!"

Indeed, nearly all the heaven-born poets follow, as if by mutual compact, in the same morbid strain; which to us is marvellous. Let us charitably hope, out of deference to the taste of the older poets, that our modern nightingale is quite a different bird from that immortalised in days of yore. It must be so. Let us confirm the thought, by quoting from one of our later poets, Coleridge. *His* ideas of love and music—sweet association!—are very closely akin to our own:—

"List to the '*merry nightingale*,'
Who crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes;
Fearful, lest that an April night
Should be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant,—and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!"

This view of our hero is graphically correct, and ought to be the popular one; for cannot we all aver that never was bird more merry, bird more happy, bird more affectionately joyous?"* Unlike us erring mortals, who may indeed be said to "mope" when we are affectionately joyous, being subject to necessary and highly proper conventional observances, Philomel, recog-

* In a little book, translated from the German by Sarah Austin, and entitled "A Story without an End"—a book, by the way, which everybody should get by heart—we find an account of a young and noble child wandering about, in ecstatic innocence and delight, among birds and flowers; and some of his pleasures are very delightfully recorded. As these pleasures refer particularly to the nightingale's joyous habits, and prove him to be anything *but* a melancholy bird, they could not be introduced at a more apposite season.—"There was no end to the child's delight. The little birds warbled and sang, and fluttered and hopped about; and the delicate wood-flowers gave out their beauty and their odors. Every sweet sound took a sweet odor by the hand, and thus walked through the open door of the child's heart, and held a joyous nuptial dance therein. But the nightingale and the lily of the valley led the dance; for the nightingale sang of nought but love, and the lily breathed of nought but innocence; and he was the bridegroom and she was the bride. And the nightingale was never weary of repeating the same sentiments a hundred times over, for the spring of love which gushed from his heart was ever new; and the lily bowed her head bashfully, that no one might see her glowing heart. And yet *the one lived so solely and entirely in the other*, that no one could see whether the notes of the nightingale were floating lilies, or the lilies visible notes; *falling like dew-drops from the nightingale's throat*. The child's heart was full of joy, even to the brim."—No doubt it was. That boy was one of Nature's own children. We should not grieve had we a dozen such boys.—ED. K. J.

nising no such trammels, gives way to unrestrained gaiety of spirit; telling us in all the expressive language which music alone can so happily convey, and liberty alone inspire,—the thoughts of his heart, the rapture of his soul. *This* is courtship, if you please. But let us travel onward.

In order to keep your nightingales in good health, and cheerful withal, be careful to provide them with fresh, clean water every morning, so that they may take their bath regularly. When your birds are tame, and used to be waited on, you may open the door at the back of their cage, and hang thereon a square mahogany bath, similar to, but of course a size larger, than the one we recommended for canaries. Into this they will jump; and so thoroughly will they disguise themselves by their ablutions, that recognition would be impossible. They will spend some little time in this aquatic diversion; and when tired, they will withdraw. Some considerable period will then be occupied in arranging their feathers, and completing their toilet. This done, they will commence singing merrily.

All these little *minutiae* require to be dwelt upon; for unless such delicate attentions as we have hinted at be paid to your birds, and unless they see your delight consists in studying their happiness, that cruel demon—"jealousy," will destroy all their serenity of mind. We have had so many opportunities for verifying this, that we speak oracularly. Nor is it to be wondered at, that birds of such extraordinary vocal powers *should be* so "touchy,"—so alive to every slight. Accustomed as they are to rule the majesty of night, and hold the feathered race spell-bound by their nocturnal melody, it is no more than natural that they should like to have their supremacy duly acknowledged in the day-time also.

If you hang them out of doors, let it be in some snug corner, overarched by a widely-spreading tree. Sheltered from observation—these birds love retirement, and shun the vulgar gaze—they will, towards evening, treat you to some lovely music. It is, however, advisable to take them in-doors before dusk, lest, hearing their strains taken up, and repeated by their brethren in a state of freedom, they should pine for liberty, grow sulky, refuse their food—and die.

The nightingale revels in a treat of ants' eggs; and is remarkably fond of elderberries. We should, therefore, recommend one or two of these trees being planted in your garden. They grow rapidly, and bear freely. As, however, they are decided enemies to all other trees, and carry pestilence in their wake, plant them in an out-of-the-way corner, where nothing else will grow. A nightingale is also very fond of flies. He will take

them eagerly from between your thumb and finger, and swallow them, one after the other, by the dozen. And here let us give our readers a caution.

In the summer season, when flies haunt us, and render our lives burdensome—this is the case very frequently in our locality—it is a common practice to kill them with a mixture of quassia-root and sugar; the former made into a decoction with boiling water, the latter being added by way of a lure. The effect of the quassia is, first to stupify them and then to kill them. They sip it cautiously, and afterwards decamp, to die more at their leisure. Now for the evil of this. Your nightingales, ever on the lookout to capture as many flies as they can outwit, pounce on every one of these inebriated victims that blindly falls within their reach; and when swallowed, *the poison* is imbibed at one and the same time. We once lost two splendid birds in this way, and have never forgiven ourself for our culpable folly. It will, however, be some reparation, if by this warning we prevent any further mischief. Now that the "Fly-papers" are invented—and fatal engines of destruction they are—quassia may be altogether dispensed with; though, let us add, the poor flies undergo, when chained to these resinous papers, agonies indescribable. The tortures of "the Inquisition" could not by any possibility be greater. Cicero says—"Cavendum est, ne major pœna quam culpa sit." (We must take due care never to let the punishment be too great for the offence committed.) We hardly think the barbarous inventor of "Fly-papers" ever studied *this* rhetoric. With him, doubtless, "Ignorance is bliss;" and he would think it "folly to be wise," under the circumstances.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XVI.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 6.)

AS THE BRAIN WILL BE the subject of my meditations in all the volumes of this work, I leave it now, to answer a question of high importance—viz., Does the fetus and infant while unborn, enjoy animal life, or a life purely automatic? How ought its destruction to be judged of before the tribunal of sound physiology? Those who maintain that animal life is nothing but a life of relation, an external life, that all our moral qualities and intellectual faculties are the result of impressions on the senses, must necessarily maintain that the fetus and the newly-born infant are still only automata, whose destruction has no relation to an animated being.

Prochaska says, "In the fetus and the new-born infant, the muscles have the automatic

movement, and not the voluntary, because the brain is not yet in a state to think."

Bichat likewise says, "We may conclude with confidence, that in the fetus the animal life is nothing; that all the acts attached to this age, are dependent on the organisation. The fetus has, so to speak, nothing in its phenomena of what especially characterises an animal; its existence is the same as that of vegetables. In the cruel alternative of sacrificing the child, or of exposing the mother to almost certain death, the choice cannot be doubtful. The destruction is that of a living, not of an animated being."

Yes, doubtless, it is cruel to sacrifice an unfortunate mother to a feeble fetus, still menaced with dangers without number, and on whose life it is still so difficult to calculate. Nothing but certain religious notions, or the reasons of an ambitious policy, could ever recommend the dire counsel of immolating the mother in the most touching moment of her life, to the precarious existence of the infant. Still, as the expressions of Bichat, "the act involves the destruction of a living being, and not of an animate being," might lead to unlawful abuses, I consider it my duty as a physiologist, to rectify the arguments of Bichat and Prochaska.

I have said that neither the organic, nor the animal life developed itself fully at once, or enjoyed simultaneously all its activity. If the possession of organic life by the fetus were contested, because several of the functions of the viscera have not yet manifested themselves, the conclusion would doubtless be severely criticised. Is it, then, more reasonable to refuse to the fetus or to the new-born infant, the possession of animal life, because his brain is not yet formed for all its propensities, all its talents, and for the faculty of thinking? If physiologists had sooner known the plurality of the cerebral organs, and of their functions; if they had distinguished the different degrees of consciousness and sensation, the desires and necessities, from thought or reflection, they would have been cautious about affirming that there exists no animal life in the fetus or new-born child. The brain of these beings is not, indeed, sufficiently developed to possess ideas, to combine and compare them; but, if this degree of perfection were necessary in order to allow them sensation and desires, it would be very difficult to determine at what period animal life does commence, and when the destruction of an infant becomes an act committed on an animate being, and, consequently, criminal. The infant has not yet the faculties of reflection and imagination; he feels as yet no affection for those of a different sex; he is not yet ambitious, &c.; but can we refuse to him the faculty of perceiving, that of memory, of inclinations, of aversions, of joy and sorrow? If the noblest functions of the brain require a certain development and a certain consistence, who shall determine the degree of development, and of consistence, necessary for functions of an inferior order? The new-born child manifests by the outline of his figure, by his movements, and his cries, the states of happiness and of suffering; he equally manifests, too, the desire of nursing, and so of other sensations.

At all events, this work will become an incontrovertible proof, that there exists within us a far more fruitful source of sensations than impressions made on the senses; and consequently that it is altogether false, to assert that animal life commences only with the action of the external senses.

These considerations are sufficient to prove, that the laws of animal organisation by no means support the dangerous principle avowed by certain physiologists.

Of the Special Functions of the Brain, or those which belong to Animal Life in Man and Animals.

In the natural order of the gradation of animals, the nervous system, which presides over the voluntary movements, comes after the great sympathetic nerve. It consists of the spinal marrow enclosed in the vertebral column. And from it, to the right and left, before and behind, issue as many pairs of nerves as there are vertebrae of which the column is composed. In caterpillars, &c., the ganglions and the pairs of nerves proceeding from them, correspond in number to the segments of which the animal consists.

All these pairs of nerves go to the muscles, and give them the faculty of exercising motion. But all these nerves, at least in the more perfect animals, must be considered rather as conductors of the cerebral influence, than as independent agents: their function ceases, as soon as their free communication with the brain is interrupted. As, in a healthy state, these functions are exercised with consciousness, they are held to make part of animal life.

Of a higher order, but always dependent on the brain, are the functions of the external senses. I shall have occasion, presently, to determine better than has yet been done, the functions proper to each sense.

I come, then, to the noblest nervous system, the brain, and its peculiar functions.

As to the structure of the brain, suffice it now to say, that the whole cavity of the cranium or head, beginning with the eyes and ending with the neck, is filled with the cerebral mass. Like the rest of the nervous system, it is composed of gelatinous substance, and of an infinity of nervous filaments, which thence derive their origin. It is this same brain which governs both the voluntary movements and the functions of the senses. It is this same brain, of which, hitherto, neither the structure nor the functions have been understood, and which yet includes all the organs of the forces, moral and intellectual, both in men and in animals.

In order to conduct my readers by a luminous path, I shall first consider these moral and intellectual forces as all philosophers and physiologists consider them. I shall then show how they are defined and distinguished by the vulgar, and by common sense, which certainly, in this case, is good sense. The great proportion of philosophers agree in recognising in the soul only two faculties, the understanding and the will; the understanding, or capacity of receiving ideas; the will, or capacity of receiving different inclinations: even when they speak of

a greater number of faculties, they always reduce them to these two principal ones.

According to Aristotle, the soul of man has faculties which are common to it with animals; sensibility, appetite, and the power of motion. It has, also, faculties which belong to it exclusively; the intellect passive, the intellect active, the intellect speculative, and the intellect practical. Bacon distinguishes two souls; the soul rational, and the soul sensitive. The faculties of the rational soul, are the understanding, reason, reasoning, imagination, memory, appetite, and will. The faculties of the sensitive soul are voluntary motion, and sensibility.

Descartes recognised four principal faculties; will, understanding, imagination, and sensibility. Hobbes admits only two principal faculties; knowledge and motion. Locke admits understanding and will. Bonnet recognises understanding, will, liberty, and, in his introduction, sentiment, thought, will, action.

Condillac admits six faculties in the understanding, or seven, counting sensation, the common origin, according to him, of the understanding and the will; sensation, attention, comparison, judgment, reflection, imagination, reasoning; and all these faculties are only sensations transferred or modified. He maintains that all the operations of the soul, thought, intelligence, reason, liberty—all the faculties of a spiritual substance, are only sensation transformed; that all the knowledge which the human intellect can attain, all intellectual and moral ideas—all, without an exception, are so many transformations of sensation.

In the system of Kant, the primitive faculties or functions, pure conceptions, and ideas *a priori*, exist to the number of twenty-five, viz. two forms of sensibility, space and time; twelve categories, or pure notions of the understanding, viz. unity, plurality, totality, affirmation, negation, limitation, inherence, and subsistence, causality and dependence; society; possibility and impossibility, existence and non-existence, necessity and contingency; eight notions which depend on these, viz. identity, diversity, agreement, contradiction, interior, exterior, matter, and form; in fine, three forms of reason, consciousness and the soul, God, the universe.

According to M. de Tracy, to think is only to feel, and to feel is, for us, the same thing as to exist; for sensations inform us of our existence. The ideas or perceptions are either sensations, properly so called, or recollections, or relations which we perceive, or, finally, desires which we experience, springing out of these relations; the faculty of thinking, therefore, divides itself into sensibility, properly so called, into memory, judgment, and will. To feel, properly speaking, is to have the consciousness of an impression; to have memory, is to feel the recurrence of an impression formerly felt; to judge, is to perceive the relations among our perceptions; finally, to wish, is to feel desire. By these four elements, sensations, recollections, judgments, desires, are formed all compounded ideas. Attention is only an act of the will; comparison cannot be separated from judgment, since we cannot compare two objects without judging; reasoning is only a repetition of the

act of judging; to reflect, to imagine, is to compound ideas decomposable into sensations, recollections, judgments, desires. That species of imagination, which is only a true and faithful memory, cannot be distinguished from it.

M. Laromiguiere forms the system of the faculties of the soul of two systems—the system of the faculties of the understanding, and the system of the faculties of the will. The first comprehends three peculiar faculties—attention, comparison, and reasoning; the second equally comprehends three—desire, preference, and liberty.

“These three faculties are indispensable, and they suffice for all our knowledge, for the most simple of all systems, as well as for the vastest of all sciences. Attention, comparison, reasoning; these are all the faculties which have been assigned to the most intelligent of created beings. By attention, we discover facts; by comparison, we seize their relations; by reasoning, we reduce them to system.

“Sensibility or the capacity of perceiving, and activity or the faculty of acting, are two attributes inseparable from the soul.”

M. Laromiguiere admits the action of the object on the organ, of the organ on the brain, and of the brain on the soul; the action or reaction of the soul on the brain; the communication of the movement received by the brain to the organ which forms the object, or which directs itself towards it. He allows, that the difference in minds does not proceed from the greater or less amount of sensations; “but,” says he, “it can proceed only from the activity of some causes, and the inactivity of others; for, in the human mind, everything can be referred to three causes; to sensations, to the labor of the mind on these sensations, and to the ideas, or the knowledge resulting from this labor.” In fine, M. Laromiguiere proposes this question, viz.:—Do the operations of the mind vary with the objects to which they are applied; or, can we circumscribe them within bounds, and even very narrow ones? By attention, comparison, and reasoning, we can raise ourselves to a knowledge of the structure of the universe, and, consequently, to that of its Author; by desire, preference, and free will, we are, in some sort, the arbiters of our destiny.

“Six faculties then suffice,” concludes M. Laromiguiere, “for all the wants of our nature. Three have been given us to form intelligence; we call them intellectual faculties; three to fulfil the wishes of our hearts, and we call them moral faculties.”

THE WHITE THORN.

THERE are now in Kensington Gardens, two most beautiful trees; one of them literally bending under the weight of its blossoms, the aroma from which, exhaled by the powerful rays of the sun, diffuses itself in the richest fragrance to a distance almost incredible. They are in the high walk from Victoria Gate to Bayswater, and having flowered so late as July, they are regarded with much interest. We frequently pass them; sometimes, twice daily. In the morning early, the perfume is exquisitely delicious.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM BURTON, who writes us a most insulting letter, dated "Lower Tottenham," and requests us to publish it in our JOURNAL, will if he be wise, thank us for *not* doing as he wishes. Our mission is to cement peace, not to scatter firebrands. If our correspondent bears such ill-will to us, all we can say is, we regret it. Let us thank him for his "support," as he calls it, thus far; we do so, readily. Perhaps, by and by, he will join our standard again. Let us hope so.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—COCOA. We have noticed your letter in another part of our paper.—J. M., GLASGOW. Many thanks.—BOMBYX ATLAS. Excellent! In our next.—A LONDON FOOTMAN. Our "Treatise on the Canary" commenced in No. XI., and terminated in No. XXIII. It may be obtained of our Publisher. Your hen Canary is *well* adapted for breeding from. Goldfinches *will* breed, year after year. As you are so fond of birds, you really cannot do better than take in this JOURNAL. Your questions prove to us, that we have already written much that will delight and assist you.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or News-vendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, July 10, 1852.

HAD THE "MAN OF UZ" been the Editor of this JOURNAL, we question whether he would have carried off the prize for "patience." Toil as we may, be generous as we may, and good-natured to a fault, yet are "some people" never satisfied with us.

For instance, a correspondent, signing herself "Cocoa," and residing at Acton—dear little Acton! as we call it—writes and threatens to purchase no more of our papers,* because we have refused to take notice of her friend, E. C. B., of Rouen, who a long time since sent us a communication about a suffering dog!

This affords us a fair opportunity for complaint. We inserted the said communication (see Vol. I., page 283) *immediately* after we received it; indeed we put ourselves out of the way to give it the earliest insertion. But some of our subscribers never read the JOURNAL when they have bought it; and hence we get blamed when we do not deserve it. If our fair correspondent, with whom indeed we cannot be angry under *any* circumstances, will consult the INDEX just

* Extract:—"Cocoa" begs to inform Mr. Kidd [formal, very!] that *if he does not think it worth while* [cruel!] answering his correspondents, she shall discontinue taking his Journal." [This to us!!]

published, she will therein find her friend's letter referred to, and also remarks on the distemper in dogs (see p. 201, 248, 283, 380, Vol. I.).

We do entreat some little consideration at the hands of our patrons. If our paper is not worthy a perusal, of course we cannot wish any one to procure it. But to purchase it and *not read it*, and then fall foul of us for faults not committed—this is grievous. The present is not the first case of the kind, by *many*. We notice it to-day with a view to its being rectified. We are in perfect good humor nevertheless, and mean to continue so, "wind and weather permitting," all through the year.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE LONG-CONTINUED RAINS of the month of June, and the wildness of the gardens, trees, and woods; yet has it been delightful to go forth between the showers, and admire the hand of our CREATOR, so observable at every turn. All out-of-doors is perfect loveliness.

The sun, although hidden at intervals from our sight, has nevertheless not failed to shed on us his genial warmth and radiant heat; and, as we have wandered abroad, we have been made sensible of his quickening powers by the universally-diffused fragrance so peculiar to this month of flowers. Now is the very time for inhaling such odors as

The ROSE

Wastes on the Summer air; or such as rise From beds of *hyacinths*, or from *jasmin* flowers; Or when the blue-eyed *violet* weeps upon Some sloping bank remote, while the young sun (Creeping within her sheltering bower of leaves) Dries up her tears.

Walk where you may at this season in the country, and you will find the air full of the sweetest of perfumes. The humblest briar is full of incense.

We have been asked, recently,—in what particular spot near London our summer vocalists can be heard to the best advantage? This is the very time to answer the question; and perhaps no better season was ever known than the present for hearing them in their glory. The all-but incessant rains of Spring, and the chilliness of the season, have so materially checked their vernal melody, that many of them seem to have reserved their full powers until now. Among these are the blackbird, thrush, robin, wren, titlark, woodlark, skylark, blackcap, and others.

We need not go far from London to enjoy the voices of *all* these. Let us enumerate the neighborhoods of Acton, Ealing, Kew, Chiswick, Hammersmith, and Richmond,—not forgetting Twickenham and its lovely meadows. At each one of these places, the trees, fields, and hedges, rejoice in the com-

pany of nearly every one of our summer songsters. Perched aloft, you may hear the blackbird all day pouring forth gushes of the purest melody. These no doubt are intended for the ear of his mate, who is seated on her nest. Nor are those who take a lower flight less eloquent in the brushwood. The skylark is now high on the wing, seeking "Heaven's gate" with a voice that seems to gain him entrance; for as he again nears the earth his strains are more seraphic than ever. The wren and robin too seem hardly able to get through all their songs of praise. As for the tit-lark, woodlark, and blackcap,—we have never before heard them in such beautiful song. Kew Gardens, and Friar's Place (near Acton), seem particularly blessed this year with these lovely visitants, of whom, did space permit, we should never cease writing.

We are sometimes guilty of talking about these matters to folk who reside in our great city; and we try hard to inoculate them with our ideas of a country life; but alas! we cannot succeed. If we were to suggest a trip to Gravesend, a ramble to Rosherville, a journey to Blackwall or Greenwich (to eat white bait), or indeed a visit to any other place of excitement; then should we find a ready response. How true it is, that to all who are engaged in the pursuits of the world, "rural sights, and sounds and smells"—indeed all the pleasures of innocence and simplicity, are perfectly insipid!

The odor of flowers, the purling of streams, the song and plumage of birds, the sportive innocence of the lamb, the fidelity of the dog, and a thousand other rational enjoyments,—these have no charm for a citizen of London. He recognises no bird but the sparrow, and cares nothing for flowers beyond eyeing them with listless apathy as he saunters through Covent Garden Market. Only just imagine our asking such a man, to stroll out with us some vernal evening in the garden, just after a shower,—when every leaf breathes fragrance and freshness! Why, he would see ten times more beauties in the pestilential fumes of tobacco; and consider us a bore, a perfect Mar-all to his "enjoyments" of—SMOKE!!

Every man has a right to do as he will, and we never disputed that right; but we really do wish we could work a renovation among some of our brother citizens. They live a life of constant excitement, and never know rest either of mind or body. Many of them take in our JOURNAL, and say they are delighted with it. How can this be? While they are for noise, racket, confusion, agitation, "smoke," and ambition, WE are eloquent about simple pleasures and "sweet-smelling flowers." Loud are they in praise of "bulls and bears," whilst we speak

woolyly of "Venus' looking glass," and "Love lies bleeding." They speak, it is true, in praise of stocks, but not our "Ten-weeks' stocks;" and they intimate a desire to visit the "diggings;" yet did they never handle a spade in their lives. In a word, while they are incessantly advocating the game of speculation, we are as eternally contending for the enjoyments of a fine day, a beautiful garden, a rural stroll while leaning devotedly on the arm of a "fair and much-loved friend," and all such delectable country joys. Surely

NATURE never did betray

The heart that loved her! 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy. For she can so inform
The mind that is within us,—so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts; that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that ALL WHICH WE

BEHOLD
IS FULL OF BLESSINGS.

We have before spoken of the joys of the hayfield; and now, of the birds, the flowers, the fields, and the gardens. Let us indulge the hope that some few, at least, will come and see if our picture be "after Nature."

Talking of Nature, reminds us, in connection with the rays of a brilliant sun now streaming through our open window, that the time of "Pic-nics" is at hand.

"Pic-nics!" There is magic in the word! What say our brother Cits, and our friends in the Great Metropolis, to getting up something of this sort on a grand scale,—and appointing us "Arbiter elegantiarum" for the day? We are "immense" at anything of this kind,—either on the water, in the woods, the forests, or the creeks. Let them bring with them as many of their "interesting friends" as they will,—the more the better,—we undertake to find "animal spirits" for the whole; and to do the honors of the "spread" on the green sward in a manner that shall be pronounced truly unexceptionable. Whether the scene of action be Epping Forest, Norwood, Hanger Hill, Harrow, Twickenham,—or Richmond, we care not a rush.

Let the day be named, and ourselves appointed; and we pledge our word that we will do our best to make every one of the party IN LOVE WITH THE COUNTRY, AND ITS INEXPRESSIBLE DELIGHTS. This is our own proper vocation. Why should we be backward in exercising it?

ROMPING.—Never find fault with girls if they are decided romps. But take care that they keep the health and spirits necessary for romping. Better to be an innocent romp, than to have a narrow chest and flushed cheek.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Where can I hear a first-rate Blackbird sing?
—I have been so delighted, Mr. Editor, with your remarks from time to time about the Blackbird's song, that I am most anxious to hear him. Can you tell me where I can gratify my desire in the immediate neighborhood of London? I think nothing at all of the song of birds in confinement. I want to hear the pure, wild note. Will you, "dear Mr. Kidd," take my request into consideration? Then will your fair petitioner ever pray, &c.—JULIA A.

[The breathing of your sweet voice, Miss JULIA, has entered our ear, and found a resting-place in our heart; consider this, and every other wish of yours, so far as our ability extends, most readily and joyfully granted. We shall do you more good than you imagine by our remarks. Listen. To hear the blackbird, JULIA, at his "matins," you must rise at 5 A.M., and be in Kensington Gardens by 6. There, as you walk (take some "interesting friend" with you) beneath the lofty trees, you will hear him chanting; first to his Maker (a noble example for us), and then to his mate. They are now engaged in preparing, some for a second, others for a third family. The blackbird's song, just now, is sweet beyond description; but as it will not last long, you must lose no time. As you journey to and fro, you will also hear the blackcap discoursing. This alone is worth a morning stroll. Of all our Summer visitors, *he* is the most joyous, the most lovely. Now remember, Miss JULIA, if your morning ramble is a delightful one, repeat it, and do get into the habit of rising early. Your countenance now may be lovely—we dare say it is; but what can equal the beauty imparted by wandering through the morning dew of summer? The rude glow of health is worth a slight effort to obtain; and lie-a-beds in summer *never can be WELL*. Excuse our frankness, Miss JULIA, caused by the interest we feel for your welfare.]

Profit derivable from keeping Poultry.—Allow me, Mr. Editor, to call your attention to a subject that may be useful at this season of the year. From February to September, our tables are with difficulty supplied with poultry. This might easily be remedied by art. The same method that provides us with capons, might also provide us with very large turkeys, geese, and guinea fowl. Rabbits, also, might be similarly increased in size and weight, as well as flavor. I cannot help thinking that a suggestion of this kind, appearing in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL," would induce many practical men to make the experiment.—VERBUM SAT.

Goats, proper Management of.—Can any of your readers, Mr. Editor, tell me the proper method of rearing, keeping, and tending Goats? I know not of any book that treats of them. I have a fine young "Billy," of the pure Turkish breed; two "Nannies," and a young "Nanny Kid." These are all at present quite healthy.—S. B. W., *Hampstead*.

[Although some of these animals have claimed a right to our family-title (spelt "short"), yet

are we not sufficiently learned in their nature to give the information sought for. Will some of our good friends be pleased to answer for us in this matter, and give us the benefit of their experience?]

"*Nature and Art.*"—Do tell me, "dear Mr. Kidd," whether a girl who loves nature as I do (and who of course reads "OUR" JOURNAL), ought to be rigidly trained to the rigidly strict observance of dry formalities in every-day life? I move in a high circle, truly; but there is so much artificial nonsense, as I call it, pervading the society we keep, that my heart feels sick at being obliged to go through the various "conventional rules." I must not "laugh" when I am pleased; I must not run; I must not romp; I must not "enjoy" anything. In a word, I must live, if I can, to please the world, not myself. If I follow the dictates of nature, I am "vulgar;" if I am joyous, I am "rude," and a disgrace to the family! Do tell me, "dear Mr. Kidd," what *shall* I do?—LEONORA.

[You have done wisely in sending us your name and address, Miss LEONORA; and have chosen a signature which we shall always recognise as "your own." Your grievances are great, and we have published a portion of your letter *pro bono*. There are thousands of amiable girls, who, like yourself, die victims to the follies of fashion; but how can we aid them? The better feelings of nature either become stifled by habit ("use is second nature"), or the spirit becomes broken, and sinks to its final rest in a premature grave. These things happen daily. In your case, being a minor, you cannot act for yourself, and we dare not advise disobedience. However, we should shudder to believe that with such amiable feelings as yours, you could be "sacrificed" at the shrine of fashion. By all means cultivate your present natural feelings. They do you honor. If you must bow to the follies of high life, let it be by constraint, not from choice. When you are of age, only two years removed, you are entitled to do as you consider best. We know not what the "sacrifice" might be. This, of course, *you* will have to reflect upon. Your secret is "safe" with us; you know this well. You are the inmate of a family, of whom DR. CHALMERS thus speaks in one of his Sermons:—"There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable, but who, though well versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly 'correct.' There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is, *the heart and the gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy.* This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and *not* the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the

whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint."—If you were a sister of ours, how should we glory in being known as your brother! Your letter convinces us that we were, *both*, born under one and the same planet. Patience, gentle LEONORA. We share your sorrows, and hope some day to rejoice in your happiness. Meantime, if we *can* aid you, how glad shall we be to do it!]

A desperate Encounter between an Eagle and a Salmon.—Mr. Editor,—I have just been reading a very graphic account (in a book called *Life in the Woods*) of a fight between an eagle and a salmon. Being peculiarly adapted for a periodical like yours, which circulates so largely in families, I have copied it, and herewith send it you. The narration carries with it an air of truth that will give it a double interest:—"I have often been struck with the singular attachment hunters sometimes have for some bird or animal, while all the rest of the species they pursue with deadly hostility. About five hundred yards from Beach's hut stands a lofty pine tree, on which a grey eagle has built its nest annually during the nine years he has lived on the shores of the Raquette. The Indian who dwelt there before him, says that the same pair of birds made their nest on that tree for ten years previous—making in all nineteen years they have occupied the same spot, and built on the same branch. One day, however, Beach was near losing his bold eagle. He was lying at anchor, fishing, when he saw his favorite bird, high up in heaven, slowly sweeping round and round in a huge circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface. For an hour or more, he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stopped and hovered a moment with an excited gesture—then, rapid as a flash of lightning, and with a rush of his broad pinions, like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake. He had seen a huge salmon trout swimming near the surface; and plunging from his high watch tower, drove his talons deep in his victim's back. So rapid and strong was his swoop, that he buried himself out of sight when he struck, but the next moment he emerged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavored to rise with his prey. But this time he had miscalculated his strength—in vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive, and took eagle and all out of sight, and was gone a quarter of a minute. Again they rose to the surface, and the strong bird spread his broad dripping pinions, and, gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sank again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down. This time they were absent a full half minute, and Beach said he thought it was all over with his bird. He soon however reappeared, with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to rise. All this time the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless

foe on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor the bird carry him up—and so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle, as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shores echo with the report. At last the bird thinking, as they say west, that he had 'waked the wrong passenger,' gave it up, and loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly away to his lofty pine tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky, the picture of disappointed ambition. So might a wounded and baffled lion lie down in his lair and brood over his defeat. Beach said that he could easily have captured them, but he thought he would see the fight out. When, however, they both stayed under half a minute or more, he concluded he should never see his eagle again. Whether the latter in his rage was bent on capturing his prize, and would retain his hold, though at the hazard of his life, or whether in his terrible swoop he had struck his crooked talons so deep in the back of the salmon that he could not extricate himself, the hunter said he could not tell. The latter, however, was doubtless the truth, and he would have been glad to have let go long before he did."—This must have been a sight worth witnessing, Mr. Editor, must it not? How exciting, when the eagle disappeared under water with the salmon!—G. H., *Stepney*.

[We thank you for your vigilance. This is indeed a very interesting anecdote.]

Goldfinch Mules, Hints to Breeders of.—Considering, Mr. Editor, that the results of all "experiments" should be made known in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL," I send you the following. I recently put up a male goldfinch with a hen canary. Their nest was soon made. Five eggs were laid in as many days. On the fifth day, I removed the goldfinch to another hen, leaving his first wife to "sit." [It would appear that the genus "Goldfinch" are allowed a plurality of wives. It was so when we were young; and it appears to be so now.] Just two days previous to the natural time for hatching, I examined the nest. Instead of five eggs, I found no fewer than eight! On experimenting with these, I found six were good, and two bad; the latter were destroyed. The thirteenth day arrived, but no young ones. A week passed; the same result! Five more days, and *three* young appeared; two days subsequently, and the whole number made five. They are all doing well. I imagine all this extra time in the hatching was required by the deficiency of heat; the poor little hen did not possess warmth sufficient for *eight* eggs. Placed in a balance, I imagine the latter would have been heavier than the mother! As a rule, I am a decided advocate for "trying" all eggs on the twelfth evening after sitting. The heat of the water should be 100 degrees only. Three minutes would test which of the eggs had life, and which were addled. If this were always done, fewer young would be lost. The eggs must never be wiped nor dried, simply returned to the nest in a warmed spoon. A *new* nest ought to be got ready while the eggs are being tested.

It could be performed by means of a hot egg, round which the materials could be placed with the hand. If, at the same time, all the crevices of the nest-boxes were filled up with sweet salad oil (by means of a camel-hair brush), no vermin could gain entrance. A warm nest, sweet and wholesome, is, in my opinion, *quite needful*, if you wish your young birds to be comfortably hatched, and without struggling to escape from the shell.—G. S., *Walworth*.

[We rather shake our heads at the idea of *invariably* "testing" the eggs on the 12th day. Nature does not require, neither does she sanction this, unless under very peculiar circumstances. The *new* nest, and a change of nest-box, are really indispensable; and as such, we advise their universal adoption. Remember, however, never to touch the eggs with a cold hand.]

A Sky-lark in Pattens.—I am really delighted, "dear Mr. Kidd," to observe the impression you have made upon the public at large, by so affably and good-naturedly replying to any questions asked of you, *not* in the old, formal, cold, "marble vein" of diction, but treating all your readers as if they were your friends. They *must* be so if they are like *me*. [Miss Louisa! let us pause here one instant, to say—"thank you."] I am now, Mr. Editor, fast getting rid of my natural timidity, and I am bound to thank *you* for it. Now let me seek your aid in a little matter of difficulty. I have a skylark, a pet whom I love dearly; and he does warble so sweetly! But his feet make quite a clatter as he runs about the bottom of his cage. They sound like sabots, just as if he were dancing in walnut shells. What is the cause of this? If you will tell me all about it, I will, to use the words of *one* of your many favorites (what an enviable man you are!) "give you all my heart."—LOUISA K., *Cheltenham*.

[Gentle Louisa! your gift is most readily accepted. It shall be placed in a snug little recess, of which we alone have the key. It is the only remuneration we could have consented to receive, and we "love" to be so repaid. How well you young ladies contrive to divine our thoughts and wishes! But let us begin by scolding you. Are you aware that, without extreme care, your pet will perhaps lose some of his claws? His feet are most probably *diseased* by dirt! Now listen: cleanliness with birds, as with ourselves, is indispensably necessary; and their feet should be cleansed regularly every week. In the first place, you must have the drawer of the cage well scraped and scalded; when dry, cover it thickly with gravelly sand, sifted, but not finely sifted. Mix with it some old bruised mortar, of which these birds are particularly fond, as it keeps them in health. Next, half fill a tea-cup with warm water, and place your lark's feet and legs in it. You must contrive so to hold him, that his legs drop between your fingers, the back of the latter being held over the tea-cup. Let his Majesty's extremities be bathed for at least five minutes. His limbs will then be supple, and the "pellets" on his feet will be so softened, that your affectionate little fingers will readily remove what you call the "sabots."

This operation over, dry the lark's feet with a silk handkerchief, and quickly restore him to his cage. You must be especially careful whilst handling him, to press very lightly on his body; and let your hand be as cool as possible during the manipulation. The gratitude of the poor bird for this seasonable relief, will be unbounded. He will love you better than ever, and sing to you such a song of gratitude! We have prescribed *publicly* for you, as there are many *other* young ladies, we opine, whose birds, "dance in walnut shells!" We shall anxiously await another "missive" from you, to hear how you have succeeded under our directions. If we have been severe with you, forgive us. You erred from ignorance, therefore "forgiveness" will be mutual.]

Remarkable Affection in a Terrier.—I send you, Mr. Editor, a paragraph which has recently appeared in the "Worcester Journal." It is as follows:—"*Canine Affection*.—Mr. Richard Smith, gamekeeper to Sir O. P. Wakeman, Bart., has in his possession a terrier bitch which took to three wild ducklings when only three days old, and for the last month has displayed the greatest tenderness towards them. If they wander she fetches them back."—Residing within a reasonable distance of the place named, I have made it my business to call and see the gamekeeper on the subject; determined that, if true, the particulars should appear in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL," which very wisely refuses to register any but "facts." The statement *is* true; and I will furnish you with the details. Mr. Smith, accompanied by the terrier, was one day passing through some grass fields, when three young ducklings started up. The dog, instead of pursuing them, showed the most evident symptoms of affectionate delight at their discovery. This induced the gamekeeper to carry them home, where he covered them up warm in a snug basket, placing them in a corner to be out of the way. The terrier, however, soon routed them out; and one by one they were safely conveyed by her into her own kennel. Vainly were they brought back; for they were as soon restored to the kennel. Only whilst they were being fed, would the affectionate animal remain quiet. They were then, as Smith said, "sure to be removed and nestled up." One day, the gamekeeper wanted to go out and take the dog with him. On this occasion, the ducklings were consigned to the pool; and away they swam,—to the perfect terror of the dog, who barked incessantly till she had again safely restored them to the kennel. The quondam ducklings are now ducks; but still they and the dog trot about together in company, and a droll sight it is. This singular attachment may arise from the fact of the poor terrier never having had any family of her own. It is really worth recording; and as such I send it. Yours devotedly.—AMANDA.

IGNORANCE.—It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

TRUE HUMANITY.—Be *always* at leisure to do good. Never make "business" an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

FIELD PATHS AND COUNTRY STILES.

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
While glittering dew the ground illumines;
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.—
CLARE.

FIELD PATHS are at this season particularly attractive. I love our real old English footpaths. I love those rustic and picturesque stiles, opening their pleasant escapes from frequented places and dusty highways into the solitudes of nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one on the old village-green; under the old elder-tree by some ancient cottage, or half hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love to see the smooth, dry track, winding away in easy curves, along some green slope to the church-yard, to the forest-grange, or to the embowered cottage. It is to me an object of certain inspiration. It seems to invite one from noise and publicity into the heart of solitude and of rural delight. It beckons the imagination on through green and whispering corn-fields, through the short but verdant pasture, the flowering mowing-grass, the odorous and sunny hay-field, the festivity of harvest; from lonely farm to farm, from village to village; by clear and mossy wells: by tinkling brooks, and deep, wood-skirted streams, to crofts where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows where the large blue geranium embellishes the summer wayside; to heaths with their warm elastic sward and crimson bells, the chithering of grasshoppers, the foxglove, and the old gnarled oak; in short, to all the solitary haunts after which the city-pent lover of nature pants "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

What is there so truly English? What is so truly linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories, and our sweetest poetry, as stiles and footpaths? Goldsmith, Thomson, and Milton, have adorned them with some of their richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is along the footpath in secluded fields, upon the stile in the embowered lane, where the wild rose and the honeysuckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing, in the dewy sweetness of summer evening, vows still sweeter. There it is that the poet, seated, sends back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect, rendered painful by absence, or broken by death; amongst dreams and aspirations which, even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are lovely. It is there that he gazes upon the gorgeous sunset—the evening star following with its silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her pale lustre through the balmy

night air—with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him; there that we have all felt the charm of woods and green fields, and solitary boughs waving in the golden sunshine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation, pouring out from their old grey church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions to their homes? Or who that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld with a poetic feeling, the mountaineers come winding down out of their romantic seclusions on a Sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-tracks, bounding with elastic step down the fern-clad dells, or along the course of a riotous stream, as cheerful, as picturesque, and yet as solemn as the scenes around them?

Again I say, I love field-paths, and stiles of all species; ay, even the most inaccessible piece of rustic erection ever set up in defiance of age, laziness, and obesity. How many scenes of frolic and merry confusion have I seen at a clumsy stile! What exclamations, and blushes, and fine eventual vaulting on the part of the ladies! and what an opportunity does it afford to beaux of exhibiting a variety of gallant and delicate attentions! I consider a rude stile as anything but an impediment in the course of a rural courtship.

Those good old turnstiles too—can I ever forget them? the hours I have spun round upon them when a boy! or those in which I have almost laughed myself to death at the remembrance of my village pedagogue's disaster! Methinks I see him now!—the time, a sultry day,—the dominie, a goodly person of some eighteen or twenty stone,—the scene, a footpath sentinelled with turnstiles, one of which held him fast as in amazement at his bulk. Never shall I forget his efforts and agonies to extricate himself; nor his lion-like roars which brought some laborers to his assistance, who, when they had recovered from their convulsions of laughter, knocked off the top of the turnstile and let him go. It is long since I saw a stile of this construction, and I suspect the Falstaffs have cried them down.—
WILLIAM HOWITT.

MY FIRST DAY IN TOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY TO LONDON."

(Continued from page 15.)

AFTER DREAMING OVER MY JOURNEY, I awoke at an early hour, on the morning next to my arrival, and opened my bed-room window to survey the boundless spread of

domes around me. There is at times a thrill of gratitude touching the heart of a spectator, when, fresh from the repose of the night, he once more gazes on the beautiful skies, and inhales the young breeze of the morning. This was the first dawn I had beheld in the metropolis: the sun was just brightening into its full blaze of glory, and while all seemed gladdened by his lustre, it is no affectation in me to say, that my heart and being were renovated, and that I felt the goodness of the great presiding Spirit.

By chance, the situation of my lodgings enabled me to overlook the Thames: pillows of steam were now rolling along its surface, except at the edges, where the covered barges were lying in moveless masses; but in a little while, all became open to the gaze, and then, occasional skiffs might be seen shooting over the sparkling waters, while the oars appeared to drip with drops of light. Waterloo Bridge, in all its vast magnificence, next shone forth, dressed with the morning rays!—while here and there a passenger was reposing his arms on its massive sides, and silently contemplating the river-scene beneath him; but the grandest sight of all was the appearance of the crowded array of roofs, spread around me!—St. Paul's with its rusty dome and golden-cross crest,—the countless steeples, pointing their glittering heads to the skies,—the columns of smoke wreathing themselves into air,—together with the increasing murmurs of morning life,—all united in winning admiration, and making me think, "London is indeed a fine place!"

To the most unimaginative man, his first walk through the streets of London can scarcely fail of interesting the eye, and sending an influence home to the heart. If a philosopher, where will he find such an assemblage of ever-varying character to employ his reflections, and elucidate his theories? If a man of science and art, what other city in the universe is better stocked with subjects to engage, or with masters to instruct? And lastly, if a commercial speculator, where else can he find Commerce stirring around him in such infinite forms?

The fairest capital of all the world!
Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts her spots?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drained and so supplied
As London,—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she.

COWPER.

As to myself, my views were of a far more lowly order. I had neither the ability nor the wish to employ my mind with sage inductions drawn from the scene before me; all I wanted was a pleasant *sans-souci* stroll

through some of the principal streets, and to enjoy the impressions they would create by their first appearance; the result of such a stroll is here offered to the reader, with a perfect conviction of its unphilosophical character.

Trusting to my own good luck for finding my way, I sallied forth to reconnoitre. At first, I looked about with an eye of wonder as if I were gazing on no earthly matter; however, half a dozen kicks in the heel, and a few jerks into the road, speedily convinced me that the Londoners bore a great resemblance to all other independent terrestrial street-walkers. The first truth that struck me, was as mortifying as mine enemy could wish—my own insignificance. In small towns, a few days' residence will make you familiar with all the faces of importance in it. One inhabitant repeats the names of all the sages, and another points out their faces; so that when you parade the streets, the imagination has little room to play; all is revealed, and you may hold your head as high or as low as prudence may direct, without endangering your own consequence, or slighting that of other people. In London it is impossible: the oldest Cockney is nearly as ignorant of the rank and quality of those around him, as a perfect stranger; but custom has hardened the former against all those magnifying thoughts which are so apt to oppress the latter on his initiation into the metropolitan sphere. "Is it possible!" thought I, while I planted myself against a wall, and gazed on the living mass that was moving before me—"What an unimportant personage I am!"—Never, till this moment, did I so feel the greatness of my own littleness! In a moment, I created a world of great men around me; yonder dry-looking man with his thumbs in his waistcoat button-hole, became a political economist; another with his eyes fixed on the ground, was a philosopher; another, with his nose directed to the skies, an astronomer; one, with a good hat, but a thread-bare coat, a poet; another, with a bundle of pamphlets under his arm, a mighty magazine contributor; and he with a skinny lip, a critic; and so on, till I circumscribed myself with an imaginary host of all that are great and learned.

Perhaps no other city in the world, within an equal compass, comprehends so wonderful a variety of characters and personages as London. The plump John Bull, the sallow Frenchman, the bearded Italian, and still more-bearded Jew, the high-boned Scotchman the merry-faced Irishman, the turbaned Turk—a specimen of the human animal from almost every clime under heaven—are passing and repassing before you in the course of every ten minutes. To stand and take a

street-survey for that time, is to enjoy a panoramic view of the inhabitants of the earth. As the ocean receives into her bosom the rivers of the universe, so the metropolis of Britain may be said to be a conflux of people from all quarters of the globe.—And what a drama is acting before you! what a motley group of actors to the life!—Tragedy, melodrama, comedy, opera, and farce—all are exhibiting, duly characterised, and personated according to the impulsive laws of nature.

Compared with the walking population of minor cities, that of London appears distinguished by a certain determined manner—a straightforward importance—a selfish, unsympathising, don't-care kind of mien, that implies something in view. The majority of passengers are a moving mass, all hastening onward, wrapped up in their own affairs, and apparently unconscious of the stun and tumult around them. Every man looks as if he were advancing to a goal, where he must arrive at a fixed time. He has no idea of loitering by the way:—business—money—interest—SELF is the mighty magnet.

It is easy to discern a legitimate Londoner from the new comer. The latter betrays a wakeful interest to the world encompassing him; the shoeless beggar claims his pity or his charity—the shops and various wall-attractions frequently detain him—a concourse of vehicles rouses him into a temporary anxiety, and the crossings are a matter of much doubt and despair. The former flutters along as if he were alone—his world is himself.

I was disappointed with the London shops. Imagination had induced me to frame very high opinions of them. Ridiculous as it was, I expected to find them adorned with an almost Eastern magnificence!—Instead of this, the grandest are but moderately sumptuous; and the effect of these is sadly deteriorated by their alliance with others of a shabby aspect. Indeed, a disagreeable contrast pervades everything in town. Princely domes, surrounded by mean piles—gentility and vulgarity—finery, with beggary at its heels—are continually presented to the view. All this is easily explained by the immense size and population of London; still the stranger is not exactly prepared for it, and the contrast is too obtrusive not to lessen the grandeur of the picture around him.

With regard to the shopkeepers themselves, the stranger's pre-conceived opinions of their importance will be fully authorised. There is the same alert, sharp, business-like turn of the eye—the same affectation of gentility about them as in the general order of tradesmen in other places; but they add to these appropriate characteristics an infinite

deal more *hauteur*. By their manner, they would hint a paradox—*i. e.* you have entered their shop to buy, but they do not exactly *sell*; this is too vulgar; it is mere exchange for mutual accommodation, and therefore the obligation is mutual. They serve you with politeness, but you are supposed to understand that their goods are on an equal footing with your cash. In short, you cannot leave the counter of any respectable trader without being informed, by a deal of face-eloquence, that the very same personage who attends to packages and needles, has a country house, and

“Keeps his groom, and blood, and Sabbath chaise—

Olivia waltzes, and Amelia plays.”

What we have never seen, we are accustomed to magnify; this is the most natural operation of the imaginative faculties.

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!”

Having heard every one talk an immense deal about the “Strand,” I had it pictured in my mind as a long (’tis quite long enough!) wide, superb street, adorned with costly shops, and, in every respect, a magnificent thoroughfare; I need scarcely say how much I was disappointed. The newspaper offices, too,—what muggy, miserable places!—I hardly believed my own eyes, when I read the title of papers I had been accustomed to regard with a sort of awe, stretched on canvass, in a mendicant attitude, across an unclean, cobwebbed window. It may seem strange, but, from that moment, the newspapers lost half their majesty in my consideration. I could not restrain myself from connecting my ideas of the proprietors with the meanness of their offices:—very stupid, no doubt; but who shall set laws to the association of ideas?

But the greatest shock my lofty expectations received, was in Paternoster Row. The sound of “Paternoster Row” had lain like a spell on my heart ever since a young idea of authorship had entered in it. To be an author, to be the actual writer of a volume, bearing on its title-page the name of one of the leviathans of the Row, was the summit of my ambition. What was my astonishment when, after threading a narrow passage, I found myself in “Paternoster Row!” Surely, this low, ungentlemanly, graceless string of houses could not constitute Paternoster Row, “*solum natale*” of the principal works of the English press!

To my fancy, London is more imposing amid the tranquillity of night, than in the bustle and glare of day. The imagination has room for play, and throws a delightful solemnity over all around. What a change a few hours have wrought! Where are the myriads who, a little time since, were tra-

versing the streets, with hearts and faces alike various?—All are swept away!—another and a calmer world has succeeded! Time has stalked through the city, and driven his children to their homes!—some to their *last* home! The metropolis gradually sinks into her slumber—the drowsy watch-call, the roll of some departing coach, or the laugh of returning revellers, are all that now intrude on the silent city;—but for these, it might be taken for a city of the dead!

And now, methinks, amid the silence around, and the dreamy influences shed down from the skies, thoughts of the past and future come swelling on the soul. And shall this metropolis,—the pride of the universe,—perish? Will all this spread of piles around me be erased from the earth? Yes! London, like the capitals of the empires of old, must have her day of destruction.—She is now exulting in the zenith of her fame and mightiness; but Devastation will hereafter career through her streets; her palaces, her towers, and her domes, shall one day be mingled with the dust, and scattered on the winds: the queen of cities may become a desert, and travellers wander among ruins, to recall her ancient splendor, and meditate on her doom.

SELECT POETRY.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

BY G. MEREDITH.

Now all nature is alive,
 Bird and beetle, man and mole;
 Bee-like goes the human hive,
 Lark-like sings the soaring soul:
 Hearty faith and honest cheer
 Welcome in the sweet o' the year.
 Now the chrysalis on the wall
 Cracks, and out the creature springs;
 Raptures in his body small,
 Wonders on his dusty wings,
 Bells and cups, all shining clear,
 Show him 'tis the sweet o' the year.
 Now the brown bee, wild and wise,
 Hums abroad, and roves and roams;
 Storing in his wealthy thighs
 Treasure for the golden combs;
 Dewy buds and blossoms dear
 Whisper 'tis the sweet o' the year.
 Now the merry maids so fair
 Weave the wreaths and choose the queen,
 Blooming in the open air
 Like fresh flowers upon the green:
 Spring, in every thought sincere,
 Thrills them with the sweet o' the year.
 Now the lads, all quick and gay,
 Whistle to the browsing herds,
 Or in the twilight pastures grey
 Learn the use of whispered words;
 First a blush, and then a tear,
 And then a smile, i' the sweet o' the year!
 —Fraser.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BLESSINGS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

In the hours of affliction, when sorrows distress us,
 When the cares of the world and its trials oppress us,
 How sweet to remember we yet have a friend,
 On whose truth and sincerity we can depend!
 Yes; that will alleviate much of our sorrow,
 And cast a bright gleam on the dawn of the morrow;
 E'en doubt and despair seem to fade from our view,
 As we grasp the kind hand ever faithful and true.
 In our journey through life, how much pleasure depends
 On the kindness of those we have tried and proved friends;
 Hand-in-hand through the world, ever let us unite,
 To help one another with joy and delight.
 And should the bright star of prosperity shine
 On the dark path of life, be *this* happiness mine:
 To soothe the afflicted, relieve the distress'd,
 And see my kind friends ever blessing and bless'd!

LATENT HORRORS OF INTEMPERANCE.

It is a remarkable and solemn fact, that all the diseases arising from drinking spirituous, or fermented liquors, are liable to become *hereditary* even to the fourth generation; and gradually to increase, if the course be continued, till the family becomes extinct. With such a fact before them, if people *will destroy themselves*, surely they ought not to destroy their harmless posterity! Let them think on this, say we.

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No. 29.—1852.

SATURDAY, JULY 17.

PRICE 3d.

Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 1s. 1d.

A RURAL RAMBLE TO SHARPHAM WOOD, NEAR TOTNES.

BY SAMUEL HANNAFORD, JUN.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come hear the woodland linnet;
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

WORDSWORTH.

HOW TRULY EXPRESSIVE OF OUR FEELINGS were these beautiful lines a few days since, when, after a week's successive rain and study consequent thereon, we were tempted one glorious evening to pay a visit to the Wood at Sharpham, the seat of Richard Durant, Esq. It is situated on the Dart, about three miles from Totnes, famed for its echo. A more lovely spot it is scarcely possible to imagine; the dense foliage of the trees overhanging the river, forming a perfect level on its edge for many a mile.

Our beautiful river—of which Carrington, who was indeed a true lover of nature, has sung so sweetly—takes its rise from Dartmoor, to which it gives its name, and flows meandering along amidst hills and rocks and scenery the most varied, towards Totnes, where its course is somewhat diverted by the salmon weir,—one portion gliding smoothly along through the meadows to the town mills; the other rushing wildly over the weir in its course to the sea at Dartmouth, some ten miles below.

"The voice of Dart
Is loud, and hoarse his cataracts uplift
Their roarings to the woods; but oh, how sweet
The music of his gentle tones,—for he
Has tones of touching sweetness."

Many and many a happy hour have we spent on its margin,—lulled by the rippling of the stream, watching the habits of the dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*). He appears now to prefer the more rocky parts of the river above Hood Bridge; although a year or

two since, we saw a pair frequently fly from a bank by the river's edge near the weir, but have never since observed them in the same spot. The habits of this bird are very accurately described by MACGILLIVRAY in the second volume of his valuable "British Birds;" and from our own experience we can confirm his remark, that it does not immerse itself head foremost like the king fisher, from its perch overhanging the stream. It walks into the water, or alights on it; and then, with the wings slightly expanded, suddenly plunges in and disappears. Although we have had no opportunities of judging of the nature of its food, feeling it incumbent on us, fond as we are of ornithology, rather to preserve than destroy so rare a bird as it is in this neighborhood; yet did we never observe it with fish, after its submersion. We are indebted in common with all other admirers of this

"Solitary bird that makes
The rock his sole companion,"

to Mr. MACGILLIVRAY; and more recently to R. GRAY, Esq., for his eloquent defence of this, one of our favorites, in an early number of the "Naturalist," which bears ample testimony to his kind heart. We earnestly recommend the perusal of it to all readers of KIDD'S JOURNAL. The dipper is destroyed on all possible occasions in Scotland, from an idea (an erroneous one we believe), that it feeds on the ova of salmon; but MACGILLIVRAY assures us that in the stomachs of many which he examined, he found nothing but beetles, a few molluscæ, grains of sand, &c., &c. It is this persecution which has endeared the bird so greatly to us; and much pleasure has its companionship afforded us on many a fishing-excursion. Here, it is by no means common; two or three pairs being all that have been observed for many miles, in suitable localities.

The king-fisher is another of our friends, of whom we could say much. The otter too, whose shrill whistle we love, although

many an evening's fishing has he spoilt ; and the churr-r-r of the nightjar,

"The busy dorchawk chasing the white moth
With burring note—"

These, wherever we hear them, recall some pleasant hour spent on the Dart's banks. But we are digressing.

After entering the lodge gates (where by the by we lingered awhile to get a peep at the picturesque windings of the stream, with the Church, Castle, and Bridge, in the background—one of the prettiest views in the neighborhood), a walk of a couple of miles through the beautiful grounds of Sharpham, brought us to the wood in question. Here indeed was plenty to gladden our heart ! On every side, the thrush and other of our songsters poured forth their delightful strains : here, the soft sweet note of the hedge accenter ; and there, the evening song of the robin—that

"Plaintive wafbler with the ruddy breast."

Now we were startled by the loud clap clap of the wood-pigeon, as we disturbed him from his haunts in some fir-tree high above ; and at a distance, the happy cooing of its mates met our ear. The luxuriance of the ferns here was greater than we have ever observed elsewhere, from the shadiness of the wood, and the great annual deposit of leaves. The noble male fern drooped side by side with the delicate and graceful lady, above four feet in height ; and the exquisite fertile and barren fronds of the hard fern (*Blechnum*), covered the woods in all directions. The love of ferns appears to be universal ; and much pleasure does it afford us to see so many of our botanical friends forming ferneries, and cultivating wild flowers. We venture to prophesy much happiness resulting therefrom ; believing, as we do, with NEWMAN, that "Ferns constitute so beautiful a portion of the creation—whether they ornament our ruins with their light and graceful foliage, wave their bright tresses from our weather-beaten rocks, or clothe with evergreen verdure our forests and our hedgerows—that it seems next to impossible to behold them without experiencing emotions of pleasure."

In this wood, is an extensive rookery ; and at the extreme end, a heronry ; the rooks having quarrelled with the herons, and driven them from their quarters. Both are strictly preserved, we understand, by the present owner. This is the only heronry in the neighborhood, but we have known a pair occasionally build in North Wood, about two miles above Totnes, where we were once witness to an amusing fight between two rooks and a heron on the wing, the former being victorious and compelling him to quit their neighborhood. We

are of opinion with Mr. Thompson, in his "Birds of Ireland," that herons do feed by night ; for often, when sailing on the Dart on a bright night, we have seen them on the sand banks ; and we believe too, that their destruction of fish is far less than is generally believed, a considerable portion of their food consisting of rats and frogs.

Rambling along by the river's banks we reached Duncannon, which is on the opposite side of the water. The walls here were covered with the delicate English stone-crop, well known by its white flowers and pink stems. It is also very abundant on the river wall in Sharpham Marsh, with the pellitory of the wall—a plant which was formerly in great repute as a medicine. The pennywort too, so rare in some counties, was plentiful here ; and the most showy of our wild plants, the foxglove. In Ireland, it is called the lussmore, and the "fairy herb of the mountain ;" and was frequently used to test supposed "supernatural possession." Near the junction of the Harburn with the Dart, we noticed many specimens of spiked Speedwell, said to be rare in Devon ; and a *white* variety of the herb Robert, or "poor Robin." The GuelderRose was just unfolding its handsome flowers, and the Cornel, or dogwood, was abundant everywhere. Plutarch tells us that Romulus, to try his strength, once threw a spear, the shaft of which was made of cornel wood, from Mount Aventine to the bottom of the Palatine Hill, the head of which stuck so deep in the ground, that no one could pull it out, though many tried. We learn further, that the soil being rich, so nourished the wood that it shot forth branches, and became of a considerable size. This was preserved as a thing eminently sacred, and a wall built around it ; and when any one that approached, saw it was not flourishing, he proclaimed it to all he met ! who, as if they were summoned to assist at a fire, ran with full vessels to the place from all quarters.

In the hedgerows we gathered field-strawberries, which we espied

"Lurking in the mossy shade."

An owl which flew by, recalled a beautiful remark of Professor Wilson's—"How serenely beautiful their noiseless flight ! - A flake of snow is not winnowed through the air more softly silent."

As we bent our steps homeward,

"Lovely the moonlight was, as it glanced and gleamed on the water ;"

and we did in truth feel, with Wordsworth, that

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,—
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can."

June 30, 1852.

POPULAR SCIENCE

THE BREATH.

BY DR. PETTIGREW.

By "the breath" is meant, that portion of the surrounding atmosphere that is taken into the body. It there undergoes a change, issuing as a gas different from the combination of gases taken in. There is constantly going forward a waste or consumption of materials; no motion can take place—the moving of the finger, tongue, or eyelid—without a waste of material. This noxious waste matter is carried off by the blood, which receives something in its place—oxygen, the supporter of life, as it is of light. Just as the burning candle deposits carbon on the inner side of a glass put over it, and is speedily extinguished if the glass be not removed to admit a fresh accession of oxygen—so do the tissues of the body, constantly burning as it were, send forth carbon, and require a fresh supply of oxygen. Blow through a tube into a glass of lime water, which has a great affinity for carbon, and it will be discolored, just as if carbon had been introduced by flame. The use of the lungs, that is, the membrane over which the blood-vessels pass, and to which they carry blood, is to expel the carbonic gas, and receive back oxygen from the atmosphere. This is done in all animals; in some by mere tubes, in others by bags, and in others by a series of little sacks. In the caterpillar, for instance, there is a simple tube; in the butterfly a series of tubes, in the lines crossing its wings, serving at once to give buoyancy, the air becoming rarified by the heat of the insect's body, and as organs of respiration: an illustration, often found, of one provision serving two purposes—

"In human works, though labored oft with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:

In God's, one can its proper end produce,
And serves as second to some other use."

So with the burrowing beetle, working in the earth, it requires several large bags, or distended tubes, as reservoirs of air. For animals that live in water, there is a similar apparatus. Water contains the atmosphere in a state of solution. Fishes have a peculiar apparatus to separate the one from the other, so as to respire the air without swallowing the water; therefore it is that they will not live in either stale or distilled water, the oxygen having been consumed or abstracted. The current of water forces open their gills, a sort of membrane, through which the oxygen passes into the blood. Hence they cannot live on land; they die,

not from want of water, but of air; if their gills were opened for them, they could continue to breathe. The frog is greatly assisted in breathing by his porous skin; as indeed is man. The crocodile gets the advantage of his antagonist by dragging him into the water, where he can breathe so long as he has the tip of one jaw above water; tubes leading from two orifices there into his lungs. Birds have, for a purpose similar to that of the butterfly's tubes, hollow bones, at once lessening their specific gravity and feeding with breath.

The human lungs are also tubes, but with thousands of dilations. They are contained in what is significantly called "the chest," protected behind by the back-bone and shoulder-blades, in front by the arms, the elastic gristle of the breast, and the rounded ribs. Breadth of chest arises not from the largeness of the lungs, but of the collar-bone, which separates the arms, just as a milk-maid's yoke keeps apart her pails. The horse has scarcely any collar-bone, because his fore legs are used only for locomotion. We pride ourselves on drawing in this part of our form, just the part that should have free play; the lungs, the stomach, and the liver, alone weighing four pounds. The heart has two vessels, from one of which is carried away the blue, impure blood; into the other, the renovated fluid—renovated by having come in contact with the oxygen of the lungs—received, and thence again dispersed throughout the body. The condition of the blood and of the health depends much more upon the air breathed than even upon the food received into the stomach. Diseases of the lungs, the most common cause of death, arise chiefly from impurity of atmosphere. It has been ascertained by a machine, on the principle of a gasometer, a vessel rising, as inflated from a tube placed in the mouth, on a scale carefully marked and read off, that to every inch of stature a man should possess eight cubic inches of breath. As we make 75 pulsations in a minute, each pulsation impelling 150 ounces of blood, and requiring 20 cubic inches of air to re-oxydize it, we may calculate that we circulate 26 hogsheads of blood, and require 36 hogsheads of air, every 24 hours.

We spend more time in our bed-chamber than in any other room, yet it is invariably the worst room in the house, the narrowest, lowest; every avenue of air carefully closed up, or if it does obtain entrance, usually crossing the floor, so as to give one the rheumatism in the legs, while the head is half suffocated. Let there be a provision near the ceiling for the admission of pure air, such as that invented by Mr. Sheringham, the impure will certainly find its way out.

Out of every 1000 persons—

Reach 70 years of age.		Die before 5.	
In London	111	408
Birmingham ...	88	482
Leeds	79	480
Manchester ...	60	500
Liverpool	54	528

The two latter towns, it will be observed, are the worst. In Manchester, great numbers of children die from the use of opiates; not a few from the temptation held out by burial clubs. In Liverpool, mortality among the poor is frightfully accelerated by their living in cellars, of which there are 6,294, inhabited by 20,168 persons; 5,273 without windows, 1,202 below the level of the street.

At thirty years of age,		
The Rural Laborer might expect to live	} 45	more years.
The artisan		40 "
Members of Friendly Societies. .	36	"
Professional Men	33	"
Gentry	31	"
Members of the Peerage	30	"
Sheffield Fork-Grinders.....	7	"

The first class, however poor, hard-worked, ill-fed, and rheumatic, have the great advantage of a pure atmosphere, and healthful exercise; the second are usually comfortably married men; the third picked men, of sound constitutions and careful habits; of the fourth, lawyers live longest, clergymen next, and medical men least; the gentry and peerage, having little to do, waste away; and the poor grinder, if even he reach thirty, can hardly expect to live to forty, so deleterious is his occupation.

LADIES' HAIR.

Without freedom of thought, there would be no such thing as wisdom, and without freedom of speech, wisdom would be almost a sealed book.—GORDON.

TASTE and judgment are apt to get bewildered in—hair. What must a young lady do who has a head of it—fiery red? Why, she must take a lesson from the sun behind a cloud. Let her cover it partly with some eclipsing net-work, that subdues the color down to that of the coat of the captain who whirls her in the waltz.

By such judicious treatment, and by a gown of corresponding and congenial hue, red hair may be tamed down into what, by courtesy, may be called a bright auburn. A fair skin and a sweet smile aid the delusion—if delusion it be; thus Danish locks do execution; and the "lass wi' the gowden hair" is by many thought the beauty of the night. But whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in

features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would in the one case, avoid the appearance of dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head; and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is, and thus causing what is thereby petite to appear insignificant. If the hair be closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should, nevertheless, continue to wear drooping clusters of curls: and although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side if it grow low on the forehead, and beautifully high on the temples; but if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides; whatever temptations Fashion may offer to the contrary.

As it would be in bad taste for a fair young lady, who is rather short in stature, however pretty she may be, if irregular as well as petite in her features, to take for a model, in the arrangement of her hair, a cast of a Greek head; so also would it, for one whose features are large, to fritter away her hair—which ought to be kept, as much as possible, in masses of large curls, so as to subdue, or at least arrange with her features—into such thin and meagre ringlets as we have seen trickling, "few and far between," down the white brow of a portrait done in the days of our first King Charles. There are but few heads which possess, in a sufficient degree, the power to defy the imputation of looking absurd, or inelegant, if the hair be dressed in a style inconsistent with the character of the face, according to those canons of criticism which are founded upon the principles of a sure and correct taste, and established by the opinions of the most renowned painters and sculptors in every highly civilised nation for ages past.

Young ladies ought never to wear many flowers in their hair, or many leaves, whatever be the fashion. If a bud, it should just peep out, now and then, while the lovely wearer, with a light laugh, sweetly waves her ringlets to some pleasant whisper; if a full-blown rose, let it—as ye hope to be happily married—be a white one. York for the hair, Lancaster for the bosom!

We are partial to pearls; they have a very simple, very elegant, very graceful, very innocent look; with a certain pure, pale, poetical, gleam about them, that sets the imagination dimly a-dream of mermaids and sea-nymphs, gliding by moonlight along the yellow sands. Be that as it may, we are partial to pearls, even though they be but paste—provided all the rest of the fair creature's adornments be chaste and cheap, and especially if you know that her parents are not rich,—that she is a nurse to several

small sisters, and that her brothers are breeding up to the army, navy, bar, and church.

Nothing in art more beautiful than lace—

“A web of woven air—”

as it has been charmingly called by one who knows how to let it float charmingly over brow or bosom. How perfectly simple it always seems, even in its utmost richness! So does a web of dew veiling a lily or a rose. It imparts delicacy to the delicate forehead, from whose ample gleam it receives a more softened fineness in return.

AN OMNIVOROUS CATERPILLAR.

CATERPILLARS, Mr. Editor, are curious creatures; more curious than some people are aware of; and more so than many perhaps will credit. Some are graminivorous; some leguminivorous; some carnivorous; some live together under one common roof; some, again, live quite solitarily; some live together on very good terms up to a certain age; they will then separate, and each take his own road; and, if prevented by confinement, will set to work and devour one another! I could dilate for a month on their different habits, but that would be trespassing too long on your time and paper. My object is to give you a specimen of an Omnivorous Caterpillar.

In the year 1848, whilst residing at Cour, in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, I had a nest of *Hadena Brassicae*, and determined to test their digestive organs, having previously become well acquainted with their extraordinary appetites. First I fed them on cabbage, till they were twenty-eight days old; I then gave them a treat of purple archangel. This was soon despatched. The next day I gave them two fine heads of celery. This they thoroughly enjoyed, not leaving one scrap! I then gave them a bunch of rose leaves; all disappeared but the woody part. Then followed a fine cucumber; this was delicious! After the cucumber, a branch of fir; all save the woody part vanished, as usual. Then followed a bunch of lilac; this too followed suit. Next, a branch of the Judas Tree; the whole went down. Two fine vegetable marrows shared the same fate. These were exquisite, not a scrap remaining! Several actually burst themselves from over-indulging their voracious appetites—the contents of their inside being a nasty, oily, offensive, green fluid. After this followed a fine large piece of *Gruyere* cheese; this went down as clean as a whistle, not a vestige remaining. Then a branch of juniper disappeared like the fir!

Last of all, came some splendid bunches of beautiful Muscatel grapes. Here was the *ne plus ultra*. All vanished!!

I had intended next morning to have tried the effects of some cold roast beef; but my friends were too much disposed to metamorphose. Not one came to the scratch—they gave splendid *Brassicae*.

I think, Mr. Editor, I am fairly justified in

calling this an “omnivorous caterpillar.” You need not be afraid of inserting my communication, for I assert nothing but what I can vouch for by my own experience. I must not forget to mention, that I had about three hundred of these tigers; they were kept in a box about four feet long, two feet broad, and two feet deep.

BOMBYX ATLAS.

Tottenham, June 30.

[It gives us real delight to insert any of the experimental discoveries of our old friend BOMBYX ATLAS. Enthusiast as he is, yet is he so great an advocate for strict truth, that his observations are valuable as well as amusing. We gladly give him the right hand of fellowship, and welcome him as a worthy laborer in the paths of science. We can see him before us now, and enter with glee into the changes of his countenance whilst narrowly watching the “consumptive” habits of his “omnivorous caterpillar”—the alderman of the forest.]

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XVII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 23.)

SUCH IS THE MANNER in which all these philosophers and physiologists wander in the clouds of speculation, pointing out to their pupils plains, mountains, valleys, water, and fields; and pretending that these are the only things which exist on earth, because, from so elevated a point, they are the only ones which their view distinguishes! If they would but descend from their elevation, they would discover an infinite variety of plants and animals, and would soon find themselves forced to reject classifications, which embrace only generalities.

Whether we admit, one, two, three, four, five, six, or seven faculties of the soul, we shall see, in the sequel, that the error is always essentially the same, since all these faculties are mere abstractions. None of the faculties mentioned, describe either an instinct, a propensity, a talent, nor any other determinate faculty, moral or intellectual. How are we to explain, by sensation in general, by attention, by comparison, by reasoning, by desire, by preference, and by freedom, the origin and exercise of the principle of propagation; that of the love of offspring, of the instinct of attachment? How explain, by all these generalities, the talents for music, for mechanics, for a sense of the relations of space, for painting, poetry, &c.?

Let us now direct our attention to the language of common society, when the question arises respecting the moral and intellectual character of individuals. I visit a numerous family, limited as much as possible to itself, and all the members of which live under the influence of the same circumstances. I engage the parents in conversation on the qualities of their children. “Our children,” they tell me, “are not alike; they seem as if they were not born of the same father and mother. Yet, they eat at the same table, their occupations are the same. Here is

our eldest son, who has always the air of being ashamed of his birth. Ever since he happened to see a coxcomb richly dressed, he despises his companions, and is ever wishing to leave us and to go to some large city; he is never content with the dress of his other brothers; he even affects to speak and to walk differently from the rest of us. God alone knows where he got this ridiculous vanity. Our second son, on the contrary, delights only in his domestic employments; he is our turner, our joiner, our carpenter; no trade is difficult to him; without ever having been taught, he shows in everything an address and a spirit of invention, which astonish us. Here again, is one of our daughters, who could never learn the ordinary operations of needlework; but, would you believe it? she sings from morning to night; she forms the delight of everybody in the village; at church, it is she who leads the choir; at the sound of music she kindles up at once; she needs but to hear an air once, or at most, twice, when she knows it by heart, and sings it better than anybody else; she will never be good for anything but a musician. And here is another boy, 'a real little devil,' the terror of the village; he quarrels with everybody; always beating and always beaten; nothing can break his spirit; he tells with the greatest avidity all the news of a combat, or a battle, and looks forward with the greatest impatience to the time, when he can be a soldier. The chase is his passion; the more animals he can kill, the happier he is. He never ceases to mock his little sister, who is troubled whenever a chicken or a pig is killed. This little girl is the child that takes charge of the poultry-yard; she bestows the tenderest cares, not only on her brothers and sisters, but on the domestic animals also. If we have to destroy a fowl or a rabbit, she has tears in her eyes. No poor man or sufferer goes from her with empty hands, or without consolation. She is exactly the antipodes of another of her sisters, who, notwithstanding her devotion, is backbiting, avaricious, obstinate, and rarely omits an opportunity of making trouble between us, and her other acquaintances."

This is the faithful picture of a family in the country, where the natural characters have not assumed the mask of a *deceitful similarity*. All these individuals enjoy, equally, the faculty of experiencing sensation, of attention, comparison, judgment, desire, will, liberty; but I have never heard that, in speaking of the character of any one, they made use of either of these expressions, in the abstract or general acceptance of philosophers.

Let us go into a school or house of education, where all the pupils are under the direction of a uniform system of instruction and conduct. Amidst the great majority of ordinary persons, you will find some wretches, who, though often corrected with rigor, and strictly watched, endanger the morals and the health of others. You will find some who steal books, who are liars, perfidious, cowards, ungrateful, idle, insensible to distinction. In the number of those who carry off the prizes, one excels in the study of history, another in poetry, a third in mathematics, a fourth in geography, a fifth in drawing, &c.

Some are eager for political employments, some for military glory, while others devote themselves in preference to literature, philosophy, or the natural sciences. No instructor will point out to you his pupils by any of the abstractions adopted by the metaphysicians.

Thus will it also happen, when you take a review of a collection of men of genius. You will find there musicians, painters, sculptors, mechanicians, mathematicians, philologists, travellers, actors, poets, orators, generals, philanthropists, astronomers, etc., etc. Here too there is no question respecting the understanding, will, comparison, desire, liberty, &c.

What are the qualities which the biographers of remarkable men commonly celebrate? Nero was most cruel, and abandoned himself to the most unbridled voluptuousness. Du Guesclin was a desperate warrior; he would either wound his antagonist, or be wounded himself. Baratier had an astonishing talent for the acquisition of languages. Pascal, from the simple definition of geometry, found his way to the thirty-second proposition of Euclid. No science was ever carried by the labors of a single individual to the perfection that geography received from those of Captain Cook. Dumenil and Clairon, those celebrated actresses, will long be the models by which our young aspirants will form themselves. Sixtus V. has rendered his name immortal by the firmness of his government and his inflexible justice. Before the culture of the sciences, Homer and Dante were the greatest of poets. Catherine de Medicis gave early proofs of her acuteness and her courage. Catherine II., together with the graces of her sex, had a vast and bold mind, a taste for knowledge, and for pleasure, profound ambition, &c. The graces guided the chisel of Praxiteles, and his genius gave life to matter.

Thus history transmits to us the life of antiquaries, architects, astronomers, dramatists, geographers, historians, mathematicians, musicians, painters, designers, philologists, philosophers, moralists, poets, orators, sculptors, travellers, mechanicians, &c. But we nowhere find, that a man or a woman has become celebrated by the understanding and the will, by attention, comparison, desire, liberty, &c. How, in fine, do we designate the different characters of animals? We say—this dog is cross, gentle, docile, courageous, affectionate, has good local memory, is a coward, has trained himself to the chase, is incapable of being trained; this stallion is excellent for the stud; this horse is skittish; very quiet; docile; very wicked; stupid; this cow is an excellent mother; this sow is a very bad mother, because she devours her young; this ram, this buck, are very ardent; we say that is a carnivorous animal; this, a graminivorous; the beaver, the greater part of birds, ants, bees, &c., have the instinct of building; several birds have the instinct of migrating, of singing, of living like sheep in flocks or in society; the marten, the fox, are very cunning, and live in couples; the chamois and the diver are very circumspect; the pie is a thief; the weasel and the tiger are sanguinary; the cock is valiant and proud, and so on.

In what species, or in what individual of animals, would philosophers and physiologists class

their understanding, their will, their attention, reasoning, desire, preference, liberty? Is it right, that, in examining the nature and the origin of the moral and intellectual faculties in man, we should take no account of the same faculties in animals? Can man, so long as he is an animal, stand insulated from the rest of living nature? Can he be governed by organic laws, opposed to those which preside over the qualities and faculties of the horse, the dog, the monkey? Do animals see, hear, perceive odors, tastes, sounds, objects, otherwise than we do? Do they propagate, do they love their young, are they courageous, mild, vindictive, cunning, otherwise than man?

Is it allowable that philosophers, while boasting to penetrate into the essence of the soul, should treat of man by piecemeal, and confine themselves to making long treatises on the soul, as an insulated being? exercising its functions by itself, making use of the body, at most, as a means of communication between itself and the world; when, from the moment of conception to the last sigh, everything indicates that in this world, the soul is in dependence on the material organs?

With these pretended general faculties of the soul, would not the moral and intellectual character of men and animals be the ever-varied sport of chance? How, from such indeterminate operations of the soul, could there constantly result in individuals of the same species the same instincts, the same inclinations, the same total of determinate intellectual faculties and moral qualities?

"But you will not persuade us," say my readers, "that the faculties recognised by philosophers as faculties of the soul, are chimeras. Who can contest the principle that understanding and will, sensation, attention, comparison, judgment, memory, imagination, desire, liberty, are real operations of the soul; or, if you will, of the brain?"

Yes, without doubt, these faculties *are* real; but, in my opinion, they are only abstractions and generalities; they are not applicable to the detailed study of a species, or an individual. Every man, except an idiot, enjoys all these faculties. Yet all men have not the same intellectual or moral character. We need faculties, the different distribution of which shall determine the different species of animals, and their different proportions of which explain the difference in individuals. All bodies have weight, all have extension, all are impenetrable in a philosophical sense; but all bodies are not gold or copper, such a plant, or such an animal. Of what use to a naturalist are the abstract and general notions of weight, extent, impenetrability? By confining ourselves to these abstractions, we should always remain in ignorance of all branches of physics, and natural history.

This is precisely what has happened to the philosophers with their generalities. From most ancient to the most modern, they have not made a step further, one than another, in the exact knowledge of the true nature of man, of his inclinations and talents, of the source and motive of his determinations. Hence, there are as many philosophers as pretended philosophers; hence,

that vacillation, that uncertainty in our institutions, especially in education and criminal legislation.

I will not, then, busy myself with the faculties of the soul, as philosophers profess them. We shall see, when the time comes to exhibit my philosophy of man, that these faculties are only attributes common to all propensities and all talents. The different instincts, mechanical aptitudes, inclinations, sentiments, and talents of man and animals, will form the subject of my researches and meditations. The instinct of propagation, that of the love which both man and animals bear to their young, the instinct of attachment and friendship, of self-defence, and courage, the carnivorous instinct, and the propensity to destruction, the sentiment of property, and the inclination to theft, cunning and prudence, pride and boldness, vanity and ambition, circumspection and foresight, educability,* the sense of localities, or relations of space, the memory of words and of persons, the sense of spoken language, or the talent for philology, the sense of the relation of colors, or the talent for painting, the sense of the relations for sounds, or the talent for music; the sense of the relations of numbers, or the talent for arithmetic and mathematics, the sense of mechanics, of drawing, of sculpture, of architecture, comparative sagacity, the metaphysical spirit or tendency, the caustic spirit or that of repartee, the talent of induction, the poetical talent, the moral sense and benevolence, or mildness, the talent of imitation, of mimicry or acting; the sentiment of religion and of God, firmness of character;—these are the qualities and the faculties which I call moral and intellectual dispositions. It is these dispositions, these qualities, and these faculties, which form the total of the fundamental forces of the soul, the special functions of the brain; it is these forces which I hold to be innate in man, and, in part, in animals, and the manifestation of which is subordinate to organisation; it is these qualities, and these faculties, the history of whose discovery I shall exhibit, together with their natural history, their modifications in a sound state, and in the state of alienation, the seat of their organ in the brain, and its external appearance on the head or skull, &c. All these treatises will be accompanied with an application to human institutions, to education, morals, legislation, medicine, &c.

The work will be terminated by considerations on the characteristic forms of the head in each nation, on physiognomy, pathognomony, and pantomime, on the internal sources of imitation in general, and of the imitation of each affection, each sentiment, each passion, in particular; on universal language, the philosophy of

* According to Spurzheim, this is "EVENTUALITY," a much more proper name.

"In comparing animals with men," says Spurzheim, "and one kind of animal with another, Gall found that tame animals have fuller foreheads than wild ones, and that animals are generally tameable, as the forehead is more largely developed; he therefore called it the organ of educability. But I conceive that Gall here attributes to a single faculty, manifestations which depend on intellect generally. The title educability, is evidently bad, seeing that every faculty is susceptible of cultivation; in other words, capable of exercise and direction."

man, the motives of our action, the origin of arts, sciences, and of the different states; on the perfectibility of the human race, the extent of the sphere of each species, and of each individual, according as they are endowed with organs, more or less numerous, and more or less active.

As this first volume will be particularly devoted to the Moral part of the Physiology of the Brain, and as the ignorant and malicious reproach my doctrine with immoral and irreligious tendency, —I have thought it my duty at once to refute these objections, and to give assurance to those of timid minds.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED. FEDELTA. Many thanks.

—J. B. M. We will send the Circulars by post.—ANNE, who writes about her sick bird, is informed that we cannot reply through the columns of *any* but "OUR OWN" JOURNAL. Why does she request it?—T. B.—In our next. We shall, as you say, no doubt, go on bravely now.—J. S. H. In our next.—SILVIA. Very acceptable.—PRISCILLA. In less than a month.—ROSETTA. Put any question you please to us, and see if it will not be answered.—ALGERNON. Write us all about it. It is of great public interest.—A DELIGHTED READER, ALBERT AN OLD LADY, in our next. Why not have sent your name and address?

To CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, July 17, 1852.

WE ARE NOW DAILY MADE SENSIBLE by the heat, that SUMMER has come at last; and how delicious is it to rise with the lark, to enjoy the cool of early dawn!

We who live in the country can alone fully appreciate the advantages derivable therefrom. Everything that has life is busy betimes, and many are the voices that call us abroad ere it is yet light. Oh, how we do love to watch

The lily bells, when wet with dew,
The morning sunbeams kiss the rose;
When, rich of scent, and bright of hue,
The Summer Garden glows!

A very slight effort, once made, would work quite a reformation in bad habits; and as for HEALTH, it may be cheaply purchased by quitting the pillow at sunrise. Oh, fie! say we, to all who creep down to breakfast at eight o'clock, with their eyes

only half open, and their cheeks anything but *couleur de rose*. How can they enjoy the morning meal? how create an appetite for the viands on the well-spread table?

But let us hope that none of OUR readers so offend against good taste. We speak to our fair readers more particularly, for we are naturally concerned on their account. To each one of them we say—

Oh, wake and *join* the choral lay,
That floats o'er woodland, tree, and bower;
Where wild birds flit on every spray,
And incense rolls from every flower.

The golden beams are far and wide,
O'er the green earth and mountains thrown;
Joy sits exulting by their side,
And gladness o'er the earth is sown.

Wake, Lady, wake! the morn is up,
And Summer insects loudly sing;
The bee is in the honeyed cup
Of flowers; the lark upon the wing.

There is no valid excuse now for lying in bed, nor can any one fairly complain of there being no inducement to rise. All nature is in a state of universal enjoyment, and there is a world of wonder in everything we behold out of doors.

In the vegetable kingdom all is vigor and activity, and the most patient observer of nature is almost bewildered by the countless profusion of interesting objects that await him at every turn. In the garden, we have among our Summer visitors some of the gayest of the gay. Pinks, Carnations, Lilies, Marigolds, and Poppies abound; and they are all decked in their brightest liveries. Roses and Honeysuckles too are in all their glory; as are also the Lavenders, Jasmins, and others. The air is one wide expanse of the richest of all rich perfumes.

As the heat increases, the flowers multiply; and the voices of our little friends, the birds, become gradually silenced. In the morning and evening alone may we hope to hear them to perfection. In the daytime, they are fully occupied in attending on their respective families, and in cautioning them as to their future movements. You shall rarely seat yourself on a gate or stile for a few minutes, without seeing some specimen of maternal or paternal solicitude among the feathered tribes. This is an amusing *passe-temps* in which we ourselves greatly delight. Had we our will, we should at this season live in the fields.

The bright-green livery of Spring, on which we have so often dwelt, is now visible no longer. The various tints and hues which are now observable, are as diverse as the colors in a harlequin's coat. The rye is even now yellow, and almost ready for the sickle. The barley and the wheat are of a dull heavy green, their swelling ears

* The more closely we follow the author in his clear and searching disquisitions, the more amazed are we at the fearful ignorance in which we have all been held so long!—Ed. K. J.

being alone visible as they bow before every fanning breeze. The oats are whitening apace, and quiver, each individual grain in its light stem, as they hang like rain-drops in the air.

Now is the season for wandering abroad to revel amid the wild flowers, whose delicate beauties are unfolding every hour. Of these, what can exceed the loveliness of the wild thyme, which exhales its rich aromatic odors as you press it with your feet? or the elegant heath-bell, so often bearing the wild-thyme company, as it nods its half-dependent head from its almost invisible stem? The perpetual motion of this innocent flower, at the slightest breath of air, gives it the look of some living thing hovering on invisible wings just above the ground.

In the hedge-rows may now be seen wild flowers in abundance. These are too numerous to specify; but among some of the prettiest are the red and white *Convolvulus*, the various-colored *Vetches*, and the Enchanter's Deadly Nightshade. The *Vetches*, in particular, are exquisitely fashioned, having wings like the pea, only smaller. The Nightshade is equally elaborate in its construction, aye, and as beautiful, with its rich purple petals turned back to expose a centre of deep yellow. But, with all its beauty, it has a sinister look, which at once denotes it to be a poison-flower. It is this which afterwards turns to those handsome clustering bunches of scarlet berries, which hang so seducingly tempting in Autumn before the eyes of children—many of whom, despite the advice of their old grannies, persist in tasting, and get, like our Mother Eve, sorely punished for their grave offence.

We might go rambling on for a week, whilst on the subject of flowers and walks in the fields. Nor are flowers the only seasonable attraction. Just now, the different tribes of insects, which, for the most part, are hatched in the spring, are in all the vigor and activity of life. To these we must now listen, instead of to the voices of the birds, who are fast declining in song. What sound was that? It proceeds from the gnats, who, with their "murmuring small trumpets," are buzzing happily around us, accompanied by—

Flies,

Whose woven wings the Summer dyes,
Of many colors.

The grasshopper too, is now chirping his merry note—

From hedge to hedge, about the new-mown mead,

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees.

But we are exceeding our due limits. Let

us therefore once more advise a visit to the hedgerows without delay. On the banks are now visible multitudes of the most exquisite little flowers. Amiably secluded among their low leaves, they lie like minute morsels of many-colored glass, scattered upon the green ground—scarlet, and sapphire, and rose, and purple, and white, and azure, and golden. But pick them up, and bring them towards your eye; you will find them pencilled with a thousand dainty devices, and elaborated into the most exquisite forms and fancies. Every way fit are they to be strung into necklaces for the fairy Titania, or set in brooches and bracelets for the neatest-handed of her nymphs.

WHO can paint like NATURE?

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

What Animal is it that perforates the Nests of Birds, and afterwards removes the Eggs?—

The depredation so graphically described at page 11, vol. ii., of your JOURNAL, I believe to have been committed by a rat. I have, myself, known similar instances of the destruction of eggs. Cats seldom eat eggs. Once, I remember the circumstance of a cat having watched daily, and patiently waited, until the young birds in a blackbird's nest were hatched. She then immediately devoured them. Weasels do not make holes through a nest; and, had they sucked them in the case now under consideration, they would assuredly have left the shells behind them.—
WILLIAM YARRELL.

Danger arising from disturbing Bees.—I send you, dear Mr. Editor, the account of a curious circumstance that has just occurred at Guilleville, Eure-et-Loire. It may, perhaps, serve as a "reminder" to many, not to venture too close to a colony of bees. 'T seems a small farmer had in a field about 250 beehives, containing a vast number of bees, and that he sent a man with a cart, drawn by five horses, to remove some earth from a wall near which the hives were placed. The carter, having occasion to go to the farm-house, tied the horses to a tree. Almost immediately after, a multitude of bees, either irritated at the shaking of their hives by the removal of the earth from the wall, or excited by the electricity with which the atmosphere happened to be charged, issued from their hives, as if in obedience to a given signal, and with great fury attacked the horses. In an instant the poor animals were entirely covered with bees from head to foot; even their nostrils were filled with them. When the carter returned, he found one of the horses lying dead on the ground, and the others rolling about furiously. His cries attracted several persons. One of them attempted to drive away the bees; but they attacked him, and he had to plunge into a pond, and even to place his head under water for a few seconds, in order to escape from them. The curé of Guilleville also attempted to approach the horses, but he, too, was put to flight by the enraged insects. At length two fire-engines were sent for, and by pumping on the

bees, a great number were killed on the horses, or put to flight. The horses, however, were so much injured that they died in an hour. The value of the bees destroyed was 1,500f., and of the horses 2,500f. A few days before bees from the same hives killed seventeen goslings. I have no doubt that *all* bees are actuated by one and the same instinct. It is therefore desirable never to do anything that may provoke them; or the consequences, as we have seen, may be truly serious.—*THERESE, Paris.*

Tameness of the Thrush.—The instances you have cited of the tameness of the song thrush (*Turdus musicus*), are curious certainly; and they prove how very confiding this sweet creature is whilst approaching so near our dwellings. I have, however, something still more curious to tell you; and I should have communicated it at an earlier day, but for the fear of some robber who would no doubt have possessed himself of my domestic visitors. Very recently, I observed in one of the trees (a sycamore) in my front garden (immediately facing the window of my sitting-room), two handsome thrushes. I thought little of this, until I found them pay repeated visits to the same tree. I could not for one moment have supposed that they were about to build their nest here, for the tree of which I have spoken actually overhangs the public road. In this road, omnibuses (whose departure is loudly heralded by a crazy horn), and vehicles of all descriptions, are momentarily passing; besides pedestrians innumerable.* However, my little friends well knew what they were about; and sure enough they *did* build their nest there (about fifteen feet from the ground); laid their eggs; hatched their young; fed them daily, whilst I and my household gods were looking on with delight; and now they are just on the eve of taking wing to see the world. I have many a time trembled lest some idle boy, or passing vagrant, should have espied the nest, and removed it. Hitherto my fears have been groundless. Ere this meets the eye of the public, let me hope that my fondest wishes will be realised, and that the birds will have flown. The sagacity of this loving pair has been abundantly proved. They reasoned, doubtless, that no person would suspect their having chosen *so public a site*; and therefore, by using proper caution in flying stealthily to and fro (in this matter their cunning was extreme), their foresight became their safeguard. I have never felt greater anxiety in my life about the nest of any bird; and I shall indeed feel happy when all danger has been removed by the departure of the nestlings. There has been something remarkable attending this

* It is worthy of remark, that the nest of these birds was built during one of the most "noisy" months in the year; at a time when the road was "alive" with visitors to the races, crowded into every description of vehicle. Horns were blown, shouts raised, songs sung, drums beaten; and, on one occasion, the band of a cavalry regiment passed. The sounds of their various instruments (for the band was in full play) would, I should have imagined, have caused the birds much alarm. From the very moment of their young being hatched, the parents have paid repeated visits to the lawn at the rear of the house; and it has indeed been a gratifying sight to observe how busily they have been occupied in providing for the wants of their family.

nest, both at its commencement and on its subsequent completion. No sooner had the mother thrush collected her nesting material, and given it form and finish, than two sparrows took possession of a lower branch of the same tree, and commenced building a local habitation for a family in expectancy. No sooner was it finished, than a vast multitude of the sparrow tribe assembled in conclave in an adjoining tree—the whole evidently keeping their eyes intently fixed upon the said nest. Anon, a most vociferous outcry rent the air; the effect produced by which is perfectly indescribable. There was an ebullition of sounds resembling, we should imagine, those which followed the destruction of Babel. A greater confusion of tongues never surely was before commingled. The object or meaning of this I could not possibly divine; but I noted the result. There had been a committee of the whole house. Deliberations had been gone into. Some knotty point had been discussed: a resolution had been passed. The house then broke up, and the members separated. A day or two subsequently, one single pair of sparrows *only* were observable; and these were busily occupied in removing all the materials of the former nest to a higher elevation near the top of the tree, but equally perpendicular with the nest of the thrush. They are now sitting. The "motive" that actuated the sparrows throughout, is best known to themselves. They raised a question, and settled it among themselves. The thrushes evidently cared little about what was going forward, and wisely declined going into particulars.—*WILLIAM SPOONER, New Road, Hammersmith.*

Fly-papers; what are they made of? Dear Mr. Editor,—Do you really think it is cruel to use the fly-papers? I mean the papers that are sold about the streets, covered with a sticky substance like treacle, and which catch the flies in multitudes. If I thought it "cruel," I am quite sure I would not use these papers. What are they made of?—*AMELIA W.*

[As you have asked us a question, Miss Minny, we feel ourselves bound to answer it; but every hair on your well-arranged head will rise up, as you listen to what we have to say. As for your poor, fluttering little heart, it will beat ten thousand to the minute. These diabolical inventions are now being sold in countless thousands; and the barbarities they inflict are hideous. Harken, all ye who patronise these fly-papers! Hear how they are made. The two compounds are, common resin and sweet oil; heated, amalgamated, and spread upon sheets of old newspaper. Thus are they "manufactured." Now for their "attractive" qualities. Wherever flies abound, *there* it has been deemed advisable to spread out these papers, one, two, three, or more. A little sifted loaf-sugar lightly sprinkled on them, completes the "charm." Let us note the result. In an instant some luckless fly descends, in search of a treat. He realises it, by finding either a leg or a wing fixed as in a vice. Escape is totally IMPOSSIBLE. The more he struggles, the worse are the consequences. Here he must live; here he must fast; here he must linger; here he must "stick" and groan—till starvation

and insect endurance can hold out no longer. Sometimes the poor flies are glued down by their hinder extremities—thus allowing freedom to their head and front legs, which, being elevated, give free play to their respiratory organs, and prolonging life—to be *further tortured* by want of food. Every person possessing only common feelings of humanity, and who may be halting between two opinions, must feel greatly interested in putting these our assertions to the proof. Let such carefully observe (whilst his thoughtless neighbor is spreading the snare), the almost supernatural endeavors of the poor unsuspecting flies, when enveiled by these diabolical papers, to extricate their feet from the rivets. Let them note how, in the vain effort, they tear out in their final agonies each several limb from its socket—their mis-shapen forms being elevated, after death, to thrice their natural height! The distinctly-audible vibrations of their wings in their last dying pangs, as they lie glued one to the other in countless numbers, complete this picture of newly-invented horrors (unfit even for Madame Tussaud's Inner "Chamber")—a picture, alas! but too faithfully painted. These are simple "facts," which, by a few moments of close observation, *anybody* may verify by gazing on a well-filled "sheet of flies." We have used the word "groan" with reference to their agonies; and if any of our readers have ever chanced to listen to the "horribly" peculiar sounds produced by the motion of the prisoners' quivering wings, either by day or by night (the latter especially), one moment's reflection will make them grateful that our fair correspondent, AMELIA W., has drawn forth from us this faithful exposition of "things as they are." Do not let us be mis-understood, however; flies *must be* destroyed, for they are a nuisance. There is an article called "Fly poison," and this we believe speedily causes their death—relieving them at once from a long protracted torture.]

Health induced by Light and Sun.—I have just been reading some remarks in a book on this subject, and I send them to you, Mr. Editor, to know if they are in substance correct. If they are, it is fearful to imagine the condition of those poor creatures, who are immured all their lives in dwellings where light and sun can but rarely penetrate.—"A free exposure to the light and the sun's influence, has a great effect in diminishing the tendency to disease. The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, for its superior healthiness. It has been found in public buildings, &c., that those are always the most healthy which are the lightest and sunniest. In some barracks in Russia, it was found, that in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which occurred on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal—such as ventilation, size of apartments, number of inmates, diet, &c., so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. In the Italian cities, this practical hint is well known. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun, while, on the opposite side of the street, the summer and

autumn are very unhealthy, and even dangerous."—There is so much appearance of truth in these observations, that really their dissemination becomes a matter of duty. If you agree with me, Mr. Editor, will you let them appear in the Public's OWN JOURNAL?—HUMANITAS.

[We have much pleasure in doing as you wish. The facts are under, rather than over-stated, and the subject is one for grave and serious consideration. We shall, at an early day, insert a paper on the nature and effects of "Light."]

What is Pleasure?—Can you tell me, "dear Mr. Kidd," wherein pleasure consists? I have been arguing the point with a friend, and we cannot agree at all about it. One calls pleasure a reality, the other calls it an imagined good. You are the referee. Will you, "dear Mr. Editor," enlighten us, as is your wont when applied to courteously?—EMILY P., *Carshalton*.

[We have been wondering, Miss Emily, for a long time, what had become of you,—for we dare not affect ignorance of your handwriting. Once seen, it could never be forgotten (by us). We are rejoiced to know that you are one of our regular readers; and we remember well, you wear a tunic in the garden, and are in other respects "habited" *comme il faut*. We take some little credit for this (see Vol. I., p. 72). You are an excellent girl, and entitled to *any* favor at our hands. You have asked us "what is pleasure?" If we were to give you our ideas of it in full, you would require a private communication. If you want this, say so. Meantime, as we must study brevity here, take the pith of our ideas in the language of TUCKER. "In the common actions and diversions of our lives, the *pleasure* lies almost entirely in the pursuit, and very little in the attainment. He that at whist should have four honors, six trumps, always dealt him, would lose his whole diversion. He would, in fact, have nothing to do, save to throw down his cards and win the game. In bowling, the player takes care to deliver his bowl aright. He runs after it, chides it, encourages it, writhes his body in all manner of contortions as if to influence its bias. In *this* consists his entertainment, for the joy of winning the game is over in a moment. He takes his stake, pockets it, and only thinks *where to throw the jack for beginning another cast*."—So saith TUCKER. However, Miss Emily, there is much more to be said. When next the question is argued, send for us; and we pledge our word to conduct the argument fairly, *vis-à-vis*. We shall be glad indeed of an opportunity to see how you have progressed in your garden by following our instructions. We shall also see (what you have before described with so much cruelly-provoking accuracy)—"your garden costume." Meantime, we shall try to carry out our idea of "pleasure," by living in the pleasing "anticipation" of its speedy realisation at the pretty little village of Carshalton. *C'est juste; n'est ce pas?*]

Sagacity of Cats.—Say what you will, Mr. Editor, cats are sagacious animals. My sister had a tortoiseshell cat, which, when three months old, was lost. Six months subsequently, as my father (who is in the medical profession) was letting himself into his house at midnight, a cat

rubbed itself against his legs and went in also. On obtaining a light, he recognised in this stranger his own lost kitten. Not long after this, a boy whose leg had been severely bitten by a large dog was brought to the surgery. Whilst his leg was being dressed, the cat entered the room, on which the patient immediately exclaimed—"Why! that's my master's cat!" The boy was questioned closely; and his statement was, that his master had, in a state of drunkenness, when passing the surgery door, taken up the kitten, put it in his coat pocket, and carried it home. Its restoration took place, from the circumstance of the female servant having entered the village followed by the cat. Passing her old master's house, her memory at once told her where she was, and here she tarried till the door was opened as I have described. The cat was, for her sagacity, christened "Wit." She exhibited throughout her life some remarkably good traits,—among others, she once secured a favorite canary of her master's in her mouth, until a strange cat who had entered the house unperceived, was driven out. Eventually poor Pussy died of cancer, at Thames Ditton, where all her virtues are faithfully recorded, and lovingly remembered. Surely, Mr. Editor, cats possess occasionally something more than instinct?—**VERAX.**

Sunburn.—Dear Mr. Editor, I heard my brother say, yesterday, that you were called the "*custos morum puellarum*." Not knowing what he meant by the expression, I made him first write down the words, and then tell me the meaning afterwards. By this I shall not have committed myself in incorrect Latin, nor mistake your character as "custodian of the morals, manners, habits, and thoughts of us young ladies." You see how friendly I am towards you. In this I am selfish, for I want you to be friendly towards me. [Why not?] My face is at present free from freckles or disfigurements of any kind; but I am told that if I go out in the sun, or walk in the garden in the daytime, "my beautiful complexion" will be ruined. This is everlastingly dinned in my ears. Now, I love a nice walk; and I am so full of animal spirits, that I am really tired of being confined to the house. Can you, "dear Mr. Kidd," tell me how to prevent sunburn? There are reasons, *entre nous*, why "my pretty face" should not be burnt, or scorched, or freckled, or tanned. *Comprenez vous?*—**ELIZA F.**

[*"Comprenez vous?" Assurément, oui! Made-moiselle.* We are perfectly clairvoyant. That you have a sweet countenance we will take for granted; for such candor as yours would not say so, were it otherwise. But how to enjoy Nature, and preserve your beautiful complexion—"aye, there's the rub!" How perplexing it is, to think that a fair lady cannot even exchange a laughing look, with the sun, but she must suffer for the innocent frolic!

Vain-glorious rose, thy boast forbear,
Trust not May, though heavenly fair,
Now laugh amid thy leaves—but know
Thy beauteous ruin thence shall flow.

Yet so it is. Such are all our pleasures; punishment and pain uniformly following close

upon human delight. We love, dearly love, to see a pure, delicate, and transparent complexion. It awakens all the pretty associations of lilies gemmed with dew, and roses breathing their aromatic odors in the freshness of a summer morning. Yet must not *such* a face dare to enjoy a summer ramble, nor romp among the tanned and sun-baked haycocks. In your case, we are not asked for an opinion; else should we individually confess to the singularity of *liking* a little dash of sunburn, or a dotting of nice, delicate little freckles on the brow of beauty. Lord Byron has said of Italy: "thy very weeds are beautiful; thy wreck a glory." So say we of a fair face upon which Apollo has imprinted his summer mark. As a rule, we believe that the predisposition to sunburn arises from the superabundance of bile which the heat of summer so often produces. In such case, you must apply to your domestic physician; for if the system be deranged, or your limbs languid and soon wearied, no hope have you to escape from sunburn by the use of a preventive wash. We have not much faith in these latter, but are *told* that the following is one of the best of the good:—"Take two drachms of borax, one of Roman alum, one of camphor, half an ounce of sugar-candy (white), and a pound of ox-gall. Mix and stir these well together for about ten minutes, and repeat this three or four times a-day for a fortnight, till it appears clear and transparent. Strain through blotting-paper, and bottle up for use. Every time you go out where the sun shines, the face should be washed with this. Bear in lively remembrance, Miss Eliza, that white veils have a tendency to increase sunburn and freckles, by their increasing—as they do—the intensity of the sun's light. They are also very injurious to the sight; and will in a short time spoil the freshness, and dim the lustre of the most brilliant eyes. Of the two, the now-fashionable "uglies" (ugly, indeed!) or "shrouds," as they are more properly called, are preferable to shield the face from the heat. We do not say "wear them," for we detest and abhor them; we merely say they are preferable to white veils, where protection of the countenance is a matter of importance.]

Canaries' Eggs without Shells.—I have only just commenced taking your Paper, Mr. Editor; and am therefore ignorant as to whether or not you have treated on the cause of this evil. If you have, will you be so kind as to refer me to chapter and verse, as I have several pairs of beautiful birds, and have four or five eggs laid, deficient of shells. Have you written at any length about the treatment of Canaries while breeding?—**PENELOPE.**

[By all means procure our FIRST half-yearly Volume. By referring to the Index, you will find at page 298 what you wish to know with respect to "soft eggs;" and under the head of "Canary," are references out of number for directions as to their care and management. Our periodical is *not* ephemeral. It will be as useful twenty years hence, as at the present time; inasmuch as all the information it contains is practical. You are quite welcome to "consult us" whenever you so will.]

The Wheatear.—Is it migratory?—Will you be so obliging, Mr. Editor, as to inform me if the Wheatear is a migratory bird? I have heard it disputed. I shall be glad to know, as I have myself dared to say it *does* migrate.—FELICIA.

[Yes; the Wheatear (*Saxicola Œnanthe*) is a bird of passage. In the summer months, it abounds all over Europe. It arrives in our latitudes about the middle of March, and tarries with us till October. It is a handsome bird, but very wild and shy. Its favorite haunts are the Downs of Sussex, Kent, and Dorsetshire. Near Eastbourne, we have counted them by *thousands*. They are killed for their flesh. *Bon-vivants* reckon them a dainty.]

The New Planet.—Allow me, Mr. Editor, to inform you, that on the night of June 24, at 12h. 30m., I discovered another new planet on the borders of the constellations *Aquila* and *Serpens*, about five degrees east of the star *Tau* in *Ophiuchus*. It shines as a fine star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, and has a very steady yellow light. At moments, it appeared to have a disc; but the night was not sufficiently favorable for high magnifiers. At 13h. 13m. 16s., mean time, its right ascension was 18h. 12m. 58.8s; and its north polar distance 98 deg. 16m. 0.9s. The diurnal motion in R. A. is about 1m. 2s. towards the west, and in N. P. D. two or three minutes towards the south. This beautiful little planet is the fifth discovered during our systematic examination of the zodiacal heaven.—Yours faithfully, J. R. HIND, *Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's Park.*

Gentlemen's Hats.—I think, Mr. Editor, you will readily oblige me by inserting the following *seasonable* remarks from the pen of the editor of the "Cork Examiner." Our heads will soon be "fried alive" by the sun; and *what* a "protector" is our present covering! I should add, that the subjoined observations are made in a notice of the "National Exhibition," now open in the chief city of Munster.—"We much wish the many makers of hats, metropolitan and provincial, who so well occupy a large space in this transept, would produce something amongst them which might rid us of the peculiarly stiff, uncomfortable, and ungraceful style of head-piece which custom compels us at present to endure. Unanimous as the public are, and have long been in their complaints, and even *groans* at our present hat, which by a rare and happy combination unites almost the extremes of weight, ungainliness, and fragility, it still seems likely to live. Once it was fondly hoped that the 'Great Exhibition' might have recorded its doom; but, on the contrary, it seems to have rather given it a new charter and muniment of existence. Truly 'when burning June (only luckily in that respect the present month does *not* happen to be of the 'melting mood') waves its red flag,' one feels almost inclined to follow the example of Byron's Sardanapalus, who casts his helmet away altogether, and rushes forth bareheaded rather than have his brow encumbered with its ponderous shapelessness. Certainly the exhibitor who shall contrive some fitting sub-

stitute, would well deserve of his country the appropriate tribute of a laurel crown." Is it not singular, that of modern inventors not one is clever enough to invent any light and neat ornament for a man's head,—protecting him at the same time from wind and weather?—HOPELESS, *Sunning-hill.*

["A reward" should be offered by Government for a new hat. Money goes a great way in these matters; as for ourselves, we generally walk with our "hat in our hand!"]

Prize Rabbits.—In the very interesting Report you gave us of the "Metropolitan Rabbit Club," whose meeting has been recently held (see p. 15), you promised to procure from the Chairman a List of "full particulars." Are you going to publish them in the JOURNAL—or not? I am one of many who feel greatly interested in the subject.—AN AMATEUR, *Dorking.*

[We have obtained the List referred to; and a most interesting document it is. It is too long for publication; but we have left it at our Publisher's, where it may at any time be inspected by the readers of "OUR JOURNAL."]

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. XIX.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

ANOTHER VERY NEEDFUL CAUTION, at this season, with respect to Nightingales, is,—never to let them hang up in the vicinity of fresh paint. Some years since, our house was undergoing repair; and amongst other workmen, the painters were actively employed. In a thoughtless moment, we suffered our birds to remain out as usual; but we were signally punished for our folly. The white-lead had acted fatally in one short day, upon the lungs of two very choice songsters. On the following morning they were dead! This was dearly-bought experience; for our heart was chained to these most affectionate little creatures. Nor was theirs less so to us.

Few persons can be aware of the delicacy of lungs peculiar to the summer warblers. Large numbers of them perish from the ignorance prevailing on this matter. Thus, these tender little fellows are often domiciled in the winter, in a hot, close apartment, with a raging fire, and sudden draught, alternating. Or, in summer, they are hung in a closely-confined bed-chamber, ready for being put outside the window the first thing in the morning. In this latter case, the carbon evolved by the sleepers in the apartment very often materially injures the bird, whose health can never afterwards be restored. Let it ever be remembered, that birds and plants want as much attention as ourselves.

paid them, in the matters of air, heat, and cold; or they cannot thrive. It is against nature that it should be otherwise.

As the season for nestlings is now at hand, we would call attention to the fact of these birds being, when young, very tender; they must, therefore, be kept in the nest, covered over very lightly with a piece of flannel, until they show signs of increasing strength. They should then be put in a long, covered cage, the bottom being thickly strewn with very fine red sand, quite dry and sweet. Place them in a sunny spot; and be sure, when you feed them, that the food is fresh and wholesome. They will soon learn to perch; and the males will "record" their song before they are six weeks old. Their early notes are sweetly musical.

We have, as yet, spoken only of the melodious voice of this bird; but truth compels us to say that, sometimes, the sounds they utter are harsh, discordant, and incongruous. To use an ugly word, to express their still more ugly vocabulary, we should say they "squawk." This, however, is after their song is over, and principally in the autumn. The whole habits of these birds then appear to undergo a change. They seem thoughtful, heavy, and happy, by turns; and their heart is most assuredly anywhere but in a cage. If any bird may be said to "think," it is the nightingale. When caged, and provided you are kind to him, he begins to grow cheerful about Christmas, whose festivities he often ushers in with a merry song. Philomel loves to chant,—

"When the Christmas log is burning."

The cause of the nightingale singing so mellifluously, is his having so large a larynx. His intonation is as powerful as it is perfect. All his notes are harmonious and effective. If by your mode of treatment, you can make a "friend" of a fresh-caught, newly-arrived bird, he will devote himself to you, body and soul. We envy you *such* a friend! Such we have had; such, alas! we have no longer! No value could be put upon the birds we are speaking of; they are inestimable.

There are very many persons who are fond of birds, and yet, perhaps, not like ourselves and a few others—"enthusiasts." To such we would say, care nothing about the fresh arrivals in April, but purchase either branchers or nestlings, in August, of the dealers. Being imitative birds, they will copy *anything*; and with such a powerful compass of voice as falls to their share, they can, as we have before hinted, sing nothing *badly*.

We once entered a shop to inquire for some young redstarts. Whilst chatting to the dealer, we observed a very ragged-looking nightingale at the end of the shelf, and carelessly asked—what might be his age? The man at once gave us his history. It ap-

peared his master (a brute!) was tired of him, and had brought him to town to be sold. The man candidly told us he was a "nestling," in his second year, and he knew nothing particular about him. His old master wanted 10s. for him. There was something about this bird's eye, something in his bearing, that won our heart over at once. We bought him at his estimated value, intuitively feeling we were "all right," and that we had won a prize.

Never had we shown more judgment. This very bird, despised of his old master, became our most intimate friend and companion. He sang all the notes of a nightingale, a thrush, a blackbird, and a sky-lark. He was "everything by turns, and nothing long." His song was perpetual when we were at home. When absent, he would sing to his mistress in a kind of interrogative strain; throwing himself into the most grotesque attitudes, and listening, *arrectis auribus*, to every arrival at the door. To say that this bird recognised our step, and knew our voice, is nothing—when compared to his *affection* for us. He not only sang out, at the top of his voice, the moment we entered the door, however late the hour of our arrival, but we were obliged to open the door of his cage, and let him out *to sit on our finger*. There alone would he rest contented, and sing in that same position so long as a lighted candle remained in the room. We then kissed him—we are not at all ashamed to say so—and our own hand conducted him to his apartment. This bird was murdered—by swallowing flies that had been poisoned by Quassia. We enjoyed his society three years only.

It must, however, be understood, that although these branchers and nestlings will sing *anything* "well," it is highly desirable never to hang them up with any but *good* birds. Those we have mentioned are quite unobjectionable; as are also the tit-lark, wood-lark, robin, and canary. Keep them quite out of the way of parrots and macaws; and all such shrieking animals. If they hear these, and *imitate* them, it will be a kindness to at once shorten their days—and so add to your own at the same time. There can be no mistake about this.

There certainly is one advantage in keeping nestlings and branchers, which those who are not enthusiasts will highly prize. These birds do *not*, as we have already shown, actually require to be fed on raw meat and egg. They will live on CLIFFORD'S German paste and sweet bun, if accustomed to it when they are two months old. A meal-worm every now and then, when they droop; an earwig, a wood-louse, some ants' eggs, or a spider—will keep them in excellent trim.

As for tameness,—no bird is more alive to kindness than the nightingale. If only you show towards him one tithe of the affection that is so frequently and so disgustingly lavished on over-grown puppies, and the ugliest of our ugly half-shorn French poodles—"domestic abominations" who never by any chance value it—you will find him the best of companions—the very firmest of friends.

A word here about unnatural attachments ; for we want to create a love for harmless pleasures and amusements. How many members of the fairsex do we daily see in public, accompanied by DOGS! Aye, whilst walking, driving,—or in public conveyances! They seem to idolise their every movement, and even allow the beastly creatures to kiss their faces. Never do we witness such sights without our heart revolting,—as well from the brute as its owner. The latter *ought* to know better. It is done both at home and abroad—unblushingly too!!! If endearments *must be* lavished—and why not? surely some more fitting "Companion" than a dog can be found? WE should think so, if we were a woman! Nobody can be fonder of dogs than we are—but we like to keep them in their proper place.

SMALL POX AND VACCINATION.

A VAST DEAL OF DISTRUST of vaccination has, it appears, lately been excited by a wrong-headed physician, somewhat eminent as an observer and recorder of medical phenomena, but *not* gifted with the power of wielding statistical data, nor remarkably potent in the logical faculty. He has attempted to prove that vaccination is but feebly preventive, and urges the expediency of reverting to the practice of inoculation!! From time to time, in consequence of his pertinacity in proclaiming his mistakes, paragraphs have been inserted in the papers calculated to throw discredit upon vaccination, and causing thereby much needless anxiety. The misapplied industry of this gentleman has done much mischief, in weakening the public faith in the only real preventive of small-pox; and surely he incurs no slight responsibility who, without sufficient grounds, unsettles the general reliance upon the protective powers of vaccination.

We regret to say that the small-pox is now spreading fearfully amongst us, in certain districts. The knowledge of the fact induces us to transfer some very interesting particulars that have just appeared on the subject in our contemporary, the *Family Herald*, from the pen of a medical man. At such a season, they deserve attentive perusal, and also the widest circulation that can be given them.

Little more than fourscore years ago (says our observant contemporary), a youth, yet in his teens, an apprentice to a surgeon near Bristol, heard a young woman, who had called on his master for advice, remark, on the subject of small-pox being

mentioned, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had the cow-pox." This observation forcibly struck young Jenner, and was probably the first step in the path of induction which led to his rescuing from rural tradition a vague belief among the peasantry of Gloucestershire that a disease of the nipples of their cows, communicable to milkers, protected them ever afterwards from attacks of small-pox. About thirty years subsequent to this incident, and after much patient and precise observation and experimentation, amid discouragement from his friends and medical associates, and difficulties inherent in the inquiry itself, he published a thin, unpretending quarto, in which he gave to the world his brilliant discovery, that immunity could be secured against one of the most loathsome and fatal diseases; and that by very simple means (if mankind were wise enough to adopt them) the defacing, maiming, blinding, and destroying small-pox could be extirpated from the face of the earth.

We of the present generation have little conception of the ravages of the small-pox down to the period when Jenner, in 1798, announced his discovery. For forty years previously, notwithstanding the practice of inoculation, which had been tested during half a century, the deaths in London averaged two thousand yearly, when London contained not a third of its present numbers. In every fourteen who died from all causes, one fell a victim to small-pox. Three out of every four patients admitted to the London Asylum for the Indigent Blind, the small-pox had made sightless. The total deaths throughout England from this scourge were estimated at forty-five thousand yearly. It once swept away in the Russian Empire two millions in a single year. He whose beneficent genius should stay this plague, may well take rank among the most illustrious benefactors of mankind.

More than half a century has passed away since Jenner, speaking of vaccination, declared that "the annihilation of small-pox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice." Yet the inexorable Registrar-General still numbers small-pox among the causes of mortality; and for the past few years his returns prove that this malady is spreading; that deaths from it have been more frequent; and there are indications that, unless vigorous preventive measures are taken, small-pox, with somewhat of its ancient rigor, may revisit us, to blind, disfigure, and destroy, and so punish us for neglecting the means of protection provided by the great Jenner. In 1842, 2715 persons died of small-pox; 4227 in 1847; and 6903 in 1848; notwithstanding the operation of the Vaccination Act, which came into force in 1840. On inquiry at Somerset House, we learn no abstracts have been made of the mortality from small-pox in the intermediate years, nor since 1848; but those who find it necessary to inspect the Registrar-General's reports, must have been struck with the frequent references by most of the district registrars to the prevalence of small-pox in their respective localities. In the very last quarterly report, we are told, "Small-pox has prevailed very extensively; and the provision of gratuitous vaccination for the people by

the Legislature appears to be insufficient to stem its terrible progress."

How happens this in the very country of Jenner? From its first introduction vaccination has had to contend against ignorance, apathy, negligence, prejudice, and misrepresentation. An old and popular notion prevalent among the ignorant classes is, that small-pox is the expulsion of some morbid principle from the system, which can only be got rid of in this way. The objections to vaccination, founded on this notion, are now deprived of all force by the investigations of Mr. Ceely, of Aylesbury, who has demonstrated that small-pox and cow-pox are essentially the same disease. He introduced into the cow small-pox matter taken from man, and produced pustules which supplied lymph, and with this lymph he vaccinated children successfully. Cow-pox, then, is small-pox in a mild form; and granting, for argument's sake, that small-pox does remove morbid matter from the system, cow-pox will do it as effectually without the risk of disfigurement or death. These objectors are to be argued with; but what are we to say to such perverse persons as the woman (who represents not a small class) who told the registrar of Nottingham that "*she would rather lose half a dozen children by small-pox than fly in the face of Providence by having one vaccinated!*"

Another class of objectors refrain from having their children vaccinated, believing that the process engenders scrofula and obstinate cutaneous diseases! They have observed, probably, eruptions manifest themselves *after* vaccination, and have been unable to perceive that this circumstance might occur, even had the patient not been vaccinated. What medical man is there who has not heard it urged that, because "neighbor Smith's child had scrofula after vaccination, she, as a mother, would take good care her child should not be vaccinated?" Now a smart attack of small-pox often develops scrofula, but cow-pox never. Moreover, cow-pox sometimes cures an obstinate cutaneous affection; although, as a general rule, it is undesirable in such a case that vaccination should be performed.

We observe in the neighborhood of Shepherd's Bush, Bayswater, and Notting Hill, that printed circulars have been largely distributed, calling the attention of parents to the immense importance of the subject, and enforcing on them *the necessity* of having their children properly protected. Let our voice also be raised to the same effect. It becomes culpable to neglect such admonition. It is not on private grounds only that due regard should be had to the warning,—the PUBLIC SAFETY demands it.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—The prosperous man has everything to fear, and the poor man everything to hope. To the former every change threatens loss, to the latter it promises benefit. He little fears the turning of the wheel who is already at the bottom.

PLEASURE AND PAIN are dealt out to us in measures and at seasons we little dream of; and by a power whose wisdom we dare not question. If the latter is to be received with resignation, the other surely should be welcomed with gladness.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SUMMER—AN INVOCATION TO—.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

AWAKE! my soul's Idol! arise from thy pillow;
The bright sun is rising just over the hill;
The robin has taken his seat on the willow,
And mingles his song with the murmuring rill.
Sweet bird! how I love thee! thy song at this season,
Our care and anxiety amply repays;
Whilst Man, mighty Man, blest with power and reason,
Sleeps hours away that you warble in praise!
The proud forest Oak, that so justly inherits
Its title, and rank, as the monarch of trees;
And others less lofty, possessing high merits,
All gracefully bow to the light passing breeze.
The dew-spangled grass, in its brightness and beauty,
Like earth's richest diamonds on emeralds laid;
The buzz of the insects fulfilling the duty
Assign'd them by Nature, enliven the glade.
The Valley resounds with a chorus of voices,
The grasshopper's chirp, and the bee's busy hum;
Oh, sad must the heart be that never rejoices,
When Nature proclaims the gay Summer is come.
The hedges now deck'd in their gayest apparel,
Incessantly waft us the richest perfume;
The Dove's plaintive note, and the Lark's,
Merry carol,
In thanks to their Maker their matins resume.
The broad spreading firmament matchless in splendor,
With light, fleecy clouds, yielding joys ever new;
Oh, whilst we admire His works let us render
THE GLORY TO HIM TO WHOM GLORY IS DUE.

SELECT POETRY.

TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT! I love thee! for beneath the shade
Of thy grey curtain wrapped, there is a feeling
Which o'er my spirit with mild influence
stealing,
I have acknowledged as I lonely strayed
At eve's still hour, and marked how sweetly
played
The dying glories of departing day!
Or pensive watch'd light's last expiring ray,
As on the bosom of the stream it played!
And I have wished, that when my course be run
Through life's *day* journey, an eternal rest
May cradle my tired spirit, as the west
Doth to its bosom welcome yon bright sun!
Calm be the hour when life's last embers wane,
And bright the morrow when I rise again!"

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WONDERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

THE ANT.—No. I.

WE CONFESS OURSELVES TO BE SADLY PUZZLED when examining the Insect World, how we shall best select what will be for the edification and amusement of our good friends, the Public. Our stores are so inexhaustible, that they may indeed be said to be without limit. As however we hope our JOURNAL will live for ever, and ourselves too (in a better world), we will steadily and quietly commence with one of the smallest of our industrious creatures, the ANT. Of their labors, ingenuity, perseverance, good temper, and foresight, we shall have much to say hereafter. To-day, we will confine ourselves mainly to a description of their "arts of war;" for they can fight, and do fight, desperately.

The close resemblance, if not indeed the complete identity of many of the proceedings of this singular insect community, to those which human beings pursue under like circumstances, cannot fail to strike the attentive observer, and impress him with a strong conviction of the goodness of the Creator in meting out to every living thing provisions abundantly suited to every necessity of its being, and making the instincts of the lowest in the scale of animated being fully equivalent, according to their necessities, to the abundant resources which reason and experience supply to the rational creation occupying the supreme place among the inhabitants of our planet.

The various communities of ants, which live together in sociable union, and provide during the summer the stores of winter, are scarcely less interesting to the entomologist, or the student of nature in general, than the occupants of the bee hive; though, from their stores being without value to man, they have equally escaped the minute attention and the annual spoliation to which the honey-makers have been subjected. Few,

however, who have lived in the country, or possessed a garden where the opportunities of observation existed, have failed to notice the industrious little natives of the ant-hill plying their unwearied round of duties throughout the summer. They also, however, like the natives of the hive, display emotions akin to the passions that actuate the human race, and engage in deadly warfare, apparently with less reasonable justification than is furnished for similar proceedings by the bees. The wars of the ants have attracted attention from a very early period, and have been noticed by ancient writers, not without some of the marvellous additions to which such were prone; yet the reality, when narrated by accurate observers, with strict attention to truth, stands in need of no additions to excite our liveliest interest. The younger Huber, to whom we are indebted for many of the most remarkable discoveries relative to the habits of the bee, observes, with reference to the wood-ant—"If we are desirous of beholding regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit the forests in which the wood-ant (*Formica rufa*) establishes its dominion over every insect within the neighborhood of the colony. We shall there see populous and rival cities, and regular military roads diverging from the ant-hill like so many rays from a centre, frequented by an immense number of combatants of the same species; for they are naturally enemies, and jealous of any encroachment upon the territory which surrounds their capitals. I have witnessed in these forests, the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat; two empires could not have brought into the field a more numerous or more determined body of combatants. The rival cities were situated about a hundred paces from each other, and alike in extent of population; what occasioned their discord I cannot pretend to say.

"Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground

lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles: a considerable number were engaged in the attack, and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival at the camp, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odor exhaled from all sides; numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. The ants, composing groups and chains, laid hold of each others' legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles, and raised themselves upon their hind-legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward, and spurting the venom upon their adversary. They were often so closely wedged together, that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust, till a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened, that both ants received assistance at the same time; when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennæ, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. In this way they sometimes formed groups of six, eight, or ten firmly locked together, the group being only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, and compelled the enchainèd insects to let go their hold, and then the single combats were renewed; on the approach of night, each party retired gradually to their own city.

"Next morning, before dawn, the combatants returned to the field of battle, the groups again formed, the carnage commenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet in length by two in breadth. The event remained for a long time doubtful; but about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of the cities, whence I conclude some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately that they did not even perceive my presence; for though I remained close to the combatants, not one of them attempted to climb my legs, seeming to be wholly absorbed in the object of finding an enemy to wrestle with. During this furious warfare the common operations of the two colonies were not suspended, for the paths, which led to a distance in the forest, were as much thronged as in time of

peace, and all around the ant-hill order and tranquillity prevailed. On that side alone where the battle raged were seen crowds of the colonists running to and fro, some to join the army, and some to escort the prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to the two republics. In fact, it appeared that its duration was shortened by long-continued rains, which compelled each of the belligerents to keep within their walls, and the warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the camp of the enemy."

The different proceedings in the warfare of the various ants, and remarkable facts which have been noted regarding them—such as one species seeming to make slaves of another, and the vanquished apparently offering tribute, and otherwise seeking to appease the victors, are so marvellous, that were we not told them on the authority of careful scientific observers, we should be inclined to regard them as the mere creations of fancy. Even as it is, however, it may be suspected that in some cases the interpretation of such phenomena, and the motives assigned to the little actors, have been too hastily assumed to correspond to those with which the observers were most familiar in their own race. Yet our observation of the remarkable habits and instincts of the bees, fully prepares us to acknowledge the strict consistency of the following remarks on these combatants by the ingenious author of "Insect Miscellanies." After describing some of the combats between different species of ants, he remarks:—"Not the least wonderful circumstance connected with these insect battles is the instinct which enables each ant to know its own party, more particularly when the combatants on both sides are of the same species, and thousands of individuals mingle in the strife, who appear, at least to our senses, to be precisely alike in shape, size, and color. Sometimes, indeed, according to Huber, they do attack those of their own party; but on recognising them, immediately relax their hold; while it often happens that the individuals who have been the sufferers from this temporary error, caress their companions, for the purpose, it would appear, of appeasing their anger.

"The warfare, however, is conducted in various manners, according to the genius of the species engaged in it; and when a party of the wood-ant (*F. rufa*) attacks a party of the sanguine ant (*F. sanguinea*), the manœuvring reminds us strongly of our own battles. The sanguine ants, in this case, go and await the enemy in little troops at some distance from the nest, advancing in a body without separating, and seize all those of their enemies who venture too far from the camp. 'The two parties,' says Huber, 'place themselves in ambuscade, and sud-

denly attack each other in turns; but when the sanguine ants perceive that the wood-ants are advancing in force against them, they inform those at the ant-hill, by messengers, of the need in which they stand of their assistance. Immediately a considerable army is despatched from the sanguine city, advances in a body, and surrounds the enemy. I have witnessed instances of this kind every day for several weeks, the ant-hills being at the same hedge, but at some distance from each other, and the combats renewed every day.' "

Now that the Summer really is come, we shall be watching the manœuvres of the insect creation in the open fields and forests, almost daily. We shall thus have frequent opportunities for returning to the habits of this and other equally interesting insects—opportunities that will not be lost sight of.

PIGEONS.

HABITS OF THE DOVECOT PIGEON.

OUR COMMON DOVECOT PIGEON is only a half-reclaimed bird; not being sufficiently domesticated to be deemed private property in the strictest sense of the word. Thus, I may raise any quantity of these pigeons; but, if they should forsake my dovecot, and retire to that of my neighbor, I cannot claim them. However, in order that dovecot pigeons may not fall into the hands of those who contribute nothing to their support, the Legislature has enacted a fine of forty shillings to be paid by him who has been convicted of having shot a dovecot pigeon.

This Act, till of late years, was of great use to the farmer; for it enabled him to raise this useful bird in vast abundance: but now the times are changed. The owners of dovecots have to complain, not only of barge-men, who shoot their pigeons along the whole line of the canals, whenever an opportunity offers, but also of a plundering set of land vagabonds, who attack the dovecots in the dead of the night, and sometimes actually rob them of their last remaining bird. The origin of this novel species of depredation can be clearly traced to the modern amusement, known by the name of a pigeon-shooting match. A purveyor is usually engaged by the members. He offers a tempting price to poachers and other loose characters, and they agree to supply him with any quantity of dovecot pigeons, to be ready for the day on which the cruel exhibition is to take place. Generally, under the covert of a dark night, these hired thieves go to the place where they have previously seen a ladder, and carry it off to the devoted dovecot, upon the outside of which they mount, and with

great caution fix a net to the glover, or aperture, on the top of the building. After they have effected this, they descend from the roof, and immediately force the door to get at the pigeons. Should, however, their original survey of the dovecot, prior to their mounting on it, have shown them that the door is strong enough to resist their attempts to break it open, they take the precaution to leave a man on the roof, where he seizes the pigeons as soon as they become entangled in the net. In the meantime, his associates below tap sufficiently loud at the door of the dovecot, to cause the pigeons to start from their roost and try to escape. Thus the hopes of the farmer are utterly destroyed, and a supply of birds is procured for the shooting matches in a manner not over and above creditable to civilised society. It remains with the members of the club to decide, whether it be honorable or just in them to encourage these midnight depredators. They must be aware that all the pigeons which they buy are old ones; and that old ones are never offered for sale by the owners of dovecots.

No farm-yard can be considered complete without a well-stocked dovecot, the contents of which make the owner a most ample return, and repay him abundantly for the depredations which the pigeons are wont to make upon his ripening corn. He commands a supply of delicious young birds for his table; and he has the tillage from the dovecot, which is of vast advantage to his barley land. Moreover, the pigeons render him an essential service, by consuming millions of seeds which fall in the autumn, and which, if allowed to remain on the ground, would rise up the following year, in all the rank exuberance of weed, and choke the wholesome plant.

A dovecot ought to be well lighted; and it should be white-washed once every year. The tillage which it produces may be removed early in November, and again at the end of February. The young of the dovecot pigeon, like all others of the columbine order, are reared in a nest lined by their own dung: which, if left in the hole after the birds are gone, is apt to harbour vermin. Wherefore, cleanliness dictates its early removal.

No dovecot can possibly thrive if rats have found an entrance into it. These cruel and audacious plunderers will destroy every young pigeon within their reach. Oust them you must, and preclude their return, be the cost ever so great; otherwise, disappointment will most assuredly be your lot.

The barn-owl and the starling are harmless unoffending visitors to the dovecot: they repair to it merely for shelter, or for a breeding-place; so that I always like to see

them enter mine. It is a lofty and a spacious building; and in one season it has furnished seventy-three dozens of young pigeons. The walls were made with flues, by the judicious use of which we had a very early supply for the table; but, through some neglect on the part of the attendant, a fire took place, which threatened destruction to the surrounding buildings. In consequence of this, the flues were no longer heated, and they have continued in disuse since that time. Though owls, and hawks, and crows, and magpies, are allowed an unmolested range in the vicinity of this dovecot, still it has been acknowledged to be one of the most productive in the county.

There is a peculiarity in the habits of the dovecot pigeon which ought not to pass unnoticed. Though this bird will often perch on trees in the daytime, it has never been known to roost on them during the night. Neither will it pass the night in the open air, except in cases of the greatest emergency. I have an aged elm here, of gigantic size, to which both the dovecot pigeon and the wild ring-pigeon will frequently resort. It is amusing to watch the peculiar habits of these two different species of birds. They seem to come to the tree solely for their own convenience, and not with any intention to enjoy each other's company; and they appear to be as devoid of mutual signs of courtesy, as are our own countrymen when seated in a foreign diligence. I am positive that there will never be a union betwixt the dovecot pigeon and the ring-dove. A long series of observations, which I have been enabled to make, tends to convince me more and more of the impossibility.

The dovecot pigeons, like the rest of the genus, are remarkable for retiring to their roost at an early hour, and for leaving it late in the morning: thus fulfilling only half of poor Richard's maxim of

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

These pigeons never lay more than two eggs at one sitting. Indeed, I should be most surprised were it *satisfactorily proved* that any pigeon ever sits on three eggs.

Nothing can surpass the attachment of these birds to the cot of their choice. Provided you do not absolutely molest them by the repeated discharge of fire-arms, they can scarcely be driven from it. You may unroof their habitation; and though you leave it in that dismantled state for weeks together, still the pigeons will not forsake it. At their early hour of roosting, they will approach within three or four yards of the workmen, and then take shelter in the holes of the roofless walls, where they remain for the night.

Much might be written by the ornithologist on the intimacy which would exist betwixt man and the feathered tribes, if man would condescend to cultivate it. Were I close pent up in the social chimney corner, on some dismal winter's evening, with an attentive Eugenius by my side, I would show him the cause of shyness which exists betwixt the birds and us; and, amongst other things, I would prove to him that no bird ever anticipates the return of man to the vicinity of its nest, by the supposed act of removing its "young to new quarters." The *pretended discovery* of this reasoning quality in birds, may be just the thing to raise the writer in the estimation of the Americans; but it won't go down here in England.

Our ancestors generally built their dovecots in an open field, apart from the farm-yard; fearing, probably, that the noise and bustle occasioned by the rustic votaries of good Mother Eleusina might interrupt the process of incubation, were the dovecots placed in the midst of the buildings dedicated to husbandry.

Birds very soon get accustomed to the sounds of civilised life, be they ever so loud, except those which proceed from the discharge of a gun; and even those, in some few cases of extreme hunger, will not deter a famished wild bird from approaching the place where nutriment can be found. How unconcernedly the daw sits on the lofty steeple, while the merry chimes are going! and with what confidence the rooks will attend their nests on trees in the heart of a town, even on the busy market day! *The report of fire-arms is terrible to birds; and, indeed, it ought never to be heard in places in which you wish to encourage the presence of animated nature.* Where the discharge of fire-arms is strictly prohibited, you will find that the shyest species of birds will soon forget their wariness, and assume habits which persecution prevents them from putting in practice. Thus, the cautious heron will take up its abode in the immediate vicinity of your mansion; the barn-owl will hunt for mice under the blazing sun of noon, even in the very meadow where the hay-makers are at work; and the widgeons will mix in conscious security with the geese, as they pluck the sweet herbage on your verdant lawn; where the hares may be seen all day long, now lying on their sides to enjoy the warmth of the sun, and now engaged in sportive chase, unbroken-in-upon by enemies, whose sole endeavor is to take their lives.

CHARLES WATERTON.

[We who live in the vicinity of London, can readily appreciate the force and truth of Mr. WATERTON's remarks about fire-arms. For the sake of preserving a few paltry peas,

or a little ripe fruit from the appropriation of our lovely songsters, we constantly hear fire-arms discharged, first by one neighbor, then by another, throughout the day. Thereby do we lose the confidence of many a nightingale, blackcap, robin, and others, who "seek safety in flight." If we attempt to "reason" with our neighbors, they laugh at us; so we are e'en content (from necessity) to tell them "they have no soul;"—nor have we any remedy !]

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.

PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT.

I AVAIL MYSELF of your invitation, Mr. Editor, to furnish contributions discussing popular questions relative to Natural History; and beg you will allow me a little space now and then, to propose for discussion in your pages some original views of Phrenological questions.

For more than twenty years, Phrenology has been my favorite science; and with respect to some of its principles, I can say that I have never once found them to fail. I have seen various races of men in various parts of the world. I have contracted a habit of scanning the form of every head I see, and of noticing prominent traits of character; and I have *always* found that certain forms of head correctly indicated certain mental qualities. But this has been true of part of the head only, not of the whole. There are certain Phrenological doctrines which require re-consideration; and I feel a conviction that until they receive such re-consideration, Phrenology can never be accepted by all those who are capable of understanding it. This re-consideration I would much wish that KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL should be instrumental in suggesting; for in its pages are recorded many beautiful and striking illustrations of "Comparative Phrenology." I have not many numbers by me now (although I take in duplicates), but I believe that there is not one number in which I have not marked some passage which illustrates the mental functions; and in several of them, many passages. The lower animals furnish some of the very best examples of the propensities. Indeed, in the feathered tribes, Phrenology might be made available in their classification; and I have no doubt will be, some day.

After this long exordium, I will now introduce in few words a subject for discussion,—namely, that part of the head usually marked "No 33," and called the "Organ of Language." This was the first organ noticed by Gall; and yet its name and ascribed functions are in direct opposition to the fundamental principles of Phrenology, that

"one organ can only perform one kind of functions." To write, to speak, to point, or beckon, and to understand the import of all these, are acts of language; but they are surely of too diverse a kind to be considered as the functions of one faculty. In my humble opinion, the sole and simple function of the organ "No. 33," is that of operating on the vocal muscles and lungs, and producing sounds thereby. This is a most important *part* of language, no doubt; but it is very different from writing, and reading, and seeing, and hearing, and associating forms and sounds with other forms and sounds, and with abstract principles and qualities. For *these* functions, other organs are required; and it would be just as proper to speak of an organ of astronomy, or of geology, as of an organ of language.

The cries of animals, bleating, neighing, braying, screeching and screaming, singing and whistling, are all performed by this organ. Singing is its highest effort; and without it, Jenny Lind would be perfectly mute; our woods, fields, and hedgerows, too, would be silent as the grave. Without it a man might be a good instrumental musician, but he could not utter "sol, fa."

It is a far better index of a person's ability to sing, than the organ No. 32—improperly called "melody" or "music," although that organ is also necessary to the musician. It will be found to be developed in proportion to a person's rapidity and distinctness of utterance; and if I were called upon to give a demonstration of the connection between the external form of the head and mental manifestations, I would choose this organ in preference to all others. Let a dozen persons, one half of them having it large, the other half small (other conditions being somewhat equal), talk freely, and a person blindfolded might indicate, correctly, every one of them—simply by taking notice of their enunciation.

I invite Phrenologists to submit these remarks to the test of observation, and in doing this, they must bear in mind that all educated men pay more attention to their pronunciation than uneducated men do; and that where they find great vivacity and mental energy, there will be a proportionate rapidity of utterance from this cause alone. They must also bear in mind that this organ does not give taste and feeling in singing, nor yet a voice.—J. S. H.

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XX.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN WE FIRST BEGAN DILATING (contrary to our original intention) on the habits of the nightingale, we were fearful lest our extended observations from week to week

might prove tedious. Each successive day, however, brings with it such pleasing, such abundant proof to the contrary, that we have thrown all our best energies into the subject. It is indeed, as most of our correspondents remark, no less singular than true, that there is really no valuable *practical* work on British Song Birds existing; and we can well understand why, under such circumstances, we are urged to be "explicit." Let us hope that our intimate acquaintance (somethirty years) with the feathered tribe, will at last furnish the required desideratum. Thus much parenthetical.*

If ever your nightingales droop, or show an unusual want of liveliness, which in the autumn they very often do, change their food a little. They are particularly fond of ants' eggs, and liver gentles. Give them occasionally a few of each; and never pass them without taking some notice of them. They cannot bear a slight. On every occasion of kindness shown, *you* will be the gainer.

We need hardly remark that nightingales seldom "breed," when in confinement.† So contrary is such a thing to their nature, that we apprehend few authenticated instances of their having done so are on record. When this is the case, we think we cannot err in saying, that keeping birds which were born "free," under such circumstances *must be* cruel. They rather exist than live with us. Their hearts are far, far away.

We have before casually noted (whilst treating on SEED birds) that soft-billed birds when performing any call of Nature, always bolt their tails, and this action proves them to be in health; whereas the very converse is the case with *seed* birds. This makes it needful to attend to proper diet. If the nightingale were *not* to bolt his tail on certain occasions, it would be an unerring symptom of illness; and a meal-worm or two should be given him immediately. If he refuses *these*, he must be bad indeed!

Sometimes, in the heat of summer—indeed oftentimes, if not regularly looked to—the cages of these birds emit a very offensive smell. This, as we before remarked, arises from the nature of the food they eat. Let us, therefore, again urgently recommend extreme cleanliness. The bird can then respire freely, and enjoy himself; and he stands a fair chance of keeping in good health. One-half of our birds and domestic

animals have their lives shortened, and their health injured, by neglect.

As a rule, we should say never keep a nightingale, unless a brancher, or a nestling, more than three years. About this time, sometimes sooner, you will observe their legs to swell, and to become gouty. Large scales will form, from the upper joint downwards; causing your birds so much pain, that they will frequently perch upon one leg only—the other being drawn up for relief. We *have* succeeded in reducing these scales; but as it is difficult, and attended by danger, we shall give no "instructions." Let us therefore charitably consider that the time is now come to reward our little friend for the pleasure he has afforded us. We have unmistakeable signs that confinement has brought on premature old age. The only remedy for this—the only way to regenerate his system—is, to let him fly. This should be done in the month of July or August, just before he moults. He will then have time to recruit himself before taking his final leave in September, and acquire renewed strength to waft him across the Mediterranean.

How long these birds live in a state of freedom, we are not quite prepared to say,—it is supposed about 12 years. This much, however, is certain—the very same bird you liberated will speedily be restored to health, and to youth. The chances, too, are, that he will return to your garden the very next season, and there abide; until having reared a family, he again revisits his former haunts. These are notorious "facts." Far be it from the nightingale easily to forget the rights of hospitality. You have fostered him, and given him liberty; and he will annually reward you with songs of gratitude as long as he lives, and you live to hear him.

Nightingales, if affectionately tended, moult freely in a cage, and get through their troubles in a very few weeks. They should be kept warm, and quiet, but not covered up too close. It is desirable to keep their food varied, and to treat them now and then to a few ants' eggs, raw-scraped carrot, or a meal-worm. Do anything but neglect them. *This* would cause their sensitive hearts to break. They are *not* fashioned like ours!

Do not feel surprised if, at the "fall of the year," your birds show unusual excitement, and dash about their cages. They *will* do so. The same will occur at the spring of the year. It is called "agitation," and is peculiar to all "birds of passage." This is so interesting a subject, that it will form matter for discussion in a separate chapter hereafter. Nature's laws are truly wonderful! Let us, however, remark that

* A number of "anxious inquirers" will be gratified to learn, that their favorite bird "The BLACKCAP" will be introduced in about three weeks, in Cage Birds No. 22, to appear Aug. 7.

† An exception to this remark will be found at page 283, Vol. 1; but we believe it to be almost a solitary exception.—ED. K. J.

although the birds' plumage may suffer from this agitation, they will regain their self-possession, and their usual flow of spirits, in a few weeks. Still you will observe *occasional* signs of melancholy throughout the autumn.

Birds caught immediately on their arrival in England, are of little value the first year. Their song seldom lasts in a cage more than three weeks. When however, use, which is said to be second Nature, reconciles them to their master or mistress, they show great gradual improvement. They break out into song either at Christmas, or early in the following year; and continue in fine song until June. They are then silent until October; when they "settle down" with the family in a nice snug room, warmed by a bright cheerful fire, and gaily lighted for the happy enjoyment of a merry round party. *Then* will the mellifluous jug-jug, the soul-enchanting water-bubble, and the thrilling love-chant, be heard throughout the house. *Then* will the inherent excellences of our noble hero be universally acknowledged. *Then* are our household-gods "complete."

It is perhaps not so well known as it ought to be, though we have already hinted at it, that the nightingale, when in confinement, is a most cruelly-jealous bird—jealous not only of his master or mistress noticing any other bird than himself, but jealous of his own tribe. His motto is, *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*. He will admit no rival near the throne. Hence, to keep two of these birds in one room would be ridiculous.

The same extraordinary failing prevails in most of our "warblers." If out-done in song, they frequently fall "dead" from off their perches. Some of these rival musicians, be it known, do not weigh a quarter of an ounce! When, therefore, it is considered desirable to keep several nightingales, let each occupy a separate apartment. By this precaution, not any one of the birds will be put down or silenced, and each will sing without having his temper ruffled. It is sometimes a hard matter to restore the serenity of one of these "enraged musicians." Even then, his rage smoulders!

When autumn visits us, and there is a sudden change of temperature, be sure and keep your birds in a warm, cheerful room. Never leave them by any chance, in a room without a fire. They are very sensitive, and soon fall sick. Extreme cold inflicts blindness on them, and they cannot see to find their food. Their finely-constructed lungs require to be studied in the minutest particular. Never therefore let them remain in a smoky room; and let them be always removed *pro tem.*, when your Abigails have a "domestic rout;" also when there is a general sweeping of carpets. Attend to

these little matters, and you will be rewarded to your heart's content.

CHILDHOOD.

MANY people differ about the "happiness" so called, attached to childhood; and no doubt some, and indeed all children have their trials and troubles at certain times. WE had many of these; for the angel of death seemed oftentimes about to claim us as his own before we reached the early age of eight years. We remember it as yesterday, and are grateful that our later childhood, or manhood, has given us since what was denied us then. The following, by W. Howitt, is so pleasing a picture of childhood *as it ought to be*, that we have pleasure in transferring it to our pages. It may read a lesson to some folk, who expect miracles of learning from mere children, whose *only* occupation ought to be rambling in the fields, and whose only lesson ought to be gratitude to the Author of their being. Then should we have fewer lunatic asylums, and the bills of mortality would be very considerably lessened.—"Let those talk," says Mr. H. "of the miseries of childhood that will, I never knew misery in mine; and *woe to him that makes the glad heart of infancy sad!* He sears the future bud of promise, he is making that woful which God intended to be glad as the angels in heaven. The wisest and the best of men, let them have grown great, and learned, and honorable as they might, have always looked back to the shining days of their early youth, ere care had made its nest in the heart, and said with a sigh, 'O that I were a boy once more!' Man is a being that must be pursuing some object; the boy in the country has a thousand objects of beauty and curiosity to call forth his attention and his ardent spirit, and he is happy as the day is long, at the same time that he is laying up a store of strength and health for years of care and grave duties as he grows up. Ah! those were the times. After years, we may be successful and even glorious: we may conquer difficulties, and dispense good, and achieve genuine honors: we may grasp power, and dwell in the very lap of riches: but there never will come flowers like those then gathered: pleasures so pure and exquisite as those then enjoyed: never such sunshine, never such dews, never such beauty in air and earth, in thicket and wood and water—never anything so like to heaven—till heaven itself is reached."—We have often said, and we wish ever to dwell on it, that on *early* education depends all the happiness or misery in life.

THE NECESSITIES that exist, are in general created by the superfluities that are enjoyed.—*Zimmerman.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—G. H.—W. J. M.—J. C. W.—H. H.—A. BANKS.—We return you very many thanks — F. G.—ANGELINA.—CELIA.—SAPPHO. What a sweet singer!—DIDO. With the most perfect safety.—WILLIAM B. It is a mere freak of nature.—ALIGUIS.—Your visitor is a Red-start.—ROSA. Let it fly at once. Perhaps its children have already suffered death owing to your mistaken “kindness.”—REBECCA R.—PLACIDE.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL in advance, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are not forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any “facts” connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append their names and places of abode. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, July 24, 1852.

THE FOLLOWING HAS JUST REACHED US
“To William Spooner, Publisher. Couldst thou send, *direct to hand*, each month, ‘KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL?’ I have been repeatedly disappointed in receiving it, and am now *three months behind*, although a ‘regular subscriber!’”—REBECCA H., *Cork*.

As we have now just entered upon a New Volume, it is our full determination to assist, to the utmost of our power, in removing the vexatious complaints that continue to reach us from all parts, in consequence of the irregular delivery of our paper. To this end, our Publisher undertakes to send the Monthly PARTS free by post, at the cost of THREE-pence each, *extra*,—instead of SIX-pence, the actual cost incurred. This, of course, applies to the postage of EACH several part. Remittances in postage-stamps will be taken in payment.

Those also who may wish to have the WEEKLY NUMBERS forwarded by post are informed, that the EXTRA cost is TWO-pence per number. Many of our subscribers, to prevent oft-recurring disappointment in the delivery, have them “expressed” by post every Wednesday evening.

Remittances, *payable in advance*,—Quarterly, 5s. 10d.; Half-yearly, 11s. 8d. THIS INCLUDES POSTAGES,—also, the Title-pages, Indices, &c.

SOME TWELVE MONTHS SINCE we were remarking to a friend, whilst strolling leisurely through a field of clover (we remember it as though it were but yesterday), how delighted we should be to finish our days at the head of a Weekly Periodical, in which we could hold converse every sixth day with a number of individuals whose minds and pursuits were in unison with our own. We have ever rejoiced in the feeling—that others

would look forward with real pleasure to read, what it had previously given us pleasure to write.* Let us in candor say, that we had no idea whatever, when we offered the observation, that our wish would be gratified. Nothing appeared less probable. Circumstances, however, shortly afterwards called forth a number of articles from our pen in a first-class public journal of large circulation, which paved the way, without any effort on our part, to the very object we sought; and we now find ourselves (still in a pleasing dream of amazement) gossiping, in the strictest terms of friendship, with very many hundreds of the choicest spirits—weekly, monthly, quarterly, and half-yearly. There is no egotism in this avowal. It is simply the record of “a romance in real life”—which we cannot explain, can hardly comprehend, and yet feel to be “a fact.”

A long and trying Winter has passed over our heads. A backward spring, too, followed by heavy and long-continued rains, has “damped” our energies; but now we have entered on a glorious SUMMER, and we feel that each successive week will tend more and more effectually to realise the wish we breathed in our friend's ear, a twelvemonth since—that we might live and die in the service of the public. Our fate is most assuredly in their hands.

“HOPE ON, HOPE EVER;” has been our family motto through life. It has sustained us nobly on very many trying occasions, whilst repeating it with all the fervor of a friar counting over his bead-roll. In plainer language, we have under much discouragement panted for summer, and waited its approach in the fullness and freshness of hope. Hope has triumphed—the SUMMER is here!

Oh, what a harvest of joys now awaits those who love Nature! If each day numbered fifty hours, insufficient would they be to gratify our every wish! Where shall we go? Where shall we not go? What shall we look at first? How shall we record a millionth part of what we see? How make mention of half our enjoyments?—We must do the best we can under such circumstances of difficulty; and *au reste*,

“Let expressive silence muse their praise.”

* One of our gentle and amiable readers thus writes:—“Oh, Mr. Editor! how very many happy hours have I passed in a perusal of your dear little JOURNAL; when I could find no reciprocity of soul or sentiment elsewhere! I look forward to *Saturdays*, with a feeling of delight that is perfectly indescribable.” We may add, with truth on our side, that the same sentiments are conveyed in many letters received by us daily. It is this that makes the pen of an Editor move swiftly and pleasurably.—ED. K. J.

The whole face of Nature is now one vast expanse of loveliness and sun-shine. Oh, Summer!

Bright, sunny Summer, season of warm days,
Of ripening suns, and yellow harvestry!
Beneath the brooding fervence of thy sky,
The teeming earth its fruitfulness displays,
And toiling husbandmen in store repays.
Where'er we rove, soft gales go flitting by,
Charged with the hay's sweet breath deliciously

From many a heap'd-up field. Through pleasant ways,—

Green, winding lanes, that lead from farm to farm,

A thousand tinkling teams the fragrant load
Bear off to crofts and yards, at thy command;
And crowds of merry harvest-gatherers swarm
In every mead, and rural, leafy road,
Throughout the length and breadth of this fair land.

Two or three weeks ago, we spoke in rapturous anticipation of the joys of hay-making. These joys have since been ours; and our sun-burnt features now give ample tokens that we have been "making hay while the sun shines." Time was, when we, like other of our *jeunesse*, thought much of preserving the "beauty of our complexion." It was well perhaps, so to do; but we are wiser now, and hold "ruddy health" to be paramount to all considerations about "purity of color." No person who loves to examine carefully Nature's lap-full of Summer blessings, must fear sunburn and freckles. These marks must ever attend the true lover of country joys. We delight in beholding them, as well on the brow of "a nut-brown maid" as on the countenance of one of the rougher sex. We claim an affinity with the former in an instant, and fraternise with true brotherly affection. A vein of pleasing masonic sympathy, be it known, runs through all who love the fields and the hedgerows; and we care not how often we put ourselves in rehearsal with these children of nature. Their society is truly delectable. May they cross our path daily!

We have before said, that we must now for a season dispense with the warblings of birds. The heat has nearly silenced them, and driven them to the thickets. We may, however, still hear the mellow note of the blackbird, who lazily but happily opens his sweet mouth, occasionally, to chime in with the harmonies of nature; and also the delicious melody of the blackcap, who sings nearly all day on the tops of the highest trees. This warbler is our especial favorite. Wander where and when we may, *there* we invariably find him in our company. How this bird does love the company of man! and what a joyous, merry, happy little rogue he is! He has oftentimes cured us of a

heart-ache, and we love him for it. We shall be singing his praises at much length, in a few days.

Let us now call the attention of such as fear not the heat of the sun, and dread not his marks, to the insect world. If they will throw themselves incontinently down under some quiet hedge, in some sweet-smelling field, and cast their eyes around them, there will they behold a world of the tiniest of happy creatures, revelling in all the innocent enjoyments of a short but merry life. Of all delights, *this* is to us the purest, the most exquisite. The Hand that formed both them and us, is and must be Divine. And what a host is there of them! nearly all of them different; and how united are they in their movements, their bodies all but transparent! Hear how CLARE sings of them:—

"These tiny loiterers on the barley's beard,
And happy units of a numerous herd
Of playfellows, the laughing Summer brings,
Mocking the sunshine on their glittering wings.
How merrily they creep, and run, and fly!
No kin they bear to labor's drudgery,
Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedge-rose;
And where they fly for dinner no one knows—
The dewdrops feed them not—they love the shrine

Of noon, *whose suns may bring them golden wine.*
All day they're playing in their Sunday dress—
When night, repose, for they can do no less.
Then, to the heath-bell's purple hood they fly,
And like to princes in their slumbers lie,
Secure from rain, and dropping dews, and all
In silken beds and roomy painted hall.
So merrily they spend their summer day,
Now in the corn fields, now in the new-mown hay;

One almost fancies that such happy things,
With colored hoods and richly-burnished wings,
Are fairy folk, in splendid masquerade
Disguised, as if of mortal folk afraid;
Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,
Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill."

So much for one of the sources of Summer enjoyments, at which, indeed, we can but barely hint.

We may now soon look for thunder and some refreshing showers; which, after great drought, are most truly welcome. We observe, on every hand, a universal languor prevailing throughout nature; and we ourselves cannot escape from it. Yet can we, like the cattle, seek repose near pools of water, and find a shelter from the sun's rays beneath the trees of the wood. This "Summer laziness" is particularly observable among the larger members of the feathered tribe:—

The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village (in their verdant arms
Sheltering) embrace, direct their lazy flight;

Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,

All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene,
And in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound lies,
Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief; and one exults
O'er hill and dale, till, wakened by the wasp,
They starting snap.

We have left ourselves no room to say aught about flowers. However, there are plenty of these left to refresh us with their aromatic incense, particularly the white lily, (*lilium candidum*), the sweet pea, and others; also roses and honeysuckles in abundant variety. Those who love wild flowers, must away to the heaths and the woods. The dry elastic turf is now richly glowing, not only with crimson heath-bells, but with flowers of the wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, the yellow asphodel, and that curious plant the sundew, with its drops of inexhaustible liquor sparkling in the fiercest sun like diamonds.

Let us enjoy all these Summer dainties while we may; for such pleasures, like our lives, are evanescent. Some creatures are born and die the same day!

Poor insect! what a little day
Of insect bliss is thine!

And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
And bid'st them, spreading, shine.

Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
Unmindful of the blast;
Not caring, while 'tis burning noon,
How quick that noon be past!

A shower would lay thy beauty low,
A dew of twilight be
The torrent of thy overthrow,
Thy storm of destiny!

Then spread thy little shining wing;
Hum on thy busy lay!

For Man, like thee, has but his "Spring,"
Like thine, it fades away!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Avidavats in Aviaries.—Dear Mr. Editor, I beg to apologise through you, to your fair Correspondent "M. R.", who at page 313, Vol. I., inquires so anxiously about the nests of Avidavats. The truth is, I have been so constantly occupied in preparing my pupils for their examination, that until now I have not been able to find a moment of leisure. I have had two nests built by these beautiful and interesting little birds; the materials used in both cases being hay, with a few feathers to line the inside. The last nest was built in a furze bush, which I had placed in one corner of my Conservatory; having removed my avidavats (seven in number) from the aviary, in consequence of the destruction by the larger birds of the first nest. The nest in the conservatory is admirably constructed. It is almost like a globe, with a small

aperture for an entrance; the approach being laid with hay, three inches wide by seven inches long. The hay is no doubt intended for the protection of their children's feet from the sharp points of the furze. Unfortunately, the two male birds became unfriendly and quarrelled. The consequence was, that the female, after laying her eggs, was so much injured, during one of the contests, that she died. I have since separated the combatants in the hope of their forming new alliances; for I am really anxious to be successful in my experiments with them, and long to see some young ones hatched and reared. By the by, I should tell you that both nests were built by the male birds. This is curious, for in the general way, the nest is constructed by the division of labor.—H. B. BINGHAM, *College of the Deaf and Dumb, Rugby.*

Ants and Fairy Rings.—I am much obliged to your Correspondent "Francis Myles" for the information he has given me about Fairy Rings. Will he, or any other of your observant readers, further oblige me, by saying why it is that these rings are so densely populated with ants? Last year, our garden was visited by numbers of people, curious to witness the myriads of these little creatures which were traversing the rings; and *this* year, even the smallest of the rings is so swarming with the same visitors, that if any one were to be seated near them he would soon be obliged to beat a retreat. Our lawn is literally "alive."—F. G.

Roses, a Freak of Nature.—A JOURNAL like yours (may I not say OURS?), Mr. Editor, no doubt numbers among its many readers some few who can assist me in a curious case of difficulty. I want to know, why it is that two or more buds from one single branch of a rose tree, when placed in the stock of a common wild briar, occasionally produce, on the same stock, two roses differing in *color, growth, foliage, and wood*? Just such a tree have I before me now. The buds were gathered by myself, and no other person has in any way interfered with the tree. The stock, let me remark, had never been budded into before. One rose is a deep, vivid red; the other a very pale pink. This has been the case for five years.—W. MARKHAM.

Tricks of Canaries when Breeding.—I am in sad trouble, Mr. Editor, about my canaries. The other day I had four young ones hatched. They lived a few days; and then died; I imagine, from suffocation by the mother. [Where was the male? Did he assist in feeding, or had you removed him? If you took him away, you did wrong. The accident might arise from the mother being too young and inexperienced, or from the heat being too great.] A few days previously, one egg out of five was hatched. I examined the other four. Three were good, but the young were dead—the fourth was addled. The young one has since died. It was just ten days old. How is this?—C. G.

[We imagine that your birds are either badly matched, or that you pry too closely into their movements. In the ordinary way of nature, these things seldom occur, if the birds are left to

themselves. Have you read our "Treatise on the Canary?" If not, we advise you to do so. You will therein see how important it is not to interfere unduly with birds of peculiar habits. Much depends upon where your birds are kept, where suspended, how fed, how treated.]

Diseases of Poultry.—I see with much pleasure, Mr. Editor, that you are from time to time giving us practical instructions in the management of poultry. I hope you will keep on at this, for your long experience will furnish us with many a useful hint. I have a Dorking hen which is ailing. When going to feed the poultry this morning, I found her lying on the ground, knocking her head about, and unable to stand. I administered a dose of salts, and some cayenne pepper mixed with butter. This did her some little good; but she still staggers about, and has all the appearance of having been struck on the neck.—C. P., *Boston*.

[Your fowl has had an attack of apoplexy. Give her a cooling diet, and let her have access to long grass, and plenty of old mortar. Provide her also with an abundance of fresh water, in which place a bunch of rue. By all means let her ramble abroad, if you can safely do so without injury to your garden, &c. She will recover.]

Description of a Nightingale's Nest.—Will you tell me, dear Mr. Editor, of what a nightingale's nest is composed, how many eggs she lays, and what is the kind of spot she usually selects for her dwelling during incubation? You are now writing every week so charmingly about this most lovely of all lovely birds, that the additional information I seek will be truly welcome. We have had nightingales singing in our garden as late as the third week in June; and oh, how sorry I was when their melody ceased!—MARIA L., *Kilburn*.

[As OUR articles on the nightingale are of necessity in prose—though, let us hope, not prosy—we will gratify your wish, dear Mademoiselle, with reference to the nightingale's nest, in *poetry*. Our own favorite CLARE shall be the singer:—

—“These harebells all
Seem bowing with the beautiful in song;
And gaping cuckoo-flower, with spotted leaves,
Seems blushing of the singing it has heard.
How curious is the nest! no other bird
Uses such loose materials, or weaves
Its dwelling in such spots: dead oaken leaves
Are placed without, and velvet moss within,
And little scraps of grass, and scant, and spare,
What scarcely seem materials, down and hair;
For men's haunts she nothing seems to win.
Yet nature is the builder, and contrives
Homes for her children's comfort even here;
Where solitude's disciples spend their lives
Unseen, save when a wanderer passes near
That loves such pleasant places. Deep adown,
The nest is made a hermit's mossy cell.
Snug lie her curious eggs, in number—five,
Of deadened green, or rather olive-brown;
And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well.
So here we'll leave them, still unknown to wrong,
As the old woodman's legacy of song.”

If, gentle Maria, you have any other questions to put to us, never be afraid to do so. Write as often as you please; the oftener the more welcome. Your handwriting makes us anxious to cultivate your further acquaintance. We judge

people (and seldom err in our judgment) by the character of their style and handwriting. Afford us, *s'il vous plait*, a further opportunity at an early day.]

Flowers.—I am so anxious, my dear Mr. Editor, to send something for insertion in your delightful Paper, that I have just been copying, from my private album, the following. I know you love flowers, and I am sure all your readers must love them, too; for the Editor and Readers of KIDD'S JOURNAL must be essentially "one." If you insert this, my first token of esteem, I shall I fear soon be found offending a second time.—“*Flowers.*—Flowers of all created things most innocently simple, and most superbly complex:—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse in the coffin! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep-thinking man of science! Flowers, that of perishing things are most perishing, yet of all earthly things are the most heavenly. Flowers—that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks, partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves! . . . Flowers are in the volume of nature, what the expression 'God is love,' is in the volume of revelation . . . What a dreary desolate place would be the world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome . . . Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not stars the flowers of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good . . . The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or from bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life.”—Are not the above sentiments beautiful? I do not, cannot wonder at flowers being such universal favorites!—CLARA.

[If we progress, Miss Clara, at this rate, and get so many lovely champions to aid us in our weekly task, we fear we shall grow "beside ourselves." We do not however say, as the French do, that we are "too happy,"—but we pray that our happiness may never be diminished, and that "the shadows" of our fair and loving Correspondents may "never grow less!"]

Flint in Vegetables.—It is curious, Mr. Editor, and hitherto inexplicable, that flint, which is one of the most intractable of all substances with which the chemist has to deal, makes its way by some means or another into the tenderest plants, and it becomes visible and tangible upon the surface of some plants. Two pieces of common cane, when struck together, will produce flashes of fire like two flints. The reason is,

that there is abundance of flint upon the surface of cane. Many beautiful specimens are brought from abroad of fossil wood, where the whole substance of the wood has been replaced by flint, leaving the form just what it was, so that the granulation, the knots, the fibres, are all the same in appearance as they were in the tree; but the whole is no longer wood, but flint, capable of the highest polish. No one can conceive *how* this happens; we only know that it is so.—LECTOR.

Intemperance.—You have so nobly raised your voice, Mr. Editor, against the use of ardent spirits—never for one instant losing sight of a fitting opportunity to denounce all people who indulge (!) in them, that I think the annexed will be “in season” for the Public’s “OWN JOURNAL.”—There was a certain philosopher, who had a drunken man brought to him, to know what suitable punishment he should suffer for the offence. The vice was so rarely known in those days, that the philosopher was wholly ignorant of it, and therefore caused him to be brought before him the day following; in the *interim* of which time, the philosopher *drank himself drunk*, and thereby was so sick, that he judged *nothing but death* would immediately ensue; but it once being over, and the man appearing the next day to know his doom, he said, —“*I adjudge thee to no other punishment than to BE DRUNK AGAIN, for certainly THAT CRIME CARRIES ITS OWN PUNISHMENT ALONG WITH IT.*” I wish, Mr. Editor, *you* would write us a Paper on “Temperance,” and give us your thoughts on the subject. It is quite in your way, I feel sure; as all who read your JOURNAL must be well aware.—A MAN OF MODERATION.

[We have no objection whatever to do what you propose. We will seek an early opportunity for thinking the matter over.]

Welsh Rarebits.—What an odd question you will consider it, for me to ask you how to manufacture a Welsh rarebit! Yet such is your known good nature, that I will peril my reputation (the fairest of the fair) that my question *will* be answered! I have a friend staying with me, who is greedily fond of this domestic luxury, and the way we prepare it is strongly objected to. Now, dear Mr. Editor, help me, do; and you will ever live buried in my little heart.—PATIENCE.

[With much grace do we bow to “Patience,” but you young ladies are really too bad,—too good you cannot be! You always contrive to wind up with something that carries us, your admirers, off our legs. We have not one left to stand upon! Can we—we put it to all our readers—can we refuse *anything* to a fair girl who tells us we have leave to nestle in her heart? Well; we will give the receipt in full; and then—to our nest! The late Dr. Maginn was the highest authority in the land *in re* a “Welsh rarebit.” Our worthy friend, ere he died, let us into his secret. Here it is, copied from his own autograph. “Much, very much, is to be said in favor of toasted cheese for supper. It is the cant to say, that a Welsh rarebit is heavy eating. I know this; but have I really found it to be so in my own case? Certainly not. I like it best in

the genuine Welsh way, however; that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef, with mustard and horse-radish, and then, on the top of all, the superstratum of cheshire, thoroughly saturated, while in process of toasting, with cwrw (Welsh ale) or, in its absence, genuine black pepper and shalot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion, that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day, till dinner, in reading, writing, or riding. With this proviso, I recommend toasted cheese for supper. And I bet half-a-crown that Dr. Kitchiner coincides with me.”—Reading the above, has positively inoculated us with an appetite for an “early supper!” It is a matter for rejoicing with us, that we are not asked our opinion as to whether these “rarebits” are easy of digestion. There are *many* things very “nice,” that we wot of; but there is “danger” if we attempt to indulge in them!]

Sagacity of a Magpie.—A very few days since, Mr. Editor, a man called at a printer’s in Wrexham, and asked “if a hand was wanted in the printing office?” Receiving a reply in the negative, he departed. The same night, or rather early the next morning, the inmates of a house at the Rossett, about six miles distant, were disturbed by their magpie. So awful was the outcry he made, that the lady of the house and her husband hastily arose, and found that the house had been broken open and plundered. To dress himself quickly, and gallop off to Chester in pursuit, was the work of a few minutes only. He had not proceeded far, before his horse cast a shoe. Leaving him to the care of a blacksmith on the road, my gentleman again sped away on foot, and meeting the driver of the mail, he inquired of him what sort of a person he had last met? The answer was,—“a man with a bundle.” “Good!” said the pursuer; and on he went. The man with a bundle now became distinctly visible in the distance, and by “forced marches” our two heroes soon stood side by side. The pursuer at once proceeded to secure the pursued; the latter, on this, threw away the bundle, and made good his escape over the hedge. In the bundle, were all the things that had been stolen—including a great coat. So far, so good. But the thief was not to escape—no. The horse by this time was shod. His master quickly mounted him; rode off, at railway pace, towards Chester; descried “his man” just entering the high road; threatened to “fell him” if he moved: captured him; and now he is lying in our jail awaiting his trial!! Surely the magpie, here, was the prime mover; and but for him, justice must have been defeated.—CYMRO, Wrexham.

[All honor be to this prince of magpies! say we. We imagine the goose who saved the Roman capitol was never roasted; and we should indeed grieve to hear that this equally valuable servant was ever sold. He deserves a new house, and should hereafter ever rank “as one of the family.”]

Canaries killed by an Owl—a Caution.—Let me tell you, Mr. Editor, a curious circumstance that occurred a short time since. I had several

pairs of canaries with young ones, in different cages; also many young ones in other cages, which had been recently taken away from their parents. All these cages were kept in one room. Now for a horrible tragedy—a tragedy which my own eyes witnessed, and the memory of which dwells with me but too vividly. On entering the room one morning early, I found several of my birds *dead*, and others severely wounded. Feathers in abundance were scattered all over the room, and all my surviving pets panic-stricken. Who was the enemy? Where was he? A minute search disclosed him, stowed away in a corner of the room. It was a hideous, barbarous *owl*! His advent must have been through the opening in the chimney, during the silent hours of the night; and his employment, until sunrise, must have been trying to drag the poor innocent pets piecemeal through the wires of their cages. Had they been in covered cages, open only in front—a necessary observance which you, Mr. Editor, have unceasingly insisted upon—his victims would most probably have escaped. I tell you my troubles, in order that they may be recorded for the benefit of others.—P., *Hants*.

[You are quite right, Madame; we have insisted, and continue to insist, on the necessity there is for all cages (in which small birds are confined) being open in front only. We formerly lost several birds that were dragged through the wires by cats; and it was this, doubtless, that enforced on us the evils arising from cages open on all sides. We regret much to hear of your loss; but it is experience, paid for, and valuable. We were much pleased to recognise your well-known handwriting, and thank you for your friendly feeling towards OUR JOURNAL. Every day now multiplies friends, and our prospects seem to have brightened with the weather. Our weekly gossip finds its way all over the world, we observe. Papers continually reach us, filled with extracts.]

“*Prize Canaries*.”—Will you be so kind, Mr. Editor, as to tell me how to breed “prize canaries,” and also inform me what constitutes a first-rate bird? Some few of us, here, want to form a “club.”—T. B., *Wigan*.

[You should carefully read our “Treatise on the Canary,” for minute information. It is contained in our First Volume. For particulars consult the Index. The standard properties of the *cap* are color, magnitude, and regularity. *Color*, richness of yellow, not only in the cap, but throughout the bird. *Wings and tail*; these should be *black*, home to the quill. *Spangle*, this should be distinctive; the golden is preferable. Beside these requisites there are “additional beauties,” such as, for the *Pinions*, magnitude and regularity. *Swallow throat*, for largeness. *Fair breast*, regularity. *Legs*, blackness. Also the flue should be black. We have, through the kindness of an Amateur, a reader of this JOURNAL, procured you a “book of Club Regulations.” If you will remit us two stamps, and forward your address, we will convey it to you.]

Atrophy in Birds.—I have lost several birds lately, Mr. Editor, through atrophy. How can

I guard against this visitation? My birds fall sick, eat voraciously, and die. I have just heard of a black tern having been shot here. Whilst I write, I also hear the voice of the corn-crake.—OXONIENSIS, *Reading*.

[Great care must be taken of your song-birds, both during the “fall” and “spring” of the year. Keep them warm and cheerful, and feed them on a generous diet. If they get into the habit of “moping,” they, like ourselves, grow melancholy and “out of sorts.” Nor can they, as we can, seek refuge in the charms of society, to restore them to their natural equilibrium. When we get the “meagrim” — very seldom, we acknowledge—we always fly to some “particular friend” for consolation; and in the bosom of “a happy family” our sorrows dissolve like a sun-beam.]

Where can I obtain a good Siskin, Mr. Editor? —I want a first-rate bird, one that sings well. What ought I to give for him? Tell me, please, quickly, as time is an object.—ONE OF YOUR MOST DELIGHTED READERS ALBERT AN OLD LADY.

[When our readers want immediate assistance, they really must send us their names and addresses, together with a postage stamp to frank the reply. We go to press *one week in advance*; therefore it will be seen how impossible it is for us to be unduly “quick” in our answers. We will reply willingly, if these essentials be complied with. Mr. Clifford’s, 24, Great St. Andrew St., Holborn, will be the place to get a *good* bird. Use our name, and the cost will not exceed from five to six shillings.]

THE STARLING.

I HAVE BEEN MUCH delighted, Mr. Editor, with your admirable articles on the STARLING; and I have read with much interest the recent communication on the same subject by Sir James Stuart Menteith.

I do not know whether your readers are aware of it, but it is the usual practice of the starling to build in holes, whether of trees or rocks; and of late years much in boxes, which it has become customary to erect for them. A different arrangement, therefore, from that of most other birds, is necessary with regard to cleanliness. The digested food which the young birds are careful from their birth to void over the edge of the nest, is enveloped in a tough calcareous covering. Regularly, after having entered to feed their children, one of the parents may be seen flying out with one of these capsules hanging from its beak, and then dropping it a convenient distance. This I have observed them doing, many a time and oft.*

* We have already noticed this wonderful provision of Nature for keeping the nests of birds perfectly clean (see p. 362, vol 1.). Many a nest, when the young have left it, appears

A starling this year built its nest in a filter, placed over a water-butt to purify the rain water. One of the covers being displaced, offered an easy access. A hole was first scooped in the gravel; straws and feathers were carried in; the nest completed, the eggs laid, the young hatched, and the young favorably progressing towards maturity. But the evil day was at hand. "The rain a deluge poured;" the barrel filled up; the water rose, and the filter was overflowed. You can guess the fate of the luckless little ones! They were drowned in their nest. Succour came but too late to be of any avail. Cold and stiff they were; and the sight pained the hearts of various little ones, who had watched their upward growth, and trusted that they might be protected from feline evil eye.

On a rising ground in our vicinity, and about seven miles from Glasgow, "as the crow flies," stands a thick wood of American fir, and other trees. There this year, since the 1st of June, have the starlings begun to flock in the evenings; and now many thousands nightly congregate. The number is fast increasing, and shortly the immense body will begin to perform those wheeling and circling evolutions before retiring to roost, of which you have already made pleasing mention. During the day, detached parties will accompany the various flights of rooks to their feeding-grounds, and return to their mutual roosting-place in the evening. This routine will continue till their departure; the time of which altogether depends on the weather.

It is generally believed in this neighborhood, by the country people, that since starlings have been encouraged and become plentiful, skylarks have become quite scarce. This I cannot from observation confirm; but I believe that, if true, it is a melancholy fact. The harsh croak of the starling, in exchange for the delightful and inspiring melody of the lark who "at Heaven's gate sings!" No, no, no! I have been informed by respectable people, and I am inclined to believe the fact, that they have seen starlings in the act of sucking eggs. As their food is entirely on the ground, of course the nest of the lark will be more exposed than that of any other bird to these marauders. For my own part, I can discover no good quality in the starling except its sociability. It were better far to encourage the blackbird, the thrush, and the linnet, instead of ruthlessly destroying them for purloining a little fruit. To owners of

gardens I say, net your cherries and your strawberries, and enjoy the harmonious concert which the feathered choristers will raise in the cool of the evening, as a thankful acknowledgment for your protection. Let your children become acquainted with the various nests, and watch the various processes of building, sitting, hatching, and rearing, and they will learn wisdom—becoming at once lovers of nature and nature's works.

J. B. M.

Glasgow, July 6.

BEAUTIES OF JULY.

THE GARDEN AND THE FIELD.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHAT a flower-blaze now burns in our gardens!

Jasmines, speedwells, irises, campanulas, lych-nises, pinks, carnations, lilies, heaths, rose-campions, evening primroses, hydrangeas, musk-roses, larkspurs, clematis, escholtzias, sweet peas, lupines, vetches, hawk-weeds, amaranths, globe-thistles, coreopses, lavateras, trumpet, and monkey-flowers. The catalogue is endless; the brilliancy of their various hues is delectable.

And over every field and heath it is the same. The heather bursts into its crimson beauty on the moorland hills; the anglers by solitary rivers gaze on flowers of wondrous beauty, which, like themselves, dip their lines, and float into the dreamy waters.

Climbing plants festoon every hedge. The wild hop, the briony, the traveller's joy, the large white convolvulus, whose bold yet delicate flowers will display themselves to a very late period of the year. Vetches, and white and yellow ladies' bedstraw, invest every bush with varied beauty, and breathe on the passer by, their faint summer sweetness.

The *Campanula rotundifolia*, the hare-bell of poets, and the blue-bell of botanists, arrests the eye on every dry bank, and rock, and way-side, with its airy stems, and beautiful cerulean bells. There, too, we behold wild scabiouses, mallows, the woody nightshade, wood-betony, and centaury. The red and white convolvulus also throws its flowers under your feet, and cornfields glow with whole armies of scarlet poppies, and cockle. Aye, even *thistles* diffuse a glow of beauty over waste and barren places!

THE CURATE AND THE APPARITION: AN EPISODE.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

My dinners became more and more economical; but my hopes continued to rise until an evening, from which, in my calendar, I date a new era with a cross. My landlord had just left me to my meditations, with the comfortable observation, as a text, that to-morrow I must pay down my quarter's

hardly to have been soiled. We have so many nests in our grounds, that we have frequent opportunities for witnessing and admiring these little niceties.—ED. K. J.

rent, unless I *preferred* (quite French politeness!) making another tour of discovery about the street. I trimmed my sleepy, dim-burning lamp with my fingers, and then looked about my little dingy chamber for plans of money-making. "Diogenes was *worse* accommodated," I sighed, as I pulled my lame table away from the window, for the wind and rain seemed unwilling to stay outside.

At the same moment, my glance fell upon a cheerfully-glowing fire in an opposite kitchen. "O cooks! you have a glorious lot among mortals!" thought I, while with some secret pleasure I watched the well-nourished dame, who stood like an empress amid the pots and stew-pans, surrounded with the glory of the fire, and swaying the tongs as a sceptre over her glowing dominions. On a higher floor I had a view through the window, covered with no envious blind, of a gaily illumined chamber, where a numerous family were assembled around a tea-table. I was stiff in every limb with cold and damp; and how empty that part of my animal economy, which may be styled the magazine, was that evening, I will not say: but—"Merciful goodness!" thought I, "if that pretty maiden, who is just now reaching a cup of tea to the stout gentleman upon the sofa, who seems too heavily replenished to rise from his seat, would but put out her fair hand a little further this way, and could—with a thousand thankful kisses—how foolish!"—The fat gentleman takes the cup, and dips his bun in the tea so deliberately—'tis enough to make one cry! And now, that pretty maiden is caressing him! I wonder if he is her papa, or her uncle; or perhaps the enviable mortal!—but no, that cannot be; he is, at least, forty years older than she! "*That* must be his wife surely; that elderly lady who sits beside him on the sofa, and to whom the fair maiden just now offers a platter of cakes."

But to whom does she offer them *now*? One ear and a part of a shoulder are all that project beyond the rim of the window. How long he keeps the gentle girl waiting his pleasure! but it must be a lady, no gentleman would behave so!—or it may be her brother. Ah! see his great fist thrust into the biscuit-basket, a rude lout: but, perhaps, he was hungry. Now she turns to the two little girls, her sisters most likely, and gives them all that Mr. One-ear has left behind. As for herself, she seems to take no more of the tea than I do, except its fragrance. But what a movement suddenly takes place in the room! The old gentleman starts up from the sofa: the one-eared gentleman rushes forward and gives the gentle maiden a rude shock (a dromedary as he is!) that

impels her against the tea-table, and makes the old lady, who was just rising from the sofa, sit down again. The children skip about and clap their hands; the door opens; in comes a young officer; the maiden throws herself into his arms! "Aha! There I have it!" I dashed to my window-shutter, so that it cracked; and sat down, wet with the rain, and with trembling knees, upon my stool. "What had I to do staring through the window? This comes of curiosity!"

* * * * *

Early robbed of my parents, without brother, sister, friends and relatives, I stood so lonely and desolate in the world, that but for a strong confidence in Heaven, and a naturally cheerful disposition, I should have sought an escape from such an existence. Hitherto, more from instinct than philosophy, I had habitually suppressed all earnest longings for a happier state of life than that which surrounded me; but lately other thoughts had been gaining power on me, and especially this evening. I felt an unutterable desire for a friend, for one whom I might love; in short, for a bosom companion, a wife—one with whom I might feel myself a king, even in the meanest hut! But I remembered, as involuntarily I shuddered with cold, that all my love, in such circumstances as the present, could not prevent my wife, if I had one, from being frozen or starved to death.

More depressed than ever, I arose from my stool, and paced up and down my little boundary. The oppressive feeling of my situation followed me like a shadow on the wall; and for the first time in my life was I *quite* disheartened, and cast a gloomy glance upon the future. "But what in the world," I exclaimed earnestly to myself, "will all this dull pondering avail?" Again I tried to loosen myself from the anxious thoughts that plagued me. "If but one Christian soul would only come to see me, whoever it might be, friend or foe—any visitor would be welcome to break this dismal solitude. Yea, if one from the world of spirits would open the door, he should be welcome. What was that? Three knocks at the door! I'll not believe my senses.—Three knocks again!"

I went and opened the door. Nobody was there; but the wind howled along the staircase. Hastily I closed the door, put my hands in my pockets, and continued my parade, humming to keep up my courage. In a few moments I heard something like a sigh. I stopped and listened. Again I heard distinctly a sigh, and that so deep and sorrowful, that with considerable emotion I called out, "Who is there?" No answer was returned. I stood for a moment to study what all this could mean, when a

frightful noise, as if a host of cats were coming screaming down stairs, ending with a heavy thump against my door, made me decided for action.

I took up my glimmering light, but in the moment that I opened the door it expired, or was blown out. A gigantic white figure hovered before me, and I felt myself suddenly grasped by two powerful arms. I cried out for help, and struggled so hard, that my antagonist fell to the ground with me; but I happened to be uppermost. Like an arrow I bounded up, and would have run, but stumbled over something, I know not what; I believe somebody had seized my feet. Again I fell to the ground, struck my head against the corner of the table, and lost my senses with a sound like loud laughter ringing in my ears. When I opened my eyes again, they encountered a dazzling glare. I closed them again, and listened again, and listened to a distracting noise that hovered around me.

Again I opened them, and tried to distinguish and recognise some of the objects about me, which seemed so new and wonderful, that I suddenly feared I had lost my senses. I lay upon a sofa, and—no, I was not deluded!—the beautiful maiden who had hovered before my imagination all the evening, now *really* stood beside me, with a heavenly expression of sympathy, and bathed my head with vinegar! A young man, whose face seemed familiar to me, stood and held my hand. I saw also the fat gentleman, and another thin gentleman; and next I discovered the lady, the children, and the paradise of the tea-table glimmering in a sort of twilight distance: in short, by some inconceivable humor of fortune, I found myself in the midst of the very family which I had, an hour before, contemplated with such interest!

As I recovered my faculties the military young man enfolded me in his arms. "Do you not know me again?" said he, while I sat still as if petrified. "Have you forgot Augustus, whose life you saved not long ago at the risk of your own? whom you fished out of the water, at the risk of remaining to keep company with fishes yourself? See, here are my father, my mother, and my sister Wilhelmina."

I pressed his hand. Then, with a smart blow of his fist upon the table, the father exclaimed, "And because you have saved my son's life, and you are an honorable fellow, that can suffer hunger to afford food to others, I declare you shall have the benefice at H—; I—I have the patronage, you understand!"

For awhile I was bereft the power of thought and speech; and, amid all the explanations that were given, there was only

one thing that impressed itself clearly on my mind—that Wilhelmina was *not*—that Wilhelmina *was* the sister of Augustus!

There is a fine "moral" attached to this episode.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

MERCY in every work of God
Is mingled with his power,
From the vast firmament of Heaven
To Earth's most tiny flower.
Love beams on all that live and move,
And have a being—God is Love!

The earth is glad; the boundless sea
With joy his word fulfils;
The lowing herds proclaim his power
Upon a thousand hills:
The little birds rejoice and sing,
The valleys shout—"The Lord is King!"

Not e'en a little sparrow falls
Till his decree has pass'd;
The timid lamb so lately shorn,
He shelters from the blast;
He gives the hungry ravens food,
And clothes the lilies—God is good!

Oh, let us strive to imitate
His mercy while we live,—
To bless as we are truly blessed,
To pity—love—forgive;
To give the needy help, relief;
And soothe the heart oppress'd with grief!

SELECT POETRY.

FIRST LOVE.

BY GOETHE.

Oh, who will bring me back the days,
So beautiful, so bright!
Those days when love first bore my heart
Aloft on pinions light?
Oh, who will bring me but an hour
Of that delightful time,
And wake in me again the power
That fired my golden prime?
I nurse my wound in solitude,
I sigh the livelong day,
And mourn the joys, in wayward mood,
That now are pass'd away
Oh, who will bring me back the days
Of that delightful time,
And wake in me again the blaze
That fired my golden prime?

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WONDERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

THE ANT.—No. II.

THIS IS PRECISELY THE SEASON when a popular description of the habits of the insect tribes will be welcome. Of all insects, the ANT perhaps is one of the most interesting,—it appearing to be one of the wisest, if we may so speak, of the united families.

We have already spoken of their skill in the art of war (see page 49); and shown how they excel in good generalship when called out to battle. To-day, we shall take a more pacific view of their domestic virtues and general habits of life. We have, in early days, sat beside them for hours at a time, and been filled with amazement while beholding their labors and unwearied patience.

Were it not that all colonies of ants were alike,—alike in all their habits, actions, and objects, we should assuredly side with those who say they are possessed of "reason." But their *uniformity of action* must for ever settle that point, and their "instinct" must be pronounced truly wonderful.

Ants live in large societies, somewhat in the manner of bees or wasps, and are, like them, divided into males, females, and neutrals. This latter class appears to conduct the business of the nest, which is usually placed at a small distance from the surface, in some slight elevation, either prepared by the insects themselves, or previously formed by some other animals, as moles, &c. They feed both on animal and vegetable substances, devouring the smallest kinds of insects, caterpillars, &c., as well as fruits of different kinds. The fondness of ants for animal food is often turned to good account by anatomists. When they wish to obtain the skeleton of any animal too small or delicate to admit of being prepared in the usual way, the animal is disposed in a proper position, in a small box, with perforations in the lid, and deposited in a large ant hill; in

consequence, the softer parts are eaten away, and the skeleton remains. Thus, very elegant skeletons of frogs, snakes, &c., have frequently been obtained.

The common or black ant (*formica nigra*) is a well-known inhabitant of our fields and gardens, residing in great numbers between mole-hills and other elevated spots. It is of a brownish black color, and of a glossy or polished surface. The eggs of this species are deposited early in the Spring, and are extremely small, and of a white color. From these are hatched the larvæ, which are of a thickish form, destitute of legs, and somewhat resemble, in miniature, the maggots of wasps and bees. They are carefully nourished by the *neutral* or laboring ants, till they are arrived at their full growth, when they inclose themselves in smooth, oval, pale-yellow silken webs or cases, in which state they are properly known by the mistaken title, of ant-eggs; the real eggs, as before observed, being white, and extremely small. It is generally in the months of June and July that the larvæ thus inclose themselves. The chrysalis, if taken out of its silken case, is of a white color, and exhibits all the limbs of the future animal in an imperfect or contracted state. During the time of their remaining in chrysalis, the neutral ants attend them with the same care as when in their larva state, frequently shifting their situation,* and placing them at greater or smaller elevations, according to the different state of the atmosphere.

About the latter end of July, or the beginning of August, the males and females may be observed in the nests: these differ from the neutrals in being furnished with wings, and the female is far larger than the male; the body equalling in size that of the

* This care of the ants, in conveying their pupæ from place to place, seems to have been often mistaken for a sedulous industry in collecting grains of wheat, which the pupæ, on a cursory view, much resemble.—ED. K. J.

common window fly, and the upper wings being very long and large. At this time of the year, the males and females emigrate in vast numbers, sometimes flying at a considerable height, and sometimes creeping along the surface. It is not uncommon to see them enter houses at this period, attracted by sweets in particular, either moist or dry. During the winter, this species, like the rest of the European ants, *remains in a state of stupor, without laying up provisions for that season*, as erroneously supposed; and, during the Spring, emerges from its concealment, and recommences its labors.—(*Shaw's Zoology*, vol. vi., part 2, p. 352).

The different species of ants, like the nations of our own species, are distinguished from each other by great diversities of manners. This is strikingly shown in the variety of modes in which they construct their habitations. Some employ merely earth as the material; some collect, for the same purpose, fragments of leaves, of bark, or of straw; others use nothing but finely pulverised portions of decayed wood. The solid substance of trees is excavated by another species into numerous apartments, having regular communications with one another. Various other modifications may be observed in the architecture of the different species. The most perfect specimens of workmanship are generally exhibited by the smaller ants.

The brown ant is particularly remarkable among the masonic tribes. Their nests are formed of parallel or concentric storeys, each four or five lines in height; the partitions being about half a line in thickness, and built of such fine materials that the interior appears perfectly smooth. On examining each of these storeys, we discover chambers of different sizes, having long galleries of communication. The ceilings of the larger spaces are supported by small pillars, sometimes by slender walls, and in other cases by arches. Some cells have but a single entrance; others have passages, which open from the storey underneath. In other parts, still larger central spaces, or halls, are met with, in which a great number of passages terminate, like the streets and avenues to a market-place. The whole nest often contains twenty of these storeys, above the level of the ground, and at least as many below it. The use of this numerous series of rooms will appear in the sequel. The surface of the nest is covered with a thicker wall, and several doors, admitting, in the daytime, free ingress and egress.

This species of ant is unable to bear much heat. During the day, therefore, and particularly when the sun shines, their doors are closed: and they either keep at home, or venture out only through the subterranean

passages. When the dew has given freshness to the nest, and softened the earthy materials on its surface, they begin to make their appearance above ground. On the first shower of rain that occurs, the whole swarm are apprised of it, and immediately resume their architectural labors. While some are engaged in removing the earth below, others are employed in building an additional storey on the top; the masons making use of the materials furnished by the miners. The plan of the cells and partitions is first traced in relief on the walls, which are seen gradually to arise, leaving empty spaces between them. The beginnings of pillars indicate the situation of the future halls; and the rising partitions show the form of the intended passages. Upon the plan thus traced, they continue building, until they have arrived at a sufficient elevation. Masses of moistened earth are then applied at right angles to the tops of the walls, on each side, and continued in a horizontal direction till they meet in the middle.

The ceilings of the larger chambers are completed in the same manner; the workers beginning from the angles of the walls, and from the tops of the pillars which have been raised in the centre. The largest of these chambers, which might be compared to the *town hall*, and is frequently more than *two inches* in diameter, is completed with apparently as much ease as the rest. This busy crowd of masons, arriving in every direction laden with materials for the building, hastening to avail themselves of the rain to carry on their work, and yet observing the most perfect order in their operations, present the most interesting and amusing spectacle. They raise a single storey in about seven or eight hours, forming a general roof as a covering to the whole; and they go on, adding other storeys, so long as the rain affords them the facility of moulding the materials. When the rain ceases, and is succeeded by a drying wind, before they have completed their work—the earth ceasing to adhere together, and crumbling into powder, frustrates all their labor. As soon as they find this to be the case, they, with one accord, set about destroying the cells which they had begun, but had not been able to cover in, and distribute the materials over the upper storey of what they had completed.

In tracing the design of the cells and galleries, each ant appears to follow its own fancy. A want of accordance must therefore frequently take place at the point where their works join; but they never appear to be embarrassed by any difficulties of this kind. An instance is related, by M. Huber, in which two opposite walls were made of such different elevations, that the ceiling of

the one, if continued, would not have reached above half way of the height of the other. An experienced ant arriving at the spot seemed struck with the defect, and immediately destroyed the lower ceiling, built up the wall to the proper height, and formed a new ceiling with the materials of the former.

The food which ants appear to relish above all others, is an exudation from the bodies of several species of aphis, insects which abound on the plants in the vicinity of ant-hills. This species of honey is absorbed with great avidity by the ants, and apparently without the least detriment to the insect that yields it. This fact had already been noticed by Boissier de Sauvages; but several very interesting particulars, as to the mode in which this excretion is procured, have been brought to light by M. Huber. He informs us, that the liquor is voluntarily given out by the aphis, when solicited to do so by the ant, who, for that purpose, strikes it gently, but repeatedly, with its antennæ, using the same motions as it does when caressing its young. He is led to believe, from observation, that the aphis retains this liquor for a longer time when the ants are not at hand to receive it. A single aphis is sufficient to supply in this way many ants with a plentiful meal. Even those among them who had acquired wings, and could therefore have easily escaped from the ants, if they had been so disposed, yielded this honey as freely as the others, and with as little appearance of fear or constraint.

Most insects become torpid when the temperature is much reduced. When it approaches the freezing point, they fall into a deep lethargy, and in that state require no food. Ants present a remarkable exception to this rule; for they are not benumbed till the thermometer has sunk to 27 degrees of Fahrenheit, or 5 degrees below the freezing point. They therefore have need of a supply of provisions during the greatest part of the winter; although it is true that they are satisfied with much less than in summer. Their principal resource, however, under these circumstances, is still the same, namely, the honey of the aphis; which natural secretion appears to be expressly designed for the subsistence of ants. What confirms this view of the intentions of nature is, that the aphis becomes torpid at precisely the same temperature as the ant; a coincidence which it is hardly possible to attribute to mere chance. The winter haunts of the aphis, which are chiefly the roots of trees and shrubs, are well known to their pursuers; and when the cold is not excessive they regularly go out to seek their accustomed supply from these insects. Some species of ants have even sufficient foresight to obviate

the necessity of these journeys; they bring these animals to their own nest, where they lodge them near the vegetables on which they feed." The domestic ants, meantime, prevent them from stirring out, guarding them with great care, and defending them with as much zeal as they do their own young.

The accounts given of ants inhabiting other climates sufficiently show what formidable power they acquire when the efforts of numbers are combined. M. Malonet mentions, in his account of his travels through the forests of Guyana, his arriving at a savannah, extending in a level plain beyond the visible horizon, and in which he beheld a structure that appeared to have been raised by human industry. M. de Prefontain, who accompanied him in the expedition, informed him that it was an ant-hill, which they could not approach without danger of being devoured. They passed some of the paths frequented by the laborers, which belonged to a very large species of black ants. The nest they had constructed, which had the form of a truncated pyramid, appeared to be from fifteen to twenty feet in height, on a base of thirty or forty feet. He was told that when the new settlers, in their attempts to clear the country, happened to meet with any of these fortresses, they were obliged to abandon the spot, unless they could muster sufficient forces to lay regular siege to the enemy. This they did by digging a circular trench all round the nest, and filling it with a large quantity of dried wood, to the whole of which they set fire at the same time, by lighting it in different parts all round the circumference. While the entrenchment is blazing, the edifice may be destroyed by firing at it with cannon; and the ants being by this means dispersed, have no avenue for escape, except through the flames, in which they perish. The narrations of Mr. Smeathman (*Phil. Tran.* vol. lxxi, p. 139), relative to the white ant of Africa, are also calculated to raise our ideas of the magnitude of these republics of insects, which much surpass the largest empire in the numbers of their population.

We are in possession of a great many of these interesting particulars; and we shall have pleasure in introducing them from time to time in the JOURNAL. We trust our juvenile readers, whose names are becoming "legion," will not fail to profit largely by a careful consideration of these and similar remarkable facts.

THE WAY TO FAME is strewn with thorns, every inch of the road we travel. We go through very much, to gain that which when attained is hardly worth the having. No man ever yet "got fat" upon Fame!

POETRY,—WHAT IS IT?

POETRY in itself may be one of the most universal pleasures of mankind. By *poetry*, we mean certain feelings expressed in certain language. *Poetical feelings* are merely, in other words, all the purest feelings of our nature—feelings, therefore, which, considering what we generally are, cannot but be of rare occurrence. It has been truly said, that

“Our better mind
Is like a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift.”

Our common temper, therefore, which is but too generally cold, and selfish, and worldly, is altogether unpoetical; but let anything occur to put us above ourselves, anything to awaken our devotion, our admiration, or our love—any danger to call forth our courage, any distress to awaken our pity, any great emergency to demand the sacrifice of our own comfort, or interest, or credit, for the sake of others—then we experience for the time a *poetical temper*, and *poetical feelings*; for the very essence of poetry is, that it exalts and ennobles us, and puts us into a higher state of mind than that which we are commonly living in.

Such, then, being *poetical feelings*, we shall soon see what is meant by *poetical language*. Our words, our style, nay, our very tone of voice, naturally vary according to the temper of our minds. When we are feeling any strong passion, it instantly alters our manner of speaking from that which we practise on common occasions. It clears away all that is mean and vulgar, all that is dull and tiresome in our language; and renders it at once spirited, noble, and pithy. The mind being highly excited, becomes more than usually active; it catches with great quickness every impression given by surrounding objects; it seizes rapidly every point in which they may seem to express sympathy with its own feelings. Hence, its language is full of images and comparison; it is unusually rich and beautiful—that is, it crowds together a number of ideas in a short space, and expresses them in the most lively manner, because its conception of them is keen and vivid.

Again, the very tone of the voice is altered, it becomes more rapid and animated, and the flow of our words is less broken, and more measured and musical, than in common unexcited conversation. This will be understood in a moment, by just turning to the poetical parts of the Bible; for instance, let any one observe the difference between the two first chapters of the Book of Job, which contain the mere story, and those which immediately follow them. He will find his tone and manner of reading, if he be read-

ing aloud, change instantly in going from the second chapter to the third.

Poetical language is, in truth, the language of excited feeling; and this is what was meant by saying that as every man has been in a poetical state of mind at some time or other of his life, so almost every man must, in some degree, however imperfect, have expressed himself on such occasions in poetical language.

One thing more may be added; the works of great poets require to be approached at the outset with a full faith in their excellence; the reader must be convinced that if he does not fully admire them, it is his fault, and not theirs. This is no more than a just tribute to their reputation; in other words, it is the proper modesty of an individual thinking his own unpractised judgment more likely to be mistaken than the concurring voice of the public. And it is the property of the greatest works of genius in other departments also, that a first view of them is generally disappointing; and if a man were foolish enough to go away trusting more to his own hasty impressions than to the deliberate judgment of the world, he would remain continually as blind and ignorant as he was at the beginning.

The cartoons of Raphael, at Hampton Court Palace—the frescoes of the same great painter in the galleries of the Vatican at Rome—the famous statues of the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere—and the Church of St. Peter at Rome, the most magnificent building perhaps in the world—all alike are generally found to disappoint a person on his first view of them. But let him be sure that they are excellent, and that he only wants the knowledge and the taste to appreciate them properly, and every succeeding sight of them will open his eyes more and more, till he learns to admire them, not indeed as much as they deserve, but so much as greatly to enrich and enlarge his own mind, by becoming acquainted with such perfect beauty. So it is with great poets; they must be read often and studied reverently, before an unpractised mind can gain an adequate notion of their excellence.

Meanwhile, the process is in itself most useful; it is a good thing to doubt our own wisdom, it is a good thing to believe, it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration, and enthusiastic reverence for excellence, impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities which we admire; and here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.

HUMANITY TO HONEY BEES.

On books deep poring, ye pale sons of toil,
Who waste in studious trance the midnight oil,
Say, can you emulate with all your rules,
Drawn from Grecian or from Gothic schools,
This artless frame? Instinct her simple guide,
A Heaven-taught insect baffles all your pride!
Not all your marshall'd orbs that ride so high,
Proclaim more loud a present Deity,
Than the nice symmetry of these small cells,
Where on each angle genuine science dwells,
And joys to mark, through wide creation's reign,
How close the lessening links of her continued
chain.

EVANS.

THE FOLLOWING OBSERVATIONS are from the pen of Wyatt J. PETTITT, East Cliff, Dover, and form part of a most interesting series of articles on Bees, about to appear in the "Agricultural Magazine," from whose pages we have made this selection. We are most anxious to impress on the minds of our readers the cruelty, as well as the impolicy of destroying honey-bees; and it is with this object that we give extensive currency to the author's remarks on the subject.

The encouragement of any branch of industry which would in no small degree increase the comforts of our rural population, demands our serious consideration. The culture of the honey bee has in our own country been too much neglected, and the old system of wholesale murder by means of the deadly fumes of brimstone has been resorted to, to the great injury of bee culture. The production of honey and wax in this country falls far short of the demand, consequently we are large importers of these useful commodities. It has been stated that upwards of *four hundred thousand pounds* sterling is every year paid by England for the produce of these indefatigable little insects, while we have in this "land of flowers" plenty of pasturage from which we could procure honey and wax in abundance, superior to that which is imported from other countries. We have only to provide "hives of industry," and instead of sending our "hard cash" to our Transatlantic brethren, distribute it amongst the apiarian population in our rural districts.

Every bee-keeper should remember the words of Thomas Nutt, viz.,—"Never kill your bees;" for independent of its cruelty, it is a ruinous practice—it is like cutting down a tree to get at its fruit. Robert Huish speaks of the annual suffocation of bees as a "direct national evil, and that every means ought to be adopted to check the progress of it." If it is proved to be a national evil, it must be a direct personal evil to all who continue the practice. "If we were to kill the hen for the egg," says Wildman, "the cow for the milk, or the sheep for the fleece,

every one would instantly see our impropriety; and yet this is practised every year by our inhuman and impolitic slaughter of the bees," which under the care of the humane apiarian would be ready, when invited by the warmth of the sun in the following spring, to recommence their labors in collecting the "golden treasure."

It is he who feels no reverence for God's sacred name,

That lights the sulphur up to cause the dreadful flame.

Alas! I think, viewing the monster's busy hand
Taking the dreadful match, I see a murderer stand.

Bee-keeping affords interesting and rational amusement to the man of leisure, as well as a source of profit to the humble cottager; the quantity of honey taken on the humane system, is far greater in proportion, and in quality far superior, to that taken by any other method. The profit which may be derived by a judicious management of bees, is something considerable: we have realised from five stocks in one season the sum of £11 17s. 3d. It may not be out of place here to relate an anecdote in illustration of the profit of bee-keeping: "A good old French bishop, in paying his annual visit to his clergy, was very much afflicted by the representations they made of their extreme poverty, which indeed the appearance of their houses and families corroborated; whilst he was deploring the sad state of things which had reduced them to such a condition, he arrived at the house of a curate living amongst a poorer set of parishioners than any he had yet visited, who would, he feared, be in a still more woful plight than the others.

Contrary, however, to his expectations, he found appearances very much improved. Everything about the house wore the aspect of comfort and plenty. The good bishop was amazed. "How is this, my friend," said he, "you are the first pastor I have met with a cheerful face and a plentiful board! Have you any income independent of your cure?" "Yes, sir," said the curate, "I have. My family would starve on the pittance I receive from the poor people I instruct. If you will walk with me into the garden, I will show you the *stock* that yields me excellent interest." On going to the garden he showed the bishop a long range of bee-hives. "There," said he "is the bank from which I draw an annual dividend, and it is one that never stops payment." His harvest of honey enabled him to reduce materially his consumption of sugar, and also to send a considerable quantity to the market; of the coarser portions he made a tolerable substitute for malt liquor, and the sale of his wax paid his

shoemaker's bill. Ever since this memorable visit, when any of the clergy complained to the bishop of poverty, he would say to them—"Keep Bees! Keep Bees!!"

Bees may be kept in attics, or on the roofs of houses. The celebrated Bonner kept an apiary in an attic, in the centre of the town of Glasgow, where it flourished many years. There are numerous advantages connected with the humane management of honey-bees--such as bringing honey to market early in the season, &c. Many cottagers have commenced a reform in the apiary, where they pass their leisure hours amid the cheering scenes of industry, watching with eager eye their wondrous daily progress, in anticipation of a successful harvest, with grateful admiration of the goodness and power of Him "whose wisdom is in all his works."

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XVIII --PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 40.)

BEFORE ENTERING DIRECTLY INTO THE DISCUSSION OF MY PRINCIPLES, it will be useful to remove an unfavorable impression, which my manner of proceeding in the exposition of my proofs might produce on a certain class of readers, little accustomed to the study of natural history.

I often institute comparisons between men and animals: Is this comparison appropriate; is it even necessary? I am going to answer these two questions.

Is it permitted, is it even necessary, to Compare Man with Animals, in order to acquire a complete knowledge of his nature, moral and intellectual?

Those who make the moral and intellectual acts of men to flow from the understanding and will, independent of the body, and those who, being wholly strangers to natural science, still believe in the mechanical action, in the *automatism* of brutes, may esteem the comparison of man with animals revolting, and absolutely futile. But this comparison will be judged indispensable by those who are familiarised with the works of Bonnet, Condillac, Reimarus, Georges Leroy, Dupont de Nemours, Herder, Cadet Devau, Huber, Virey, and especially by those who are ever so little initiated in the progress of comparative anatomy and physiology. Man is subject, as we have seen, to the same laws which govern plants and animals.

The knowledge of man supposes the knowledge of the elements of which he is composed, as the knowledge of the mechanism of a clock supposes that of the wheels, levers, spring, weights, balance, movement, &c. The organ of animal life, the brain of man, is an assemblage of particular organs, many of which are found in

animals. The animals of inferior classes have, by the fact of their inferiority to others on the score of intelligence, fewer cerebral organs; they have only the first rudiments of the human brain, and they are, consequently, easier to decipher than those animals which are provided with a more complex brain, and a more complicate animal life, or with more numerous instincts and talents. It naturally follows, that in order to attain the knowledge of man in all the parts which constitute his brain, all his propensities and talents, it is necessary to study the animals one after another; following the gradual march which nature has observed, in the succession of their cerebral organs and faculties.

This study opens to the philosophical observer a field infinitely more vast than is supposed. The brutes, the objects of all the contempt resulting from the ignorance and pride of man, share so many things with him, that the naturalist finds himself sometimes embarrassed to determine where animal life terminates, and humanity commences. Animals are produced, born, and nourished, according to the same laws as man; their muscles, vessels, viscera, and nerves, are almost the same, and exercise the same functions; they are endowed with the same senses, of which they make use in the same manner; they are subject to similar affections, to joy, sadness, fear, alarm, hope, envy, jealousy, anger; they have the most part of our propensities; they are naturally inclined, as we are, to propagation; they love and foster their young; they have attachment for each other and for man; they are courageous, and fearlessly defend themselves and theirs against their enemies; like us they feed on vegetables and on other animals; they have the sense of *property*, and while some are cruel and sanguinary, others take delight in theft; they are sensible to blame and to approbation; they are mild, docile, compassionate, and mutually assist each other; others are wicked, indocile, wayward, obstinate; they retain the recollection of benefits and injuries, are grateful or vindictive; they are cunning and circumspect; they foresee the future by the past, and take the necessary precaution against the dangers which menace them; they correct their false judgments and their unsuccessful enterprises by experience; they have the idea of time, and foresee its periodical return; they have memory; they reflect and compare; they hesitate and are decided by the most urgent motives; they are susceptible of a certain degree of individual perfectibility; they even form abstractions; by means of articulate language, or by gestures, they communicate their ideas, their wants, their projects; they acquire more sagacity and knowledge, by virtue of the circumstances which force them to be more clear-sighted and more cautious; they balance the evil consequences of certain actions which their memory recalls to them, with actually stimulating desires; they are seen to follow a deliberate plan of conduct agreed upon between several individuals; they know each other; they sing, or are sensible to the harmony of music; they have an astonishing local memory, and perform long journeys; a great number among them build; some even count; very often their actions denote

a sentiment of morality, of justice, and injustice, &c.

One might almost be tempted to say, with Lactantius, that *except the religious sentiment, and the knowledge of God*, there is no moral quality, and no intellectual faculty of which the animal kingdom, as a whole, does not share at least the first germs. Should it be thought that this comparison degrades man, I should answer with Pascal, that if it be dangerous to show man too much, in how many respects he resembles the brutes, without pointing out his greatness, or to let him see his greatness too much without his baseness—it is still more dangerous to leave him in ignorance of both. We shall not recognise the less, in this work, the distinguished place which the Author of nature has assigned to man; his real advantages are sufficiently conspicuous to establish, of themselves, his superiority, without having recourse to distinctions which experience and natural history disavow. The real detractors of the human species are those, who think they must deny the intelligence of animals, to maintain the dignity of man. St. Gregory of Nyssus, and St. Augustine, long since remarked the necessity of comparing men with animals.

I come, then, at length upon the question, What is the origin of the instincts, mechanical aptitudes, propensities, talents; in a word, the moral qualities and intellectual faculties of man?

SECTION II.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE MECHANICAL APTITUDES, INSTINCTS, PROPENSITIES, TALENTS; OF THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES OF MAN AND ANIMALS, IN GENERAL.

It is impossible to treat with propriety of the moral and intellectual faculties of man, without having a just idea of their origin. Philosophers have always regarded the following questions as the most important to be treated of in the philosophy of man.

Is man born without determinate faculties, a *tabula rasa*, a blank leaf, entirely indifferent? Does he bring into the world with him the dispositions which he manifests at a later period, or, does he acquire his faculties only by his relations with the external world? To what extent are the impressions made on the senses, the source of his sensations and ideas? What is the origin of moral good and evil? Is man born entirely good, or entirely wicked, or, with a mixture of contrary dispositions? Are all men endowed, to the same degree, with the qualities essential to their nature, or, are the differences observed in this respect, due to the influence of accidental causes posterior to birth? Are these differences, on the contrary, determined in the womb of the mother? And if they are innate, how are we to cultivate, to perfect them, to repress or to direct them, according to the demand of individual or general good?

These questions, when they are resolved, will infallibly lead to the knowledge of the true sources of our propensities and our faculties, and, consequently, the prime motives of our actions. They therefore merit the most serious attention on the part of religious and moral in-

structors, judges, legislators, philosophers, and physicians.

The importance of these questions having been generally recognised, it will be impossible to avoid, in this work, the recurrence of some ideas which are found insulated in other authors, such as Bonnet, Georges Leroy, Reimarus, Herder, Cabanis, &c. But, on this subject, so vast and so worthy of our meditations, we have, as yet, had only scanty materials; we have wanted sufficient data; those which we seemed to have, were too contradictory to deduce from them the sure principles which should serve as the basis for a complete and consistent doctrine. I shall support each of my propositions with such a number of positive facts, that they will not at all present simple opinions, but will have the character of remarkable truths, which, at all times, will be able to stand the test of experience, and consequently will be of permanent utility.

The mechanical aptitudes, instincts, propensities, talents in general, the moral qualities and intellectual faculties of men and animals, are innate.

After having clearly indicated, in the preceding pages, the faculties which form the object of my researches, the reader cannot any longer confound what I understand by dispositions, and by innate faculties, with the expressions, *ideas, innate notions, and innate principles*. Thus it will be superfluous to fatigue him with metaphysical discussions of the hypotheses of Plato, Aristotle, Pyrrho, Zeno, Descartes, Leibnitz, Malebranche, Bacon, Locke, Condillac, Buffon, Helvetius, &c., on the origin of the faculties of the soul and mind, and on the origin of ideas.

It will be seen also, that I am far from understanding with M. Laromiguiere, by dispositions and innate faculties, a simple passive capacity, such as that of a block of marble, which submits itself to the caprice of the sculptor, according as he wishes to make of it a Satyr or an Apollo. I understand by innate dispositions, mechanical aptitudes, determinate instincts and propensities, determinate faculties and talents. I understand, what I shall prove in the following volumes, that each cerebral organ is impressed with a determinate tendency; that each organ enjoys an internal perception, a force, a faculty, an impulse, a propensity, a feeling, peculiar to itself. Here, there is no vague and uncertain result either of an exterior influence, or of an interior abstraction. As soon as the relative organs have acquired their perfect development and entire activity, the functions which result are as determinate as the dispositions themselves, of which these organs are the depositaries.

“Do not believe,” says M. Laromiguiere, “that it is necessary to recognise and register as many faculties or capacities, as we remark acts or modifications of the human mind. In place of enriching the science, this would be to annihilate it. What would be thought of an anatomist, who, having observed that the fibre of the eyes which produces red, is not the fibre which causes blue; or, that the fibre of the ear which gives one tone, is not that which gives a different one, should see in this observation the

greatest of discoveries? You have believed, till now, he would tell us, that you are reduced to the small number of five senses. I am going to teach you that nature has been more liberal to you. How many organs of sight has she given you? I see in the first place, seven principal ones, destined for the seven primitive colors."

As M. Laromiguiere admits only three intellectual, and three moral faculties, he alludes in this place to the fundamental faculties, of which I already recognise from twenty-seven to thirty, and which he would qualify as simple modifications of his six faculties.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COCOA. A reply to your note will be found under the head of "Original Correspondence."

BIRDS OF SONG will be continued next week.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—FORESTIERA. Many thanks.

The literal translation of "*non adhuc constat*," is,—

"it doth not yet appear."—W. J. M. Next week.—

ELIZA.—FLORETTA.—JAMES W.—ANNA.—VIGIL.—

W. S.—C. K.—T. H. E.—H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL in advance, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are not forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, July 31, 1852.

WE HAVE NOW ARRIVED AT THE FINAL CLOSE OF JULY. As hot, beautiful, and lovely a month has it been, as any within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It came in with promise; it has fulfilled even more than it promised. This is the genteel and proper way for a promise to be kept.

Let it not be imagined that during this month we have failed to take those little occasional advantages of a spare moment, that editors closely confined to their public duties so highly value. Steamboats, the rail, nimble feet, and a happy heart, always readily unite at this lovely festive season; and every facility offers at will for a run, or a walk, or a stroll; here, there, everywhere. Nor has a spare arm been wanting for us to lean on. In that particular, our resources are like a flowing brook; whereby the public always get the benefit of an interchange of ideas. Too much of the masculine would never do for a Journal that seeks to be universally popular.

When the time of Nature's grand holiday arrives, how delighted we always feel! What a wise provision of her ladyship it is, to bring about a time of year in which people *must* be unbent—must turn their backs for a season upon Mammon and greedy gain, to refresh themselves before encountering the fatigues of another campaign. Lassitude and torpor leave people who live in cities no option. They *must* go into the fresh air, or die. Many *do* die.

This applies as well to our citizens as to

our more wealthy aristocrats, and people who have "nothing to do." The latter (*ignavum pecus*) fly from London for the mere sake of *having* something to do—*ennui* nearly devouring them. It is not our province to write an essay upon these folk, and their daily round of an unimaginable existence; if it were, we feel vain enough to believe we could produce "a picture" at which even the *dramatis personæ* represented would look with abhorrence. Oh, the drones that haunt this world of ours—useless while they live, except to play a part in the drama of fashionable life, and unregretted when they die! Yet is their name "legion." But let us to a more pleasing topic.

There is no denying that the lives we *all* lead throughout the year, are not lives of happiness. The world is so constituted, that we live in continual distrust of each other. Indeed, we are taught (properly so, we admit, though with great reluctance) to regard every man as *dishonest*, until we *prove* him to be otherwise! Thus is "suspicion" a needful safeguard for every one who would not suffer injury from his fellow-creature. No one can deny this. Everybody admits it; and therefore is the world called "an evil world." Thank God we shall never be the author of a "History of England!"

Now we do individually demur very much to this world of ours being abusively called "an evil world." Whenever we see the glorious sun rise, or go abroad in the fields, in the country lanes, and sit down to note the perfect happiness of every living creature, MAN alone excepted—how very false appears the notion so ridiculously entertained! We see everything that has life around us, eating and drinking *moderately*, and basking in the sunshine of Heaven's favor; enjoying to the utmost all the good things which Nature has provided. The birds, the beasts, the insects—all are at peace with their respective tribes, and with each other; all pursue the even tenor of their way, without let or molestation. Every animal tends its family with an affection even exceeding that of man or woman-kind. Not the larger animals only, but the most minute distinguish themselves thus.

Beholding all these things, and believing them to be examples to us, as to how we ought to act, we confess we never rise from our seat on the turf, or a stile, or a bank, or a corn field, but we love this world, its Maker, our Maker, BETTER THAN EVER. If we only improved OUR opportunities like the so-called "lower world," what a happy people we should be! But it is not so—never will be so. We shall go on "refining" ourselves, and neglecting the dictates of honest old Nature, till time will be no more.

Then shall we awaken to our "grand mistake," and find that WE ARE OURSELVES the "evil world" of which we have so long and so bitterly complained.

The season of SUMMER throws a great light upon these insinuations of ours. People of all classes, and grades, are accidentally thrown together as they travel about; and we see many a smile "ornamenting" the face of a *belle* in the open air of a country lane, or park, which *dared* not have appeared in a gay city. *Ex. gr.*—A few days since, we were rusticated in the lovely Botanic Gardens at Kew. Here were assembled, amongst others, some ladies of fashion, and their children—aged we imagine respectively from ten to fourteen. The mammas, icy and distant enough in all conscience for fashion's rules, were on their entrance perfect models of unbending propriety. They looked neither to the right, nor to the left. Little knew they, little cared they for Nature. However, flowers, trees, shrubs, and gardens, *have* a humanising influence. You cannot long associate with them without deriving benefit from the contact; and we noticed with real pleasure, that the frown of scorn had during their walk been gradually changed for a look of wonder. The children too were, ere they left, allowed to ramble on the grass in the harmless pursuit of some of the happy blackbirds and thrushes who are here so much "at home." These innocent creatures, as they hopped fearlessly forward, seemed to enjoy as much pleasure as the children. It was a pretty sight to witness. We are not quite sure that our countenance was not radiated with delight; nor are we certain that a kindly look of inward approbation did not greet us in return as we passed the family. Our heart seemed to have had a private audience, and the hearing to have been in our favor. Oh! *why* should all the kindly feelings of our nature be so cruelly stifled for nine months in the year? Nobody knows. Of course not.

We must here again repeat, that Nature wisely rules the seasons. She will not let people be altogether bad; but calls the cheerful sun to aid in thawing their hearts, when they have become hard. Thus, she often causes the better feelings of mankind to "ooze" out on many such occasions as the foregoing. Nay, we glory in the confession of often *making* them ooze out; for we love society, and *will* get at their "better feelings" if it be possible. To this end we never refuse any invite that may be offered us, to make "one" of a Summer party; "provided always" as the legal gentlemen word it, its destination be within reasonable bounds; and not incompatible with the exercise of our public duties.

We do not set ourselves up for moralists, or attempt to talk about "bad hearts." We try to make a heart called bad, better; and it is, or ought to be, the bounden duty of everybody to do the same thing. Life has its toils, truly. We most of us lead lives of anxiety, and wearisomeness; but the Wise Man has said, "There is a time for everything." So, let us look upon *this* as being "the time to be joyful."

If any of our friends think our society desirable, thereupon let issue be joined. Our heart is light as air; our spirits not above "proof," but buoyant as a gossamer; and our creed is a right honest one—viz. Love to God and our fellow man. We need not add "Woman;" in *that* matter we are, like Cæsar's wife, quite above suspicion.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Early Rising.—You are continually "hinting," Mr. Editor, at the benefits arising from quitting the pillow early. I think if you were to pen a separate essay on the subject, and point out *all* the advantages arising therefrom, you would work a pleasing change in the sleeping world. What say you?—SYLVIA.

[Your devoted servant are we, sweet Sylvia; but for us to attempt to enumerate *all* or half the benefits derivable from early rising, what an impossibility! All early risers are no doubt—if they reside in the country—observers of nature. Now the observer of nature sees the first fine spring day, and leaps up with transport—sees a world full of beauty and pleasure, even in towns—sees the young and fair abroad, and sees their lovely countenances and minds—sees the white pigeons careering round the steeple, the horses issuing forth with new strength and sprightliness, the dog scampering about his master in hopes he is going towards the fields, and hyacinths, narcissuses, and violets in the green markets; and seeing these, he cannot but hasten the faster to see the country; instead of reading his book at home, he takes it with him, and sees what the poets describe. He sees the returning blue of the sky, the birds all in motion, the glancing showers, the after-laughing sun, the maiden blossoms in the gardens, the thickening leafiness of the hedges, the perfect young green of the meadows, the bustling farm-yards, the far prospects, the near and odorous bowers, the bee bounding forth with his deep song through the lightsome atmosphere, the *kids* leaping, the cattle placidly grazing, the rainbow spanning the hills in all its beauty and power, the showers again, the blue sky again, the sun triumphing over the moisture, like bright eyes above dewy lips; the perfumed evening, the gentle and the virgin moon.—And what else seeth he? Verily, fair Sylvia, time would fail us to write more; and why should we anticipate what all ought to enjoy? Use your own gentle influence in the matter, and ever reckon on us as your warmest supporter and best of friends.]

The Mole-cricket and its Habits.—I send you herewith, Mr. Editor, a curious-looking but very handsome insect, brought me this morning by some boys. I am particularly anxious to know the name of it, and also its peculiarities. Will you be so obliging as to furnish me with the same? The details cannot fail to be generally interesting.—W. J. M., Cornwall.

[Your favor has arrived safe. Owing to the heat, it gave forth an odor *not* precisely "sweet." On removing the lid of the box, we found my little gentleman quite curled up and highly dried, but his identity could not be thereby concealed. Had he been sent up in a vial of spirits of turpentine, he would have smelt less savory perhaps, but his proportions would have been more clearly defined. The particulars you desire have been very kindly furnished by our prince of entomologists, BOMBYX ATLAS. We hardly need say, therefore, with what zest they will be read.—"The insect you have sent me, Mr. Editor, is the Mole Cricket (*Grillotalpa vulgaris*). The French call it *Taupe grillon*. It is, I believe, pretty generally distributed over the South of Europe, but more sparingly so in the north. It is assuredly a very destructive creature. I admit that it destroys a large quantity of vermin; but when forming its subterranean retreat, it gnaws through any and everything that comes in its way; possessing the power of removing all obstacles that impede it with a ready wit and herculean strength. We cannot give the fellow an over-good character; for, among other of his 'fancies,' he takes a fancy to our lawns, immediately contiguous to our flower-borders. Under these he directs his passage, cutting off in his travels all such young roots as may impede his mining propensities; thus at once destroying, on some occasions, the brightest hopes of the florist. The rogue may sometimes be heard making a horrid, shrill, continuous, loud, half-whistling half-chirping sound at the bottom of his den, more especially towards evening. On such occasions, if you move very slowly and stealthily, and are fortunate enough to be able to trace the bending of his gallery, you may with one *coup de pelle* dexterously applied, often secure him. Another mode of capture is (slow, but sure), to find the hole leading to his den, and then to pour down it a small quantity of common oil. Now watch the chap's proceedings! In a few minutes he will come up in a 'fix,' and waddle out on *terra firma* as neat a picture as you can imagine; the colors being heightened by oil and dirt, in which he will be found half smothered. I may, by and by, give you more curious details of this creature. Meantime, let me observe that his race should be exterminated as far as is practicable, for they are very destructive."—BOMBYX ATLAS, Tottenham.

[Let us on behalf of our correspondent, as well as on our own account, return our very best thanks for this information.]

Pic-nics—an Aspiration.—I am one of those summer butterflies, Mr. Editor,—I mean "dear Mr. Editor," who, like yourself, feel the seasonable influences of our climate; and I love to flutter about this fair world of ours in the enjoyment of innocent pleasures, whilst they last.

Alas! how soon they take to themselves wings and fly away! Reading one of your delightful "Leading articles," in which you disclose which way your heart lies in the matter of Pic-nics, how high did my heart beat at the thought of being invited as *one* of the honored guests in the coming spread! I am young, lively, merry, joyous (*entre nous*, of a rosy countenance), and "good." No wonder then that I love harmless mirth! In the hope that I may be fortunate in this my suit (let me add, that I am of a very affectionate disposition!), I plead my own cause in verse. If my humble but hearty wish is to be gratified, do just signify as much in two words. My fond parents dote on me, and they are not a little particular, I assure you, about *who* are my associates. My muse simply utters the simple wishes of my simple heart:—

Oh, for a day to roam at will,
At Twickenham, or Hanger-hill;
With lots of friends, and better still,—
With the Editor of OUR JOURNAL!

Through Epping Forest I would stroll,
Enjoying all the jokes so droll
Of the "happy few" with a noble soul
Like the Editor of OUR JOURNAL!

Now, whilst the sun's bright rays expand,
And the "time of Pic-nics" is at hand;
Oh, for a roam by sea or land
With the Editor of OUR JOURNAL!

Pic-nic! there's magic in the word!
The sweetest sound I ever heard;
Let not this pleasure be deferr'd
With the Editor of OUR JOURNAL!

In the purest enjoyment of Nature's flowers,
Or the calm retreat of her shady bowers,—
How pleasing the thought, to chat for hours
On the prospects of OUR JOURNAL!

You must not smile, Mr. Editor, at my little offering of friendship,—but rate its value by its sincerity. Yours, in pleasing anticipation of a treat in prospective,—CLARISSA, *Harrow-on-the-Hill*.

[We are bound, CLARISSA, to reply to ALL questions asked of us. Common courtesy demands this. In your case, so artlessly and so prettily drawn up, our tongue is tied; our pen spell-bound. It will only write (what you are already aware of), that you are "an admitted guest." At an early day, way-lay the postman as he mounts the hill, and demand of him, you little Puss, the *billet* which *you know* he will have in his hand for you. Your arrow has slain us outright!]

Ailing Canaries, and Vermin in Bird Cages.—How delighted I am, Mr Editor, in having at last found a real friend—one who will take the trouble to explain what is asked of him, and one who is so ready to do a service to folks who are in trouble about their birds. [*C'est assez, chère Mademoiselle!*] I have lately observed some of my canaries look very dejected. They have suddenly ceased singing, and they have sat sulkily on their perches. I named this to a female friend, who advised me *at once* to consult you. I notice a number of little insects about the cages. Have these, think you, anything to

do with my birds' melancholy? I have removed some of them; but they return, and increase in quantity. I may err, but my birds *seem* to lose flesh. I dare say, you already comprehend the cause of my unhappiness. If I say more, I may perhaps perplex you. In return for your kindness, I will offer you (not what some of your fair readers have done,—that is not at my disposal, but) my best thanks.—CLORINDA.

[You have done well, gentle CLORINDA, in consulting us betimes. Your birds may be restored to their former cheerfulness and health, if you listen to what we have to say. Their cages are infested with what we call *Thugs*. These are minute vermin, who find a local habitation in the interstices of the cages. Here they lie concealed for the most part during the day; coming forth at night and revelling in the skin of your darling birds, whose blood is drained from them, little by little, till they die from exhaustion. How many a fine bird has thus perished; his fond mistress guessing every cause but the true one! We have laid bare the wound. Now for the remedy. Procure NEW cages immediately, and burn the old ones—unhesitatingly and remorselessly burn them. If you hesitate, you deserve what you meet with. We never yet knew any cages which were “cleansed” with turpentine, &c., &c., to answer. The enemy must be annihilated by fire, and his fastnesses must be similarly destroyed. And here let us say that no cages should ever be adopted by families, unless they be made of *mahogany*. These act as a safeguard to their inmates; but deal in any form, whether painted or stained, fosters, breeds, and shelters the enemy. Let your cages be made precisely on the model recommended in our “Treatise on the Canary” (see Index to vol. 1), with wire in front *only*. In these cages your birds will be happy, and need dread no invasion by their deadly foes. Now for further instructions. Examine your dear little birds affectionately; and with the point of a long and fine needle, displace any of the vermin you may see on their skin or in their feathers. Let them fly about the room for several hours, and give them a saucer full of cold water, placed on a table where the sun has entrance. In this they will disport for some time, and soon rout any of the skulking villains whom your eye may have overlooked. When placed in their new habitation, feed them on bread and egg, in addition to their seed; and also give them a little raw, lean steak, carefully scraped. Some sponge cake also will be a treat; and part of the heart of a juicy lettuce. When all this has been done, CLORINDA, communicate with us again, and tell us what progress your birds are making. Do not imagine that we have exaggerated in what we have said about the vermin. Did you but know what a *terror* they inspire in the heart of their victims, your affectionate heart would bleed for them.]

A Kangaroo Hunt in Australia.—Not to be behind-hand with other kind associates of yours, my dear Mr. Editor, I send you the particulars of a kangaroo hunt, which I have transcribed for the Public's “OWN JOURNAL” from Col. Mundell's “Residence and Rambles in the Australian

Colonies.” The springs which these animals take, when pursued, are astonishing!—“The kangaroo, which was feeding in a patch of long grass, jumped up under our horses' feet, and at first going off, looked very much like a red-deer hind. Its action was less smooth though equally swift; but no one could have guessed that it consisted only of a *series of jumps*, the fore-feet never touching the ground. A shrill tallyho from one of the finest riders I ever saw, made all the dogs spring into the air. Two of them got away on pretty good terms with our quarry, and, while facing the hill at a pace considerably greater than an ordinary hunting gallop, I thought we should have had a “who—whoop” in less than five minutes. After crossing a ridge, and commencing the descent on the opposite side, however, the red-flyer showed us quite ‘another pair of shoes,’ and a pretty fast pair too. I never saw a stag in view go at all like our two-legged friend; and, in short, after a sharp burst of twelve or fourteen minutes, both dogs and men were fairly distanced. In about half that time, I had lost my place by riding at full speed into the fork of a fallen tree concealed in long grass, a predicament out of which there is only one means of extrication, namely, retreat; for cavalry has no chance against a good abattis. The Australian gentlemen present, rode with snaffle bridles pretty nearly at full speed, through, under, or over the forest trees, according to their position, standing or prostrate—the great art being, it should seem, to leave the horse as much as possible to his own guidance. On the whole, taking into consideration the hardness of the ground, the stump-holes, sun-cracks, and fissures caused by water, the stiffness of the underwood, and the frequency of the trees, living, dying, and dead, burnt and burning, the riding in a kangaroo hunt may be considered tolerably dangerous. It affords, in short, to England's manhood that quantum of risk which seems to form the chief seasoning of the dish called sport. In a good run with foxhounds your person, on a race-course your purse, are just sufficiently jeopardised to promote a pleasing degree of excitement. I think I perceive the reason why the animal always, if possible, takes a down-hill course when pursued. The hare, which, like the kangaroo, has very long hind legs, prefers running up-hill, but she makes good use also of her fore legs. At full speed, the kangaroo's fore feet, as I have said, never touch the ground, and therefore, in going down hill, he has more time to gather up his hinder limbs to repeat his tremendous spring, than he could have in facing an ascent. I wish I had had time to measure the stroke of the ‘red-flyer’ we chased to-day, when at his best pace. I am convinced he would have equalled the well-known stride of the great ‘Eclipse.’”—This book was written some time since. I apprehend “the run” now is not upon kangaroos, but on gold. So far so good: it gives time for the poor animals to enjoy themselves, safe from pursuit.—SUSANNA T.

Which are the best Canaries, German or English?—I want a really good canary, Mr. Editor, one with a fine song. Are the English or foreign preferable? and which are the most

delicate? I have only just become a subscriber to your most interesting JOURNAL, and therefore, perhaps, am asking a question the solution of which has been before given.—MARY W.

[We refer you to our "Treatise on the Canary" (see vol. 1). In this you will find all you wish to know. Some German canaries are very splendid songsters. We have "one" to whose voice we should *never* be tired of listening. Such execution we have rarely met with. It is far beyond any power of description. All canaries, generally speaking, are hardy birds; but they should be carefully kept from draughts, and affectionately tended during the spring and fall of the year. The York canaries are good songsters, but not handsome. Their constitutions are like cast iron.]

"Love me, love my Dog."—No, I thank you! It is impossible for any one to be offended with you, Mr. Editor; because I feel sure that all your remarks are intended to benefit the public; but what an article was that of yours about dogs in No. 29! Why, you have put your poor head into chancery! May it come out safely again, and so be chronicled as "a remarkable escape!" There is no gainsaying the truth of your observations, and I hope they will carry weight. It is, I confess, most horribly "disgusting" to see great girls, little girls, and grown-up women (all called modest) so unblushingly and immodestly fondling their dogs in public as well as private. Were the same fact related in black and white of any other country than our own, we should be positively shocked to read it; yet can we tamely and even carelessly look upon what we dare not read! "Use" indeed "is second nature," and it shows how easily we become reconciled to what pleases our fancy. I myself witness sights of the description you allude to constantly, more particularly among "carriage ladies," whose dogs seem the *only* privileged creatures to lick the faces of their mistresses. (*What a treat for the husbands!*) In the streets, too, may be seen dogs led by a string; and also at our bazaars and other places of public resort. Here are these atrocities against common decorum openly and shamelessly practised day by day. Again raise your voice, Mr. Editor, as you have already done, and the real value of a paper like yours will be speedily appreciated.—A YOUNGER BROTHER.

[The source whence the above letter emanates, is to us a pleasing proof that our bow, bent at random, has carried a shaft into many a fair bosom in high quarters, leaving its mark behind it. This is well. Our observations are general, not particular. We again venture to express our unqualified disgust at the practices hinted at. Our informant tells us, indeed we were previously aware of it, that in high families dogs are positively half starved—because their breath should be sweet when they lick their mistress's lips! Meat is positively forbidden, and any servant giving it them would be instantly discharged!! Sponge cake, cream, and sweet biscuits, are the usual diet; and the dogs, at first ravenous for their natural food, gradually get inured to their pampered state of existence!! Our love for dogs is too notorious for us to be even suspected

of writing with an unfair bias against them. For fidelity, affection, companionship, and eternal constancy, commend us to a dog,—aye in preference to our own race,—but still let natural proprieties be observed, say we; and all things kept in their proper places. We do love our fair countrywomen; and it is this that makes us eloquent against all that would detract from their praise. We *may* be singular, we admit; but if we *are* to enjoy the privileges of our sex, let not the said privileges be first monopolised by a dog,—fed on sponge cake, cream, and sweet biscuit! With us, it is *aut Caesar aut nullus*. We can have no rival near our throne.]

The Caterpillar and the Professor.—Dear Mr. Editor—Although the heat is excessive, such is my regard for your JOURNAL that I have perspired through it with undeviating regularity. I am induced to-day to take up my entomological pen, in consequence of a contribution by your correspondent "Nannette." It is all very well for you, Mr. Editor, to sing her praises as "dear Nannette." I will bet my life she is a *brunette*. [We hope so; our regard for her will be even greater, if possible, than before.] Like yourself, Mr. Editor, I dearly love the name of "Nannette;" and this very circumstance induces me to set her right on a point where her innocent fingers have committed a slight but no doubt unintentional error. *Smerinthus Pinastris* (see p. 410) should have been written *Sphinx Pinastris*. He is really and truly an honest old Sphinx, and has nothing of the *Smerinthus* about him. *Gastropacha pini* should also be *Bombyx pityocampa*. ["Nannette" must not be blamed for this, really. She only copied from a *printed* book.] It is odd indeed, Mr. Editor, if I do not know my own cousin. They certainly were, formerly, called *Gastropacha pini* by good Mr. Ochrenheimer; but have long since had the good sense to call themselves simply *Bombyx*; and to compensate for the loss of the elegant name of *Gastropacha*, have assumed that of *Pityocampa*. At the present day, I am most assuredly of opinion that *Sphinx Pinastris* is rather scarce than otherwise in Germany; and I imagine "Nannette" would have some difficulty in proving the assertion of the author from whom she quotes. It is otherwise however with *Pityocampa*. He is a terrible dog; beautiful to look at, but a perfect Diabolus to handle. Let "Nannette" try it! As for destructiveness, *that* qualification has no limit. Had Dr. Gall examined his cranium, he never could have forgotten it. He devours furiously, but I must say I have not remarked the distinct crackling noise alluded to by Nannette. But I forget what I am about, Mr. Editor; and beg yourself, or some entomological friend will send a solution to the following question. It is only to encourage a love for entomology that the Old Bombyx writes as he is moved. I once knew a very superior gentleman, amiable, kind, learned, delightful; esteemed and beloved both far and near. He was an excellent and valued friend of mine, Mr. Editor. The world, in these days, sees few like him. He was moreover a very scientific man, and did well wear his honors (LL.D., &c.) Alas! I now see his silvery locks,—but the good Professor is no

more. He was a tremendous "gourmand," and would, after dining at home on a choice dish, retire to his apartment, "make a clean breast of it," go to a friend's house, *and again enjoy the delights of dinner*. Did he find himself "over weight," he would again "make a clean breast of it," and get ready for supper. He was however a great admirer of Nature; and many a hundred times at my house has he observed my caterpillars. Now it so happened that among other caterpillars were many *Deilephila Euphorbiae* and *Cucullix Verbasci*. Whether they observed the doctor, or the doctor observed them, I cannot say; but certain it is, that no honest *Euphorbia* or *Verbasci* can put his hand on his heart, and conscientiously avow that his gourmandise is not every bit as bad as that of the doctor. They will, both, when full to repletion, disgorge the contents of their stomach, and recommence devouring. The question then is simply this: do you think the caterpillar acquired this bad habit from the doctor, or the doctor from the caterpillar? I merely state a plain fact. Let your entomological friends decide which was the original offender.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

[There are many, very many, such "Professors" of gluttony residing near the Mansion House, but we cannot trace *where* they took their "first lesson." They never forgot it, evidently. The question raised by our friend, BOMBYX, about the Professor and the Caterpillar, we cannot answer. "Evil communications" no doubt had their effect on *both*.]

Tameness of the Thrush.—I intimated to you in No. 29 of the JOURNAL, that the anxiety I felt for the safety of my young, unfledged thrushes, was extreme. I daily eyed the tree containing the nest, close as it was to the public road, with a feeling of interest quite indescribable; nor was I happy regarding their fate, until I heard the joyful news of four beautiful young thrushes of a cinnamon color having been seen on the lawn at the rear of my house, searching for food. I had little difficulty in ascertaining by the movements of the papa and mamma, that they were all of one happy family. At night, they all returned to their nest. [This is worthy of note; for it rarely indeed happens that any bird returns to its nest after having once quitted it.] It is quite possible that the exertions of the previous day had caused the young birds to take their breakfast in bed. I had a full view of them whilst so occupied; and never did fond parents attend more assiduously on their offspring; providing them with an abundance of luxuries. When I left the window, all were in an active state; finishing their toilette previous to quitting their cradle for the last time, and before entering on the important duties of a new life. They are now constant visitors on the lawn. I feel bound to speak of the papa in particular. All his happiness seems to be concentrated in my garden. There he sits, surrounded by his children, singing all day long; and if ever bird was grateful for protection, he is the bird. Long ere sun-rise, he is at full matins, in the garden or orchard adjoining; and long after the bright luminary has sunk to repose in glowing splendor, may his vespers be heard,—warbled in praise of the young moon.

Sleeping as I do with my windows open, I never fail to hear his earliest morning hymn. It is pleasing for me to record the fact, that the same loving pair have already commenced building another nest; in a rose tree, not eight feet above the ground. Here they will be less liable to a surprise; and I shall again, from the back window, see the same interesting performances repeated, that before delighted me so much.—WILLIAM SPOONER, *New Road, Hammersmith*.

Birds in an Aviary—How to manage.—A lady, the wife of a gentleman who is an acquaintance of mine, has a small aviary, about four or five feet square and fifteen feet high, at the end of a verandah opening from the dining-room on the ground floor, and leading into the garden. She has kept a number of canaries, goldfinches, and other birds; and she has a room at the top of the house for them to breed in, &c. Lately she has observed that they suffer from bad feet; and I have ventured to hope that, if I state her mode of management briefly, you will prescribe for her and kindly tell her in what she errs, and what more is requisite. The Aviary has a wall on two sides. The outside is all glass. It faces the verandah, and plenty of air is admitted therefrom. The birds are allotted three *iron* perches, the remainder are of wood. [They should all be of wood, of a square form, and painted four times over in oil.] The sand used is road sand. Their food is canary and hemp [this last should be at once entirely withdrawn]. Groundsells are occasionally thrown in. [Give them plenty of chickweed also.] The floor is cleansed once a week. [Let it be cleansed *thrice* every week.] The water is changed twice daily. Still, some of the birds have imperfect claws, portions being broken off; and others have portions thickening.—J. G., *Dorchester*.

[We imagine there are too many birds allowed to occupy the small space described. Else ought they to thrive well. The general seed given, should be canary, flax, and rape, all of the *newest* and best. The water should be supplied in a large, expansive, shallow zinc basin, fixed on a stand. It might be readily emptied by means of a plug at the bottom. Birds must be able to wash, when in confinement, else will their feet become speedily injured. The sand used ought to be red gravelly sand; sifted, but *not* finely sifted. The windows, too, should be made to open, and be protected by closely-meshed wire outside. Plenty of air, is in summer indispensable. Our "Treatise on the Aviary" will be re-printed, with many additions, in this JOURNAL. We cannot, at present, say when.]

A Hint to those who love Nature.—Do let me call attention, Mr. Editor, to the delights of rising betimes at this season of the year. Once enjoyed, their repetition would be a matter of course. The break of day, during the past week, (in which we have been visited with tropical heat), has been an object of intense interest; one morning especially presented a scene of transcendent beauty. Looking out from the window, a little before sunrise, upon the extensive landscape that lays on the north side of my dwelling, I beheld the various objects, far and near, lighted

up by the earliest hues of morning. The horizon on the north-east was at that hour tinted with a beautiful reddish orange, which color, as it rose upwards a few degrees, gradually resolved itself into a delicate yellowish green; this last again into a deep sapphire blue, as it neared the zenith. Every tree, hedge, and building stood darkly out; and the distant hills of Hampstead and Highgate, topped by the spires of their churches, were apparently in the near distance, in strong relief to the clear warm sky. The opposite side of the landscape presented a quite different appearance. Though beautifully clear, excepting in two spots which added to the interest and beauty of the scene, the whole lay under a cold, grey sky, untouched by the warm sun of the opposite side of the heavens. The places alluded to were two meadows, separated from each other by thickset hedges. From one, where the hay had been newly gathered, arose a vapor so slightly above the surface of the ground, as to give the semblance of a covering of hoar frost. From the other arose a mist, which as it curled upwards, presented the appearance of a vast lake, hemmed in by trees and hedges. In the adjoining fields, where no apparent evaporation was passing off, my eye fell on cows and oxen grazing, or ruminating under the cool, grey light of morning. I will only add, that the pretty village of Acton, and the distant spire of Ealing new church, with the plantations around the mansions of Baron Rothschild and Lieutenant Heald, invested the morning's dawn with a beauty of surpassing grandeur. Let me hope I shall be the means of inducing *some* of your readers, if not all, to rise early and view for themselves that which I have endeavored so faintly to describe.—WILLIAM SPOONER, *New Road, Hammersmith.*

Wood Pigeons.—I have some young wood pigeons. They were taken from the nest before they were fledged. Their food has been bread and milk, and soaked split peas. For a season they thrived well; but now cannot stand at all. One side is paralysed, and they can only move by the aid of their wings.—J. G., *Dorchester.*

[They have been seized with cramp. Place them on dry sand, and let them bask in the sun. Feed now with tares, soaked, and sprinkled with salt.]

Distemper in Dogs.—I have seen, Mr. Editor, what you say in reply to my complaint. It so happens that I *do* read your JOURNAL. If you had not been able to give me any reply to my question, you ought to have destroyed my letter, or at least you should have appended to it some reference to a place where the information I sought might be found.—COCOA, *Acton.*

[Your inquiry, Mademoiselle, was a peculiar one. Not being able to answer it ourselves, we gave you the benefit of our large circulation, in the hope that some of our readers might afford you the information which we could not. We printed your note, and all replies having reference thereto. We did not receive either your name or your address; consequently we could not write to you privately. Had we destroyed your letter, we imagine we should have been wanting

in courtesy. We observe that you are very wroth with us. It is a solitary case. We are sorry you have turned your back upon us; but we really cannot plead guilty to any intentional offence. We have another fair correspondent at Acton, who has treated us in a manner widely different. She wrote to us with real name and address. We inserted her letter; and we received in return a vote of grateful thanks. A number of replies, bearing on the inquiry made, poured in, and the end was answered. What can we more?]

THE WONDERFUL BIRDS OF MADEMOISELLE VANDERMEERSCH.

WE have just had an opportunity of witnessing the celebrated *troupe* of birds, whose performances under the command of Mademoiselle Emilie VANDERMEERSCH have excited so much surprise and admiration.

We must not for one moment confound this intellectual *passe temps* with the "happy families" and other groups of domesticated animals, whose obedience has been the result of cruelty, and whose actions are regulated by fear. This is altogether a different subject. It is the mind acting upon the mind.

All who have read carefully our translation of the Works of GALL—that portion which appears in our JOURNAL of to-day in particular—will be well able to comprehend the mode of action pursued by Madlle. Vandermeersch in the education of her birds. She well knows their peculiar instincts; and knowing them, has turned her knowledge to good account. She cannot explain, neither can we, in so many words, *how* the birds are taught; but it is plainly evident there is a sympathy, a tacit understanding between the teacher and her pupils. We have done the same thing ourselves, on a smaller scale. We have taught a wild robin to come to us at command; to sit on our nose, lie passive in our hand, allow himself to be taken up at will, played with in the presence of strangers in our garden; and to domesticate himself for more than two years in our house—entering and departing just as suited him. We know how we did it, but we cannot tell others. Madlle. V. also knows how she has worked the charm, and she cannot explain it. Suffice it to say, that affection, *not* cruelty has been the main-spring of action. Now affection will conquer anything, everything, and everybody.

We may here observe that Madlle. EMILIE is a most lovely woman; young, innocent, beautiful, and fascinating. What an eyebrow! and what an arch smile! If her birds did not do the bidding of such a sweet enchantress as she is, they would deserve to have their necks wrung. They know by

intuition, her every wish, her every thought; and her loving commands are instantaneously obeyed. Her gentle will is law. She asks apparent impossibilities, yet are her wishes immediately complied with. What she does not know herself, her birds can tell her readily. The philosophers who see these things, must be puzzled,—nay, must confess themselves to be beaten. Mind and matter are here divisible—divided. The bird thinks, acts, and performs what we may justly call a miracle. Madlle. Emilie's triumph is complete. All she does is successful. There is no noise, no attempt at deception, no straining after stage effect;—all is perfect repose. Like a fairy princess, with her little wand she fairly takes all hearts by storm. Ours fell with the rest. We died without a struggle!

The scene of action was Willis's Rooms; the founder of the feast, the ever-enterprising Mr. Mitchell. At the upper end of the apartment selected for the exhibition, was a raised platform. Here, on a table, was placed a long and elegant cage, containing eight birds. The cage was divided down its entire length, into eight compartments, each compartment having its allotted inmate. There were—a Java sparrow, a goldfinch, a canary, a coral bill, two chaffinches, a siskin, and a cardinal; of these, three only were performers on the occasion of our visit, viz.:—One of the chaffinches, the siskin (or Aberdevine), and the cardinal. This last was an elegant creature.

To relate what these birds did, would be impossible. It would puzzle us to say what they did not do. A gentleman lent his watch. The watch was shown to one of the birds. He noted the exact time, and, at a wish from his mistress, selected from a mighty mass of cards all shuffled together, —one card with "25" on it, for the minutes; and another with "4" on it, for the hour. It was exactly 25 minutes past 4! These cards were all put together *en masse*, in a long row. They lay on their edges, and were packed longitudinally in a frame. Any other questions—and some singular ones were propounded—were answered quickly, and with the utmost intelligence. There were no failures.

It was *not* merely "amusing" to note the performances of these birds; and the confidence reposed in their powers by their lovely mistress. The *mind* went far, very far beyond this; and we did not leave the room without feeling ourselves really edified by the exhibition.

So well instructed are the *troupe*, that, with their bill, they draw the required card out of the pack with the most determined energy—turning it round afterwards (with a coolness and strength almost incredible), in

order that the visitors may satisfy themselves by ocular demonstration, that there is "nothing of the humbug" about *them*. As for Madlle. V., she alone is a host; a Bird of Paradise, surrounded by the birds of earth. Long life to her and her amiable little company!

THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE OF BRAZIL.

THE caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches; then branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots or bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that when most tapped, they give more milk or sap. As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise the tappers are at hand. The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay and a small pick-axe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the clay is formed into a cup, and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving out daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping, perhaps, fifty trees, when he returns, and with a jar passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So, by seven o'clock, the blacks come in with their jars, ready for working. The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey. Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut, peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with a soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished), holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on with a third and a fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats.

When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely-lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time. After remaining on the

forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together, ready for the market. There pedlars and Jews trade for them with merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export. In the same manner any shape may be manufactured.

Thus toys are made of clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c., are made in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in color and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests exist, and they are frequently cut down for firewood. Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into this country from these places. The reason, we suppose, must be the want of that fruitfulness which is found in them here. The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but generally, in the wet season, they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk being watery, requires more trouble to manufacture the same article than in the dry season.

SELECT POETRY.

A HEART TO DISPOSE OF.

BY A NEGLECTED ONE.

OH, let me give my heart away,
I've lived too long alone;
Until my spirit, once so gay,
Hath dull and joyless grown.
The smile hath faded from my cheek,
The fount of Hope is dry,
I scarcely have the heart to speak,—
Then love me, or I die!

I've lived a hermit life too long
Mid fields and lonely trees,
My only thoughts a changing thro' g
Of aimless fantasies.
But weary of these wanderings vain,
For human things I sigh;
Oh give me to my kind again,
And love me, or I die!

I'll be the slave to watch your rest,
To work your will by day,
And every scarcely-looked behest
With thankful haste obey,
If to my suit, at last you'll make
One sign of kind reply:
Then hear me, for sweet pity's sake,
AND LOVE ME, OR I DIE!

PRIDE AND AFFECTATION.—Pride destroys all symmetry and grace; and Affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LONG LOOKED FOR, COME AT LAST.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

LOVELY SUMMER! sweet enchantress!
Long our hearts have yearn'd for thee;
Breathing joy, diffusing gladness,
With thy smile so blithe and free.
Waft a fragrance on our posies,
Nature will her work resume;
Let thy lips but kiss the roses,
To restore their sweet perfume!
Lovely Summer! sweetest season!
Be with us where'er we rove;
Hear the voice of Truth and Reason
Breathe the fondest vows of love.
We will not with doubts distress thee,
Or with murmurings give thee pain;
Smile on those who live to bless thee,
Charming Summer, smile again!
Warbling songsters, with what anguish
Have ye borne the cheerless past!
Seen your little children languish,
Shivering in the bitter blast!
List to me, ye pretty creatures,
Summer will your rights restore;
Well you know her happy features,
She has charm'd your hearts before.
Lovely Summer! do not leave us
Till thy glorious work is done;
We will love thee, O believe us,
TRUST US, GENTLEST, FAIREST ONE!

EVIL COMPANY.

THE following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:—Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up son and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda: "Dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, *blacken*; so it is with the company of the vicious."

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STARTLING WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

THE WHITE CORAL.

WE HAVE ALL, NO DOUBT, HEARD OF THE CORAL ISLANDS. Some minute particulars, in a popular form, of what they really are, and how formed,—will therefore, we feel sure, be very acceptable to our readers in general. We have gleaned the facts from "Kirby's Habits and Instincts," and other sources.

Whoever examines a fragment of the polypary of any of the varieties of white coral, will find it to consist of innumerable radiating tubes, variously intercepted, all of which appear to issue from a common base; these are the receptacles of the general body of the polype, while the connected individuals with their blossoms inhabit an infinity of cells opening externally, from which the tentacles issue to collect their food.

The seemingly insignificant creatures here described, and which seem as little animalised as any animal can be to retain a right to the name, all whose means of action are confined to their tentacles, and whose sole employment appears to be the collection and absorption of the beings that form their food, are employed by their Creator to construct and rear mighty fabrics in the bosom of the deep. He has so organised them, that from their food and the waters of the ocean, which by a constant expansion and contraction they absorb and expel, they are enabled to separate, or elaborate, calcareous particles with which they build up, and are continually enlarging, their structures; forming them into innumerable cells, each inhabited by an individual animal, which however is not insulated and separated from the parent body, but forms a part of a many-headed and many-mouthed monster, which, at every oral orifice, is collecting the means of still increasing its coral palace; and thus it goes on till it has formed a habita-

tion, not for itself, but for man, in the midst of the world of waters.

One of their most celebrated historians, Lamoureux, thus expresses himself upon this part of their history. "Some, by their union or aggregation, form a long narrow ridge or reef, which extends uninterruptedly several degrees, opposing an immovable rampart to the great currents of the sea, which it often traverses, and the solidity and magnitude of which increases daily. Sometimes this line of madreporic rocks assumes a circular form; the polypes that inhabit it gradually elevate their rocky dwelling to the surface of the sea; working then in a sheltered basin, they by little and little fill up its voids, taking the precaution, however, to leave in the upper part of this impenetrable wall openings by which the water can enter and retire, so as to renew itself, and furnish them with a constant supply of their aliment, and of the material with which they erect their habitation."

They do not always elevate their polyparies from the depths of the waters to their surface; some extend themselves horizontally upon the bottom of the sea, following its curvatures, declivities, and anfractuosities, and cover the soil of old ocean with an enamelled carpet of various and brilliant colors, sometimes of a single color as dazzling as the purple of the ancients. Many of these beings are like a tree which winter has stripped of its leaves, but which the spring adorns with new flowers; and they strike the beholder by the eclat of petal-like animals, with which their branches are covered from the base to the extremity.

Captain Beechey has given a most interesting account of the proceeding and progress of these animals in erecting these mighty works, and of the manner in which the sea forms ridges, when the animals have carried their work as high as they can: upon these at length a soil is formed beyond the reach of its waves; a vegetation next commences, in time plants and trees spring

up, animals arrive, and man himself finds it a convenient residence. We give here his statement of some proceedings of these animals, which have a bearing upon the principal design of the present work, and seem to indicate an instinctive sagacity in the polypes far above their rank in the animal kingdom, and quite inconsistent with their organisation.

Speaking of Ducies Island, a formation of the coral animals, he describes it as taking the shape of a truncated cone, with the face downwards, the form best calculated to resist the action of the ocean, and then proceeds to say, "The north-eastern and south-western extremities are furnished with points which project under water with less inclination than the sides of the island, and break the sea before it can reach the barrier to the little lagoon formed within it. It is singular, that these buttresses are opposed to the only two quarters whence their structure has to apprehend danger,—that on the north-east from the constant action of the trade wind, and that on the other extremity, from the long rolling swell from the south-west so prevalent in these latitudes; and it is worthy of observation, that this barrier, which has the most powerful enemy to oppose, is carried out much further and with less abruptness than the other." We should feel some surprise if a bee, in the construction of its comb, should strengthen the points most exposed to injury; but that an animal apparently gifted with the lowest degree of sensation, and no intellect, should know where to erect buttresses so as best to provide for the security of its structure, indicates, in a striking degree, the superintendence of Providence directing its blind efforts and unconscious operations.

After considering all the wonderful facts here stated with regard to the proceeding and progress of these seemingly insignificant animals, a speculative imagination may not only picture to itself, with respect to any group of coral islands, its conversion into one vast plain, yielding forests of bread-fruit and other trees, and ultimately sustenance to a numerous population, and a variety of animals subservient to their use; but taking a wider range, and still further enlarging its view, might behold the tropical portion of the vast Pacific, not only studded with these islands, but exhibiting them in such frequent clusters and so large, as almost to form a kind of bridge of communication between Asia and America. Indeed, at present, we know not how far these founders of islands may have been concerned in rearing a considerable portion of those continents that form the old world. Calcareous strata and ridges occur everywhere; and

though other causes may have contributed to their formation, yet it is not improbable, that at the time when our northern climates were inhabited by tropical animals, our seas also might abound in madrepores, &c., which might bear their part in the erection of some of our islands.

Professor Buckland, in the appendix to Captain Beechey's Voyage, states that even within the arctic circle there are spots that can be shown to have been once the site of extensive coral reefs. The old coral reefs that existed previously to the Deluge, by that great catastrophe, in many cases, might be formed into chalk ridges. This indeed seems proved by the remains of marine animals, especially sea-urchins, which from this circumstance the common people know by the name of *chalk-eggs*, and which, we learn, from Captain Beechey, abound on the submerged ledges of some coral islands; and at the same period, it is surely no improbable supposition, under the directing hand of Him who willed to destroy the earth by the waters of a flood, and at the same time determined, according to the good pleasure of his will, the precise mode of its renovation, that in the course of the rise, prevalence, or subsidence of the mighty waters, which, for the principal part of a year, acted with irresistible force upon the earth, considerable additions might be made from the debris of the earth's disrupted crust, to the reefs of coral that were left unsubverted, and so many islands be formed or enlarged.

When the Creator formed the coral animals, what foresight, as well as power and wisdom, did he manifest! That a minute pouch of animated matter, with no other organs than a few tentacles surrounding its mouth, should be fitted to secrete calcareous particles from food collected by it, to transpire or regurgitate them so as to construct for itself a limestone house; that it should be empowered perpetually to send forth germs that could also act the same part; and thus in process of time, by their combined efforts, build up, in the midst of the fluctuating ocean, not merely insignificant islets, but whole groups of islands, which in due time are rendered fit for the habitation of man himself, and do in fact become his permanent abode—and not only this, but should so order all other circumstances connected with this procedure, as for instance, the action of the waves and winds upon this nascent little world, that when the animal has built up to that point, which its nature, for it cannot exist when removed from the influence of its native element, enables it to attain, should take up the wonderful work and complete the design of the Great Creator, and give the structure its due elevation and consolidation, should furnish it with

fountains and streams of water ; should cover it with a soil capable of affording sufficient nutriment to trees and plants, which should in their turn afford food for some part of the animal kingdom, and finally for man himself. How evidently does all this show the adaptation of means to an end ! What a number of calculations must be made, what a number of contingencies provided against, what a number of conflicting elements made to harmonise and subserve to the promotion of a common purpose, which it is impossible could have been effected but by the intervention and constant guidance of an unseen Being—causing all things so to concur as to bring about and establish what he designs ! And, when we further consider the multiplicity of aspects in which the subject must be viewed, in order to get a clear and correct idea of the co-operation of so many causes, seeming often at variance with each other, we may further affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the whole must be the plan and the work, as the primary and only intelligent cause, of a Being infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness.

There are two circumstances in the above account of the proceedings of these animals, that more particularly demonstrate Divine interposition. One is the precaution to which they have recourse when they build a circular reef in the sea, that they leave an opening in this part for the entrance of the tide and its reflux, so that a constant renovation of the waters takes place, without which they could not proceed in their operations for want of their necessary aliment.

The other is, not only that they erect their buildings in the form best calculated to resist the action of the ocean, but also erect break-waters to strengthen the weakest points, and those from which the greatest danger is to be apprehended.

It is clear that beings so little organised, with scarcely any sense or feeling, are not sufficient of themselves to take these precautions ; they must be directed and impelled by some power acting upon them ; which, foreseeing the want, provides for it ; this can be no physical power, for that is equally without intelligence, and acts necessarily, but it must be the result of the will and original action of Supreme Intelligence, who either so organised the animal as to direct it to certain acts, when placed in certain circumstances, by the agency of physical powers ; or by his own immediate employment of these powers, influenced its action, as the occasion required.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST. — There is no summer but it has a winter. He never reaped comfort in his adversity, who sowed it not in prosperity.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE ICHNEUMON.

IN the "*Naturalist*" No. 17, are some very interesting remarks on this little creature, whose instinct deserves the closest attention. They are contained in an article on the subject by R. MAYSMOR, Esq., of Devizes, who has handled the subject admirably. As he expresses himself very anxious to learn more touching this inquiry, and is desirous of receiving testimony from personal observation, we rejoice in being able to assist in the good cause, by giving still more extended publicity to the ascertained facts. Before doing this, however, we beg to direct the especial attention of our readers to this little monthly periodical,—the "*Naturalist*." It is a work that should be universally taken in by all who delight in the investigation of truth, and the record of new and pleasing facts in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. The same remark applies to the other three works, belonging to the same proprietary, viz.:—the "*History of British Birds*;" the "*Nests and Eggs of Birds*;" and the "*History of British Butterflies*." All these works are richly and faithfully illustrated by engravings. The "*Naturalist*" is conducted by Dr. MORRIS, of York; the other three serials by the Rev. F. O. MORRIS, of Driffield, Yorkshire. The price of these respective books renders them accessible to all.

The subject in the "*Naturalist*," to which we now direct attention, is the *Piercing of Insects in the Pupa State by the Ichneumon*.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Maysmor, "a few quotations from authors upon the general habits of Ichneumons may not be uninteresting to your readers :—

In speaking of the service of the Ichneumon Flies in staying the encroachments of the Wheat Midge, the Rev. Edwin Sidney, in "*Blights of the Wheat*," says, "Their peculiar instinct is to lay their eggs in other living insects, *mostly when they are in the larva state*. Sometimes they oviposit in chrysalides, and occasionally in eggs, but never, it is believed, in any insect while in a perfect condition. The object of their eggs being thus laid is, that they may under these circumstances, which are favorable to their nature, hatch into grubs. These grubs or maggots soon commence attacking the living substances in which they are placed, and ultimately destroy them. The instinct of these extraordinary creatures leads them to the most complete regulation of the number of their eggs by the size of the victim in each case, and that of the larvæ to which they are to give birth. Sometimes they lay a single egg where there is only enough for the support of its grub, but the numbers vary from one to a large quantity. There is scarcely an insect in existence that is not more or less subject to this species of attack ; and the Ichneu-

mons themselves vary in size according to the dimensions of the bodies on which they are destined to prey. "Some," says Mr. Kirby, "are so inconceivably small, that the egg of a butterfly, not larger than a pin's head, is of sufficient magnitude to nourish two of them to maturity; others so large, that the body of a full-grown caterpillar is not more than enough for one." It is not the Ichneumon itself, but its larvæ or maggots which destroy such quantities of insects. The Ichneumon is a fly with four wings, whose food is honey; and the female seems to live only for the purpose of depositing eggs in the way mentioned.

"In search of this," we are told by the aged entomologist just alluded to, "she is in constant motion. Is the caterpillar of a butterfly or moth the appropriate food for her young, you see her alight upon the plants where they are most usually to be met with, run quickly over them, carefully examining every leaf, and, having found the unfortunate object of her search, insert her sting into its flesh, and there deposit an egg. In vain her victim, as if conscious of its fate, writhes its body, spits out an acid fluid, menaces with its tentacula, or brings into action the other organs of defence with which it is provided; the active Ichneumon braves every danger, and does not desist till her courage and address have insured subsistence for one of her future progeny. Perhaps, however, she discovers, by a sense, the existence of which we perceive, though we have no conception of its nature, that she has been forestalled by some precursor of her own tribe that has already buried an egg in the caterpillar she is examining. In this case she leaves it, aware that it would not suffice for the support of two, and proceeds in search of some other yet unoccupied." Such are the singular habits of these creatures, thus aptly described. All these processes are, as might be expected, varied according to the number of eggs that may be placed with a hope of safe existence in any one body.

As soon as these eggs are hatched, the young maggots revel in the feast the body of their victim provides, while the supply of food in every instance is regulated with an inconceivable precision, so as just to last these young Ichneumons till they have grown to an age to do without it. Then the grub or caterpillar on which they have existed dies, or perhaps just retains sufficient vital power to turn into a chrysalis, which at last does not give birth to a moth, butterfly, or any other fly proper to it; but to one or more full-grown Ichneumons, whose larvæ have become pupæ within this case. The author, not many years ago, had a chrysalis which disclosed at the proper time, no less than seventeen Ichneumons, instead of a large moth which he had expected to see emerge from it. Instinct, we are told, upon high authority, is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction: it is verified in these strange operations. The little maggot which springs from the egg of the Ichneumon goes on eating up its prey, devouring every part of it except the vital organs, which it never touches, as if it knew instinctively that the death of its victim would involve its own entire destruction by famine. Some Ichneumons only glue their eggs to the bodies of certain larvæ,

because their maggots are provided with instruments for piercing the skin. Others, like the Cuckoo among birds, lay their eggs in the nests of insects, which hatch them to devour their own young. Bees are particularly subject to such insidious enemies. No concealment, unless perhaps under water, seems sufficient to baffle an Ichneumon, and nothing can surpass its perseverance until its eggs are safely placed in the condition suitable to its progeny."

The following would seem easy of proof to all persons. In regard to Ichneumon tipulæ, now called *Platygaster tipulæ*, Mr. Sydney says, "This little *Platygaster* may be readily found on the glumes of the wheat plants in the months of July and August. It runs rapidly over the ears, and seems to know well which are those occupied by the larvæ of the midge. The author found numbers of them in various wheat-fields in August, 1845; and almost invariably, on examining the ears on which they appeared, discovered they contained the object of their search. The Ichneumon hunts for them with the utmost eagerness, and by the aid of a sharp tail places a single egg in each of their bodies. The sight has been witnessed by Kirby, by the following experiment:—A number of larvæ of the wheat midge were put upon a piece of white paper, pretty near each other, and an Ichneumon was dropped into the midst of the group. The energy of her manner, the rapid vibrations of her antennæ, and the whole of her attitudes, were most amusing. On approaching one of the larvæ, her agitation quickened to the utmost intensity; she soon bent her body in a slanting direction beneath her breast, applied her tail to the larvæ, and, becoming still as death, sent forth her curious sheath and deposited her egg in the victim, which writhed considerably under the operation. If she came to one that had previously an egg in it, she left it in an instant, and sought another, for the *Platygaster* lays but one in each. This however, often repeated, destroys a great many of these devastators of the grain."

Each species of Ichneumon is restricted in its attacks to one, or at most to a few, particular species of caterpillars. Mr. Stephens states that he possessed eight hundred British species of the Ichneumonidæ. From the foregoing, I think it would appear there is abundant proof that Ichneumons pierce insects in the larva state. Speaking generally, it will be found that writers upon the subject say that it is while in the caterpillar state that insects are attacked; and it seems much more natural to suppose it should be when in this soft state than when the insect has put on a stout protecting case, as during the chrysalis period. I should hardly think it possible for the Ichneumon, which is parasitic upon *Trichosoma lucorum*, to pierce with its slender ovipositor the tough and leathery cocoon of that Saw-fly. Doubtless certain species of insects are attacked in one stage of their existence, and in that only. It would not be supposed that the same Ichneumon fly would attack an insect both in the larva and chrysalis state. That the larvæ are really attacked there can be no doubt; for I find it stated in the "Penny Cyclopædia," by Mr. Waterhouse, I presume, that "Instances are not uncommon in which the eggs of the Ichneumon

hatch in the body of the living caterpillar; and what is most remarkable, they do not destroy its life. It is not until the larvæ have quitted their abode in the caterpillar that it dies." The same writer states, "In most cases these eggs are not hatched until the caterpillar has changed into a chrysalis; they then hatch, and the Ichneumon larvæ feed upon the contents of the pupa case, enclose themselves in silken cocoons, and undergo their final transformation, to come forth in proper season, eating their way through the chrysalis case."

I shall be glad if this interesting subject receives further attention, and, above all, positive testimony from personal observation.—R. M.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

NO. XIX --PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 72.)

IT IS CERTAINLY NOT NECESSARY, nor allowable, to admit as many particular fundamental dispositions, as we can remark acts or modifications in the human mind. Yet, it may be maintained, that the example taken from the eyes and ears, is singularly inconclusive. Bonnet believes, and it seems very probable, that each nervous fibre has its proper function; that is, that each fibre of a nervous organ modifies the action of this organ. Why, otherwise, should nature have created it? The modifications of the functions of the senses explain themselves, in this view, in a sufficient manner; and we can conceive, why certain persons are incapable of perceiving certain colors, or certain sounds, while they perceive others very distinctly; why such a man finds very agreeable, what shocks the taste of another; why the same senses in different species of animals, and even in different individuals, are susceptible of flavors, odors, &c., of a nature altogether different, and so on. A more extended development of the same conjecture, might dispose the reader to consider each nervous fibril, whether in the nerves, or in the brain, as a little peculiar organ, destined to a small part of the total function.

But the question is not respecting the modifications of the functions; it relates to functions and dispositions essentially different. All the modifications of vision are owing to the general organ of sight; in the same manner as all the modifications of digestion, and of the seminal secretion belong to their organs: but who will dare to say that sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch, the seminal secretion, and digestion, are simple modifications of the same function? Who will venture to make them depend on one single source, one single organ? In the same manner the mechanical aptitudes, instincts, propensities and talents, which I recognise as fundamental or primitive forces, manifest themselves under thousands of modifications; but everything is opposed to our regarding the instinct of propagation, that of the love of progeny, the carnivorous instinct, the talent for

music, poetry, calculation, the feeling of justice and injustice, &c., as simple modifications of a single faculty.

Thus, as it is necessary to admit five different external senses, since their functions are not simply modified or transformed sensations, but functions essentially different and belonging to distinct organic apparatuses, so is it finally necessary to recognise the various industrial aptitudes, instincts, propensities, talents, not as modifications of desire, preference, liberty, attention, comparison, and reasoning, but as forces essentially different, belonging, as well as the five senses, to organic apparatuses, peculiar and independent of each other.

The innateness of the fundamental forces, moral and intellectual, is the basis of the physiology of the brain: for, if in place of being able to demonstrate that they are innate, we could prove that they are only the accidental product of external things, and external senses, it would be useless to seek their origin and seat in the brain.

To give an extended demonstration of this first principle, I shall first throw a rapid glance upon inanimate nature. I shall then continue to compare man with animals, when any points of analogy appear between them.

It is to Philo-Judeus that we owe the doctrine, that nothing can subsist without certain properties. It is only the metaphysical theologians that have embraced the error, that all activity and all action is owing to a spiritual being, and that inertia is the essence of matter. The weight of earths and metals, their attractive and repulsive forces, the laws of their forms, their affinities, their antipathies for other substances, &c., are properties which result from the mixture, form, and proportion of the integral particles of these bodies, and which are so intimately identified with them, that the extinction of these properties necessarily involves the dissolution of the bodies: take away the properties of any substance whatever, and the idea of its existence disappears.

It is the same with the *nidus formativus*, or the plastic soul, which the ancients admitted in the vegetable kingdom. The laws, by which the fructification of plants is produced, according to which their germ is formed, developed, and finally acquires its whole increase, their specific irritability, peculiar relations to each other, and to other beings, are properties essentially inherent in their nature.

If we thence pass to animals, and reflect on the instincts, on the mechanical aptitudes, which they manifest, from the moment they see the light, it is evident that these instincts, these mechanical aptitudes, are innate. The spider, when hardly hatched, weaves his web; the youngest ant-lion digs his conical hole in the sand; the bee, before going for the first time into the fields, raises himself into the air, and turns to reconnoitre the position of his abode; the young quail and the young partridge, from the moment they quit the egg, run with admirable address in pursuit of insects and seed; the duckling, and the tortoise, still dragging the remains of the egg from which they have just emerged, make their way to the nearest water; the new-

born infant seeks its mother's breast, and presses it with its hand to force from it the nutritious fluid; it seizes and sucks the nipple, as the young dog and the calf do the udder; the calf alternately draws and repulses the teat; the puppy presses by springing the udder of its dam, &c. All these beings act thus, not because they have calculated that these processes are necessary to their preservation, but *because nature meets their wants and has united the knowledge of them intimately with their organisation*. In all these cases, *there are no previous habits, no instruction, no experience*.

When, still later, we see the insects in their metamorphoses, weave themselves an envelope; when we see the bee, at his first coming out, seek the willow and the strawberry, construct hexagonal cells, as the bird builds his nest, and the beaver, his hut; when we see the bird bruise the worm with his beak; and the monkey cut with his teeth, the head of the coleoptera, (the beetle,) before devouring him; the hamster lay up provisions; the dog conceal his superfluous food; the squirrel open the nut at the pointed extremity, and detach the scales of the cone of the savin at the base; the hog devour, with avidity, the first acorn he finds; the goat throw himself on the cytissus which he meets for the first time; the hound, without any previous instruction, pursue and seize the boar; the ferret, though brought up on milk and in a cask, become furious at the first sight of a rabbit; and the rabbit, who likewise at the first glance recognises in this animal his natural enemy;—we must allow that all these actions show us the result of instincts given to these individuals, and without which they would ere long disappear from the face of the earth. The conduct of animals in these circumstances, requires neither a previous examination by the senses, nor an innate idea of the object of their appetites, nor a comparison and choice among several objects.* *How should they have an idea of that which they have never in any manner experienced?* In the same way as a dish at the first impression, pleases or disgusts us; so animals and children choose or reject the objects of the external world, according to the laws of sympathy and antipathy which exist between these same objects, their nutritive organs, and their senses.

To the same cause are owing the sensations and emotions, which men term affections. Satisfaction and discontent, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, desire, chagrin, fear, shame, jealousy, anger, etc., are so many states of our internal organisation, which the animal and the man do not determine, but which both feel before having thought of them. These sentiments spring from the natural disposition of the animal and the man, without any concurrence of their will; and they are as decided, as strong, as vivid, the first time, as after having been often re-

peated. All which passes on this occasion, is an arrangement produced by nature, and calculated with reference to the external world for the preservation of the animal and the man, without any consciousness, reflection or active participation, on the part of the individual. The animal and the man are organised for anger, hatred, grief, fear, jealousy, etc.; because there are objects and events, which, from their nature, must be detested or loved, desired or feared.

It is for this reason, that the different states of the soul and its various affections, when they have a certain degree of intensity, are accompanied with peculiar external acts, such as gestures, movements, attitudes, which, likewise, take place involuntarily and without consciousness, but which always correspond, agreeably to the design of nature, to the preservation and the wants of the individual. The limbs are drawn backwards, when one is threatened by a dangerous object, though there has been no time to think of the danger, and the means of escaping it. Do we see an object on the point of crushing us, and which we cannot avoid, we bend the back before thinking of the resistance we offer in taking this position. The infant who is still ignorant of the existence of its mother, and of the cares which she takes of it, cries when it is hungry, or when it experiences any necessity. Puppies, though destitute of hearing for the first fourteen days of their life, and though not knowing that their cries are heard, still cry, and thus succeed in bringing their dam to their assistance. It is the same with the affections of the adult being. The expression and the gestures which accompany these affections, have been calculated to refer themselves, either solely to external objects, or to analogous beings, which surround the animal or the man, and to produce a reaction which tends to preserve them. Neither man nor the animal takes any other part in this, than to obey the natural impulse which results from their organisation.

When man begins to exercise his faculties with a distinct feeling of consciousness, of personal co-operation and will, each one is inclined to imagine that he produces these faculties himself. Yet, if we first confine ourselves to considering the qualities common to the animal and to man, the comparison established between them does not permit us to doubt that these faculties are innate. Now we find in animals a number of propensities common to them with man; that of the mutual loves of the sexes, of the care of parents for their offspring, of attachment, of mutual assistance, of sociability and the conjugal union; the propensity to peace and war, that to mildness and cruelty; of the pleasure found in being flattered; of the forgetfulness and the recollection of ill treatment; we cannot therefore imagine, that in man and in animals, these qualities, wholly similar, should have a different origin.

Let us admit, that these qualities are ennobled in man; that the animal desire of propagating the species is transformed in man to moral love; that the love of the females of animals for their offspring, becomes in women the amiable virtue which inspires their tenderness for their children; that the attachment of animals changes in man

* We have, in our remarks on "Instinct and Reason," dwelt most fully upon the beauty of these "great facts;" and it is a source of real delight to find our views so unconditionally confirmed by this great philosopher. All these animals act by an instinct given them by the Creator. Indeed, were it otherwise, they would, to use the words of Dr. Gall, "ere long disappear from the face of the earth altogether." We have watched these instincts narrowly from our boyhood.—ED. K. J.

to friendship; their sensibility to caresses, into ambition and a sentiment of honor; that, from the song of the nightingale, there results in man the art of music; from the nest of the bird and hut of the beaver, man's temples and palaces; we shall still see, that the gradual improvement of the organisation affords a measure to the elevation of these faculties, and that the employment and direction of these acquire more dignity in proportion as more elevated faculties join themselves to the first. Man consequently presents in all this only modified phenomena; and it is doing violence to reason, to place him out of the domain of nature, and to subject him to laws essentially different from those, to which the primitive faculties, common to man and animals, are subjected.

If, in fine, man has faculties which essentially distinguish him from the animal, and which give to him the peculiar character of humanity, he also offers in his brain, especially the superior and anterior portions, parts which animals have not; and the difference of effects is thus found to be explained by the difference of causes. All anatomists and physiologists agree, that the faculties augment in animals, in proportion as their brain becomes more compounded and more perfect. Why should man alone form an exception to this general rule? If we see in man a being who compares different ideas and notions, who searches into the causes of phenomena, who deduces consequences; who establishes general laws and rules; if we see him measure the revolutions of worlds, their duration and their intervals, traverse the whole surface of the ocean, estimate the merit and the demerit of actions, bear within him a judge to which he is subjected, dictate laws for himself and for his fellow men, in fine, exalt himself to the knowledge and adoration of a God, let us beware of thinking that these faculties are the work of his invention, or that of the accidental action of the external world. *This would be to suppose that the Creator has abandoned man to himself; in matters the most important, or, that he has made his perfectibility depend on simple accident.* No; in this as in other respects, God has traced for him the circle in which he **MUST** act, and has directed his steps. It is for this reason that at all times, and among all nations, man presents the same essential qualities of which he could not have conceived the idea, *without the predetermination of the Creator.*

Everywhere this plan of nature makes itself known by signs so evident, that it is impossible to call it in question. "We see," says Herder, "that from the stone to the crystal, from the crystal to the metal, from this to the plant, from the plant to the animals, and from them to man, the forms of the organisation still go on improving; that the faculties and inclinations of beings augment in number in the same proportion, and end by finding themselves united in the organisation of man so far as this can include them. This analogy, however, is not sufficient; it is easy to recognise in man organs of more elevated faculties; we may indeed demonstrate their existence. Thus it is impossible not to admit, that the fundamental dispositions of the properties of animals and of man,

are innate, and that the activity and the manifestation of these faculties are predetermined by the organisation.

EVERY-DAY-LIFE IN INDIA.

ONE evening, my lady and I were sitting after tea, playing at back-gammon, and enjoying the cool breeze that came through the open venetians, when suddenly it began to rain. In an instant the room swarmed with insects of all sorts. There was a beautiful large green mantis, and as we were watching his almost human motion, a grasshopper and a large brown cricket flew against my face; while a great cockroach, full three inches long, came on my wife's neck, and began humming about her head and face, and dress. The flying ant, which emits a most nauseous effluvium, and the flying bug, next followed. The latter is black, and about the size of an English one, and, if you crush him, will make your fingers smell most dreadfully for many hours. With all these our clothes were covered, and we were obliged to keep brushing them away from our faces, but with very gentle handling. Then came two or three hornets, which sent Mrs. Acland to bed, to nestle under the mosquito curtains, where none of these horrid creatures can get at her. I sat up trying to read, but buzz came a mosquito on the side of my face. Up went my hand with a tremendous slap on the cheek, to kill the tormentor, and buzz he went on again. Then I felt something big, burying itself in my hair, and then came buzz on the other side, and then all round. Presently, with a loud hum, a great rhinoceros beetle dashed into my face. I now began to take some of the animals out of my hair; and the first that I touched was a flying bug, the stench from this was dreadful. I rushed out of the room, brushing the horrible creatures from my hair with both hands. I nearly fell over a pad, on which I trod; and reached my bedroom, to find at least twenty great toads crouching in different parts of the room, and five large bats whirling round and round the bed. Having washed my hands in Eau de Cologne, I quietly undressed and fell asleep; but in the course of the night a troop of jackalls surrounded the house, and effectually drove away all thoughts of sleep. And then, about four o'clock, as we were just dozing, came the roll of the drum, and the loud clang of the trumpet; the tramp of soldiers, and the firing and bustle of the parade. When this was over came the changing guard, and the quiet march, near the house; and so we got up.

[The above is an extract from a letter to a friend, by the Rev. W. Wilson. It has been sent us by one of our subscribers for insertion. A nice inducement truly, is therein held out to us grumblers in this land of comfort, to seek our fortune in India. WE prefer staying where we are. If our troubles be great by day, we can at least enjoy sweet rest by night; and this alone is worth a Kingdom].

MODESTY.—The instinct of a virginal heart. Wherever we see it, we fall down at once and worship its possessor. Yet is our time not much encroached upon; nor are our duties heavy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. H.—W. E.—S. P.—L. O.—T. H. T.—S. W. D.—D. W. F. Why not send your address?—C. M.—L. H. D.—J. W.—FORESTIERA. It shall form a Leading Article next week. The postscript in your las, is a puzzle. We “give it up.”—T. L. C.—H. J.—J. M. J.—S. H.—G. T.—H. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, August 7, 1852.

THE TWO “FULL-MOONS” OF JULY, 1852, have appeared—and disappeared. Some of the wonders they were foretold to bring with them, have also appeared, in the form of disastrous storms. There have also been most fearful accidents by field and flood, and horrors enough in the way of crime to satisfy the most morbidly-craving appetite. We think we may, in this last matter at least, rival the memorable year of 1716, nor do we come much behind in other matters.

These said “full-moons” have been auspicious to US; and we shall ever hold them in grateful remembrance. Our Editor's Letter-box has been unusually fruitful in good things since the 1st of July. Every successive day in that month added to their number. By compound interest, they have gone on delightfully increasing; and we may now truly be called “A Man of Letters.”

We already begin to think our estimate of society—the society at least that WE covet—is a true one. The world may be hollow and false—it *is* so, truly; but there are many choice spirits in it,—quite enough for us to fraternise with and to hold in friendly compact.

The little amiable Discussions that from time to time find their way into our Paper, and which are daily on the increase, seem to afford *universal* delight. We shall therefore sedulously seek to keep up this social intercourse on things in general. It paves the way for much sound instruction, and affords at the same time an endless variety of harmless amusement.

That we hold a high rank in the drawing-room is quite evident; also that we are courted far and near by our rising youth. The correspondence we receive from these particular quarters is most pleasing; giving us abundant proofs that our desire to improve the mind is fully appreciated. We set a high value on *some* of our autographs.

Let us continue to progress in the same ratio, and we care not how often “two full-moons” occur in one and the same month. What with the unreserved approbation of papas and mammas, their children and

their instructors—to say nothing about private consultations on confidential matters,—we do feel that the month of July, 1852, ought not to pass over without honorable mention by us. We set it therefore

“Among the high tides in the Calendar,”

and regard it as the shadow of good things to come.

WE SHALL CONSIDER THAT WE ARE INDEED A FAVORITE OF FORTUNE, if any one can be found willing to read anything WE can write in the month of AUGUST! It is fatiguing to move, it is as fatiguing to sit,—aye, it is fatiguing even to repose. As for thinking—that too implies excitement. But there are, luckily, pleasing thoughts,—thoughts which delight without being wearisome. Let us insinuate ourselves at *that* inlet, and try a union of the serio-comic. Chat we must; and find listeners too—else would existence become burdensome to us. 'Tis now that—

JOCUND SUMMER, with her honied breath,
Sweetening the golden grain and blithesome
gale,
Displays her sun-burnt face
Beneath her hat of straw.

“Hats of straw” are our delight also; but it seems Fashion puts them aside, and will have none of them. In cities, we *must* bow to the harsh edicts of Fashion; but let any one catch us with a beaver hat on when we are in the country! We will make them a present of it, if we be detected; and pay them handsomely into the bargain to carry it away. We like nothing on our head at this season that can be “felt;” and we quite sympathise with our correspondent “Hopeless,” who, a fortnight since, invoked our aid in *demanding* a proper national summer covering for the seat of knowledge. Imagine one of the fountains of our very life being choked up, to please the goddess,—Fashion! We are indeed an artificial people. Nor is the sex called lovely less exempt from torture. Tight shoes; tight “fixings;” diminutive waists;* expanding *nolo me tangere* drapery; and “ornaments”

* When we view the forms of some of our so-called “fine” and well-dressed women, as they sidle along the street, and wonder what has become of their insides,—we cannot help thinking of our old friend Tom Hood. “Waiter,” said he, once, at a country hotel—“I will get you a good berth in London as a first-rate packer.” “P-a-c-k-e-r! S-i-r?” quoth the man with the white cloth under his arm; “I never learnt to *pack*.” “All the better,” replied Tom; “it is a *natural* gift. You have cleverly packed my last *bottle* of wine in a pint decanter!!”

ad infinitum,—meet us at every turn during the dog-days. The panting victims—pretty even in their agonies, look at us, and we look at them as we pass, imploringly; and yet with all the patience of suffering martyrs. We *are* fellow-sufferers, and live—to please the world. *Telle est la vie!* They must be allowed to do as they like, and we as we like. But let us now kick Fashion out of the window, at all events for the summer season; and bury ourselves alive in the treasures of Nature.

The late grand storm,—we were out in it, and could write a volume in praise of its grandeur and sublimity, albeit we were a moving sheet of water illuminated by lightning—has worked quite a revolution in the fields and gardens. How deeply did the thirsty ground drink, during the night, of the descending showers! What an aroma was there exhaled thereby from the grateful honeysuckle and the sweet-smelling briar! Never did roses give forth a richer fragrance,—never did lilies look so overpoweringly lovely, while their eyelids trembled in the dew of the fair morning. The corn, too, what new powers of life has it not put forth! All is now nearly ready for harvest—a harvest, let us hope, of unexampled abundance.

As for the heaths and the commons,—let all who would revel in the wildness of Nature's loveliness, seek them at once. They now abound in flowers of the various species of heath (*Erica*); which cover them with a fine purple hue. The ferns, too, are fast coming into flower; of these, the *pteris aquilina* is perhaps the most beautiful; though it seems unfair to make any distinctions. We do indeed love to wander on the heaths at this season, where

The furze,

Enriched among its spines, with golden flowers
Scents the keen air, whilst all its thorny groups,
Wide scatter'd o'er the waste, are full of life;
For 'midst its yellow bloom, the assembled

CHATS

Wave high the tremulous wing, and with
shrill notes,
But clear and pleasant, cheer th' extensive
ground.

Nor can you walk long without hearing a variety of other pleasing voices. The *linnets* assemble here in countless multitudes; and here,—

Bashful, close-hiding in these scenes, remote
From his congeners (they who make the
woods

And the thick copses echo to their song),
The *heath-thrush* makes his domicile; and while
His patient mate with downy bosom warms
Their future nestlings, he his love-lay sings
Loud to the shaggy wild.

In the same locality too, you may see the

modest *erica*, rejoicing in the company of honey bees, who sip their nectar from her lovely lips. How amiable she looks! She appears

Sometimes with bells like amethysts; and then
Paler; shaded like the maiden's cheek
With gradual blushes,—other while as white
As rime upon the frozen spray.

But we must not tarry on the heath any longer. There *are* things, that to be valued must be seen—not talked of. Such are the things in praise of which we have ventured to lift our pen but for a small moment.

We would just suggest, by way of variety, a little evening stroll at this season. Twilight now has charms inexpressible. We dearly, dearly love

That soft half-sleep of Nature, when all things
Are dozing into twilight, while the moon
Steps forth to wake them with a gentle kiss
Of light and beauty. Heaven and earth are
peace;

The broad blue ocean and the deep blue sky,
Looking with languor in each other's face,
Are blushing fondly; in the drowsy dells
The water chimes of rill and rivulet
Are playing silverly their serenade:
Soft winds are toying with the yielding trees;
And the last sun-gleam from the saddening
vale

Still hangs upon the mountain's neck of snow,
As loth to leave it—'Tis the hour of Love!

This is a subject on which we leave all "to dwell," whom it may concern. We are responsible thus far—but no further!

We have said, that we shall be fortunate if we get *any one* to read at this season of gaiety what we might dot down about fields, flowers, gardens, and country walks by twilight. We repeat it; and shall therefore eschew prolixity. What time we have to spare (provided we be not deliquescent, and resolved into our original element—for not only heat, but "dust" awaits us at every corner), let us devote it religiously to the country and its enjoyments.

An "August in London," cannot have many charms:—

Now do fierce rays of fervent heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat;
As o'er it the faint breeze, by fits
Alternate, blows and intermits.
For short-lived green, a russet-brown
Stains every withering shrub in Town.
Darkening the air, in clouds arise
The "Egyptian plagues" of *dust* and flies;
And wasps, those foreigners voracious,
Buzz through the shops in swarms audacious.
At rest, in motion, forced to roam
Abroad, or to remain at home,—
Nature proclaims one common lot
For all conditions—"BE YE HOT!"
Day is intolerable. *Night*
As close, and suffocating quite.

This would seem to be cause sufficient to drive out the inmates; but no—

The mercury must rise still higher;
And not till London seems *on fire*

will *some* of its worshippers ever seek to occupy "a spare bed room" at a friend's country-house,—although it might be had for the asking!

OUR CORRESPONDENCE is now becoming so very extensive, that we must entreat our kind readers,—NEW subscribers in particular, carefully to peruse the contents of our FIRST VOLUME, and *not to keep on repeating* the same kind of inquiries as have before been sent us, and which have been already answered. We have prepared a copious INDEX, which will be found a very great assistance in this matter. Our space is so valuable, that we sorely grudge the slightest unnecessary repetition. Indeed, it is *unfair* to those of our correspondents whose favors are standing over from week to week. Our patience is not tired; neither are we uncourteous. We simply speak *ex necessitate rerum*—from the exigency of circumstances. Do what we will, we shall always be, to a certain extent, in arrears. We show no favor, but attend to all in turn; and when of importance, we reply (on receiving a postage stamp) by post. This last consideration is very often omitted; but we must *enforce* its observance. WE never ourselves write on OUR OWN business without such an act of common honesty. *Verbum sat.*

With respect to contributions,—herein we are called upon to exercise sound judgment and a nice discretion. To *fill* a Paper, is a matter of no difficulty; but to fill it properly, requires good taste. Every eye is upon us; and friendly feelings must never be allowed to interfere with the public good. *Many* favors sent us possess considerable merit;—still they are not suited to the nature and objects of OUR JOURNAL, and for that reason alone is it that they are not inserted. This avowal made, we look for a ready "absolution" from a multitude of quarters.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Grey Parrots, and their Eggs, &c.—A friend of mine, Mr. Editor, is in possession of a fine grey parrot. She has been kept in confinement for twelve years. Within the last fortnight, she has laid two eggs. Never having laid any before, since her twelve years' imprisonment in England, I wish to know if you can tell me her probable age? also, at what age they commence laying? The bird is in perfect health, and talks well. Let me here thank you most sincerely, on my own account, and on account of the public generally, for the very interesting and valuable

JOURNAL you have provided for our use. By following your advice, I have one of the finest wood larks that was ever bred. He is wild indeed, but his *song* is unceasing, and surpassingly beautiful.—SAMUEL A.

[We imagine your parrot's age to be about thirty. You may expect yet other two eggs. This is the age when first they begin to lay. We have had the egg of a grey parrot sent us this week. It was laid by a most beautiful creature, in her forty-fifth year. The eggs, of course, are unfruitful; but they indicate that the birds are well and happy. Never mind your wood lark being wild. These birds sing the best.]

On the "Policy" involved in the Destruction of Blackbirds, Thrushes, and other Birds.—Dear Mr. Editor,—I have long and earnestly wished to join my feeble voice to those of your more eloquent, logical contributors, in favor of these innocent and joyous creatures. But in your OWN JOURNAL, I think everything should be stated with undeniable exactitude—either original, or from authorities not generally accessible. I can *now* speak from my own observation. Last year we had some strong plants of *Fuchsia Japonica* in the open ground. Although they rarely bloom early enough to arrive at perfection, ere the frost, their handsome foliage is always interesting. They were utterly spoiled as to beauty, nothing being ultimately left but the ribs of the leaves. Locusts could scarcely have been more destructive,—but, the destruction was limited to the Funchias. There has *always* been shooting going on in the neighborhood; but last autumn, winter, spring especially, up to the present time, (there they are at this moment!)—guns have been in constant activity. Traps also are resorted to for their capture. The Funchias are attacked as last year, and *everything else with them!* Some plants are utterly destroyed; all are more or less disfigured, and the bloom retarded. Snails, with shells and without, may be collected by handsfull in all parts of the garden. Knowing how many my bird will eat in a day, I can judge how many the wild ones, if unmolested, would have destroyed; and I only hope the gunners have gardens, in which I heartily wish them a never-failing and abundant *crop* of snails, caterpillars, earwigs, &c. [We join in this wish.] I am no entomologist, but I ask your patience, while faithfully describing the insects about which I want you to tell me something. Digging last autumn, to prepare the border for spring bulbs, the spade turned out a very beautiful caterpillar (I have an aversion for insects generally, but I never deny the presence of beauty where it exists). This caterpillar was smooth, not quite the length, and of about the thickness of my little finger (which is long and *effilé*.) It was of the loveliest shade of apple-green, and marked with oblique lines, each composed of two, differing in colors. One was a clear, delicate lilac; the other was white. On the hinder extremity was a horn-like appendage. I think a line of small black dots was perceptible along the sides. Could there be a more exquisite harmony of color? To this creature, from its size, and my ignorance of its nature, I immediately (a necessary consequence of ignorance) assigned the damage done,

although it was at some distance. Its innocence of the offence was proved by every fresh leaf being still eaten, although it was a prisoner. Can this description enable you to give it a name, or me an idea what can so destroy the plants? I send two leaves, in the hope they may aid in the discovery; also a sprig of Heliotrope, in proof of my assertion respecting the damage I experience since, and only since, the destruction of the birds. Upon this very sprig, you will find a "happy family" have already fixed their domicile! Being obliged myself, thanks to the gunners! to perform ineffectually the *besogne* (intense labor) the poor birds have been destroyed for doing *effectually*,—that is, to hunt after insects,—I found, near the Funchias, two beetles,—not my well-known enemies *Hemirhipus lineatus obscurus*, but a large kind, the corselet bordered with a metallic violet color. Can these be the insatiable gluttons whose appetites I have so much cause to lament? I leave you to judge, from the accompanying specimens, the appearance my pet heliotropes, verbenas, annuals, &c., present. Is it not trying? Could you be patient under such trials?—FORESTIERA.

[You are, fair lady, an emblem of Patience. We confess we could *not* be patient, under such a visitation. We suffer indeed in the same way, and *lose* our patience daily. Many a darling of our heart perishes in a single night. The issue from your "smooth caterpillar," was the *Sphinx ligustri*, or Privet-hawk-Moth,—a rapacious fellow where there are any tender leaves,—spreading desolation far and near. The wretch who, with its family *in posse*, was domiciled on the Heliotrope, is the *Bombyx orgyia*, or *Antiqua*. It was a female specimen. This also spreads wide desolation in a garden. The leaves you send have been a prey to snails, caterpillars, &c., of *all* sorts; and prove you to be a martyr indeed! We agree with you, perfectly, that nearly all this is *the necessary consequence of the destruction of birds*, who, at this season, are better than *all* the gardeners in the kingdom. What the larger tribe consume, even in one day, is almost incredible; but people *will* not be set right,—*will* have their own way; and we are obliged, *nolentes volentes*, to suffer for their delinquencies and mad follies. In a word, gentle FORESTIERA,—we *cannot* help you. You know—we have before asserted it—"which way our heart lies." May your *next* request be more easy of accomplishment! We hate to be foiled in *anything*.]

Another perfectly "white" Blackbird.—Knowing, dear Mr. Editor, your desire to chronicle everything interesting in Natural History, and especially those freaks of nature that occasionally take place in the feathered tribe, whereby the colors that designate the different varieties of our song birds are sometimes reversed, I beg to apprise you of a *white blackbird* at present in the possession of Mr. M'Kenzie, Dundas Street, Glasgow. This bird is a very fine specimen of its kind, and was found by Mr. M'Kenzie in a nest containing a family of four. Three of them are black as *blackbirds* usually are, and this *rara avis* is white as snow, without a single colored feather in its plumage. It has the yellow beak

in perfection, and is beginning to warble the melodious notes of its species. I shall be glad to learn if any of your numerous correspondents have found anything similar in their researches this season.—J. W., *Burnside St., Glasgow*.

"Hope on,—Hope ever."—When reading your remark, headed as above, at page 56 of the JOURNAL, my pen dotted down the subjoined fugitive thoughts. Being *impromptu*, they are at all events "fresh" from the heart. They are certainly not studied. If you see aught in them to encourage what we all love, "Hope,"—that sweet anchor of the soul, they are at your service.—HELEN HETHERINGTON.

"HOPE ON AND HOPE EVER" our motto shall be,
When by Fate's adverse winds we are driven;
When our frail bark is toss'd on the dark stormy
sea,
It will pilot us safely to Heaven.

We have braved many storms, and the same
gentle hand
That has sooth'd us in many a sorrow,
Will waft us in peace to that bright "happy land,"
Where joy ever beams on the morrow.

"Hope on and hope ever!"—Tho' dark be the
night,
And wildly the tempest is foaming,
In the home of our hearts is a beacon of light
To illumine our footsteps when roaming.

"Hope on,"—as we calmly float down with the
tide;

"Hope ever,"—the prize is before us;
With Mercy to cheer us, and Truth for our guide,
And the banner of Love waving o'er us.

There's a clear brilliant star beaming brightly
above;

And will it desert us? Oh,—NEVER!
So up with the Standard of Friendship and Love—
"HURRAH, BOYS! HOPE ON, AND HOPE EVER!"

[The Editor of this JOURNAL, and his attendant Satellites, surly rank soon as a "New Planet." It appear so. Let "Jupiter" look out!]

Avidavats.—Will your correspondent at Rugby be so obliging as to tell me how he treats his *avidavats* when they are moulting? Also tell me how he feeds them; and what diseases they are liable to? Three of these beautiful little creatures have just come into my possession; and I am ignorant as to their care and management.—L.D.

Street Music.—When you first brought out your JOURNAL, Mr. Editor, you emphatically said, that you reserved to yourself the right of trying to put down all abuses, be they what they might. How have I pored over your columns, to see if you would attack the street organs,—those "infernal machines," that help so continually to fill up the spare wards in our lunatic asylums! Do tell me, Mr. Editor, if you can, why you have never yet raised your voice against these abominations? Do you never hear them? Are you never annoyed by them? Can you pass through the streets in a state of sanity, or with-

out losing your temper at every turn? Come now, your pen *can* talk if the theme suits you. Mend it, and fancy yourself doomed to listen to a huge Italian, grinding under your window at a box of "condemned spirits;" each one of whom is uttering a groan of horror, as the revolving handle adds new tortures to his righteous punishment.—A VICTIM.

[We have withheld your name and address; else would you be way-laid and murdered by the "musicians" of whom you speak. You ask us, why we do not raise our voice against these abominations? We ask, *Cui bono?* If we raved, if we swore—we never do *that*, under *any* circumstances—if we wrote volumes, if we begged, entreated, cried, went on our knees—what would all this avail? The law sanctions, protects, and nurtures these wandering vagabonds to the fullest extent. They have free liberty, unrestrained license, every encouragement that can by possibility be given them, to "play up" under your window at all hours. When one quits the street, another enters it. If you be sick, the "infernal music" must cure you (or kill you); if your head aches, if your heart aches, if fever lays you low, and life is about to ebb—nothing can cure you, nothing *must* cure you, but the "infernal music" of the streets. If indeed it *were* "music," some defence might be put on the record. But it is a Babel of noises, so hideous, so unearthly, so "unendurable and yet to be borne," that we cannot describe it. We are often on the eve of sacrificing ourselves for our country's good. Many a time and oft we have clutched a sensible stick, fully purposing to rush out and annihilate the performer with it. A strong arm, however, has pulled us back hitherto; and as yet, we have *not* been *sus. per coll.* We much fear, however, it will *end* in that. This very JOURNAL receives its vitality in a room built at the *top* of a very high house, near Regent Street. We thought *here* we should be at rest. Rest, quotha! For eight hours out of ten we writhe on our seat, doubled up in mental agony. We waste reams of paper before our thoughts can be reduced to writing. And when they *are* thus reduced, they repeatedly have to be re-written. Our brain is often on fire, our *MSS.* are a bundle of blotches, our bills for printing full of "extras,"—all caused by these mis-shapen, over-grown, peripatetic monkeys, and their boxes of discordant whistles. We cannot visit a friend at the West End to have a chat, but straightway comes a huge monkey "playing up" under the window. Thus is your voice drowned, and your lungs are worn out in a vain endeavor to be heard. If you raise the window for air, these noises rush in instead; if you pettishly and violently close the window, your torment "plays up" the more, in order to be "paid to go away." The truth is, these fellows, most of them "alive" with vermin, find they do a roaring trade in our leading streets. They are paid by some people (without ears and without hearts) to play, and by many thousand sufferers *not* to play. Thus do they work the oracle to a prettier tune than any set upon their own crazy machines. We repeat it; the law protects them, policemen protect them, servant girls encourage them—whilst many are driven half mad by them, some go rabidly mad,

and others die a lingering life of torture.* If ever we are found promenading in the grounds of Hanwell (on our own account), *the cause* stands recorded. We still cling to the opinion, that we shall eventually be *sus. per coll.* We must kill at least one of these fellows, for the public good. Would that we could, by our energy, accomplish "the lay of the *last* minstrel!" How complacently should we afterwards read about his "organo remains!"]

Habits of the Hedgehog.—Can you, Mr. Editor, give me any particulars of the habits of the hedgehog? I have had one offered to me, and I am told I can make him tame and affectionate. He looks a curious and unlikely creature for a friend;" but appearances are sometimes deceitful.—ANNA.

[Just wait a little week, Miss Anna. We have received a most graphic account of one of these young gentlemen from a valued correspondent, which you will peruse with much delight. The instincts of animals are becoming better known to us every day; and we hope to be the means of assisting greatly in the matter. You can meantime refer to Vol. I., page 345; and there you will find something amusing about the hedgehog.]

Cochin China Fowls.—I wish to call public attention, Mr. Editor, through you, to this valuable breed of Poultry. It is, as you are aware, only a very few years since they were introduced here, Her Majesty being the possessor of the first pair. The breed is now comparatively well known; and private gentlemen as well as "Fanciers" have some fine specimens of them. The Cochin China fowl is very prolific, and of large proportions, the weight of each averaging from eight to twelve lbs. When first introduced, their colors were rich glossy brown, deep bay, or grouse-colored. The fancy color is now buff, or cinnamon. The comb is of a medium size; serrated, but not deeply so. The wattles are double, and of a bright red. A striking peculiarity in this fowl consists in the singular formation of the wing; the posterior part can at pleasure be doubled up and brought forward between the anterior half and the body. These birds are quite unlike the Malay, although of large size. Their flesh is white, juicy, and delicate. The eggs are of a medium size, and of a beautiful brown color. Their flavor is excellent. As for fruitfulness, none can beat these. I am in the possession of hens which have laid thirty-four, fifty-two, and sixty-nine eggs, respectively, without missing *one* day. The hens are excellent nursing mothers. They leave their chickens when about three weeks old, and immediately lay again. The pullets commence laying when from four to five

* Some time since, one of those mammoth organs on wheels, the sounds emitted from which give one an idea of the inside of Mount Vesuvius, when preparing for a grand eruption, "played up" in one of our West End streets; the consequence was, a spirited horse, harnessed to a chaise, in which were a lady and gentleman, bolted. The chaise was dashed to pieces, and the lady was killed. Mr. Wakley, the coroner, laid down "the law" thus: The man and his nuisance were not "*warned off*" before the accident. Had this been done, it would have been a case of manslaughter. A verdict was therefore given of "accidental death!" Is not this monstrous?—ED. K. J.

months old. The male birds are very sociable, and rarely quarrel; several therefore can be kept in a very small space, without inconvenience either to their owners or to themselves. The high prices (from one to two guineas each) asked for these birds, have been a great obstacle to their general introduction. I have, therefore, this year, been induced to rear 100 chickens; and I have determined to dispose of them at the moderate cost of 12s. per pair, exclusive of 1s. for package. Any persons wishing to possess themselves of these birds, can do so by dropping me a line, addressed to Stoke Climsland, Cornwall. I will then forward them full particulars.—W. J. M.

Curious Attachment between a Dog and a Kitten.

—Mr. Editor,—I send you the following account, in the belief that it will interest not a few of your numerous readers. I have a female dog, about two and a half years old (partly of the Charles and Blenheim breed), now suckling a kitten. The latter was about six weeks old when I had it given me; but it was old enough to swear and set up its little back at my dog, and maintained a warfare for a day or two, when peace was proclaimed. They then became good friends, and they now stick closer than two brothers. The dog seems to think the kitten is her lawful offspring, for if she be absent any considerable time, she manifests all the anxiety that a mother does under such circumstances. One night the kitten was lost, and the dog fretted and mourned sadly, nor would she be comforted. This is the more remarkable, as the dog never had any puppies of her own. She was about six or eight months old when I first had her. I had almost forgot the most astonishing part of my tale. The dog positively gives milk! I once had a dog that suckled a kitten, but she had previously had pups; she turned the latter off, and took to the kitten. If you think well to announce this to your readers about Nottingham, I shall be happy to show any who may wish to witness it, this natural curiosity.—D. C. GREGORY, 3, Pleasant Row, Ison Green, near Nottingham.

Skylark with a faint Voice.—I have a fine male lark, Mr. Editor; a last year's bird. He is very fond of singing to himself, *sotto voce*, but he does not "come out" as a lark should do. How shall I act? Will he ever improve?—S. W. D.

[Feed your lark on CLIFFORD's almonds Paste, and chop a few sweet (blanch'd) almonds in it. Twice a-week give him some sliced liquorice root in his water pan, and daily one mealworm. The season is now so far advanced that he will soon moult, but if he be treated as we have recommended, he will no doubt, next season, sing even louder than you wish him to do.]

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXI.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

WE HAVE NOW ARRIVED AT OUR PENULTIMATE CHAPTER. Let us therefore, once more impress most forcibly on the minds of our readers, before parting company with

the nightingale, that these birds form the strongest of all possible attachments—attachments which, when once formed, know no change; unless indeed, they be cruelly slighted, or thoughtlessly neglected. They do not at all recognise the legal axiom—"*Qui facit per alium, facit per se.*" No servant, therefore, no giddy child, must have the care of them. If you have endeared yourself to them by personal attention, you must continue to minister to their wants and their pleasures, and feed them *with your own hand*.

To a true lover of the feathered tribe, these demands on their affectionate regard will be anything but irksome: for, next to loving, what can exceed the pleasure of being loved? unless, indeed, it be the *knowledge* of that pleasing fact—a knowledge, by the way, that we cannot on every particular occasion directly arrive at, much being left *in rerum naturâ*, for hopeful, painful, pleasurable, delightful conjecture. We have, in our time, enjoyed much of this "poetry of life," but it is a subject on which, of course, nothing can be sung or said here. LOVE never dies, never will die.

Of all our songsters, the nightingale stands pre-eminently alone for an affectionate heart; but like all other affectionate hearts, it must not be trifled with, else will it break. We have heard of well-authenticated cases, in which nightingales have pined gradually away from the very day they were handed over to the care of a stranger; refusing their food, and turning melancholy. It has been beautifully remarked, that "love is strong as death." These sweet little innocents are faithful expositors of the fact; and here let us make a slight digression.

We have been earnestly solicited of late, to enter at large upon the subject of "taming" birds. We may do so perhaps, at a future time. On the present occasion a few sentences, judiciously expressed, will suffice for the desired end.

We have no direct means of divining the "why and because" of certain predilections and prejudices, observable in birds and other animals. We daily see actions among them for which we cannot in any way account. Thus, for instance, if a dog enter a room full of company, you shall presently observe him make a careful tour of the apartment, sniffing first at one, and then at another of the assembled guests. Towards some, his tail will be seen to wag with every symptom of kindness and good-will; whilst towards others, he will, with tail deflected, show unmistakeable signs of suspicion, perhaps of disgust. Depend upon it, the animal's discernment is rarely at fault. We would willingly be guided by such a Mentor.

Just so is it with the feathered race.

Some masters and mistresses can never tame their birds; never get them to be on terms of intimacy. The cause is evident. There are no feelings of *affection* in common between them. They do not love their birds. The latter know as much; and are assuredly aware that they are kept simply for the sake of furnishing amusement. We have noted the same unerring sagacity with all our squirrels. They would constantly detect any person who might be preparing, or wishing, to play them off some practical joke, and would, to our great delight, fasten on them at once,—paying handsomely, and in full, for all favors “about to be” received. It was, however impossible for *us* to anger them. They too well knew the friendliness of our disposition, seeing what merry romps and gambols we had together, both by day and night; up stairs, down stairs, and in the garden. No doubt it is a wise provision of Nature thus to endow our little friends with instinctive powers of perception. The face is the index of the mind. They read our *character* when they catch our eye. But to return.

The nightingale is a remarkable bird for more reasons than one. He is of the most peculiar habits too, whilst sojourning in this country. In some of our most beautiful counties, his visits are unknown. He religiously avoids them; and if caught and let loose there, his exit is as speedy as his entrance. Thus, for instance, he discards, among other beautiful localities, Wales and Devonshire.* In these places, “his voice is never heard.” Nor does he wander far into our northern manufacturing counties. He shows his good taste therein.

There has been a pretty reason assigned for his seceding from Devonshire. The fair lassies of that favored spot, are, it is said, gifted with heavenly voices; and sing so sweetly withal, that our bard of song feels he can have “no position” there.† His gallantry, therefore, and excellent judgment,

* The fact of the nightingale not being ever heard or seen in Devonshire—a most astounding truth—is we observe again confirmed in the *Naturalist*, No. 4. R. A. Julian, Esq., a very intelligent and watchful correspondent of this interesting work, writing from Lara House, Plymouth, says—“I have *never* observed either the nightingale or reed warbler in Devonshire; although I have seen them both tolerably numerous in all our Midland counties.”

† Our correspondent, “*Amicus Volucrum*,” is quite right in his remarks about Buffon, Bechstein, and other speculative commentators on the nightingale. They run riotously wild in their description of his *imagined* song, losing sight entirely of the harmony of his improvised gushes of melody. No person can give any adequate verbal description of the nightingale’s song. The happiness of the bird is so perfect,

cause him to direct his flight to other less-favored parts. We secretly incline however to the belief that he *does* visit Devonshire—not as a “performer” indeed, but as a listener; for the Devonshire syrens *are*, be it known, most lovely choristers. *Hommage aux dames!* Do not let us, for one single instant, deprive them, even in thought, of the happy conceit that exists in their praise.

Why our hero has banished himself from the picturesque scenery of Wales, does *not* so clearly appear. The Welsh harpists and the warbling Jenny Jones-es—attractive though the former, and charming though the latter be—yet come not up to *his* mark. Perhaps his tribe have been undervalued in times gone by—their vocal powers not duly appreciated. The Principality have slighted him; their punishment has been condign! We think Philomel is to be commended for quitting that locality.

We can more readily comprehend why his lovely face and transporting voice have been averted from Ireland. His song can never be sung in *that* ill-fated country. Even the skylarks, there, forsake their natural food (this we have most satisfactorily proved in our first Volume, at much length), and with morbid greediness prey on the germ of the young budding corn. It is said that they devastate, in armies, whole acres of land by their voracious appetites. Joyous by nature as our English lark, the Irish lark *has* attempted to rise on the wing, and chant his heavenly anthem, but could not. *Vox faucibus hæsit!* He cannot sing—neither can the nightingale—his heavenly song in “so strange a land.”

THE HUMAN PULSE.

YEARS do not always confer wisdom. How many of us are there who are yet ignorant of the commonest matters! The pulse for instance,—we see the physician feel it, and are aware that he gains much knowledge from it of his patient’s state of health. Yet cannot we say why or how. Let us give a few minutes’ consideration to this.

It is almost unnecessary to premise that by the pulse is meant the beat of an artery, and that the one commonly chosen for examination is the radial artery, which beats at the wrist. The first point generally attended to is the number of the beats; and since in this, as in all other medical questions, it is necessary to be acquainted with the state of health, in order to recognise any deviation from it, we must mention the ordinary frequency of the pulse at different ages.

his *abandon* to the inspiration of his muse so complete, that there is *no end* to the variety of his expressed notes.

In the new-born infant it is from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty in a minute, but decreases in frequency as life advances; so that in a middle-aged adult in perfect health, it is from seventy-two to seventy-five. In the decline of life, it is slower than this, and falls to about sixty. It is obvious that if we could suppose a practitioner ignorant of these plain facts, he would be liable to make the most absurd blunders, and might imagine a boy of ten to be laboring under some grievous disease, because his pulse had not the slow sobriety of his grandfather's.

A more likely error is, to mistake the influence of some temporary cause for the effect of a more permanent disease; thus, in a nervous patient, the doctor's knock at the door will quicken the pulse from fifteen to twenty beats in a minute. This fact did not escape the notice of the sagacious Celsus, who says, "The pulse will be altered by the approach of the physician, and the anxiety of the patient doubting what his opinion of the case may be. For this reason, a skilful physician will not feel the pulse as soon as he comes; but he will first sit down with a cheerful countenance, and ask how the patient is, soothing him if he be timorous, by the kindness of his conversation, and afterwards applying his hand to the patient's arm."

Granted, however, that these sources of error are avoided, the quickness of the pulse will afford most important information. If in a person, for example, whose pulse is usually seventy-two, the beats rise in number to ninety-eight, some alarming disease is certainly present; or, on the other hand, should it have permanently sunk to fifty, it is but too probable that the source of the circulation, the heart itself, is laboring under incurable disease, or that some other of the great springs of life is irremediably injured.

Supposing, again, the pulse to be seventy-two, each beat ought to occur at an interval of five-sixths of a second; but should the deviation from this rhythm be perceived, the pulse is then said to be irregular. The varieties of irregularity are infinite; but there is one so remarkable as to deserve particular mention. It will happen sometimes that the interval between two beats are much longer than was expected, so that it would seem that one beat had been omitted. In this case the pulse is said to be an intermittent one.

When the action of the heart is irregular, the beat of the pulse is so likewise; but it will occasionally happen, that the latter irregularity takes place without the former one, from some morbid cause existing between the heart and the wrist. It is hardly necessary to observe that, in all doubtful

cases, the physician examines the pulsation of the heart as well as that of the wrist, just as the diligent student, discontented with the narrow limits of provincial information, repairs to the metropolis to pursue his scientific inquiries.

The strength or feebleness of the pulse its hardness or softness, and innumerable other qualities might be discussed here; but from the great difficulty attending any examination of these points, and the technical niceties involved in anything more than a bare mention of them, we omit them. There is one point, however, which it would be unpardonable to pass over in silence—sometimes no pulsation can be felt at the usual part of the wrist. This may proceed from so great a languor of the circulation, that it is imperceptible at the extremities; or from the radial artery (the one usually felt) being ossified; or from an irregular distribution of the arteries of the fore-arm.

EFFECTS PRODUCED BY FRIGHT.

THE changes which are wrought by disturbances of the heart upon the cutaneous capillaries, are illustrated in a remarkable manner in some persons, the hair of whose head has suddenly become white from a disturbance in the heart, caused by violent mental excitement. A lady who was deeply grieved on receiving the intelligence of a great change in her worldly condition, and who had a very remarkable quantity of dark hair, found on the following morning the *whole of the hair had become of a silver white*. Some striking instances of this kind are narrated by historians. "I was struck," says Madame Campan, "with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon Marie Antoinette's features; her whole head of hair had turned almost white during her transit from Varennes to Paris." The Duchess of Luxembourg, when caught making her escape during the terrors of the French Revolution, was put in prison; the next morning it was observed that her hair had become white. A Spanish officer, distinguished for his bravery, was in the Duke of Alva's camp, and an experiment was made by one of the authorities to test his courage. At midnight the Provost Marshal, accompanied by his guard and a confessor, awoke him from his sleep, informing him that, by order of the Viceroy, he was to be immediately executed, and had only a quarter of an hour left to make his peace with Heaven. After he had confessed, he said that he was prepared for death, but declared his innocence. The Provost Marshal at this moment burst into a fit of laughter, and told him that they merely wanted to try his courage. Placing his hand upon his heart, and with a ghastly paleness, he ordered the provost out of his tent, observing that he had "done him an evil office;" and the next morning, to the wonder of the whole army, *the hair of his head, from having been of a deep black color, had become perfectly white*.

DELIGHTS OF THE COUNTRY.

AUGUST.

BY JOHN CLARE.

'Tis now the month of AUGUST:
Rich music breathes in summer's every sound;
And in her harmony of varied greens,
Woods, meadows, hedge-rows, cornfields, all
around

Much beauty intervenes,
Filling with harmony the ear and eye;
While o'er the mingling scenes
Far spreads the laughing sky.

See, how the mind-enamored aspin leaves
Turn up their silver lining to the sun!
And hark! the rustling noise, that oft deceives,
And makes the sheep-boy run:
The sound so mimics fast-approaching showers
He thinks the rain's begun,
And hastes to sheltering bowers!

But now the evening curdles dank and grey,
Changing her watchet hue for sombre weed;
And moping owls to close the lids of day,
On drowsy wing proceed;
While chickering crickets, tremulous and long,
Light's farewell inly heed,
And give it parting song.

The pranking bat its flighty circlet makes;
The glow-worm burnishes its lamp anew;
O'er meadows dew-besprent, the beetle wakes
Inquiries ever new,
Teasing each passing ear with murmurs vain,
As wanting to pursue
His homeward path again.

Hark! 'tis the melody of distant bells
That on the winds with pleasing hum
rebounds,
By fitful starts, then musically swells
O'er the dim stilly grounds;
While o'er the meadow-bridge the pausing boy
Listens the mellow sounds,
And hums in vacant joy.

Now, homeward-bound, the hedger bundles
round
His evening faggot, and with every stride
His leathern doublet leaves a rustling sound;
Till silly sheep beside
His path start tremulously, and once again
Look back dissatisfied,
And scour the dewy plain.

How sweet the soothing calmness that distils
O'er the heart's every sense its opiate dews,
In meek-eyed moods and ever balmy trills!
That softens and subdues,
With gentle Quiet's bland and sober train,—
Which dreamy eve renews
In many a mellow strain!

I love to walk the fields, they are to me
A legacy no evil can destroy;
*They, like a spell, set every rapture free
That cheer'd me when a boy.*
Play — pastime — all Time's blotting pen
conceal'd,
*Come like a new-born joy
To greet me in the field.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FLORA AND HER HAND-MAIDENS.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

FLORA now dances on mead, moor, and
mountain,
Lavishing favors wherever she goes,—
The sun-dew that rivals the pure crystal
fountain,
Fuschia, Forget-me-not, Balsam, and Rose.

The Woodbine and Jasmine smile on our
bowers,
The fragrant Clematis, and sweet-scented Pea,
The Hearts-ease, and Moss-rose; and fairest
of flowers,
The Lily, SWEET WILLIAM, and gay Fleur-
de-lis.

Emblems of innocence! bright gems of beauty!
Yielding the sweets of your store to the bee;
Cheerful ye mingle your pleasure with duty,
And smilingly greet us from bower and tree!

The breeze wafts an incense of Bell-heath and
Clover,
The Clove-pink, Carnation, and sweet Mig-
nonette:
We shall think on thee, Flora, when Summer
is over,
And the smile which thou gav'st us whenever
we met.

Beautiful flowers! oh how I love ye!
Blending with taste every color and hue,—
Smiling with joy to the bright sun above ye,
FANN'D BY THE BREEZES, OR BATHED IN THE
DEW!

GOOD NATURE,—A HINT.

FIELDING tells us, that "there are persons of such general philanthropy, and of such easy tempers, that the world in contempt calls them '*good-natured*.'" He adds, "they are like little fish put into a pike pond, *doomed to be devoured by that voracious water-hero*." We find daily, that we are one of these "little fish." OUR JOURNAL it seems is in such request, that it is LENT from one family to another, *to our great injury*, week after week! If we simply say "Fie!" to the lender and borrower, perhaps those three letters may prove our "*good-nature*," and work a cure. How *can* we "*live*," if thus dealt with? Is a nobleness of heart *altogether* extinguished? Not, surely, IN THE READERS OF "OUR JOURNAL?" "Bad" as the world is, we were not prepared for THIS!

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APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEITFUL.

THE HEDGEHOG.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
HE MADE AND LOVETH ALL.

COLERIDGE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—UNTIL THE TIMELY ADVENT of "OUR JOURNAL," I have been accustomed to consider myself singular in the interest I take in animals. I have therefore kept my feelings as much as possible to myself,—finding an avowal of my sentiments usually designated an "affectation."

Such it must seem to those who resemble in character the three "sister Graces"—of whom it was told me, each had a pet lamb. The three pet lambs were washed, duly beautified, and decorated with gay ribbons. They followed the footsteps of their fair mistresses, and licked their hands. (A pretty picture it must have been,—the three maidens and their lambs, *à la Watteau*!) But lambs, alas! become sheep. The sheep were sent to the butcher; their skins to the tanner; and thereof the "gentle shepherdesses" caused to be manufactured tippets for their use, and muffs,—tender souvenirs of the animals which trusted and loved them; and which they, in return, consigned to slaughter. (Fact!) As a pendant to this, a sheep, a sailor's pet, on board one of H. M. S., which went round to each mess, and partook of sailors' fare,—was, by their united request, turned out to a run for the natural term of his life. When the ship was paid off, the sailors (God bless them!) would not turn "Tom" into mutton, nor his skin into a jacket.

The papers in your amiable JOURNAL, headed "Persecuted Animals," and your obliging notice of my *debut*, my dear Sir (see vol. I., p. 361), encourage me again to address you. The theme is a grateful one to ME; and I intuitively know it to be so to YOU. I have ever taken part

with the "persecuted," whether human or animal—a peculiarity which, so far as the former are concerned, has caused me to be identified with their (so called) errors. I am accused of defending,—not so much the individuals, as their faults!

Greatly to my consolation, I have somewhere read that, "amongst the world's *reprouvés* are often found individuals endued with far higher capacities and qualities both of heart and intellect, than can be boasted by many who have been advanced to high consideration among the world's 'respectable children.'"^{*} But my brother—*souvenez vous?*—has given me a nudge, muttering something about "*Ne sutor,*" &c., which, *he* says, means I have forgotten my Hedgehog. I will then abstain from endeavoring to account for, or justify, my avowed penchant to take the part of the "persecuted."

Before however bringing my favorite into the foreground, let me, as it bears very closely upon my subject, introduce briefly (from "St. Giles' and St. James'") a short dialogue between Kingcup and Capstick:—

"Humph," said Kingcup, "'tis an odd creature for a bosom friend."

"Give me all friends like him," cried Capstick, "for there's no deceit in 'em. You see the worst of 'em at the beginning. Now look at this fine honest fellow. What plain, straightforward truths he bears about him! You see at once that he is a living pincushion, with the pins' points

^{*} We are more than delighted at the free expression of our correspondent's thoughts; and fraternise with her from our very heart. There are many of our fellow-creatures who might and would inevitably perish, but for the sustaining arm of *such* a Samaritan,—among *her own sex* in particular. Women, by a strange law (certainly not a *natural* law), are irreconcilably cruel towards each other,—when "under misfortune." Hence, the cause of so much existing depravity. Three-fifths of it, at least, might be averted by only common Christian kindness and consideration. But *WE* "labor in vain" in *SUCH* a cause! —ED. K. J.

upwards. Instantly you treat him after his open nature. You know he's not to be played at ball with; you take in with a glance all that his exterior means, and ought to love him for his frankness. Poor wretch! 'tis a thousand, a thousand times the ruin of him. He has, it is true, an outside of thorns—Heaven made him with them, but a heart of honey. A meek, patient thing! And yet, because of his covering, the world casts all sorts of slanders upon him, accuses him of wickedness,—wickedness which he could not, if he would, commit. And so he is killed, cudgelled, and made the cruellest sport of; his persecutors all the while thinking themselves the best of people for their worst of treatment! He bears a plain exterior; he shows so many pricking truths to the world, that the world in revenge couples every outside point with an interior devil. He is made a martyr for this iniquity, he hides nothing.

"That's the sort of thing the world loves! (Capstick pointed to a handsome tortoiseshell cat); to see her lap milk, why you'd think a drop of blood would poison her. The wretch! 'twas only last week she killed and ate one of my doves. I nursed her, before she had eyes to look at her benefactor. Look here (and Capstick showed three long, fine scratches.)

"That's nothing," said Mr. Kingcup, "you know that cats *will* scratch."

"To be sure I do; and all the world knows it; but the world don't think the worse of 'em for it, and for this reason—they can, when they like, *so well hide their claws.*"

Now then, Mr. Editor, let me introduce my *BIJOU*; for such was the felicitously-chosen cognomen of the individual of the species, *Erinaceus Europæus*, whose "Memoirs" I am about to indite. Bijou was brought to me, amongst other maimed creatures occasionally presented to me for my "amusement," during a residence in a remote county. He had been caught in a trap; but not being full-grown, had suffered only a slight mutilation of one of his hinder feet,—an injury which a little nursing soon repaired; not however without the loss of a toe.

Ignorant of the habits of the animal, I at first merely regarded him as an indifferent addition to the rats and mice which had quartered themselves upon me. As I believe these are seldom found together, it may be as well, for the satisfaction of the sceptically inclined, to say that at broad noon one day, looking up from my book, I observed a vase full of flowers which stood in the centre of the table, moving about in quite an unaccountable manner. On approaching it, I perceived half concealed in the bouquet, a rat, earnestly intent upon my movements. Finding himself discovered, he scampered off, out of the open window. The untrimmed ivy, which grew in wild luxuriance round the house, no doubt afforded him shelter:

As for the mice, they caused the death

(from fright) of a fine bullfinch—that most winningly-affectionate of pets. Hearing him flutter one night, I lifted the cage; when five mice scurried over my hand and arm. I do not scream at mice. I think them pretty little creatures; but on seeing my cherished bullfinch lying dead at the bottom of the cage, I thought decidedly they might be *too* numerous.

With such casual and habitual visitors, it will not appear surprising that the addition of a Hedgehog should be a subject of indifference. Bijou, however, had determined it should become one of interest and advantage. The mice at once disappeared. The insects which crept in in numbers from the ivy, were cleared away. He became also familiar and playful; at first timidly, after many sly manœuvres and much amusing hesitation, he would creep up noiselessly, take a slipper off my foot, and scuffle away in triumph to some snug corner he had selected in preference to the hay-nest arranged for him. Then would he return for the other; and re-appear so long as there was a glove, handkerchief, or anything he could carry away. He would then partake of my supper (I plead guilty to a "liking" for that calumniated meal). Coffee was an especial treat to him.

Finding he was encouraged, he soon lost every trace of timidity, and was evidently pleased at being handled and caressed. At such times, his spines were always smoothly laid back, and he would lick my hand with his long flexible tongue. I used to make him dance, holding him upright by his fore feet; and droll enough he looked with his long outstretched hind legs; and whilst glancing occasionally round (as far as his short neck would enable him), to see what treat was in store to reward the performance of his *pas seul*! I pulled him about just as I pleased; tickled him; teased him; in fact, scolded, struck loudly on the table close to him,—but never could I elicit the slightest token of fear or hostility. I could *never* make him roll himself up, although a strange voice at the door (and he considered *all* strange but myself) made him do so instantaneously.

I had directed he should never be interfered with in my absence; but the desire of showing off his tameness (simultaneously, possibly, with the graces of a white hand) led to an infringement of my orders. Bijou kept himself perfectly neat; his *paletot* of prickles was smooth, and shining as polished armour; his *gilets* of fur without a speck. His feet I particularly attended to; as, from his scuffling mode of running, any stray thread of silk that entangled itself in them (if not removed) would cut into the foot. Although so accurate in his toilette, no

symptoms of personal vanity were to be detected in Bijou. I have no doubt he had a decided objection to "showing off," excepting to myself. A bath was probably given to compel obedience; in which case, I have reason to think he successfully asserted his independence.

I could never positively ascertain the facts; but on my return (after a short absence), I observed one finger of the fair hand that had ministered to him, suspiciously done up in black ribbon; and I fancied that, on the approach of its owner, I detected a peculiarly self-complacent and intelligent twinkle in the small bright eyes of Bijou. His time of activity was at night; but he would come readily to play in the day-time; and was torpid but a short time during winter,—possibly from having shelter and food in abundance. I had become used to the pattering of his feet on the floor; but on one occasion—(happily for my nerves Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature" was not then out), it was combined with a singular rustling noise. At times, it was near me; then again, quite away. At length I started up, to be yet more startled. The shutters were as usual open (I love the light of Heaven), and in the centre of the room, in the uncertain wavering of the bright moonbeams, moved a white, undefined shape. It glided to a distant corner, and remained still. I was about to follow, when it suddenly and rapidly approached me. Then it became again motionless. Putting out my hand, I found, first, two large sheets of tissue paper which had been tacked together to cover my work—(I was then a slave to the work-frame and its intellectual 1, 2, 3, 4); and under them Bijou, who, not being able to extricate himself from his unwieldy appendage, had no doubt sought my assistance. I used to let him walk in the garden; but as, after a good meal of insects and earth-worms he usually went to sleep under a hedge or shrub, I found it troublesome to hunt for him, and placed him under a wicker-coop. But Bijou understood the use of a wedge. Feeling about for an interstice between the coop and the ground, or making one by pulling up the earth and grass, he raised it, by the help of his long sharp snout, and recovered his liberty in a moment.

In this way, I lost him for some months; and gave him entirely up. One morning, in autumn, however, I heard a singular blowing noise (the French term *flairer* more exactly gives my meaning). On opening the door to ascertain the cause, a Hedgehog hurried in. Not being myself in a very placid mood (I have a dislike to replace one pet by another similar one), I hastily concluded that a *mauvaise plaisanterie* had been practised; and that a newly-caught Hedgehog had been

placed near the door with the view of persuading me it was the lost one. I looked therefore with no favorable eye on the new arrival. His evident glee, however, and familiarity with the apartment, led me to take him up and examine him; when I became perfectly satisfied it was no stranger. There was no room for doubt; yet, how with his dumpy fore feet he climbed two flights of stairs, I cannot form an idea. That he did so, is unquestionable. There was no small degree of intelligence and recollection shown in finding the exact door, as my little friend must have passed several others ere he could arrive at mine. After this, he took another summer excursion; but, *malheureusement*, he found on his return that the inhospitable doors were closed against him. He had returned in the night.

One morning with a few, scant, withered leaves over him—his fore paws pressed over his snout to retain the warmth of his breath, there was found (stiff and frozen) my ugly, worthless, despised, grotesque, but affectionate and much-lamented playmate—poor BIJOU. In the words of Mr. Capstick, "Give me all bosom friends like HIM!"

FORESTIERA.

[Our fair and much-valued Correspondent is no doubt a close observer of Nature, and prizes true friendship—when she can find it. We opine, however, if we could compare notes more closely, that she, like ourself, looks upon a "true friend" as a *rara avis*—a something talked of indeed, but rarely met with. Right well can we fathom, equally well can we enter into, the nature and object of the above communication. In *all* such simple narratives there must be, and is a powerful moral.]

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXII.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

WE HAVE NOW ARRIVED AT A POINT OF rest, as regards our present disquisitions on the nightingale.* Were *all* his virtues sung,

* OUR TREATISE on the NIGHTINGALE is this day completed. We believe it contains everything that needs to be known connected with that bird. Long acquaintance with his habits, and peculiar opportunities for noticing his disposition and temper, have enabled us to invest his character with an originality that has already won him hosts of new friends and admirers. Our remarks, we observe, in a disjointed form, have been borne on the wings of the Public Press into all lands. The Nightingale deserves such homage; and we feel proud to have been his historian. We have driven the *Book-Naturalists* half mad, we are told. Their musty records have been thumbed over till they are nearly

and *all* his amiabilities recorded, what a space would they not occupy!

We have already glanced at those ill-starred spots where this prince of songsters does not pay his annual visit. We will mention, anon, those localities which are regularly blessed with his lovely presence from year to year.

It is quite clear, that this bird loves retirement as well as sociability. Safely hidden under the lowly branches of an evergreen, or buried in the recesses of a copse, he feels himself secure from harm; and thus encamped he sings freely and happily both by day and by night. It is when thus located, that he makes the acquaintance of his tender-hearted hosts, who hail his advent with listening ears and a joyful heart; and in the precincts of their grounds he takes up his abode, seldom wandering beyond prescribed limits. The same bird, as we have elsewhere noted, returns to his former haunt regularly every year—provided he has not been molested, and provided he has not been deprived of his offspring. Such an offence *contra bonos mores* would banish him for ever.

Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, are the counties most favored by the nightingale,—perhaps because they find therein an abundant supply of everything they delight in. Woods, groves, brakes, shrubberies, copses, and thickets, wherein abound all varieties of insect life; these, with gliding streams, running brooks, and flowing springs, make up their little heaven of happiness. They visit, in addition, Berks, Sussex, Essex, Cambridgeshire, Herts, and other neighboring counties. Hampshire is the very god of their idolatry. In the Isle of Wight, for instance, we have seen, even in the first week of April, some scores of nightingales; and so tame! To look at each little happy rogue as he sat beneath a branch, shivering with song, you would think that—

“From every feather in his frame
He poured the notes——”

And yet, he is said to be a “melancholy bird!” This vulgar error must now be exploded. It is unworthy of the year 1852:

“——Therefore be merry, *Philomel*,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.”

There can be no doubt that our very changeable climate offers serious cause of offence to this king of birds. Our mornings are chilly, our days in summer (when we have any) are oppressively sultry, and our nights are decidedly cold. What a contrast is presented in France! We had occasion

to visit Paris in 1849, just at the season when nightingales *here* were becoming silent. The treat in store for us on our arrival was beyond description great. Not only did these birds frequent the gardens of the Tuileries by day and by night, and every other quarter where green trees could be seen (Versailles in particular was a highly-favored locality for them)—but the inhabitants of the “gay city” had them suspended in appropriate cages in nearly all parts of the town. The Parisians in fact—let us record it to their perpetual praise—seemed nightingale-mad.

Strange, too, was it that these birds, with us so shy, sang abroad, even in the day time, with the boldest front—causing the very streets to echo to their voice. At night also, when the noise of passing vehicles was all but deafening, *then* did these charmers cause their melodious notes to be heard high above all! Our friend, who accompanied us as *compagnon de voyage*, speedily made up his mind that we were a veritable lunatic, and often repaired to his hotel in despair,—leaving us to parade the public thoroughfares, “with ear attent,” till long after midnight.

The very delightful climate of France fully accounts for this excellence in the nightingale. The atmosphere is always clear; the inhabitants burn wood fires; and the heavy smoke so peculiar to England, is there unknown. Every other song bird, we should observe, excelled in like degree, to our great astonishment. Their notes were far more perfect; their song far more joyous; their plumage far more trim and showy—thus making it indisputably clear, that for birds to be healthy and well, their lungs must have free play, and they must live in a pure atmosphere. Indeed we ourselves experienced an immediate and most salutary benefit from the genial change of climate.

All this may, and indeed does, fully account for the nightingale being so particular in absenting himself from certain localities in England. It is beyond all question, that their instinct acts as an unerring guide to them in their selection of a place adapted for their constitution, and the well-being of their young families; and we cannot but admire the benignant hand of Nature so observable in all her works. The time for emigrating is early in September. If that month be unusually fine, and there is little wind, they occasionally tarry till the first week in October. After this, they are no more seen. It is at this season that the “agitation” commences with the caged-birds left behind; of which, as promised, more hereafter.

We would here remark, that several observant correspondents anxiously ask us—

worn out! They will admit of *no* new discoveries!

if we *never* remember to have heard this bird discoursing music in a "melancholy" strain? We unhesitatingly answer, yes; but it was after the spoliation of her nest of its callow brood, by the ruthless hand of a heartless robber:—

"——Hark! How the nightingale *laments*
Her ruin'd care,—too delicately framed
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage!
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd—to the ground her vain provision falls!
Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce
Can bear the *mourner* to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandoned to *despair*, she sings
Her *sorrows* through the night; and on the bough
Sole sitting, still, at every dying fall,
Takes up again her *lamentable* strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her *wail* resound!"

Thus sings our sweet poet—Thomson. Too well do we know—too often, alas! have we verified the truth of his elegant poetic sketch!

Little more now remains to be said. When you feed your branchers and nestlings on German paste, remember always to rub in with it hard-boiled yolk of egg, a little bruised hemp-seed, and some sponge-cake. Be careful to use CLIFFORD'S German paste, that which is made with honey instead of treacle; the latter being far too gross for their digestion. If ever you have occasion to handle your birds, hold them securely, but avoid all undue pressure; and never keep them longer in your warm hand than is absolutely necessary. Their structure is curiously delicate, and the machinery of their body is very easily destroyed.

One word more. We take it for granted, that you wish your nightingales to sing by candle-light. To insure this, let them, from September until the following Spring, hang in one particular spot in the room where you sit. When they become used to this, they will feel quite at home and happy. To change their position, would perhaps unsettle them for months to come! So singular are the fancies, and so peculiar are the habits of this truly extraordinary bird!

Some people aver that the song of the nightingale is not the same by day as it is by night. The fact is, it is listened to under distinctly different feelings. There can be no doubt that it is *more effective* by night; because all nature is in a state of repose, and our minds are under different influences. The strain, however, is virtually the same, and every note a volume. It is not often that one meets with a kindred spirit in the appreciation of this bird's song. We want a few more Izaak Waltons

amongst us. We have now in our mind's eye the good old Izaak, rod in hand, setting out at early dawn for the river's brink, Philomel the while enchanting him with his morning hymn:—

"The stars were out—the sky was full of them,
Dotted with worlds. The land was all asleep."

"Lord!" exclaimed he, raising his eyes aloft in the fulness of his overflowing heart —"WHAT music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou givest bad men SUCH MUSIC ON EARTH?"

A PLEASURE PARTY IN JULY.

BY A VICTIM TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

"I LIKE to go a journey," says a popular writer, in his amusing Essays, "but I like to go alone."

I used to think this a very anti-social feeling, but I have since read my recantation. Not that I am a whit less gregarious than heretofore—but I have learned, that one pleasure at a time is as much as I can enjoy; and when I have my friends with me, I can do without green fields, and *vice versa*, as Mr. Liston used to say. Moreover, to enjoy a thing, however pleasant, *en masse*, requires, a community of tastes and feeling rarely met with in two persons,—never in half-a-dozen. From these premises I would infer, that parties of *pleasure* so invariably turn out the reverse, that I cannot imagine why they are called so, unless on the principle of *lucus à non lucendo*.

Happening, one day last summer, to be in company with two or three friends, at the house of a relation, some one of the party spoke of a very pleasant village, about ten miles from town, where he or she (I forget which) had once passed a few days. "How delightful a little excursion would be, this fine weather! charming! suppose we all go? just the present party—where could we find one more agreeable?"

It was voted *nem. con.* we could not: each considering himself a leaven of fascination, more than sufficient for the dough of his associates. Only one gentleman hung fire (I suspect he had been a sufferer before), and pleaded business; but his wife voted on the other side—and the ladies unanimously declared the party would be incomplete without him. There was no resisting such an argument; so he yielded, against his judgment, to female influence, as many a wise man has done before him.

We were to set off by six o'clock in the morning. I, like a novice, was punctual to the hour. My friend R., being a married man, was better versed in the ways of the ladies, and did not make his appearance

until eight, a full hour too soon. At last, down came my aunt and my two cousins, as gay as peacocks. There was an ugly black cloud gathering in the horizon, and R. advised umbrellas. I sided with the prudentials; but all the ladies maintained, that the day was "heavenly," that there was "no chance of rain," and that "umbrellas were such a bore!" So the "ayes" were left greatly in the minority. It had been settled, that we were not to breakfast till we got to C—, a bad arrangement, by the by; an empty stomach is an ill beginning to a day's pleasure—no temper will stand it. My own, I know, is angelic—yet, before I reached C—, I was confoundedly sulky; and I was not alone in this.

Eating and drinking, however, is always a popular thing, and productive of good humor. The company which had gradually become more and more silent, now began to talk at once, and various were the raptures on the subject of the day—the prospect—the drive—the sun; and even the cream and the new-laid eggs came in for their share of praise. After breakfast, we agreed to go a ruralising in the fields and green lanes; but R., who was corpulent, preferred driving his gig slowly; lest his wife should be "knocked up" the rest of the week, he insisted that she should accompany him. Nothing should ever be *insisted* on in a party of pleasure; it interferes with the exercise of free will, so essential to enjoyment of any kind; even to do a man good against his will, breeds contention: but this is a digression. *Revenons à nos moutons*, as the French say.

The sun now began to be intolerably powerful, seemingly in revenge for a previous complaint that it was rather cool for the time of year. There was a superb wood about half a mile off; and beyond that, "a deep valley watered by a brook, breathing the very spirit of coolness and repose," as we were assured by a young man of our party; "a sweet poet," as I was informed by the young lady on my arm.

By the time that we got over half a dozen fields, two of them newly ploughed, it was discovered that we were proceeding due east, whereas the wood lay to the west. After divers grumblings, and reproachful "I told you so's!" we were compelled to retrace our steps. The wood, instead of being only half a mile off, was two whole miles; and so thick with underwood, that nothing was heard but lamentations over torn flounces, and veils,—faces and hands scratched by the briars—broken parasols, and bonnets bent out of all shape from a losing contest with the boughs. At length, by dint of pulling, pushing, squeezing, dragging, and screaming, we got through the wood, and sat down upon a bank to rest ourselves;

but one lady did not like sitting on the grass, because it might be damp, another was afraid of frogs, and another of snakes.

Ladies' complaints cannot be disregarded. The poet and I, therefore, went on a voyage of adventure, and discovered the trunk of a felled tree, which accommodated the elder ladies; and I, and the fair creature I had the honor of escorting, strolled some distance to a village churchyard, where I assisted her to copy epitaphs into her pocket album, and mended her pencil, that she might sketch the church, and the surrounding landscape. A very pretty drawing it was! only that, by a little error in perspective, the trees in the back-ground seemed to be growing out of the belfry.

When the ladies were rested, it was time to return to the inn to dinner; but then there was the abominable wood to repass. Heavy were the complaints; and many the vows, "never, while they breathed, to come into a wood again;" and bitter were the reproaches lavished on the unlucky poet, whose misrepresentations had drawn the party into such a scrape. At last, when we arrived at the inn, so much time had been lost by the way, that we found the dinner spoiled. This was the worst grievance of all, though every one had some particular grievance of his own to relate besides.

Mr. and Mrs. R. had suffered more than anybody. The lady had lost her parasol and her lap-dog; the gentleman his hat, his whip, his time, his money, and his temper. How the deuce they contrived to get into such a pickle, I could never make out. The gentleman who had undertaken our financial arrangements, managed the matter by disputing every article in the bill, scolding the landlord, and kicking the waiter out of the room; for which pastime he was indicted for an assault at the Quarter Sessions, and had to pay nineteen pounds, some odd shillings, damages and costs: he had particularly boasted of knowing how to deal with "these sort of people," and this was a proof of it.

From the time we set out, there was but one point on which we were cordially agreed, and that was, to order carriages and go home as fast as possible. The gig had been disabled, and the landlord did not keep post horses, so that in addition to our former loading of six insides to a barouche, we were to accommodate Mr. R. and his wife. Seven grown persons in one carriage, and two on the box! and this on a warm July evening.

To crown the whole, it began to rain torrents, we had no umbrellas, and the postillion was drunk! In defiance of all we could say, he set off, loaded as the carriage was, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. How we escaped with our necks unbroken, I never

could comprehend. Luckily the horses were wiser than their master, and after a mile or two they chose to walk: and walk they did every other step of the way, while the rain continued to pour in torrents. I don't think I ever experienced a more positive pleasure in my life, than when I bade the whole party good night. I make no rash vows; but if ever I go on a party of pleasure again—I hold my next of kin perfectly justifiable in taking out a statute of lunacy against me! Everybody may not have been equally unfortunate with myself; and yet I put it to every one's experience to say, whether a day deliberately begun *with the firm intent of being happy* has not proved, nine times out of ten, the most disagreeable of their lives?

The bare suspicion of a deliberate design to raise emotion of any kind, raises our spleen; and we take a surly pleasure in proving to ourselves and others, that we will neither be amused nor softened against our will.

NOTHING SEEN BUT LIGHT.

It is evident that all the various assemblages of colors which we see in the objects around us are not in the bodies themselves, but the light which falls upon them. There is no color inherent in the grass, the trees, the fruits, and the flowers, nor even in the most splendid variegated dress that adorns a lady. All such objects are as destitute of color in themselves as bodies which are placed in the centre of the earth, or as the chaotic materials out of which our globe was formed before light was created. For where there is no light, there is no color. Every object is black, or without color in the dark, and it only appears colored as soon as the light renders it visible. This is further evident from the following experiment. If we place a colored body in one of the colors of the spectrum which is formed by the prism, it appears of the colors of the rays in which it is placed. Take for example a red rose, and expose it first to the red rays, and it will appear of a more brilliant ruddy hue. Hold it in the blue rays, and it appears no longer red, but of a dingy blue color, and in like manner its color will be different when placed in all the other differently-colored rays. This is the reason why the colors of objects are essentially altered by the nature of the light in which they are seen. The colors of ribbons and various pieces of silk and woollen stuff are not the same when viewed by candle-light as in the day-time. In the light of a candle or a lamp, blue often appears green, and yellow objects assume a whitish aspect. The reason is, that the light of a candle is not so pure a light as that of the sun, but has a yellowish tinge; and, therefore, when refracted by the prism, the yellowish rays are found to predominate, and the superabundance of yellow rays gives to blue objects a greenish hue.—*Dick's Practical Astronomer.*

WHAT IS REASON?

THE nature, the characteristic of reason is intelligence. Reason not only has the power to know, but actually knows. It is for us the principle of intelligence. All that we know in all, we know by virtue of Reason. It is by its light that I perceive my own existence, that I am conscious of what passes within me, that I take cognisance of my thoughts, my sensations, passions, emotions, affections. On its authority I affirm that I exist, that you exist, that the external world exists. All the light I have comes from it, and its authority always suffices me. This is not all. You and I both believe our reason to be authoritative. You try to make me believe that reason determines so and so, and you feel that if you succeed in making me see the point as you do, I must admit it. You would think me a madman if I denied the relations of numbers, or refused to admit plain, legitimate logical deductions from acknowledged premises. All mankind do the same. What each believes to be reasonable, he believes all ought to allow. Nobody ever asks for any higher authority than reason. What we call demonstration, is but stripping a subject of its envelopes, and showing it to the reason as it is. If, when seen in its nakedness, the reason approves it, we say it is demonstrated to be true. If the reason disapproves of it, we say it is demonstrated to be false.

Triumph of Reason over Scepticism.

THE astronomer Kirchner, having a friend who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error:—Expecting him on a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which being placed in a situation where it could not fail to attract his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged? "It does not belong to me," said Kirchner, "nor was it ever made by any person; but it came here by mere chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; you surely jest." Kirchner however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order or design?" His friend was at first confounded; afterwards, when Kirchner pursued his reasoning, convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

HAPPINESS IN DEGREE.—Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having *equal* happiness with a philosopher. They may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. A small drinking-glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the smaller.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued next week.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—“GREY BADGER.” We wrote you a long letter on the 12th of June, and forwarded it to your “box,” Post-office, Manchester. It has just been returned to us, as “refused,” although the postage was paid. How is this?—S. D. W.—E. X.—R. W.—ZIG-ZAG—F. G.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—ALPHA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, August 14, 1852.

ALTHOUGH BY NO MEANS SURPRISED, we are yet not a little gratified to receive so many Communications in favor of the spirit of our general remarks at page 72.

We are right glad to find, that the position we seek to establish respecting the World and its inmates, is recognised to be a just, a correct one. Too long has it been “the fashion” to decry the World; hence has every one leaned on the popular side. But when we come to reason about it, we find the World as good as ever it was, and ourselves the *sole* cause of our own unhappiness, discontent, and misery. Thus is God justified in His works, and WE are condemned in ours.

Let not our good friends be afraid. So long as we can hold our pen, so long will we unceasingly advocate this doctrine; and we do hope that by encouraging a more general love for each other and each other's welfare, we shall, in our day and generation, be pronounced to have been “useful.”

Based as society is at the present time, selfishness regulates nearly all their movements. Education enforces this. Use sanctions it. *Meum* and *tuum* seldom come together for any good purpose,—unless ostentatiously in the newspapers. We live for ourselves only. “Sympathy” indeed still lingers in the English dictionaries; but its meaning is little known; and humanity (with too many) is all but obsolete. Thus, good Samaritans and Brothers Cheeryble, when occasionally heard of, are subjects for remark. They are quite the exceptions, *not* the rule in society.

All this is owing to the purely artificial lives we lead; for, to keep up appearances, we *must* offend against Nature,—we do so every hour we live. How can we know any repose, while we study rather “what people will say” than what regards our own comfort? Do we not sacrifice ourselves to them,—almost body and soul? Aye, live for them and for their fancies; *so that we cannot do what we would?*

In certain circles, the better feelings of the heart if felt, *must not* be shown. The

heart indeed is in every case subject to the caprice of its owner, and beats in an atmosphere abhorrent to itself. No person who mingles with society can gainsay one word of our allegations. We all know them to be too true. The question then is,—ought there not to be an effort made to reform these unnatural things? It is the first step to real happiness.

For ourselves, our drift will ever be,—to try and lessen the immense distance by which many excellent hearts are kept so cruelly apart. We shall do this, not so much by word of mouth as by the genial tone of our general remarks. We already have convincing proofs that our labor of love has not been in vain; and we augur from this, an extended usefulness. We invariably write as we feel. This invests our pen with double powers.

We are told, that our JOURNAL is the *only* periodical that dares to enter on such subjects. Fearing lest they should give offence, our contemporaries one and all remain neutral,—choosing rather to follow than lead. In this matter WE are truly independent, and prefer leading to following.

We are surrounded by a host of kind friends,—made such, purely by our expressed sentiments. Thus encouraged, we shall press boldly forward. If our brotherhood are afraid to speak the truth, be it so. Then shall WE stand a better chance of immortality. It was said of Abdiel,—

“Among the faithless, FAITHFUL ONLY HE.”

WE seek just such an imperishable fame.

ERRATUM.—At page 73, by a misprint, we were made to say that the children of some ladies of fashion were seen “rambling” on the grass in Kew Gardens! It should have been “ambling,”—a sensible difference, in such a case!—ED. K. J.

THE REMARKS WE MADE in a former number about the delights of Summer, and the universal inclination felt to migrate and travel about at this inviting season, are now becoming delightfully apparent day by day. All the world are on the move.

It requires some little philosophy to leave our snug suburban retreat, morning after morning; and to consign ourselves into a lumbering vehicle *en route* for a smoky city—there to be seated on an elevated stool* to

* Lightly seated for a few short hours on this said stool, how often do we think of our smoke-dried fellow-citizens who are *glued* to theirs! TENNYSON gives them a seasonable “hint” to get *unglued* as soon as possible. “Oh!” says he, “WHO would cast and balance at a desk, Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool Till all his juice is dried—and all his joints Are full of chalk?”

talk of what we would much rather witness. We see almost every other passenger accompanied by a box or a portmanteau,—his better-half complacently “smiling” the fact of herself and spouse being bound for a *tête-à-tête* to the sea-side. We see this, we say, and groan. But when we note a gentleman with a little carpet-bag—and a stick, our brain positively reels, and we feel giddy. Of all equipments, commend us to these two last. *Apròpos* of this “little carpet-bag.” Casting our eyes, a day or two since, over a Scotch paper, we read something that has unsettled us for the season; and as we hope it will unsettle many others also, we embody the idea here. We repeat, nobody should be seen in London in August—nobody at least that values his health. What does a little carpet-bag cost? How much room does it occupy? What does it not hold? Does it not sometimes hold *our heart*—spell-bound?

Is not the most common of our street sights, at this season, a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or river, bearing with him a little carpet-bag? So common indeed is it, that it fails to attract the slightest attention. Now a little carpet-bag is no more noted, than an umbrella or a walking-stick in a man's hand; and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to our thinking, an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a heap of luggage. The anxiety attending such property, outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a man with a little carpet-bag is one in ten thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect type of independence extant. He can snap his fingers in the face of the most extortionate porter. No trotting urchin is idle enough to solicit the carrying of so slight a burden. While other passengers, by coach or railway, are looking after their trunks and trappings, *he* enters, and has the best seat. He and his “little all” never part company. On arriving at their destination, they are off with the jaunty swagger of unencumbered bachelorhood.

In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet-bag, we are struck, to a certain extent, with an idea of disproportion; but the balance is all on the easy side. There is far too little to constitute a burden, and yet there is enough to indicate wants attended to, and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet-bag in hand has his *last shirt* on his back. Neither is it probable that his beard can suffer from slovenly overgrowth. When he retires to roost at night, the presumption is that it will be in the midst of comfortable and cosy night-gear.

A little carpet-bag is almost always indicative of a short and pleasurable excursion.

No painful ideas of stormy seas or dreadful accidents on far-off railway lines are suggested by it. Distance is sometimes poetically measured by “a small bird's flutter,” or “two smokes of a pipe,” or some such shadowy, though not altogether indefinite phase. Why may not time, in like manner, be measured by two shirts? A gentleman with a little carpet-bag may be said to contemplate—about a couple of shirts' absence from home. Hereby hangs a tale:—

A fortnight since, we had one of these “little carpet-bags” all ready “fitted up.” We were bound on a visit for two days to a delightful family—readers of this JOURNAL, but as yet known to us by an extensive correspondence only. Our heart lay in that “carpet-bag; yet, from unforeseen circumstances, was that bag doomed to be unfitted at the last moment; and our fondly-looked-for enjoyment deferred *pro tem*. Still, we shall never let that bag be out of our sight till it *has* done its mission. Editors of newspapers cannot “always” do as they like.

With respect to the beauties of the country at this season,—walks in the corn fields, in the clover, in the meadows, in the lanes, by the rivers, and in the forests,—we have before said enough of them to induce all who can indulge in these delights to do so. Wandering abroad, far away from dirty cities and walled-up towns, something delectable may be met with daily; aye, something worth looking at. We expect it; and therefore is it we seek the country, and more particularly the well-sheltered forests:

'Twas on a merry summer day,
When yellow gorse was blowing,
I met her in the forest way.
With ringlets brightly flowing—
Her ringlets rich as autumn leaves,
Her face all artless beauty;
Who sees such, evermore believes
“To love's” life's sweetest duty.

She gathered flowers as she went,
The little fairy reaper!
Wild rose, for some dear emblem meant,
Sorrel, and noon's pale sleeper;*
Red woodbines, too, so lavish there,
That with each zephyr wrestled,
And one choice bunch she pillowed where
Her snowy kerchief nestled.

She murmured snatches of old song—
How still I stood to listen!
But down the forest vale ere long
I saw her ringlets glisten;
I heard her singing in the shade,
Now hastening and now staying,
While half resolved, and half afraid,
I ran, or stood delaying.

* The evening primrose.

Softer and sweeter came her song
 As down the path she wended;
 My beating heart grew proud and strong—
 I too the path descended.
 Gipsy! how fast her dainty feet
 Along the ruts now bore her!
 But soon, with step as sure and fleet,
 I breathless stood before her.

Needs it to tell the burning words
 That hushed her tongue's gay ditty?
 Needs it to strike the passion-chords
 That moved her heart to pity?
 Soon was her yielding hand in mine,
 And, where she gathered flowers,
 Where violets bud and lilies shine,
 We talked of wedding hours.

The above gems of song are not ours, but they are worthy of "setting" in OUR JOURNAL. We can only give the writer's initials, "E. E. M. K." His name he has preferred to withhold,—why, we know not. We should have thought all *mauvaise-honte* had been removed by the "little reaper."

As the days of harvest are at hand, and there *may be* more "little reapers" gathering flowers, we say to all whom it may concern—ramble out on such a lovely chance. If you fail in securing the heart of a "little reaper," you will yet add to your life some years by the fresh air you will inhale during the pursuit.

Everybody, now, SHOULD LIVE IN THE OPEN AIR. There can be no excuse—for it costs nothing.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Education of Children; "Kidd's Journal;" the Bookselling Trade; and Proofs of "Honesty."
 —My dear Sir,—You *must* allow me, although a perfect stranger, to address you thus familiarly; because I feel, from what I see of you in your writings, that you are a man after my own heart; and if we were personally acquainted, we should soon be very dear friends. I will first explain how I learnt that such a person was in existence, and then what difficulty I had in making your acquaintance. My opinion of education being similar to your own—that it should not be confined to mere head knowledge, but that the affections of the heart should be carefully and constantly cultivated—I have always provided each of my little ones with a "pet" of some kind or other, in order that from their earliest childhood they might be accustomed to provide for its wants, and care for its comfort. By such practice, their feelings of kindness and affection towards their own rabbit or canary, gradually extend to every living creature. I am firmly of opinion with you, that a child trained to show kindness to animals will never grow up a bad man or woman. On the contrary, a child guilty of cruelty to animals, and with such a disposition unchecked, or even encouraged, *will never make a good one*. Such being my ideas, I have at different times purchased rabbits, birds, &c.; and last year, met

with a couple of canaries with which we were all very much pleased. Last spring, for my own amusement, and with the intention of breeding from them, I added some more to my stock, but felt considerably at a loss for advice and instruction how to proceed. The "Boys' Own Book," "*Bird-Keepers' Guide*," and other books *professing* to give instructions on the subject, were consulted in vain, *as their opinions frequently differed (!)*, and the advice given was too limited. The result has been that I have been unfortunate, having only reared three young birds during the season. However I have made up my mind to try again, and have procured from a friend who is giving up bird-keeping, a few good birds, making up my number to twelve. I intend to add some more during the winter. On looking over the *Family Herald* lately, I saw a note to a correspondent who wished for some advice on the management of Canaries, recommending KIDD'S JOURNAL as a standard authority on such and similar subjects. But no information was given as to how or where it was to be obtained, or whether it was published in the periodical form or otherwise. Thinking that this would be *the* work I had so long sought (in vain), I put on my hat, and set off to procure it, calling first at a news-vendor in our own neighborhood. He however "had never heard of it," and to my disappointment, after calling at about twenty places, I met with the same answer wherever I went. I consequently gave it up, thinking there might have been a mistake in the *Family Herald*. A week ago, on looking over another number of the *Herald*, I found the same advice given to *another* correspondent on a similar subject, who was recommended, in the strongest terms, to consult KIDD'S JOURNAL, where he was told he would meet with the fullest information. I was puzzled what to do, and at last thought of writing to the Editor of the *Herald* to know in what form KIDD'S JOURNAL was published, and where it was "get-at-able." But just as I was going to do so, a friend came in; and in the course of conversation, I happened to mention my difficulty, when I was told that if it was the same KIDD who had been writing for the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, he was just the very person who could give me advice how to manage birds of all kinds. He added, that KIDD'S JOURNAL was a weekly periodical, and that he had seen it advertised *somewhere*. This was last Saturday morning. In the afternoon, I spent three hours hunting for your JOURNAL; and at last met with the four first parts at Miss Meyrick's, Hanover Street, after having called at about thirty places in vain. By most of the booksellers I was told *there was no such work*; and by some an attempt was made to palm upon me another and entirely different publication. Having secured these parts, I have ordered the remainder, and a regular supply in future. Two parts I have read; and now have to thank you most heartily for the valuable information I have derived from them, and expect to derive from those behind. Your work is exactly the thing I wanted, in every respect; and most sincerely do I wish you success. There are hundreds in Liverpool who are, like myself, desirous of keeping their little

prisoners comfortable and happy, but ignorant of the best way to go about it. To these, and all such as these, KIDD'S JOURNAL will be an invaluable acquisition, as its more extensive circulation is sure to follow the knowledge of its existence. You will consult your own interests by advertising it two or three times (in the *Liverpool Mercury*), when you may confidently expect a large increase in the demand. Will you tell me, whether a few anecdotes of animals would from time to time be acceptable? if so, I should be glad to furnish a few original ones. Last week I had a linnet given to me, which I was told was an excellent singer; as it was in one of the extremely small, and, as I thought, uncomfortable cages, in which linnets are generally kept, I put it into a larger and better cage; but it has never sung since. Is this owing to the change? The bird seems quite well. Apologising for the length at which I have troubled you, and with my best wishes for your success, I am &c.,—
ALPHA, Windsor, near Liverpool.

[We make it a "case of conscience," having the name and address of this real friend to "an honest cause," to publish his letter entire. The public are largely interested in it. We offer no comment. Truth makes its own way. We have said, "the world is *not* bad;" must we be compelled to "eat our own words?" First, we present the right hand of fellowship to ALPHA. We shall, we hope, soon know more of him and his family. By all means send us some of your original anecdotes of animals. The linnet will *not* sing well in his cage *this* season; but he will *next*. It is cruel to keep birds in these little cages. Write to us freely whenever you will. We are bound to you by every kind tie between man and man. Our AGENTS in LIVERPOOL are PHILIP and Co., South Castle Street; but it seems OUR JOURNAL is "too good" for the Liverpooldians. As for HEYWOOD, near Manchester, and many of our provincial manufacturing towns, if our paper reaches the hands of our subscribers at these places *when only a fortnight old*, they consider they get it *EARLY*! We are tired of complaining of this dishonesty. We only know that we are robbed to a frightful extent, and that we are without any remedy but endurance.]

"*Ease and Elegance.*"—I have "a bone to pick with you," Mr. Editor. You have sat in judgment, unasked, on an article of comfort which we ladies highly prize—I mean the arched shade which projects beyond our bonnets, to protect our faces from the sun. That is a very sweet article of yours about "Sunburn," and I am free to confess I like the writer more than passingly well; *but* you surely went beyond your province in censuring what we really use for *comfort*. Will you apologise, and be forgiven?—VIOLET.

[Sweetest of all fragrant flowers! pardon us. We have erred innocently. Unasked, we ought not perhaps to have volunteered an opinion upon what *you* consider does not concern us. In our zeal for the cause of beauty, we spoke our mind freely; too freely it seems. But *entre nous*, we cannot alter the opinion given. We hold these same "shrouds" in perfect abhorrence,

and cannot by possibility believe that any person who wears them *can be* amiable. We have seen many of them in use during the past week. We have shuddered at the wearers, and at their temerity. For *your* sake we would, if we could, reconsider our "verdict," but it is *impossible*. Rather oblige us, Violet, and lay aside as unworthy your sweet visage, what so awfully disfigures—aye, defiles the human face divine. We will, in return, undertake to answer any number of questions on any subjects that you may propound to us. If in *this* way we can atone for our fault, consider your will ours; but never, Violet, let us sanction such rank offences against Nature. We feel that we are forgiven. Thank you.]

The Summer of 1852—Its excessive Heat; with a Glance at by-gone hot Summers.—At a time, Mr. Editor, when we are all rapidly consuming with heat, it may not be amiss to record in OUR JOURNAL the statistical account of the various hot Summers that have preceded the present. It will be a curious document to refer to hereafter, if the heat of the present month does not kill us all. From the registered accounts, we find that in 1132 the earth opened, and the rivers and springs disappeared in Alsace. The Rhine was dried up. In 1152 the heat was so great that eggs were cooked in the sand. In 1160 at the battle of Bela, a great number of soldiers died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277, in France, an absolute failure of the crops of grass and oats occurred. In 1303 and 1304, the Seine, the Loire, the Rhine, and the Danube, were passed over dry-footed. In 1393 and 1394 great numbers of animals fell dead, and the crops were scorched up. In 1440 the heat was excessive. In 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, the rivers were almost entirely dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought over all Europe. In 1615 and 1616 the heat was overwhelming in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. In 1646 there were 58 consecutive days of excessive heat. In 1678 excessive heat. The same was the case in the first three years of the 18th century. In 1718 it did not rain once from the month of April to the month of October. The crops were burnt up, the rivers were dried up, and the theatres were closed by decree of the Lieutenant of Police. The thermometer marked 36 degrees Reaumur (113 of Fahrenheit). In gardens which were watered, fruit trees flowered twice. In 1723 and 1724 the heat was extreme. In 1746, summer very hot and very dry, which absolutely calined the crops. During several months no rain fell. In 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778 and 1788 the heat was excessive. In 1811, the year of the celebrated comet, the summer was very warm and the wine delicious, even at Susènes. In 1818 the theatres remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. The *maximum* heat was 35 degrees (110.75 Fahrenheit). In 1830, while fighting was going on on the 27th, 28th, 29th of July, the thermometer marked 36 degrees centigrade (97.75 Fahrenheit). In 1832, in the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of June, the thermometer marked 35 degrees centigrade. In 1835 the Seine was almost dried up. In 1850, in the month of

June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked 34 degrees centigrade. The highest temperature which man can support for a certain time, varies from 40 to 45 degrees (104 to 113 of Fahrenheit). Frequent accidents, however, occur at a less elevated temperature.—I may add, that the loss of lives through the sun's heat, during this present summer, have been very numerous. Serious accidents, too, by storms, and deaths by lightning, have been recorded, in such numbers that it makes the heart sick to read of them.—JULIA.

The large Tiger Moth.—Towards the latter end of March there may be found feeding on the common nettle-dock, and various other plants, a small hairy caterpillar (*Arctia Caya*) of a uniform chesnut color; but which, after changing its skin, becomes black with a row of white spots along the sides, placed one on each segment. In addition to these, there are two more spots on each of the third and fourth segments. After the third moult, it measures about an inch in length. The hair is much longer, and of a light chesnut color, especially towards the head; and the row of white spots is further increased to three. After the fifth moult, it measures about two inches in length. The three rows of spots are reduced to one, and the back is covered with shining blue tubercles, from which spring numerous long white hairs, giving it a very handsome appearance. By the time it is full grown, these hairs have become black. Those at the sides are bright chesnut; and each segment is ornamented with a golden oval-shaped spot. The head and legs are black. About the latter end of May or the beginning of June, it is full grown; and now commences the grand operation of forming the cocoon; for the accomplishment of which it is furnished with a minute and slender organ, which Kirby and Spence have aptly termed the spinneret. It is composed of several longitudinal slips, alternately corneous and membranous. By this, the insect has the means of contracting the tube, which terminates in a slender orifice; which, although elaborated in two distinct silk tubes, unite previous to their emission from the orifice of the tube. Having found a suitable situation, most commonly a corner of the breeding cage, it commences by covering the side and top with a thick coating of silk. This done, the caterpillar spins numerous fine threads from side to top; crossing and recrossing them as it proceeds, until the whole is rendered firm and complete. It then becomes motionless, and in a few days changes to the chrysalis. The moth appears about three weeks after. The following description, though applying to most specimens, must on no account be considered as general; for like most of the genus it varies greatly, both in regard to size, and the shape and color of the marking. Anterior wings, white, marked with six variously-shaped dark brown spots. That nearest the base of the anterior margin, is the largest. Under wing, bright scarlet; ornamented with five or six dark blue spots; the three largest forming a line along the outer edge. Fringe of all the wings, yellowish white. Head surmounted by a crimson ring. Thorax, thickly covered with dark brown hairs. Abdomen,

scarlet, marked with six black spots on the upper surface.—C. MILLER, *Huckney*.

Poultry—Curious Fact.—A friend of mine has just lost by death a hen which for some time has shown evident symptoms of distress and pain. Rue, doses of salts, and other remedies, were vainly tried. She grew gradually worse, till death put an end to her sufferings. On opening her, we found the ovary full of eggs, weighing more than one pound. They were congealed in one mass, and as hard as an over-boiled egg. Can any of your readers tell me the cause of this disease—if it is one—and can they propose any known remedy?—C. P., *Boston*.

[We are not ourselves aware of the cause of this coagulation of the eggs; but some of our readers may be. The other matters in your note, with reference to the description of all kinds of fowl, showing their several excellencies, &c., we shall attend to by and by. Poultry-keeping is now becoming very general.]

Goats, Remarks on keeping; and Observations on their Milk.—I beg to refer your correspondent, who requires some particulars with reference to keeping goats, to the *Agricultural Magazine for July*. Therein a correspondent, J. T., has thrown together some interesting details. I have transcribed a portion of it, for the benefit of our readers generally.—“Any economical housewife can always provide her family with the best and richest new milk twice a-day, if the premises contain a few poles of garden ground, a yard, and an open shed or two; for, by such simple appliances, and almost without expense, two or three milch goats, yielding each, upon an average, a quart of milk per day, can be kept. It is with great satisfaction that I have seen an article on the subject of goats' milk, to the ability and truthfulness of which my own repeated observations for some years enable me to bear testimony. The author (Mr Cuthbert Johnson) I have known long, and the near vicinity of our residences facilitates careful inspection. Without apology, I shall borrow several passages from the treatise, and I hope to the profit of those domestic economists who feel, and are candid enough to confess, that the objections raised against this milk on the score of strong and rank flavor, are utterly without foundation. On this point, our author observes:—‘It must not be supposed that the taste of the milk of the goat differs in any degree from that of the cow; it is, if anything, sweeter, but it is quite devoid of any taste which might reasonably be supposed to be derivable from the high-flavored shrubs and herbs upon which the animal delights to browse.’ This statement is true to the letter. I have proved the fact many a time with parties in the drawing-room of the writer; but now to cite authorities on the food of the goat, and the extreme hardihood of the animal. There is hardly a weed or a plant which is rejected by the goat; it has been calculated that while the cow eats 276 and rejects 218 common plants, the goat eats 449, but rejects only 126. ‘In the garden,’ says Mr. Johnson, ‘(if by chance they are allowed to browse), I notice that they select the rose trees, common laurels, arbutus, laurustinus, and the laburnum.’ It is well known

to dairymen that the milk and butter of cows are rendered rank by the fallen leaves of autumn, but the goats carefully pick up the leaves, whether green or autumnal, of timber trees; of these they prefer those of the oak and elm, and delight in acorns and oak-apples. The waste produce of a garden is exceedingly useful in the keep of a goat. By them almost every refuse weed, all the cuttings and clearings that are wheeled into the rubbish-yard, are carefully picked over and consumed. The trimmings of laurels and other evergreens, pea haulms, cabbage-stalks, &c., are all grateful variations in their food. In winter, a little sainfoin, hay, or a few oats, keep them in excellent condition. In summer, the mowings of a small grass plot, watered with either common or sewage water, will, with the aid of garden refuse, keep a goat from April to October. In the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 1847, p. 511, Mr. Fennel observes, 'When left to graze for themselves, goats generally select for food litter and slightly astringent plants, as the leaves and buds of spurge, hemlock, birch, privet, birch-cherry, and the tender tops of furze and heath.' Want of space prohibits quotations from the classics; I only add that, 'During winter, goats will feed on indifferent hay or straw, furze, heath-thistles, cabbage-leaves, potato-peelings, cold boiled potatoes, old ship biscuits, or, in fact, almost anything that is presented to them.' I have repeatedly observed the gentleness and playfulness of the female goats; the growing kids follow one like a lamb, and by gentle and kind treatment these animals accommodate themselves to any situation."—These particulars, Mr. Editor, are very interesting, and are well worth attentive consideration.—W. ANDREWS, *Tring*.

[We have received another interesting communication on this subject, from a correspondent at Heywood, near Manchester. We shall give this, next week.]

Notes during a July Ramble to Wanstead and Hainault Forest.—Mr. Editor, I have ever been one of those who love a forest ramble. I have loved them from my boyhood, and they have formed some of the happiest epochs of my life. To day (July the fourth) being fine, I rose betimes to gratify my wishes. I was not disappointed. The morning was ushered in by an unclouded sky; and though rather hot, it proved to be one of those fine days that we who love nature so much admire, perhaps the more so on account of their scarcity. They seem like the smiles that may even greet a disturbed home, "few and far between;" yet we like them the more. They are days that we prize; for they recal to us many a scene of our boyhood, when on such a morning we have directed our careless steps to the green woods, longing to reach the friendly shade of the "wide-spreading oak." When seated beneath it, what a paradise this world then seemed! The golden sun shed his effulgence around; the gaudy butterflies, with their wings of various dye, flitted on every side; while numerous insect tribes filled the air with their busy hum. The birds too, were making the woods echo with their various concerts. Theirs was "music" that we indeed loved to hear; but the lark, above them all. He is a bird I have

always admired. Many a time has he cheered me on a lone March ramble, when the sun but faintly struggled through the stormy clouds—when the trees were devoid of leaves, and the other tenants of the woods were dumb. No wonder, then, that I love the lark; but not in a cage. No! It is unnatural! Mark him as he rises from yon field; how his notes swell as he rises higher and higher! He seems to soar above the world, till he becomes but a speck in the wide ether; and then, the voluptuousness of his song! But the prisoner in his cage, I have ever fancied to be the mere ghost of him in air. But I am digressing, and Hainault is yet to be reached. So, after a substantial breakfast, I began my pilgrimage. But first I may as well state the particular branch of nature that formed the impetus to my ramble—that branch was entomology, a science that from a boy I was passionately fond of; and though certain events have prevented me from following it as I could have wished, yet it has always been a pleasing recreation for my leisure hour. My ramble was not a solitary one; I had a friend to accompany me that had once "dabbled" in the science. Our road lay across the marsh through Temple Mills, where, both summer and winter, are to be seen lovers of the gentle art. It was not far from here that the lark burst forth in the full glory of his song, serenading us on our way to Wanstead Park Wood, the scene of my earlier rambles. Truly this is a pleasant spot, and one I was loth to leave—with its open flats, dotted here and there with a few trees and shrubs, its shady thickets hard by; but above all, its noble avenue of Elms leading to the park. Several of these trees, this season, were bored by a species of beetles, probably the *Anobium striatum*. The caterpillars of the Lackey Moth were also very numerous, covering the bushes with their webs. Several of the commoner species of butterflies were abundant; indeed it is a locality that will well repay a ramble to those who, like myself, are partial to the insect tribes. In June, we have here the *Ino statice*, or Green forester, a very pretty Moth, and a very local one. The *Dyptrygia pinastri* or bird's-wing is another local Moth, found here in June, and may be taken by sugaring the trees of an evening, as may also (in July) the Copper underwing (*Amphipyra pyramidea*) and numerous others; indeed if I were to enumerate the Hawk Moths, and Coleoptera, I should be guilty of trespassing too far on your valuable space. Leaving this locality, we rambled down the Chigwell Road, cheered by the song of the birds on either side, till, about noon, we arrived at Hainault. Before entering the Forest, we partook of some refreshment at the "Crown and Crooked Billet" situated on the top of the hill. I merely mention this here, on account of the fine view obtainable over the surrounding country from the gardens beside the house. Leaving this place we entered the Forest, so celebrated for its number of Oaks—alas, now no more! the cupidity of man has laid them low; and by the side of where they once stood so nobly, there they lay—their bare poles bleaching in the sun. They say, it is necessary to clear this Forest. A lover of nature cannot but regret it. The insects found here are numerous in the

extreme. In beetles we have the *Calosoma inquisitor*, *Adhelocnena nubila*, *Toxotus meridianus*; all from the Oak: in June, the first abundant. In July, *Goronius nobilis*; *Rhagium bifasiatum*; and numerous others. In *Lepidoptera*, in July, we have the Rose wing, (*Callimorpha rosea*), the Wood White *Leucophasia sinapis*. I could go on enumerating the species, but I must conclude. I have already encroached too much on the space of your delightful Journal, which cannot be spoken of too highly; and which, as opportunity occurs, every lover of nature ought to recommend. Our ramble we pleasantly concluded, by returning across the fields; many of which were beautifully ornamented by waving forests of wheat. Theirs was indeed a land of promise. I hope it may be fulfilled!—A LOVER OF NATURE.

Love and Friendship.—In these two words, Mr. Editor, as applied to animals, is there not much difference? I have had an argument about it, and my opponent says there is no difference. She will have it that these nice distinctions do not exist in the lower world. What say you?—FLORETTA.

[You are right, Floretta; your adversary is wrong. There is as much difference between the two words, as applied to the lower world, as to the higher. Friendship is often indifferent; hollow—It is one-sided. A friend may become an enemy. How often this happens! But love is imperishable. Damp it, it rises with a burning flame. Quench it—if you can! Our love of animals, and our experience with them, enable us to “talk like a book.” We “value” friendship, where we find it. When we love, our fate is sealed. The object loved and ourselves are one in essence—uneasy apart. A little word in your little ear, Floretta:—

“Love is a passion that endureth,
Which neither time nor absence cureth;
Which nought of earthly change can sever—
Love is the light that shines for ever.
Its chain of gold, what hand can break it?
Its deathless hold, what force can shake it?
Mere passion things of earth may sever,
But hearts that love—LOVE ON FOR EVER.”

Show our “confession of faith” to your opponent; and if she dissents, tell her, Miss Floretta, she has yet much to learn.]

How to Rear young Sky-Larks.—I have three young sky-larks, Mr. Editor, just fledged. How shall I tend them? How shall I feed them? I look to you for chapter and verse.—MARIA J.

[Young larks are difficult to rear. They are peculiarly liable to cramp. Procure a long cage with a wooden tray in it. The cage need not be very wide, but it must be long, to enable the larks to have a good run. Cover the bottom with plenty of red, gravelly sand; and place the cage in the sun. Water must not be given inside, lest the sand should become damp. Mix some crushed rape and hempseed, scalded, with some crumb of bread, also scalded. Squeeze out the water till the mass becomes only moderately moist. Then at the end of a pointed stick administer some of this to the birds. They will soon learn to peck at it, and quickly feed themselves.

A little piece of raw, lean rump-steak, cut up finely in the food, will bring them nicely forward. They may be caged off when six weeks old. Their regular diet of Clifford's German paste, and sponge cake, may be commenced when they are nearly two months old. Till then, yolk of egg and stale crumb of bread had better be given them. All their food must be *quite* fresh, particularly when they are young. This is absolutely needful. Of course you will provide yourself with meal worms, and give them one daily. When young, let a little water dribble from the end of your finger into each bird's mouth. It is requisite, to assist in the proper digestion of their food.]

Singularly-marked Mice.—Dear Mr. Editor,—About two years since, I had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Sarsfield Gray, owner of a farm on the outskirts of the Forest of Dean, and very near to Coleford. Previous to this interview I had seen a letter of his (written two years antecedent), in which he said—“I had a wheat-rick removed last week to one of my barns. On this occasion, although I was very ill at the time, I was speedily sent for to see the mice that abounded in the rick. Their numbers were incredible. Hundreds and hundreds were killed by the dogs; and some few I had captured for myself, considering them, as I did, no less remarkable than they were beautiful. They were all white, *spotted with brown*,—the color of a dormouse, very small, and of the usual form. To my extreme mortification, I found on the following morning that my little captives had eaten a hole through the box in which they were confined, and made their escape. I had set my heart upon keeping these pretty animals; and the disappointment I feel is the greater, because, since then until the present moment (nine days), not one more has been seen.”—I should tell you, Mr. Editor, that neither Mr. Gray nor any of his men had ever before seen any mice at all resembling those in question. Mr. Gray imagined, perhaps correctly, that they might have been the produce of a cross between the white mouse and the dormouse. Have any of your readers ever met with mice of a similar kind?—MUSCIPULA, *Frome*.

[We think the surmise about “the cross” is founded in reason,—the more so, as neither Gilbert White, nor any other naturalist, makes mention of any mouse of the kind herein described.]

How to disperse Rats and Mice.—Are you aware, Mr. Editor, that a plant which grows in abundance in the field, the *Dog's Tongue* (the *Cynoglossum officinale* of Linnæus), has been found to possess a very valuable quality? If gathered at the period when the sap is in its full vigor, bruised with a hammer, and laid in a house, barn, or granary, or any other place frequented by rats and mice, these destructive animals immediately shift their quarters. The remedy is very simple, and well worth a trial; as such I send it to the Public's OWN JOURNAL.—RUSTICUS.

Birds in Confinement.—Last month, Mr. Editor, you deprecated the practice of taking the nests of the nightingale. May I say a few

words in your interesting Journal on the subject? I once had a large aviary, and among my birds was a nightingale (presented to me); I therefore had an opportunity of watching it while in this state of partial confinement in a cage, wherein it was put during winter, to secure it from cold. To me the greatest charm of those charming creatures, birds, is their tameness. But the nightingale was always shy, both among the other birds and with me. He usually skulked behind the bushes in the aviary, and was never fully reconciled to his fate; while the other birds built their nests and reared their young. He requires excessive care. It is almost impossible to leave home, even for a day or two, with one in your possession; and few people will take the needless trouble of preparing nicely the scraped sheep's heart and hard-boiled egg, just sufficiently moistened, and quite fresh. He and the robin are peculiarly unfitted for confinement. The canary breeds in confinement, which fact diminishes by one half the wrong done him by his jailor; sings almost as finely as the nightingale, wood-lark, sky-lark, or tit-lark; continues longer in song, is far handsomer, more easily fed, and more engaging in manners. Besides, he never pines for a great spider, the little gentleman! But the poor nightingale *absolutely requires* such prey. Of the robin, I would say—

"To hurt the robin and the wren
Is hateful both to God and men."

To take them seems useless cruelty. A few crumbs scattered from the window, will bring the bright-eyed redbreast instantly to almost your hand; and he will pour forth his gratitude in a song from a branch close by, which will amply repay the boon. In the garden *now* my robins hop before me, looking for bread and butter, and reproach my negligence very intelligibly when I forget to take their accustomed meal. I could tell you many pretty tales of the *free* birds. One word to your correspondent who "caged a chimney swallow." He proved, what was previously self-evident, the utter impossibility of reconciling to confinement a creature fitted only for *constant* flight by nature—"Nature, that name for an effect whose cause is God." When pity touched the heart of its captor, the wretched sufferer was no longer able to profit by the tardy gift of liberty. Months of cruel care had produced—a cripple! If your readers are curious on the subject, they may read an interesting account of the swallow in Bewick. The whole swallow tribe are very useful, ridding us of swarms of gnats. The whole time of their sojourning with us is occupied in preparation for, and care of, a family; to kill them is therefore peculiarly cruel. Their little home is closely attached to ours, on which account the Romans, by no means a sentimental people, respected the laws of hospitality, and spared their nests.—A
LOVER OF ALL CREATION.

GARDENS.—Who planted the first garden? Our great Creator! Does not a garden yield the very purest of human pleasures? Truly it does. It is indeed one of the greatest refreshments to the spirits of man; without it, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

ATTENTION to any part of the body is capable of exalting the sensibility of that part, or of causing the consciousness concerning its state to be affected in a new manner. Thus a man may attend to his stomach till he feels the process of digestion; to his heart, till conscious of its contractions; to his brain, till he turns dizzy with a sense of action within it; to any of his limbs, till they tingle; to himself, till tremblingly alive all over; and to his ideas, till he confounds them with realities.

When we would learn more of some mystery important to us, we turn away from all other subjects, and cast our attention in upon the consciousness of our own spirit, as if expecting there to discover a reply to our inquiry; and by thus standing, as it were, in the attitude of expectation, to observe thoughts as they pass before us, we often discover great secrets, and find our moral nature enlightened and enlarged by new convictions and new desires.

But, by some mysterious reaction, this strong awakening of the mind renders it more conscious of the body when the abstraction is over, and hence the most intellectual are generally also the most sensitive of mortals. Many diseases are produced, increased, and perpetuated, by the attention being directed to the disordered part; but employment, which diverts the attention from disease, often cures it. Every one who has had a tooth drawn, knows the charm of expecting the final agony; a sight of the operator or the instruments has put the pain to flight.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA.

WHILST engaged in watching the sea, neither the eye nor the mind ever become weary. Each successive wave, as it curls its silver foam and dashes on the shore, has some novelty in it. There is no monotony in the motion of the waves, and the mind speculates momentarily on each variety of motion and of form, finding in all an inexhaustible fund of amusement, excitement, pleasure, and wonder. It is no less true than remarkable, that the ocean is the only *substance* which, in its movement, has not a wearying effect upon the gazer. All other forms, animate or inanimate, may amuse for a moment, a minute, or an hour; but their charm is quickly gone.

DELIRIUM.

THE mental disorder is chiefly remarkable in the disposition of the patient to consider himself quite well. He is accordingly found sitting up, or walking about, or disposed to leave the hospital; while the tenor of his speech indicates a similar delusion. In the remission or at the commencement of delirium, the patient is most generally sensible when spoken to; requiring, however, at times, a short period to comprehend what has been said to him; and he lapses into delirium, or a half-dozing state, when the call upon his attention has ceased to operate. As the disease proceeds, it is of a protracted nature, each exacerbation of fever adds to the intensity of the

mental disorder and the debility of the patient; and, from the increasing weakness, the delirium becomes of a less active nature: the patient is more quiet, and towards the termination of the case, is either found quite insensible, or muttering deliriously, with his eyes more or less shut. In other cases, where the disease is more rapid, and the strength of the patient less exhausted, he is occasionally found sitting up and looking about him with a delirious stare, or walking through the hospital ward, within a few hours of his death.

SELECT POETRY.

GOOD NIGHT.

To —.

Good night, sweet heart, good night!
Love's enemy the light,
Shoots in with sudden dart;
The star that loves the dawn,
Beams on the brow of morn;—
Good night, sweet heart!

My path will lose the ray
Which lit my darkling way
Through wood and widening glade;
Yet I would have thee gone,
My own beloved one,
Till evening's shade.

One look on thy sweet face,
A last and long embrace,
A word and— then farewell!
The hours are few and fleet
Till we again shall meet—
Here in this dell.

When hoarse the cuckoo calls,
And slant the sunbeam falls,
And village vespers chime,—
When you the shadows see
Of evening streak the lea,
It is the time!

To bed, sweet love, to bed!—
The birds stir overhead,
The darkness turns to light;—
Look, where the grey is seen,
The leaves again are green—
Good night! good night!

Oh, do not linger now!
The white upon thy brow,
It is the light of day;
Into thy cottage steal,
While yet the dusk conceal—
Away! away!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

OH, the voice of Woman's love!
What a bosom-stirring sound!
Was a sweeter ever utter'd,
Was a dearer ever heard—
Than Woman's love?
How it melts upon the ear!
How it nourishes the heart!
Cold, ah! cold must his appear,
That has never shared a part
Of Woman's love!

'Tis pleasure to the moment,
'Tis freedom to the thrall:
The pilgrimage of mercy,
And the resting place of all,—
Is Woman's love!

'Tis the gem of beauty's birth;
It competes with joys above:
What were angels upon earth,
If without Woman's love—
SWEET WOMAN'S LOVE!

[These lines are inserted in favor of the readers of OUR JOURNAL *par excellence*. It must not, for a moment, be imagined that its application is general. Oh, No!—Ed. K. J.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WORLD AS GOOD AS EVER.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

THE bright morning beams on a BEAUTIFUL
WORLD,
And proudly the sun rises up from the East;
The trees, fields, and flowers, with dew-drops are
pearl'd,
And Nature's kind welcome bids all to a feast.

Yes! beast, bird, and insect, all bask in delight,
They doubt not the mercy that soothes them
in pain;
In Nature's true pleasures they fondly unite,
Where Truth and Fidelity happily reign.

When evening's shades are fast closing around
On this BEAUTIFUL WORLD,—how grateful the
praise!
With shouts of thanksgiving the valleys resound,
The birds gently warbling their soft vespers
lays.

"Suspicion" has enter'd the cold heart of man;
Yes,—"Doubt" and "Distrust" rob the soul
of its joys;
"Revenge" has completed what "Envy" began;
The heart's kindest feelings "Ambition" de-
stroys!

But the WORLD still is BEAUTIFUL,—spotless,
and fair,
For GOD is ITS MAKER. 'Tis man's evil ways
Have fill'd it with misery, sorrow, and care,—
DEFILING THE VOICE THAT SHOULD POUR
FORTH HIS PRAISE.

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Conducted by **WILLIAM KIDD, of Hammersmith,—**

AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;" "THE AVIARY," &C.

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RURAL NOTES.—No. I.

MONTGOMERY—NORTH WALES.

BY A TEMPLAR.

The Wanderer,
Far from the city's hum must car-less go;
Leaving behind him every sordid band
That links his soul to things that men have planned.
And 'neath some mighty mountain's giant shade
Gazing in awe-struck worship let him stand,
And mark on the broad landscape round him laid,
How small the paltry things "presumptuous man"
has made.

MOTLEY'S TALES OF THE CYMRY.

WE ARE JUST DOWN FOR the "long vacation," having bade adieu for a few months to our home within the walls of the old "Temple." Our native Welsh air seems doubly fresh and pure, after an incarceration of six or seven months in the midst of dusty law books. White of Selborne, and dear old Waterton, now usurp the attention latterly paid to the learned authors of Stephens' Commentaries, and Coke upon Littleton. And why should they not? Recollect the saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

This morning we have chosen for our walk the road which leads to Llandyssil, a little village about three miles from this pretty town. When we get a quarter of a mile on our way, we change our mind; and instead of prosecuting our journey to the village, we turn into the footpath which leads to the "Freethe."

The first field we go through, has a short crop of barley; but alas! I fear a pretty little yellow weed called "hedlock" claims the greater share of the soil. By the bye, a word or two about this said weed. In this country nearly every corn-field is overrun with the plant, which when in blossom very much resembles the turnip. The farmers, do what they will, cannot annihilate it, and the consequence is, that when a stranger comes into the country he immediately exclaims, "What fine crops of turnips you have

here!" And well may he say so, for upon looking from an eminence into the valleys below, they appear clothed in yellow. As far as appearance goes, I think it a very pretty sight to see whole fields of yellow waving in the breeze; but I'm afraid the farmer views this with a different eye.

We arrive at the "Freethe," a high hill, clothed on one side by an immense larch plantation; on the other by short grass, and moss, furze bushes, and fern. It is on the latter side we first enter, gradually winding our way along to a belt of Scotch fir trees. At the top, we walk over the remains of an old encampment; the ground beneath our feet, covered with innumerable species of small flowering plants, vetches, white Dutch clover, small kinds of dandelion, and various others, unknown by name to us—botany, we are sorry to say, not forming an item in our list of accomplishments. Blue, pink, yellow, red, and purple, make up the chief colors of this carpet of nature. Let us sit down on this delightful and fragrant bed, and listen to the sounds of nature. On our left, we have a common hive bee, revelling in the sweets so bountifully presented to him. Close to our feet, on a dead bit of grass, a fly of the blue-bottle species is sunning himself. His thorax and body are spotted of a grey color, and he has large red eyes; prim little fellow! how he seems to enjoy himself, apparently observing all that is going on. Now he buzzes away and rests upon a small stone; then off he goes to a dead stick,—then back again to his former position. Merry little fly, how we wish that we "lords of creation" were all as happy as thou! A little way off, a humble bee is humming and sailing along about the waving tops of the dandelion; he never seems to rest for an instant, but "hum-m-m-m" he goes, till away he flies; first sailing in circles around our head, he after three or four whirls takes his departure. Here comes another little bee of a different kind; his thorax, a buff-brown. Look at his legs,

covered with pollen; sharp little fellow! see how he buries his whole body in that little yellow flower; out again, now in another, off again, now at our feet, then at our back, buzzing away, and losing not a moment's time—a pattern for the idle of our land.

Let us now go to the top of the hill. We will take our station on our accustomed seat—the stump of an old fir tree. 'Tis the hour of noon. The genial warmth of the sun brings forth whole hosts of the insect world, and the swallows take their fill.

“At such an hour, who feels not in his soul
A spirit worshipping all nature? pure
And earthless, if the soul be given from
heaven;
And who that feels his soul can doubt?
Sure this,
The power to feel, to love the beautiful,
Is of that heavenly essence the most heavenly.”

Far below us, and spread out like a map, lies the fertile “vale of the Severn.” Here and there a gentleman's mansion, surrounded by its ornamental grounds, presents itself to our view. The gently-flowing river winds its way through fields waving with heavy crops of ripening grain. At a bend in the river, we see a herd of cattle; some browsing the sweet grass, others sheltering themselves under the overhanging boughs of a wide-spreading oak,—while others again are standing up to their knees in the river. At the foot of the hill, just below us, a wagon heavily laden with new-made hay is winding its way through a fine field of wheat; the heads of the horses scarcely visible, from the height of the corn. In a field further on, we perceive a drove of young heifers; some grazing, others lying down chewing the cud,—all looking happy and contented. Raise we up our eyes from this lovely valley, and they rest upon the summits of a line of hills taking their rise near the town of Welshpool; behind these again, we have other lines of hills, and more again beyond these; until a misty haze shuts out our further view. We could go on till doomsday, describing the varied features of the landscape, but we hear a voice at our elbow crying “enough.”

We love to roam on this hill, and listen to the sound of the wind rustling amidst the leaves of the trees, stretched out at full length upon the flowered carpet, with our eyes peering aloft into the soft-blue sky; we think of that delightful study which we have from our youth up ardently loved,—the study of Nature,—and we ever think of the wondrous Hand that brought all things into being, and our natural impulse causes us to exclaim, “Wonderful and marvellous are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all.”

As we ramble on the side of the hill, we see several irregular lines or ridges, running along the ground, about two inches wide—the grass on the surface being decayed, which makes the course they take more apparent. They are the handiwork of a well-known miner—the Mole. Some of these underground passages may be traced for a distance of fifty or sixty yards, by the brown color of the grass above. There are people who have the audacity to deny this animal the power of sight; but we can safely assure them that, from attentively watching at several times the habits of the little creature, we have been enabled to prove the contrary. For instance, upon coming suddenly upon one while on the surface of the ground, we have seen it put on the appearance of death, turning on its back and remaining perfectly motionless. We have then taken it up in our hands and placed it upon an open grass field, and retired for about ten or twelve yards and watched it attentively. In about a minute or so, we have noticed the animal begin to move, turn its head about, and make very rapidly for a bunch of high grass. It is very singular that, if the animal have no eyesight, it should nevertheless, in this instance, have been able to make its way straight to the shelter of a tuft of grass.

On a fine summer's evening, our delight is at its height when we station ourself on this hill, with the pure air of Heaven blowing from the high mountains to the northwest—Plinlimmon, Cadir Idris, &c. O ye Londoners! who are obliged to make the dense city your abode for the term of your natural lives,—how sorry we feel for you, toiling from morn till night, and breathing in a close and confined atmosphere. What would your exclamation be, if you could be transferred with bandaged eyes to the spot on which we are now standing? Would that every man of you could see the lovely view, and feel the pleasure, we do at this moment! But alas! I fear many are too busily occupied in the (to them) more pleasant occupation of counting out £ s. d.

The sparrow-hawk frequents this hill, and oftentimes you may see two or three floating motionless in mid-air with expanded wings. The titlark and yellow hammer also honor the place with their presence; and their notes may be heard all the day long. At intervals, during the day, a party of noisy jackdaws from the “Old Castle” pay a visit, and make the place echo with their clamor. They alight on the side of the hill, and appear to enjoy the society of the sheep, always keeping close to them and giving a friendly “caw” every now and then. Under the stones scattered over the face of the hill, we find many kinds of in-

sects; beetles and ants predominating. I may safely say that every other stone you turn over, has a colony of red ants under it. The moment the stone is upset, what a fuss takes place among the household! Each seizes an egg, and away he goes, disappearing into a hole underground—no doubt the way to the cellar.

In about two minutes, so quick are they in their movements, every egg has disappeared. Well may the passage occur in Holy Writ, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise!"

J. M. J.

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXIII.—THE BLACK-CAP.

ON REVIEWING WHAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN OF THE NIGHTINGALE, we feel satisfied that nothing of any importance has been omitted. More than this. By the careful step-by-step method we have adopted whilst discussing the habits and food of the bird, and by speaking at much length on the proper mode of his general treatment,—we have gone over a great deal of ground which need *not* be gone over, in detail, again. The warblers to a certain extent, be it observed, are of one family; and much that concerns the one concerns the whole tribe.—We come, next in order, to speak of the Black-cap.

We are, at this time of writing, in the very midst of summer; and this is just the time to listen to the black-cap's song. Not that his song is more beautiful now, than it has been; but because most other birds have been silenced by the heat, and by those laws of Nature which seem to rule the habits of nearly all our summer birds at this season. Hence our attention is less distraught. Our ear, too, is more delicately fine.

Accustomed as we are to range the fields on every seventh day of the week, many new and pleasing facts connected with the "Natural History of the year" come necessarily under our observation. Sometimes on Sabbath days,—

"The woods we make our 'church;' our preacher boughs,—

Whispering high homilies through leafy lips.

Lo! Worshippers in every bee that sips

Sweet cordial from the tiniest flower that grows

'Mid the young grass; and in each bird that dips

Light pinions in the sunshine, as it throws

Gold showers upon green trees.—All things around

Are full of praise to God!"—

On such occasions, as we ramble onward, and explore the most favorite abodes of our little winged friends, we are well able to note the cessation of song in any particular bird, during the past few days. It is curious and interesting to observe how, one by one,

well-known voices all at once become silent; whilst others, considerably modulated, are still distinguishable, as if their owners were reluctant to cease singing altogether. 'Tis now that the lazy hum of exhausted insects breaks upon the ear; and when Nature, in a state of universal repose, lulls all active life into a state of pleasing stupor.

At this very season it is, that our hero, the black-cap, on his elevated perch, distils upon us the dew of his flute-like voice, and charms us with the richness of his happy note. It is quite a mistake in modern writers, echoing back the short-sighted sentiments of those who lived in "the light of other days," to call him a wild bird; and to say that he shuns mankind as if they were his enemy. This assertion is ridiculously false; for, next to the robin, he is one of our *most* domestic, household birds. Walk whither you will,—along the high road, in an orchard, a garden, a bye-lane, or a field; *there* shall you find, crossing your path in all directions, our good friend, the black-cap. Nor does he fail to *make* you see him, and hear him. He tells you plainly, and in the most musical of all musical strains, that he loves your company, and that he *will* escort you hither and thither. His seat is always on a lofty tree, and he usually sings with one leg slightly elevated above the other, —his little body being hidden by the leaves. When you move, he moves. It is a pleasing fact, that you can scarcely ever walk abroad at this season, without some one of his family presenting himself to sing to you by the way.

This is the precise time of the year in which to admire the affectionate tenderness of the black-cap's "better half." Never was wife more amiable, never was mother more sedulous and self-denying. Observe, how busily she is now occupied in feeding her five callow offspring, in yonder Hawthorn! See how unceasingly, yet cautiously she flies backwards and forwards with some sweet morsel in her bill; and how overjoyed her little family are, to listen to her approach and to partake of her savory provision!

Then again shall you note another parent, full of maternal solicitude for her children who have just quitted their cradle. How carefully she instils into their infant minds the necessity for their being ever on the watch; and how warily she coaxes them into the shadiest thickets! Well does she know, by an instinct bordering very closely on reason, that those iron-hearted butchers, the bird-catchers, are even now in their wake; and thus is her anxiety doubled. The disobedience of her children, however, too often costs them dear. A tempting bait, set on a circular painted board, by an artful, hatchet faced villain lurking under a hedge,

soon lures them to their ruin. They transgress the command, eat the forbidden fruit, and their doom is fixed. The child of liberty is now on its way to the pest-houses of the Seven Dials! What a transition from happiness to misery! WE are, when young, too much like these little birds. Vainly does a fond mother warn us; we of course know better than she does. We get into trouble, and sometimes smart severely for our folly. The birds generally regret their folly all their lives. They live prisoners, and they die prisoners. If WE come better off, we are lucky. What lessons of practical wisdom might we not learn from the lower world, if we would but keep our eyes open!

NIGHT—A FRAGMENT.

Day follows night; and night
The dying day. YOUNG.

THERE IS A BEAUTY, a marked benevolence of design, in the alternations of the seasons.

If man's years were all summer, all sunshine, all flowers, his mind would become languid and enervate, and the energies which spring from his nobler passions would no longer set him apart as the lord of creation. If the desolation of a lasting winter prevailed, he would grow gloomy and unsocial; his sympathies would become less active and endearing, and the sweet buds of affection would rarely, if ever, put forth their blossoms. The monotony which would accompany the continuance of any one season, would render life more a burden than a blessing. So singular is the constitution of humanity, its strange blendings of contrasts, the union of material inertness with the ever-restless activity of mind, that an enduring state of tempest or tranquillity would be insupportable. In the one case we should sink down from listlessness, in the other from excitement. Another kind provision in the revolution of the seasons, is the guarded and preparatory change which takes place in their succession. In this there is no abruptness. Nature is not taken unawares in any of her departments. So nicely graduated is their approach, that the transition from one to the other is almost imperceptible.

Spring turns from the winter like an affectionate child from the arms of a stern yet endeared parent, lingering and looking back with tears and smiles, till at last she is folded from sight in the embraces of summer. In the lapse of a few weeks the leafy-gorgeousness of the latter season attains its perfection, and then a change as of decline steals over the voluptuous paradise, till at length its blossomed beauties are gently supplanted by the more substantial decorations of autumn. These, in their turn, are destined to wax, and wane, and pass away; and winter shall fill their places with his rude yet not unpleasant creations. Still in all this variation from one extreme to another, there is no broad line of demarcation. The months, as it were, run into one another, and their union forms an unbroken circle, within whose boundary the "busy hours" reveal their magic and their spells.

In fact it would be impossible to draw such a line, for we cannot precisely determine when one season terminates and another commences; and therefore their divisions must be rather arbitrary than natural. But suppose the year were divided into four uniform periods—suppose that, upon the tender and half-opened buds of April, the sunshine of August should descend in all its withering effulgence, or that the chilling blasts of February should follow immediately on the warm serenity of one of our summer afternoons—how melancholy would be the result!

The same regularity of concurrence accompanies the interchange of day and night. First darkness, then the grey dawn, then the rosy-tinted morning, and, by-and-by, succeeds the full rich radiance of noon; then, as the sun declines, the light lessens in intensity, till the crimson twilight, the shadowy evening, and, at last, the over-brooding night, again reveal their individual glories as they pass in review before us.

Beautiful, very beautiful is the "coming on" of day and night! But though there is a similarity in the imagery they present, the feelings they awaken in the spectator are widely different. As he looks to the brightening east, a thrill as of gladness comes over him; for there is something animating in the reflection, that around him a world is rising from its slumbers to renew its multifold and varied tasks—something stirring in the thought, that presently he has to rush to its thronged arena, to struggle with the bold and the haughty, the crafty and the powerful, for whatever prize ambition shall proffer as the recompense of the victorious. So reckless is the pride of his nature, that he can rejoice in the prospect, and exult in the approach of the tumult in which he is about to mingle.

Not such, however, are his sensations when the day's commotions are ended, and he watches the setting sun as he sinks down like a dying monarch upon his couch of crimson and gold. The excitement of the morning has vanished, and, perhaps, his heart is now drooping from disappointment and the sickness of "hope deferred." He beholds in the gorgeous and fading clouds, the likeness of those visions which at dawn showed so winningly, and whose brightness, experience now teaches him, shone but to mock his credulity. Yet he withdraws not his gaze, for the melancholy which accompanies it is not unpleasing, and the memories awakened by those passing glories, like dreams of recovered treasures, are not without their solace * * *

There is a tranquillising influence in the scenes which usher in the approach of evening. The vesper notes of the birds exhibit less of the vivacity of joyousness, and fall upon the ear with a plaintive and sweeter cadence. The flowers fold up their delicate petals, the clouds lie listlessly along the horizon, and the air, which the bustle of day has filled with strange noises, becomes hushed, as if for sleep. Now and then, a sound interrupts the general quiet of the scene, as the milk-maid or the homeward-bound reaper strikes into some familiar household song, or the zephyr rustles the leafy branches, or freights his wing with the low music of the distant waterfall; but the continuance is momentary, and serves as a pleasing contrast to the deepening

stillness. At such an hour, it seems as if universal nature were drawing her curtains for a dreamy and deep rest. Then is the season for contemplation—the time to turn aside from the haunts of mirth for those purifying enjoyments which solitude alone can minister.

Ye in whose bosom still linger the stormy and unhallowed passions which day has excited—come forth to the shadowy twilight, and a portion of its serenity shall fall like a heavenly influence upon your spirits. The stern necessities of your lot shall for awhile be forgotten, amid the soothing images which evening gathers around you. Ye shall no longer feel the weariness of toil—no longer groan under the stern tasks of morning or mid-day—no longer remember the harrowings of scorn, or contumely, or oppression—for evening hath an “oblivious antidote” for all your sufferings. Yea, come forth to the moonlit lawns and the forest dells, and the tranquillity which reigns throughout their seclusions shall again be yours.

For us, individually, the night has more charms than all the other seasons united,—at this period of the year particularly. Starry and stilly night! Thy presence hath for us a Lethæan influence. As we gaze upon the mysterious decorations of thy peaceful domain, the anxieties which the bustle and turmoil of day have gathered to our bosom are banished as by the visitation of an angel. The happy innocence of life's morning hour steals o'er us again in thy magnificent, thy sublime presentations. Our spirit forgets her humiliating alliance with the sordid and inert dust, as imagination snatches it aloft, and on, far on,—

Beyond the planet and remoter spheres,
And orbs that in their blue abysses gleam
Like ocean diamonds brightly, yet unseen,
Till earth's wide globe gleams out, a little
star,
And, in the deep'ning azure, fades away.
There, on ethereal plains, 'mid mingled hosts
Of cherubim and seraphim that strike
Their golden harps around th' Eternal's
throne,
She bends in silent awe; till, half assur'd,
She catches the high strain and asks a lyre!

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XIX --PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 87.)

I COME next in order to treat of—

THE EXPOSITION AND REFUTATION OF THE DIFFERENT OPINIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF IN- STINCTIVE FORCES, MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL, IN MAN AND ANIMALS.

The anatomical and physiological knowledge of the brain, even to our times has been so defective, that no relation could be developed between it and the ingenious aptitudes, the instincts, propensities, sentiments, talents, or, in general, the

moral and intellectual faculties of man and animals. Hence it has happened, that the anatomists and physiologists themselves have presented to the metaphysical philosophers, as so many positive facts, fictitious phenomena, which these last have employed in order to give weight to their false doctrines. Buffon advanced that the brain of the orang-outang does not differ from that of man; Bichat and Sprengel doubt whether the superior parts of the brain or the circumvolutions of the hemispheres contribute in any respect to the moral and intellectual functions: these two authors and their followers, go so far as to maintain that we might remove large portions of these parts without the faculties being impaired. We still hear of brains ossified, and even petrified; of brains, the half of which was reduced to pus; of skulls, the whole cavity of which contained only water,—and it is added, with full confidence, that the will and intellect did not suffer. Willis having found in an idiot a brain five times smaller than that of a man of sound mind, pretended to say, and Sprengel has repeated it after him, that this brain had the same parts as a complete human brain. Even authors who pretend to have made a particular study of comparative anatomy, have yet recently advanced that the brain of mammiferous animals is composed of the same parts as that of man.

The specious hypotheses, originated and diffused by philosophers of the first order, on the influence which the senses and education exercise on the source of ideas and faculties, must, necessarily, have contributed to facilitate the adoption of these errors, and to turn away the minds of men from the true origin of our moral and intellectual forces.

Let us first examine what the influence of the senses can be on our moral and intellectual powers, whether Aristotle was correct in saying, “Nihil est in mente quod non olim fuerit in sensu.”

The senses and the sensations, received by external impressions, cannot give truth to any ingenious aptitude, any instinct, propensity, sentiment, or talent, any moral or intellectual faculty.

In the first volume of my large work, I have considered, not only the anatomy, but also the functions of the five senses. I have assigned to each sense the sphere of activity, which nature has allotted to it. I have rectified the numerous errors which naturalists and physiologists still commit in their works, and in their lectures. I have proved, in opposition to those who make the perfection of the intellectual faculties to flow from the delicacy and the greater perfection of the senses, that these five senses are almost all more delicate, more perfect in the different species of animals, than in the human species. I have there entered into the details of each sense.

As respects taste, for example, I have proved that birds and fishes possess it, as well as the mammifera.

As to smell, I have shown that it is the first sense which gives to man and to animals the idea of distance; that it is not by the sense of smell, that animals find from a distance and

after a great lapse of time the place of their abode; and that the carnivorous animals have not this sense more acute than the graminivorous.

As for hearing, I have demonstrated, that we have hitherto been mistaken in attributing to this the talent for music, and to the glottis the talent for singing; that it is not the hearing, which gives the capacity for language; that the languages, however imperfect or perfect they may be, are not the creation of the hearing, but of the cerebral organisation; that the irresistible and lawless acts of certain deaf and dumb persons should not be attributed to their want of hearing, but to the imbecility of their minds, &c.

I have rendered to the sight its just rights, of which the philosophers had deprived it. I have proved that the eye, without the aid of any other sense, and without previous exercise or instruction, can perceive, not only the impressions of light and colors, but likewise those of forms, size, direction, number, and distance of objects. I have established, that the eye is not the organ of the talent of painting, and I have seized the occasion to show the great difference which exists between the *passive* functions of our organs and their *active* functions. I have also demonstrated that man and animals fix objects; see, and look actively, with one eye only.

What I have rendered to sight I have taken from touch. This sense is not, as most authors regard it, the only mediator, the director, the reformer, or rectifier of the other senses; and its degrees of perfection have no influence on the intelligence and perfectibility of man and animals.

Thus I may refer my readers for all these objects to my large work. Here I shall confine myself to extracting what concerns the five senses, under their physiological and philosophical relation.

We call *external senses* the nervous systems, which besides their internal action receive, by means of external apparatuses, the impressions of the exterior world, and produce in the brain the sensations and ideas of these impressions.

Consequently, these systems reveal to the living being, the objects which exist out of himself; with each sense the animal discovers a new world; thus the creation grows larger or smaller for him, accordingly as he is endowed with senses, more or less numerous or perfect. Without the senses, animals and man would remain shut up in themselves, and all their consciousness would be limited to their internal life. But provided with senses, they enter into communication with the immensity of nature; associate with all the beings which surround them, and a continual action and reaction are established between animate and inanimate beings.

What can interest man more than his senses, to which he owes so many sensations, so many enjoyments? Thus have they always been the object of his most assiduous researches. Yet, who would believe it? Not only has he remained behind in the knowledge of their interior organic function, as I have proved in my anatomical description, but further, he has not been able to agree with himself in their peculiar functions, and the influence which they exercise

in the development of our minds. On this point, the most extravagant, the most vague, and the most irreconcilable opinions exist. It is true some errors have been corrected, from time to time, but no author has yet established principles, which, in a physical and physiological view, have offered a system carried out and complete.

Sometimes it is said, that we cannot, without the aid of the senses, receive any idea; all our knowledge, all the faculties of our minds and our souls are the work of the external world; and sometimes, again, we are allowed sensations and ideas, but such as cannot be excited without the mediation of the senses. In both cases, the perfection of the intellectual faculties of man, of the different species of animals, and of the individuals, is regarded as a result of the perfection and harmony of their senses. Sometimes, again, the senses are only instruments, and the mind, freely and independently of all organisation, modifies the impressions which are transmitted to it; sometimes there is admitted an external and internal source of our sensations and ideas, and they are both more or less subjected to the laws of organisation. We continually hear complaints repeated against the illusion of the senses. Finally, some reject absolutely, the evidence of the senses and all judgment which is based upon it; the external world then becomes the deceitful image of our internal; the sensible world is rejected, as the least worthy object of the research of man, and it is only, when the philosopher has learned to construct from himself the external world, that he can elevate himself to general, necessary, and eternal truths.

If this last proposition be true, there is no need of our collecting such numerous facts, in order, by degrees, to deduce from them laws and principles. In a short time the spring of our own imagination will raise us to a higher rank than that to which the longest and most active life would enable us to attain, by the path of meditation and of experience. But, if we receive our ideas and all our knowledge solely from the senses, then men and animals are the perpetual sport of external fortuitous and versatile objects; the measure of the faculties has no other basis than the perfection of the senses; and education, the end of which ought to be to render individuals and nations what it is desirable they should be, has no other secret than that of duly calculating the action of the external world on the senses.

If the material conditions of the faculties of the soul and mind are bounded to the mere organs of the senses, it is an idle project to seek in the brain and its parts, the organs of the highest faculties. If we must seek, without any reserve, the principle of all the actions of men and animals, in their internal and innate nature, and if, in consequence, we have not sufficient regard to the influence of surrounding objects and social institutions, we are in manifest contradiction with the history of all ages and all individuals. If, in fine, we admit that the senses procure numerous materials, that the mind works by means of the most noble implements, and if we can establish that the internal man himself is endowed with a number of dispositions, we must seek for our ideas and our know-

ledge, partly in the phenomena of the external world, and their judicious employment, and partly in the innate laws of the moral and intellectual faculties; by pursuing these two rules we shall arrive at practical and general truths. We cannot, then, under any point of view, regard, as an idle enterprise, the efforts of the physiologist, who seeks to determine with precision how far the senses extend their influence, mediate and immediate, on the functions of a superior order. In order to be able to deduce surer principles and more general consequences, I have laid down in my treatise on the functions of the senses (vol. i., 4to edit., p. 149, etc.), what belongs, and what does not belong, to each sense in particular. In treating of the organs of the relations of space, colors, and sounds, I shall again prove, that those have been wrong who have attributed the faculty of finding one's way home from a distance to the sense of smell; that of the talent for painting to the eyes; that of music and language to the hearing. Accordingly, I shall say no more on this subject in this place.

SALT-WATER FISH.

THE MACKEREL.

THE MACKEREL was supposed by Anderson, Duhamel, and others, to be a fish of passage; performing, like some birds, certain periodical migrations, and making long voyages from north to south at one season of the year, and the reverse at another. It does not appear to have been sufficiently considered, that, inhabiting a medium which varied but little, either in its temperature or productions, locally, fishes are removed beyond the influence of the two principal causes which make a temporary change of situation necessary. Independently of the difficulty of tracing the course pursued through so vast an expanse of water, the order of the appearance of the fish at different places on the shores of the temperate and southern parts of Europe is the reverse of that which, according to their theory, ought to have happened. It is known that this fish is now taken, even on some parts of our own coast, in every month of the year.

It is probable that the mackerel inhabits almost the whole of the European seas; and the law of nature, which obliges them and many others to visit the shallower water of the shores at a particular season, appears to be one of those wise and bountiful provisions of the Creator, by which not only is the species perpetuated with the greatest certainty, but a large portion of the parent animals are thus brought within the reach of man; who, but for the action of this law, would be deprived of many of those species most valuable to him as food. For the mackerel, dispersed over the immense surface of the deep, no effective fishery could be carried on; but, approaching the shore as they do from all directions, and roving along the coast collected in immense shoals, millions are caught, which yet form but a very small portion compared with the myriads that escape. This subject receives further illustration from a fresh-water fish, as

stated in the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. p. 637. "When the char spawn, they are seen in the shallow parts of the rocky lakes (in which only they are found), and some of the streams that run into them: they are then taken in abundance; but as soon as the spawning is over, they retire into the deepest parts of the lake, and are but rarely caught." It may be observed further, that, as there is scarcely a month throughout the year in which the fishes of some one or more species are not brought within the reach of man by the operation of the imperative law of nature referred to, a constant succession of wholesome food is thus spread before him, which, in the first instance, costs him little beyond the exercise of his ingenuity and labor to obtain.

Mackerel were first allowed to be cried through the streets of London on a Sunday in 1698; and the practice prevails to the present time. In May, 1807, the first Brighton boat-load of mackerel sold at Billingsgate for forty guineas per hundred — seven shillings each, reckoning six score to the hundred; the highest price ever known at that market. The next boat-load produced but thirteen guineas per hundred. Mackerel were so plentiful at Dover, in 1808, that they were sold sixty for a shilling. The success of the fishery in 1821, was beyond all precedent. The value of the catch of sixteen boats from Lowestoft, on the 30th of June, amounted to £5,252; and it is supposed that there was no less an amount than £14,000 altogether realised by the owners and men concerned in the fishery of the Suffolk coast. In March, 1833, on a Sunday, four Hastings boats brought on shore 10,800 mackerel; and the next day, two boats brought 7,000 fish. Early in the month of February, 1834, one boat's crew from Hastings cleared £100 by the fish caught in one night; and a large quantity of very fine mackerel appeared in the London market in the second week of the same month. They were cried through the streets of London three for a shilling on the 14th and 22nd of March, 1834, says Yarrell in his *History of British Fishes*, and had then been plentiful for a month. The boats engaged in fishing are usually attended by other fast-sailing vessels, which are sent away with the fish taken. From some situations, these vessels sail away direct for the London market; at others, they make for the nearest point from which they can obtain land-carriage for their fish.

THE GLOW-WORM.

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
Were blooming with the blush of Spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly,
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.
But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too,
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.
Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm the gloom.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—LOUISA.—T. W.—JAMES S.—F. J.—P.—ARTHUR.—E. V.—L. H.—F. C.—J. B. M.—HANNAH.—MARY.—H. L. H.—W. MARTIN, next week.—H. C. W.—E. T. Send us the MS., and when we have perused it, we will give you an answer. The subject is a noble one.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, August 21, 1852.

WE HAVE JUST BEEN LET INTO A "LITTLE SECRET" by one of the great men of the Bookselling Trade. He tells us—that the *reason* of our Paper being so kept back, is the HEALTHY TONE that pervades it. Had it been of an *immoral tendency* and its principles lax, it would, it seems, have "gone off like wildfire." We leave the "cheap Periodicals" to the honor they have achieved in this matter; and rely more than ever on our kind friends the Public to HELP us in so good a cause as ours. We can urge no better claim than is furnished by the "hint" above. FRANKLIN says—"When you are the 'anvil,' have patience." We have had exemplary patience. "But," adds he, "when you are the 'hammer,' hit hard and well." Will the PUBLIC play the part of the "hammer" for us? A direct "Letter of Recommendation" to their friends, would carry powerful weight with it; and if our JOURNAL be DEMANDED by them, it MUST be procured.

OUR PEN IS AS MUCH PUZZLED as the hand that holds it, to find a fitting subject for to-day. There is no lack of subject-matter truly; but there is such an infinite variety that the difficulty lies in the selection.

While we write, all the world is out and abroad. Whoever has a guinea has gone forth to spend it. The sea-side swarms with visitors. Bathing-places are in high demand. Straw hats with enormously-broad brims, and bilious-looking gherkin shoes, are in universal request. As these two last are necessarily associated with the lovers of good living, and gluttons *par excellence*, we must, as faithful historians, say that gin, tobacco, beer, and other such filthy abominations, are in especial request also. Keep us from following in the wake of all *these* votaries of "pleasure!" Steam-boat joys suit us not; neither pleasure-gardens; nor *fetes*; nor any of those exciting delectabilities in which the world so much rejoices. Smoking, spitting, drinking, singing, shout-

ing, romping, joking, have their defenders—their name is "Legion." We leave the holiday folk in undisturbed possession of all these their delights (including dancing and a thousand other pleasantries), merely calling their attention to the "tempting opportunities" that now offer by rail, steam-boat, and van,—while we, as is our wont, turn to the humble but (as WE think) more natural enjoyment of Nature in the fields, woods, and forests.

Let not our more boisterous friends sneer at us because we decline their company. They may vote us dull and prosy, if they will; but we defy them to prove it. We, too, have *our* "companions;" neither few, nor indifferent to pleasure. They are of a more "tender" order of society we admit; but therein is our delight. We envy no man or woman upon earth. Let them enjoy themselves when they may, as they may, how they will. All we say to them is, accord us the same permission.

Now let us away to the fields, and see what is going on there. Our eye has recently been rejoicing in the most lovely of all lovely prospects, our feet despising fatigue by keeping up bravely in the pursuit of what lay before us. We have climbed many a lofty height, and sat down to gaze upon the scenery below. And what saw we? What tongue can tell? Who can attempt to speak of the prodigal gifts of Nature to us her children at this season! The world, we repeat, is good; but WE are the most ungrateful of all people. We grumble and are discontented if the weather is seasonably fine and hot; and we complain with an equal bitterness if it rains!

Oh, what a scene did we not witness some few days since! Seated on an eminence, overlooking fields of corn, orchards, gardens and richly-wooded valleys, we found not a breath to disturb the serenity of our thoughts. The happy insects below us, were loitering and basking in the sun. Butterflies were sunning themselves on each side of us in every possible direction. Here and there a happy bird uttered a chirrup of joy. Now and then, we observed a little mouse threading his way through the straggling hedge. In a word, all that had life was "happy," and we were as overjoyed at their various ways of expressing it.

To describe OUR amount of happiness, would be impossible. We experienced a state of repose quite in unison with the repose of all Nature—at our feet, above us, around us, on every side. Oh! thought we, if there be any real happiness in the world, *this* is a taste of it. How complacently too, Dame Nature herself seemed to regard the work of her own hands! Happy mother! She had perfected everything, and she "saw

that it was good." The golden grain, on every side, waved its graceful head by way of obeisance.

We will not attempt to pursue here the long train of pleasing thoughts that passed rapidly through our brain; suffice it to say, that we would have gladly relinquished the whole world, had it been ours, for another such treat. It is at such seasons as these, that we get a true insight into the "grand end of life." Need we say how despicable, at such seasons, appear the avocations which we all so busily pursue from day to day in this modern Babylon! Glad are we that our *heart* revolts against them. As units, however, of society, called upon to play a minor part in some grand design of Nature, we bow our head to philosophical necessity, and bide the issue of what is now wisely hidden from our ken. Rural enjoyments are open to us; we have a heart to appreciate them; and many other loving hearts are ever ready to share with us what we so much prize. Let us be thankful for this: we are—devoutly thankful.

We feel, sometimes, inclined to pick a serious quarrel with those who would have us all wear "long faces." Long faces! No, no! Let our faces be "short and crisp"—radiated by love to our Maker, love to each other and for each other. Let us be full of brotherly and sisterly kindness—and *then* see "how the world will wag with us."

The world is not a hermit's cell. E'en by
The bare rock, where th' Ascetic seeks repose,
From what *he* calls life's conflict and vain
throes,

By vanity supplanting vanity.
The flower cheers his sense and charms his eye;
Seeming, with silent comment, to expose
His joyless creed, and teach him, as it grows
In loveliness, the mild theology
Of Nature! *Were this Earth a wilderness,*
Then haply we in such a creed *might* trace
A fitness; but its wealth and loveliness
Are such, that she doth Solitude displace
With songs of joyance, and with flowers dress
The waste, that Man may smile, and love
her face.

The world, as it is now constituted, is full of petty jealousies. "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," we pray to be delivered from; yet do we cultivate them in the hot-houses of our hearts! No wonder then that the world is so divided, subdivided, rent, torn, and agitated. It ever has been so; it ever will be so. But give us the "honorable few" whose hearts are made of better stuff. Kindred spirits are to be found. We have found some; we are greedily seeking for more.

We did intend to have offered a few observations on the operations of harvest; but as we write *currente calamo*, and let the

freshness of our thoughts distil upon the paper as they arise, perhaps it will be better to leave all these delights to our readers' vivid imagination. The joys of harvest are inappreciable. Certainly indescribable. They induce a train of reflections both pleasing and profitable.

We must not take our leave, before directing especial attention to the genial influences that prevail during this month of August. When the sun has sunk to his rest, there are sights, sounds, and associations connected with an August evening in the country—perfectly delightful. At such a time, the occupations and pleasures of the day are over. Now are all, even the busiest, fain to give way to that "wise passiveness," one hour of which is rife with more real enjoyment than a whole season of revelry. Who is there amongst us, that cannot call to mind many pleasing recollections when wandering abroad,—his eye firmly fixed upon the evening star! Hark how our sweet poet, CLARE, assists the memory:—

How blest I've felt on summer eves,
When resting on a stile,
Half hid in hazel's moistening leaves,
So weary after toil!

And gazing on the Evening Star,
That shed its ruddy light
Like joys, which something came to mar,
Retreating out of sight.

O'er the wood-corner's sombre brown,
That lamp of dewy eve,
No sooner up than sloping down,
Seemed always taking leave.

Yes, 'tis a lovely sight to see,
And beautiful the time
It shines in heaven's canopy
At evening's gentle prime!

Akin to images and things
That glad the quiet mind,
A calmness o'er the heart it flings,
That poets love to find.

It shines o'er sheep within the fold,
O'er shepherds whistling home;
The plough lies in the fallow mould,
The horse is free to roam.

'Tis welcome to the weary breast,
It sweetens life's employ,
It sees the laborer to his rest,
The lover to his joy.

The wanderer seeks his easy chair,
The light is in his cot,
His Evening Star is shining there,
And troubles are forgot.

It looks on many a happy place,
Where lovers steal to meet;
It gilds the milkmaid's ruddy face,
While on her rustic seat.

Upon the old tree in the glen,
That by the hovel lay,
The shepherd there had set his pen,
And whistled on his way.

It shines o'er many a whispered pledge,
By fondness told again,
 In cowsheds by the woodland hedge,
 'Neath hawthorns by the lane.

It brings the balm to summer nights,
Like incense from afar,
 And every musing mind delights
 To hail the EVENING Star.

Yes! Evening, and the Evening Star, are just now objects of great delight. They quiet the mind and refresh the spirit. We may return home, distressed in mind; restless; fidgetty; cross. Aye, the world does sometimes sour the best of us, and makes us hasty. Poor erring mortals!

Oh! we do all offend;
 There's not a day of wedded life, if we
 Count at its close the little bitter sum
 Of thoughts, and words, and looks, unkind and froward,

Silence that chides, and woundings of the eye,
 But, prostrate at each other's feet, we should
 Each night forgiveness ask.

Well done, MATURIN! Human nature is alike in all.

Those who will be wise (or foolish) enough to make comparisons between the various kinds of pleasure of which the mind of man is capable, will find that there is none (or but one) equal to that felt by a true lover of Nature, when he looks forth upon her open face silently, at a season like the present; and drinks in that still beauty which seems to emanate from everything he sees. Soon will his senses be steeped in a "sweet forgetfulness." He will indeed become unconscious of all but the *instinct of good* which is ever present with some of us, but which, from opposing influences, can so seldom make itself felt—such is the contaminating influence of the busy, living world! It is a great thing to be sensible of this.

The only other feeling which equals that which we have just described, in its intense quietude and its satisfying fullness, is one which is almost identical with it. We mean, when the accepted lover is gazing unobserved, and almost unconsciously, on the face of his mistress, and tracing those sweet evidences of that mysterious, holy union, which already exists between them. We say "already" exists between them, because there *are* eternal harmonies, eternal sympathies. People are found, who were born *united*. In process of time, they meet; friendship naturally ensues, and ripens into love. Then arises that mutual attraction towards each other, that inward sympathy between two beings, which the finite understanding of man cannot explain. It is *not* "the fashion" to believe such things; yet are our observations nevertheless true. This sympathy is felt with pure delight by those in

whose hearts it manifests itself. It is a spark of spreading fire springing up from mysteries which may be truly called—Elysian.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Goats, Remarks on Keeping, &c.—The value of goats' milk, few persons, Mr. Editor, can be ignorant of. By chemical analysis, it has been shown that it is much richer than that of the cow. "100 parts of each, according to M. Regnault, gave on an average:—

			Cow.	Goat.
Water	84.7	82.6
Butter	4.0	4.5
Sugar of milk and soluble salts	5.0	...	4.5	
Caseine (or cheese curd) and insoluble salts	6.3	9.0."

When mixed with more than its own bulk of lukewarm water, it is then, in every respect, superior to the milk supplied by the London dairymen. In cases of illness, its worth is inestimable. Your Correspondent should give his goats, at milking time, some split beans; and at all times he should contrive to keep them in good condition. Great attention should be paid to the water they drink, and a few pieces of iron always kept in it. The goats will never touch any other water while they can get this. As for their food, they will eat anything. If they are allowed to wander abroad, they will cost very little to feed—for they thief all that comes in their way!—S. H., *Heywood*.

[We gave some very interesting details on this subject, in our last number.]

Abstinence from Food.—Few persons are aware, Mr. Editor, how long it is possible for animals to go without partaking of food. The following remarks, if worthy a place in your admirable JOURNAL, are quite at your service. They are the result, partly of reading—partly of observation. The more animals enjoy the qualities of youth, strength and activity, the greater is the increase and development of their parts, and the greater the necessity for an abundant supply of food. Of many individuals exposed to an absolute abstinence of many days, the young are always the first to perish. Of this, the history of war and shipwreck offers in all ages too many frightful examples. There are several instances on record, of an almost total abstinence from food for an extraordinary length of time. Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty*, sailed almost 4,000 miles in an open boat, with occasionally a single small bird not many ounces in weight, for the daily sustenance of seventeen people; and it is even alleged, that fourteen men and women of the *Juno*, having suffered shipwreck on the coast of Arracan, lived twenty-three days without any food. Two people first died of want, on the fifth day. In the opinion of Rhedit, animals support want much longer than is believed. A civet cat lived ten days without food, an antelope twenty, and a very large wild cat also twenty; an eagle survived twenty-three days, a badger one month, and several thirty-six days. In the memoirs of the Academy of Science, there is an account of

a bitch, which having been accidentally shut up alone in a country house, existed for forty days without any other nourishment than the stuff on the wool of a mattress which she had torn to pieces. A crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three, a bear six, a chameleon eight, and a viper ten. Vaillant had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened by abstinence, that it immediately killed another larger spider, equally vigorous but not so hungry, which was put in along with it. John Hunter enclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and found it as lively as ever after fourteen months. Land-tortoises have lived without food for eighteen months; and a baker is known to have kept a beetle in a state of total abstinence for three years. It afterwards made its escape. Dr. Shaw gives an account of two serpents, which lived in a bottle without any food for five years.—I could add largely to these facts, but it is unnecessary. I wish you could prevail upon the Booksellers in the country to procure your JOURNAL earlier. Sometimes it does come down — sometimes it does *not*! — SOPHIA, Reading.

[We publish, early EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING—our JOURNAL bearing the date of the following Saturday. We cannot do more than we have done; and regret with you that “bad is the best!” We *must* go-a-head, even though it be slowly. Thanks for your kind favor.]

“*Forget-me-Not.*”—Will you, my dear Sir, be so obliging as to tell me the origin of the lovely flower, the “*Forget-me-not?*” I have heard it, but it has escaped my memory.—ISABEL.

[The origin of this universally-beloved flower—so dear to us all that we have it engraved on our seals, is given in “*Mills’ History of Chivalry.*” It was first discovered, or noticed in England, in the time of Edward IV.:—“Two lovers were loitering along the margin of a lake, on a fine summer’s evening; when the maiden discovered some flowers growing in the water, close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them; her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant. But his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement; and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers on the bank; and casting a last affectionate look on his lady-love, said—‘*Forget-me-Not!*’ and was buried in the water!” A lovely legend this! endearing our favorite to us more than ever. No flower so delights us. When we use it, as a seal.—it says for us, *very often*, what we dare not say for ourselves! It is indeed a most powerful “advocate.”]

Fertility of Animals—the Rein-deer.—I find the following, Mr. Editor, in *Dr. Lyell’s Geology*—“As an example of the rapidity with which a large tract may become peopled by the offspring of a single pair of quadrupeds, we may mention that, in the year 1773, thirteen rein-deer were exported from Norway, *only three of which reached Iceland.* These were turned loose into the mountains of

Guldbringe Syssel, where they multiplied so greatly, in the course of forty years, that it was not uncommon to meet with innumerable *herds* consisting of *from forty to a hundred*, in various districts.” In Lapland, observes a modern writer, the rein-deer is a loser by his connections with man, but Iceland is this creature’s paradise. There is in the interior, a tract which Sir G. Mackenzie computes as not less than forty thousand square miles, without a single human habitation, and almost entirely unknown to the natives themselves. There are no wolves; the Icelanders will keep out the bears; and the rein-deer, being almost unmolested by man, will have no enemy whatever, unless it has brought with it its own tormenting gadfly. To this, we might add the known fertility in England of rabbits, hares, pigs, pigeons, &c., whose offspring, if not destroyed, would soon over-run the entire country.—WILLIAM B.

The Ship-worm.—There are some very curious particulars, Mr. Editor, connected with this singular creature—particulars that ought to appear in OUR JOURNAL. Though the animals of some of the land-shells, as the snails, do him some injury in his garden, man seldom suffers very materially from their ravages; but the ship-worm, where it gets head, does him incalculable injury, destroying piles as far as they are under the water, and everything constructed of timber that is placed within their reach, to which they are as injurious as the boring woodlouse; they even attack the stoutest vessels, and render them unfit for service. Their object, however, is not to devour the timber, but, with the same view that the pholads bore into the rock, to make for themselves a cell in which they may be safe from their enemies; their food is probably conveyed to them in the sea-water. The mode in which these animals bore, has not been ascertained—probably it is by the rotation of their valves. Sir E. Home describes them, as protruding a kind of proboscis which has a vermicular motion, and which he supposes to act as a centre-bit while the creature is boring. The shells, by means of their ridges, probably act like those of the pholads, as rasps. They bore in the direction of the grain of the timber, deviating only to avoid the track of others. Did an animal, with the boring powers of the ship-worm, says Kirby, enter our rivers and abound there, we should see the magnificent bridges that so much adorn our metropolis, and are so indispensable to its inhabitants, gradually go to ruin; the vast stones with which they are built might become the habitation of pholads, and other rock borers, and the communication between the two sides of the river greatly interrupted. But a merciful Providence has so limited the instincts of the different animals it has created, that they cannot overstep a certain boundary, nor extend their ravages beyond the territory assigned to them. The study of these wonders of creation, Mr. Editor, must surely make mankind better—else must their hearts be “hard” indeed. I agree with you, *quite*, that the “world” is good; but alas! *not* its inhabitants!—MARY G., Nottingham.

[We are told, we have hosts of “friends” residing at Nottingham. How is it that we only

hear of them by a side-wind? Write, good folks, write; and send us *many* such articles as these. We can have but "one" interest, viz., trying to make the "people" of the world better. It *may* be done,—believe us. We are well backed by zealous correspondents, who lean towards our view. Nobody of *any* "taste" would prefer a bad dinner in preference to a good one,—if furnished at the same cost. Think of this, "friends" at Nottingham, and elsewhere.]

"*My First Salmon.*"—Some time since, you gave us, dear Mr. Editor, a most graphic and delightful account of an eagle fighting with a salmon. I have heard it spoken of in a multitude of quarters. Let me, as a pendant, furnish you with another brilliant description of the capture of "Christopher North's first salmon." It has been in print, years ago; but it deserves re-printing again—and above all things, in OUR OWN JOURNAL. I have transcribed it entire; merely remarking—what would I not have given to "witness the performance!" "Now let us try the fly. A gaudy—a gorgeous tyke—arrayed in silver and gold, and plumed from the Bird of Paradise. Nothing is ever found in a salmon's stomach—some blockheads have said—but animalculæ in a state of decomposition. How do they account for his swallowing with avidity a bunch of worms? How will they account for his attempting to swallow this humming-bird? Goodness, have mercy upon us! was it we that fell there into the water? Thankful are we no—there it is again—A FISH! A FISH! Shall we let our lure dangle six feet high in air, or let it wet its wings in the Leven? Wet its wi—Mercy! he is on! What will become of us! Hush! hush! stand out of the way. Hang that wretched cork tree! No—no—no—a harmless hazel! All's right—all's right! The banks are bare on this side for a mile down. But, hang him—the river horse won't swim down—and, if he leaps up that waterfall! Sulky already, by Jove! like a stone at the bottom. That is a good omen. He has it in his tongue, and is taciturn. Tom Stoddart would recommend us to go in and kick him. But we would rather be excused. Let us time him. Twenty minutes to—Whew! there goes a watch, like winking, into the water. Let the Kelpie fob it. Now we call that strong steady swimming; and we are willing to back him against any fish in the river. You could not swim in that style, you villain! but for us. There, take the butt, my boy; how are you off for a barb, my darling? If you suppose you are on single gut, you are gudgeon; for let us assure you, sir, that you are snuving on three-ply! Alas! poor fellow, we could pity you; but we cannot let you off. Our character is at stake—and after we have slain thee, we should like to have a shot at yon eagle. Perhaps you are not so much of a monster after all, and we are willing to conclude a bargain for you at two stone, Troy. Well, that beats Bannagher, and Ballyshannon too! Ten louns, six feet high, in instant succession! Why, when we get you on shore we shall let you astonish the natives, by bouncing in and out a dozen empty barrels all waiting for your brethren when they come to be cured. Didn't we tell you *that* could not last?

Such feats of agility were not becoming—barely decent—in a fish in your melancholy situation—and you should be thinking, without showing it, of your latter end. We begin to suspect in good earnest that we are a great natural genius. Only think of learning how to kill a salmon at a single lesson! 'Angling made easy, or every man his own Lascelles.' We wonder how long we have had him on;—let us look—whew! minus a watch and appendages—what care we for them more than a leg of mutton and trimmings? Yet, for *her* sake, we wish we had not lost that exquisitely-delicate silk paper, with Cupid upon it, pulling his arrow from a bleeding heart. But away! away, my love! and come hither; for the rain it is over and gone, and the greensward sleeps in the sunshine:—come! oh, come to these longing arms!—side foremost or on thy back—whichever posture suits thee best—languishingly—dyingly—too weak—too faint of thyself to move towards thy lover; but he will assist thee, my jewel, and we two will lie down, in the eye of heaven, in an earth-forgetting embrace. Oh! red, red, are thy lips, my love! What aileth these small teeth of thine? And what, we beseech thee, hast thou been doing with that dear nose? Not a word in reply, but a wallop between our legs, that capsized us. 'AND THUS IT WAS, CHRISTOPHER NORTH KILLED HIS FIRST SALMON.'—There are reasons, my dear Mr. Editor, why the insertion of the above at the present moment, will be read with even an increased zest.—ALEXANDER B., *Edinburgh.*

[Our Correspondent has awakened by this recital all our old feelings. "Still in our ashes live their wonted fires." We are rampant for our rod; and mad for a run on the bank. And when he talks, under his mighty efforts of piscatorial ingenuity, about "*her*,"—"Cupid,"—"the arrow,"—and "the bleeding heart"—it really is too much for us. How often have we played the same game in our early days!

Substitute for Soap in California.—It appears, Mr. Editor, that a very curious plant, the Soap-plant, grows all over California. The leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or about six weeks after the rainy season has fully set in; the plants never grow more than a foot high; and the leaves and stock drop entirely off in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all the summer without decaying. It is used to wash with in all parts of the country, and, by those who know its virtues, it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it is, merely to strip off the husk, dip the clothes into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick lather, and smells not unlike brown soap. The botanical name of the plant is *Phalangium pomaridianum*. There can be no excuse, my dear Sir, for a want of *cleanliness* under such circumstances,—unless indeed the "love of gold" has altogether extinguished the love of the "better part."—LYDIA T.

Poland Fowls (Gold and Silver) without Beards.—Dear Mr. Editor, Dr. Horner, of Hull, says (see *Agricultural Gazette*)—"The very best authorities—men of great experience, observation,

and knowledge—tell me that no really good and true-bred gold or silver Poland is without the beard. Mr. Baker, being recently asked by a friend of mine how it happened that a few persons condemned the beard of Polands, significantly replied, 'Ah, because they know nothing about it.' This gentleman, whose experience and knowledge will hardly be doubted, writes me that on the Continent (as in Holland, France, &c.) *all the best and really pure Polands have beards*; and emphatically states his opinion that they should have. My own observation and experience quite confirm this. I have recently had Polands from the Continent, Ireland, and other parts, and in all cases the beardless fowls were miserably inferior to the bearded ones—inferior both in carriage, plumage, and shape itself; their top-knots being comparatively small, their necks thin and spare, their gait and deportment wanting in the pomp and circumstance of a fine and true Poland. Nay, so evident were these deficiencies, that, in every instance, I could at once select a bearded from a beardless Poland, where the throat itself was not visible. Possessing at present both the bearded and the beardless sorts, I am impartial in my opinion; but from observation and reflection, I feel convinced that the beard of gold and silver Polands is a natural—aye, and (in them) a really becoming appendage; it entirely comports with the *tout ensemble* of the Poland—it is in keeping with his magnificent top-knot—with his large, full, thick, and long neck—his long, flowing hackles, and with his general dashing and *de-bonnaire* deportment. It is highly probable that the beardless Poland is a crossed and mongrel bird, originally produced between the Poland and the spangled Hamburg fowl; and in color of plumage there is much similarity. A thoroughbred bearded Poland ever produces bearded progeny. Out of forty chickens reared this year, all are bearded. On looking over the chickens, bred from beardless silver Polands, I find that not a few of the cocks have the double or rose comb of the silver-spangled Hamburg. I have but just seen this, and surely it is 'confirmation strong' of the opinion just expressed, that beardless Polands are a mongrel breed. I have this year crossed the bearded with the beardless Polands, cock with hen and hen with cock, and the result is, in by far the greatest majority of cases, that I have spoiled all; most of them still have some beard, but are ruined in all other points as in small top-knots, thin necks, &c.; but in a very few cases there is the smooth face, with a tolerably large top-knot, and the full neck."—I have sent you the above (which I have slightly abridged) in order to raise a question, the discussion of which in OUR JOURNAL will be hailed with delight.—THOMAS D., *Seven-oaks*.

[Dr. HORNER is a very sensible man; and we are very pleased to register his name in our columns. We have been in correspondence with him on former occasions.]

Habits of the Pigeon.—IN OUR JOURNAL, my dear Mr. Editor, there is an admirable article by Charles Waterton, on the "Dovecot Pigeon." I have been reading it with delight—delight hardly inferior to that which I feel in perusing

the articles which proceed from your own pen [Gently, Mademoiselle]. I mark well, what Mr. Waterton says about the strong attachment shown by pigeons towards their cot. It is notoriously true; still, that there are *some* exceptions to a general rule, I shall prove, for I can tell of at least one pair of pigeons that *do* roost away from their cot at night. They are in my possession at the present time. I had them taken young from the nest, and reared them by hand. Their parents had the range of a large dove-cot, and lived in social harmony with a large family of other pigeons, of their own kind; the whole of them being at full liberty to fly where they would. When my birds could feed themselves, I treated them to a house of their own. When set at liberty, they kept "at home" the greater part of the day, as well as using their house for a sleeping apartment at night. This they continued to do for some time; but on a sudden, they would only come to their house *in the day time*, persisting, as they do still, never to *sleep* in it! They roost on a small piece of iron in the wall, quite uncovered, and exposed to wet and cold. If it be hot, they perch during the day in a shady tree. In the cool of the evening, before retiring to roost, they enter our family dwelling, and search till they have found us all. They then fly on our shoulders, or trot out with us round the garden, making themselves perfectly "free of the house." In truth we love them, and they know it. Affection on our part begat love on theirs; and the compact is held sacred. Can you throw any light upon this?—LEONORA, *Leeds*.

[A heart like yours, LEONORA, would tame any thing—pigeons of course included. *That* part of the question is easily disposed of. The cause of your birds forsaking their dormitory *at night*, is their having been visited by one of those domestic nuisances (real "vermin"), a CAT. "Once caught (or nearly so) twice shy." The instinct of pigeons, in this respect, is remarkable. We very much question if they will ever again be induced to enter *that* house, while it stands where it does. Invite us down "specially" to look to this for you. We will rid you *at once* of ALL the cats. In our early days, we kept pigeons by the hundred. We can give you very valuable information about them. We wait your bidding, fair lady.]

Painted Wires of Bird Cages.—Mr. Editor—I have painted my bird cages inside, according to the advice given by you. I have also painted the *wires* of the cages. This you did *not* advise. I have gained "experience" by my folly; for I have lost a very fine blackcap. Let it be a warning to others. My "fairest flower" told me, with all gentleness, I was doing wrong not to be guided by you. Still I was bent on having my own way, and had it; with what benefit, I have told you already.—ZIGZAG.

[Your "angel of life" was right. *You* were quite wrong. The paint not adhering to the wire, which was non-absorbent, was pecked off by the bird, and eaten. Hence his death! Never keep birds where painting is going forward; and never put them into a newly-painted cage. The "warblers," in particular,

are liable to suffer from being in the vicinity of paint. You have confessed your fault nobly. You have now only to beg pardon where you first offended; and learn wisdom by experience, for the future.]

Affection "to" Animals, and Affection "in" Animals.—We have a pet canary, "Tiny Tim" by name. When we approach him, he receives us with extended wings, flies round the cage, apparently very angry; and pecks at our fingers. Is this affection, or is it anger? Do pray tell us, Mr. Editor, for it is a "vexed question." You are rather severe upon pet dogs we see. We have one; such a sweetly affectionate creature! But we never let it "kiss our faces," of course. You do not object, we apprehend, to our petting our dog; but to the "excess of fondness." Is it not so?—Your devoted admirers,—HANNAH and MARY, *North Devon*.

[Beyond all dispute, your canary "loves" you with much affection. What he does is quite in play—not in anger. He is as delighted as you are, to have "a game." Encourage this fondness for animals, by all means, dear Mademoiselles. As for your little dog,—do not let your affection for him diminish in the smallest degree. Our remarks were *not* intended for *you*, but for "certain people" whose fancies are depraved, and whose tastes are disgusting. The innocent must kindly bear with us, whilst our anathemas fall heavily upon the guilty. Did we not speak plainly, we could hardly expect to effect any reformation. "Some people" must be *shamed* out of their dirty practices.]

NEW REGULATION OF TIME.

ELECTRICITY is making rapid strides; and bids fair, at no distant day, to supersede every other agency, where despatch is an object. Its last application is, to the regulation of time; and it is now not only possible to have correct time all over the country at one and the same minute, but it may be regarded as done. The object at present in view is to distribute and to correct mean Greenwich time, in London and over the country, at one o'clock.

The ball which surmounts the Royal Observatory at Greenwich Park, has long been an object of interest to visitors, who have often watched with interest its descent, as the clock gave the first stroke of one; thereby telling the seagoing men in the river the exact state of the chronometers which were to become their guides over the faithless waters. Such a ball has been raised, on a pole upon the dome of the Electric Telegraph Company's West End station, No. 448, Strand, opposite Hungerford Market; and at one each day is to drop, by electric action, simultaneously with that at Greenwich—both balls being, in fact, liberated by the same hand; and, falling on a cushion at the base of the pole, is to communicate standard time along all the telegraphic wires of the country. At the same instant, the bells will ring out "one" at the most distant places—Hull, Holyhead, Aberdeen, Harwich, and Devonport. The great metropolitan clocks, such as the Horse Guards, the Exchange, and the New Palace, are to be regulated on the

new principle. Some of the railway companies also propose to avail themselves of these means to obtain an exact uniformity of time.

The ball itself is a remarkable object, being nearly six feet high and sixteen in circumference, and could with ease accommodate three people inside. It is formed of zinc, painted red—so that it may be better seen in contrast with a light sky—with a broad white belt round its diameter, making it look like a "great globe," or representation of a ringed Saturn. The shaft is continued a few feet above the ball, and at the extremity is a bright gilded weather vane, with "E. T. C." on the arms, being the initials of the "Electric Telegraph Company."

To make the nature of the mechanism generally comprehensible, we may remark, that the apparatus is provided with an air cylinder, in connection with the telegraphic wires between London and Greenwich; and that when the ball at Greenwich falls, an instantaneous shock of electricity will be communicated along them: this acting on an electrical trigger connected with the ball in the Strand, will cause it to fall simultaneously with that at Greenwich. A uniformity of time all over the country, is a *desideratum* we all have long felt. The want of it has been oftentimes attended by serious inconvenience. This is now rectified. We expect soon, to be enabled to "fly."

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

BY AN EMANCIPATED VISITOR.

READER! DID'ST EVER LIVE with a *particular* lady? one possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness? who will give you a good two hours' lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove? who will be struck speechless at the sight of a pin, instead of a string; or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case? Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathise with me.

Gentle Reader! I have passed two whole months with a particular lady. I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage about fifty miles from town; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be *'blessed!'*" Accordingly (I shall never forget, if I live to the age of old Parr), having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession

of an easy fortune. Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife was a precision—I do not employ the term in a religious sense.

The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr. S., who removing my hat from the *first* peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little *particular* in those matters; the first peg is for *my* hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please, for your own; ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs, impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favor by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be Emperor of China!

Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing-room, nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves, whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this was as dust in the balance. I might as well have expected to be admitted a contributor to *Blackwood* because I could write "joining hand."

The first time I sat down to dinner, I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged. I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. — sharply rebuked for a similar offence; secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's-breadth beyond the cane-work of my chair—and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not, at length, overpowered every other consideration, and at last burst forth with, "Excuse me, Mr. —, but do pray put your cushion straight; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise."

My third offence was, displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth,—but in short I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty.

My friend ———'s drawing-room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "Steel Traps and Spring Guns," as any park I am acquainted with. In one place you were in danger of having your legs snap off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat; every chair and table knew its duty; the very chimney ornaments have been "trained up in the way they should go," and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it!" Even those "charitable libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby-cat herself; who sat with her fore feet together, and her tail curled round her as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's marital authority to get his favorite spaniel admitted to the honors of the parlor: and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when ——— is from home, he sets off directly, with as much consciousness in his ear and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broomstick.

As to the children, Heaven help them! I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. ——— is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so; but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and floggee too" is the way to bring up children; and that as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties,

"From night till morn, from morn to dewy eve."

So it is with her servants; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that from long practice they do not heed it—as a friend of mine, who lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me he does not hear the horrible noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. ——— never allows a moment's peace to husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife; but such jewels are too costly for every-day wear. I am sure poor ——— thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half-a-dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little commonplace repose.

I shall never forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thralldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litterers. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again. That fearful "spirit of order!" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to —. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a member of the House of Commons, and the *order* of the day were called for, I should make it a rule to walk out.

Since my return home, I have positively prohibited the use of the word in my house; and nearly quarrelled with an honest tradesman, who has served me for the last ten years, because he has a rascally shopman, who will persist in snuffling at my door (I hear him now from my parlor window), "Any order this morning?"

Confound the fellow! that is his knock. I will offer him half-a-crown to change his phrase!

SELECT POETRY.

THE FIRST SORROW.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Suggested by a Statue, by Patrick MacDowell, Esq. R.A., in the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations."

'Tis her first sorrow; but to her as deep
As the great griefs maturer hearts that wring,
When some strong wrench, undreamed of, bids
us weep
O'er the lost hope to which we loved to cling!

The Bird is dead;—the nursling of her hand,
That from her cup the honied dew would sip,—
That on her finger used to take his stand,
And peck the mimic cherry on her lip.

The willing captive that her eye could chain,
Her voice arrest, howe'er inclined to roam,—
The household god (worshipped, alas! in vain),
Whose radiant wings flashed sunshine through
her home,—

Pressed to her bosom, now can feel no more
The genial warmth of old he used to love;
His sportive wiles and truant flights are o'er:—
When was the falcon tender to the dove?

"'Twas but a bird;" but when life's years are few,
How slight a thing may make our sum of bliss!
Cold is the heart that needs be taught anew,
Trifles oft form the joys that most we miss!

The soft, pure wax of Childhood's ductile breast,
Will yield an impress to the gentlest touch;
They err who make its little griefs their jest,
Slight ills are sorrows still, *if felt as such*.

"'Twas but a bird," the world's stern stoic cries,
"And myriad birds survive as fair to see;"
"'Twas but a bird to some," her heart replies,
"But playmate, friend, companion—all to me!"

'Tis her first sorrow—and she feels the more
That sorrow's name she scarce hath known
till now;

But the full burst of keener anguish o'er,
A softer shade hath settled on her brow.

The bitter tears that would not be repressed,
Are dried, like dew-drops on the sun-touched
leaf;

The deep, wild sobs that lately stirred her breast,
At length have yielded to a tenderer grief.

She weeps no more,—her very sighs are stilled.—
A tranquil sadness breathes from her sweet
face;

As though her mind, with soothing memories
filled,

Had nothing left of sorrow—but *its grace*!

The Sculptor marked the change with earnest
eyes;

He knew the phase whence fame might best be
won;

And when her grief assumed its loveliest guise,
He struck her chastened beauty into stone!

There let it live, 'till Love and Hope decay;
The type of sorrow, unallied to sin;

To test this truth, through many an after day,—
"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE
WORLD KIN!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

"Love is strong as death."

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS, and worldly cares
Press heavily on every side,

How sweet to know we claim the prayers
Of ONE in whom we can confide!

Yes! in affliction's darkest days,
When sorrow claims us as its own,
ONE tear of sympathy repays
The fears, the anguish we have known.

When joy and pleasure fill our hearts,
Pure as the light that shines above,
How soon each shade of doubt departs
When memory dwells on those we love!

And oh, what happiness is ours,
When passing through this world of care,
To find our path is strew'd with flowers,—
To BLESS THE HAND that strew'd them there!

E'en in the trying hour of death,
The purest joy to us is given—
In yielding up our latest breath,
We meet with those we "love,"—in Heaven!

Wealth, Honor, Power, I resign;
If this my highest joy must end,
Oh, be the bliss for ever mine
To KNOW I HAVE "ONE" FAITHFUL FRIEND!

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No. 35.—1852.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.

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HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

THE BANKS OF THE LEA.

THE SIGNAL HAS GONE FORTH! Man and boy, chick and child, gentle and simple,—all who have one shilling to spend, have fled incontinently from London in search of fresh air and amusement. May they find both, and return home like giants refreshed! Whoever is now found tarrying in this filthy City, unless of stern necessity, deserves what Shakspeare calls "a good whipping." At all events, he must say nothing about "taste."

To assist such of our friends as can afford but little time to ramble *far* away, we select to-day from a charming book, called "Rambles by Rivers," a very picturesque description by James Thorne of the River Lea. A ramble, under such guidance, and by *such* a river, only wants a few hours,—a few shillings,—a merry heart,—a joyful countenance, and a resolution to be "happy." No English word could express better, what we here mean to convey. It gives all care the go-by; and loosens the reins of a tightly-confined head. So,—be happy, good folk, while you may!

We will now say something about the LEA. We all know it; we all love it; and wish that summer lasted all the year round, that we might always be in the enjoyment of a walk by its streams.

Scarcely another river of the like extent and size, could be found to yield to the bookish perambulator so abundant a harvest of associations as the Lea. Few could surpass it in the objects and places of interest that are to be found in proximity to its banks; and if it affords not many very striking features of landscape scenery, it presents several of extreme loveliness: such as made one, who has described many of them with a delightful zest, think, "as he sat on a primrose bank and looked down the meadows, that they were too pleasant to look on but

only on holidays," and then "turn his present thoughts into verse;" in a wish, he adds, "I'll repeat to you—

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me," &c.

The source of the Lea cannot be readily reached from a railway. The nearest station is at Leighton, on the Birmingham line, from whence it is about eight miles across a fine country. Perhaps a still pleasanter way, though somewhat longer, is to leave the railway at Tring, and, mounting the hills above Aldbury, to go across Ashridge Park (a place worth looking at), and by Little Gaddesden and Dagnal to Dunstable. Over these hills the pedestrian will be accompanied by the music of thousands of larks, and in return for their melody he may (if he please), when he reaches Dunstable, regale his palate with a dish of them. A lark, as cooked at the principal inns in that town, is said to form a most delicious morsel. But we only speak by report, for although it is a main principle with us in travelling to taste whatever the place we are in is famous for—so that we reckon it a misfortune that, led astray by the advice of a dietist, we did not touch brawn when at Canterbury, and we can remember no similar omission—and though we should have little sympathy for even a tee-totaller who should abstain from a mouthful of "Glenlivet o' the sma' still," in rambling over the Highlands, or in crossing the moors—we confess we could not bring ourselves to order a dish of the little aerial warblers, whose harmony we had just been listening to with so greedy an ear. The visitor should not pass through Dunstable without looking at its really magnificent church—only a portion, however, of the ancient conventual church—with its rich Norman doorway and windows, whose elaborate carvings are unfortunately much defaced, though still retaining much beauty; and he should, if he can, obtain a sight of the fine font in the interior. From Dun-

stable, a walk of little more than a mile across the fields brings us to Houghton Regis, where, as we have said, the Lea rises. There is nothing remarkable in its source; the water, as at the source of many rivers, spreads out into a sort of pond, and there is little in it, or in the scenery about it, to claim attention. The village of Houghton Regis is one that may deserve some regard; the scenery is of a cheerful rural character in itself, and scattered about it are many clusters of picturesque cottages, with goodly thatched roofs covered with deep-colored mosses, and enlivened with many a noisy group of rosy children about their doors. The church, too, is a fine old building, somewhat *improved* by modern taste—but a fine building still; and in it is an ancient monument, with the effigies of a knight in armour, under a rich Gothic arch, which will well repay the attention of the antiquary. On the arch is a coat of arms, “a chevron between three butterflies,” which, according to Lysons, are those of the Sewells, an ancient family who possessed the manor of Sewell, mentioned in Domesday Book. Houghton Regis, as its name implies, was anciently a part of the royal demesne: it now belongs to the Duke of Bedford, by one of whose ancestors it was purchased, with the manor of Sewell, in 1750.

It would be idle to follow our stream yet awhile step by step. For some distance from its source it is only a sort of a ditch, and skirts ploughed fields; and though it flows past a village or two, we do not remember anything worth noticing till it reaches Luton. Before it arrives at Luton it has, however, swelled into a brook of fair size, and sometimes lays the neighboring marshes under water; indeed, throughout its course, its banks are for the most part marshy and liable to be flooded. Luton lies low, and has at times suffered severely from inundations. Its name is derived from the river, which was “in British *Luh*.” (Morant.) It is a neat, clean town, and from the number of straw-hat and other factories, has much of that business-like air the city-dweller so much misses in most second-rate country towns in agricultural districts. Dr Waagen was much struck with its appearance:—“The little town of Luton,” he says, “is very pleasantly situated in a rather hilly country. What a difference between that and places of a like extent in Germany! In the principal streets there is a good flag pavement, such as but few of the largest towns of Germany can boast.” Luton has few buildings of interest; the church is almost the only one. This is of large size and unusual beauty. It is of Gothic architecture, but of various periods; the chancel was built by John Whethamsted, Abbot of

St. Alban's, in the fifteenth century, and is deserving inspection. There is an air of grandeur about the whole building; but it is to be regretted that its venerable character has been greatly injured by modern barbarians—worse than Goths—who have covered the whole body of the church with a thick coating of lime-wash. The tower, which is built of stone and flints in alternate squares, is the only part that has escaped the tasteless infliction; and its time-worn aspect appears to frown more darkly upon the sickly hue of its appendages. Unfortunately the evil is not confined to a distant survey; the details of the architecture are almost hidden by the vile wash: and what is perhaps most provoking is, that it has only been perpetrated within a few years, when we might have expected that a better feeling would have prevailed. The interior of the church contains several interesting monuments. At the west end of the nave is an elegant Gothic baptistry of an octagonal form, which is described more at length and figured in Lyson's “*Magna Britannia—Bedfordshire*,” p. 31. On the south side of the chancel are four richly-carved stone seats. Other objects of interest, which we have not time now to notice, will repay examination.

The making of straw-plait is quite a feature in the villages as well as in the towns round about this neighborhood. In fine weather, as the women and girls sit or stand about the cottage-doors plaiting the straw in the sunshine, by the porches gay with bright flowers, they present groups such as painters might delight to seize and embody. We wonder that they have not oftener been transferred to canvass: portrayed in true and characteristic form and color, they would, we think, yield hardly, if at all, in rustic grace and piquancy to the often-painted distaff spinners.

After passing by Luton, the Lea flows through the park, which is extensive and well wooded.

After it quits Luton Park, the Lea runs close alongside the Whethamsted Road till it reaches that place. The scenery is in many parts pretty, but very little varied, and the banks are low. Two or three water-mills are worked by it, but, like nearly all the mills on the Lea, they are not very attractive in their appearance. Whethamsted is a cheerful little town. The church is rather a curious structure, something in the form of a Maltese cross, with a tower and somewhat dumpy spire rising from the intersection of the nave and transept. It was at Whethamsted that the barons who confederated against Edward II. and his favorite Pierce Gaveston, assembled their forces. From Whethamsted the scenery is more picturesque. The traveller may make his

way along the meadows by the river side without much difficulty, yet it is hardly worth his while; the road, which is rather a pleasant one, leaves the river a little on the left, and following it for about two miles we reach Bocket Hall and park, the seat of Lord Melbourne. Bocket Hall was erected about a century since by James Paine, who has given elevations and plans of it, and of the bridge he here built across the Lea, in his work entitled "Views, Plans, &c." The house is a brick edifice, of a somewhat striking appearance, and the Lea spreads out before it into a spacious lake. Altogether it is well fitted to afford a refreshing retreat from the care and strife of political contests.

The Lea runs through a corner of Hatfield Park, leaving Hatfield considerably on our right. There is nought in the town to call us out of the way. Hatfield Park is of vast extent, and though rather level, is considerably diversified in its aspect by the profusion of noble trees it contains. In it are said to be some of the finest oak, elm, and ash trees in the county. At a corner of one of the avenues on the northern side of the park is an old oak, called the "Queen's Oak," from a tradition that when Elizabeth was a prisoner here, it formed the boundary of her daily walks. It is much decayed, only one of its main branches remaining; but the decayed part has been carefully covered with a cement, and a railing has been placed around it to preserve it from curious visitors. Hatfield House is the property of the Marquis of Salisbury, and is of enormous size. One of its wings, it will be remembered, was destroyed by fire a few years back, when the dowager marchioness was burnt to death. The part then destroyed has been rebuilt, and we believe large alterations have been made in various parts of the mansion by the present marquis, who has an inclination for building. The place possesses much historical interest; Elizabeth, as we have said, was a prisoner here; after her accession to the throne she gave Hatfield House to Lord Burleigh, the ancestor of the present Marquis of Salisbury. Charles I. was also for a short time confined in it. The interior of the mansion is said to be very splendid, and it contains a good many excellent pictures; but it is to be regretted that the public are excluded from seeing them, or from inspecting the building.

By this time the Lea has become a river of tolerable size, and from Hatfield Park to Hertford is much more beautiful than in the earlier part of its course; and it increases in beauty till it enters the latter town. The grounds on either side are hilly and well wooded, and handsome houses, rustic cottages, with ever and anon a distant spire

peeping from among the trees, relieve the way from everything like monotony.

A short distance before we reach Hertford, the Lea is joined by the river Maran, a lovely little stream, which has its source a few miles from King's Walden. About two miles before its union with the Lea it passes through Panshanger Park, whither we will retrace it. Panshanger is not near so large as Hatfield Park, but from the greater variety of surface much more beautiful. Indeed there is so much that is attractive about it, and altogether it is so delightful a spot for a day's visit from London, that we shall extend our notice of it a little beyond our usual limits.

Panshanger belongs to the Earl Cowper, who, with a liberality deserving grateful notice, permits the most free access not only to his park and grounds, but to his picture gallery, and both contain more than enough to repay a pilgrimage. Before we enter the gallery, let us saunter awhile along these slopes, and among these groups of lofty and picturesque trees, and then beside the flowery banks of that clear, bright, and rapid little stream, and watch its silvery tenants poisoning themselves against the current, or darting briskly after some luckless insect. A brief converse with the works of nature will form no unfit preparation of the mind for an enjoyment of those works of man we are about to examine. There is a rich and varied succession of views all over the park, but the main attraction is the famous oak. This is a most majestic tree, surpassed perhaps in size by many, but equalled in beauty by none. At least we never saw, nor remember to have heard of, any that can be compared with it. It stands alone in a "bottom," in the private garden, and its wide branches spread out unobstructedly in every direction. According to Arthur Young, in his "Survey of Herts," it was called the *Great Oak* in 1709. Strutt, in his "*Sylva Britannica*," fol., 1822, says it contains one thousand feet of timber, and is nineteen feet in circumference at a yard from the ground. The trunk rises from its roots with a graceful curve, and the main branches separate from it in a regular yet varied and free manner, such as to render it quite a model of form as an oak. Its remarkable symmetry causes it, as is the case in a fine statue, or well-proportioned architectural edifice, to appear smaller than it really is. All who see it, express surprise at its largeness when they stand beside its trunk. When clothed in the full luxuriance of its foliage, nothing in the shape of a tree can surpass the harmonious grandeur of its appearance. Even when denuded of its leaves, it is a noble object; in some respects more noble than before.

The gardens are tastefully laid out; there are, too, some pleasant terraces, and some of those walks (or alleys) bounded by tall evergreens, such as we read of in old books and see in the paintings of Watteau and Lancret. We need not stay to notice the external appearance of the house. It is one of those heterogeneous jumbles well named "Modern Gothic." The interior is designed with much more judgment. But we must turn to the picture gallery, as there are works there that will need all the time we can devote to them: the productions of Raphael and Bartolomeo are not to be understood at a hasty glance. The gallery is a noble room, well lighted by two or three lanterns, and also by a large bay-window that looks over a richly cultivated scene. The walls are hung with a bright scarlet cloth, which, with the gilt cornices and other ornaments, and the rich furniture of the room, has a brilliant effect—too brilliant indeed, for the sober character of the pictures, which would better accord with a more sombre tone of color in the fittings. The ante-room, through which we pass into the gallery, is chiefly hung with family portraits; among others is that of the celebrated Chancellor Cowper, who looks as if the cares of state sat lightly on him.

As we have suggested a visit to Panshanger as one of the most agreeable day's excursions from London, we will just point out how it may be easiest accomplished. By the North-Eastern Railway, the visitor can at once reach Hertford, from whence a pretty walk of little more than two miles will bring him to Panshanger. The way is by the north road for about a mile beyond Hertford, and then along a very rural road on the left of the main one, till the lodge is reached. Dr. Waagen says, that, "being a great walker," he managed to reach it on foot from Hertford by the aid of a guide; but the most feminine of our readers need not fear being tired by the length of the way, or be deterred by its difficulty. As we have hinted, the collection is not of a kind to be hastily examined, and the visitor is allowed to remain as long as he pleases in the room, especially if the family is absent. Still by a little management, and leaving London by the half-past nine o'clock train, time enough will be afforded for a stroll through the park, which should not be omitted; and there are many walks beyond its limits of remarkable beauty, particularly up some of the lanes to the west of it. The stranger should not, however, wander too far. Hertfordshire ways are very crooked, and Hertfordshire directions still more crooked; he might therefore perchance find himself *too late for the last train*.

AFFECTATION.—The result of a weak mind; showing that its possessor has a head,—but nothing in it.

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXIV.—THE BLACK-CAP.

THE HEN BLACK-CAP differs from the male, in the color of her head-dress; which, instead of being jet black, is a dusky brown. She is, too, of a more sombre Quaker-like aspect. She is often mistaken for the garden-warbler at a distance, though the latter has a much longer and fan-like tail; also a more taper and genteel neck. The nests of both these birds are firmly and strongly built, and of the same materials. They are composed externally of dry grass, twigs, and the fibres of roots, and are lined within with fine hair, delicate blades of grass, and soft, pliant moss.

The number of eggs laid by each is from four to six. Those of the black-cap are of a yellowish-white color, with brown spots; whilst the eggs of the garden-warbler have in addition a mixture of pale grey spots upon them. Their nests are seldom built at a height exceeding three feet from the ground. They are usually found in a Hawthorn. The notes of distress uttered by both during the season of incubation, are greatly alike, being harsh and discordant. Those of the black-cap are the loudest, and fall most gratingly on the ear. In song, these birds differ widely. The notes of the garden-warbler are soft, gentle, and quietly sweet. The song of the black-cap is loud, bold, clear and distinct.

Whilst instituting a comparison between this bird and the nightingale, much judgment should be shown. They are both equally excellent in degree. While the quality and power of the nightingale's voice cannot be over-rated, yet he sings for a very limited time only; and is subject to great depression of spirit. The rapidity of his execution, and the "value" of his notes, while he is in song, place him certainly *highest* in the scale of excellence; and, so far as this extends—" *Palman qui meruit ferat.*" When, however, we weigh well the comparative tempers of the birds, their general deportment in a cage, and the unceasing attention they require,—it then becomes a matter of question how to choose between them. Both are equally robust in point of constitution; both arrive here nearly at the same time, and both are heartily welcomed when they do come. Of all the summer warblers, these are "the" two, *par excellence*.

The depression of spirit in the nightingale, it must be borne in mind, does not exist when he is enjoying his liberty out of doors. It is only when caged that he is seen to mope; and this is why we have so sedulously endeavored to prevent his being numbered so generally among "cage birds." He may,

and does love a kind master, dearly; but his own kindred have the sum of his affection. His heart is ever thinking of them. Not so, altogether, the black-cap; though *he*, too, has his wandering thoughts towards fatherland, at certain seasons of the year.

As regards externals, the *personnel* of the black-cap exceeds in beauty that of the nightingale. The latter is of a long inelegant form, with a dusky breast, and a seedy-brown colored coat. The black-cap, on the contrary, has a clear and grey-white breast, a handsome *bonnet noir*, a keen intelligent eye, and a crest for the most part erect. His tail too, is trim, his feathers close, and his whole form shorter and more compact. His legs, which are slim, are of a blue-black cast, and his claws always "neat."

Nor is he ignorant of his personal attractions; for he makes his toilet with consummate taste and care, and shows himself off at all times to the very best advantage—singing all the while these domestic operations are in progress. If you humor the little rogue by noticing kindly these manœuvres of his, he will treat you to an *impromptu* of surpassing excellence, and you will find no difficulty whatever in making a friend of him for life. Try the experiment—and we shall secure your good-will for the recommendation.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XX --PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 119.)

AS ALMOST ALL Philosophers and Naturalists have very greatly exaggerated the merit of the sense of touch, I deem it necessary to dwell upon it here.

OF SENSATION AND TOUCH.

In treating this subject, I regret to have more to refute and correct, than to establish; but the surest means of approaching the truth, is to remove errors and prejudices.

Before speaking of the touch, properly so called, I must say something of sensation in general. It is certain that a great number of erroneous opinions on the touch have arisen and are maintained, solely because the difference has never been accurately established between the idea of perception, sensation, and that of touch, tact.

The faculty of awakening perceptions or sensation is common to the whole nervous system. To perceive and to feel, are phenomena which we observe first and most generally in all beings endowed with the faculty of consciousness. Whatever alteration may have taken place in their interior or exterior, becomes necessarily a sensation, as soon as the animal has any consciousness of it. To taste, feel, see, hear, and touch,

are sensations; but we likewise feel pain and pleasure, itching, tickling, weariness, &c., produced by internal causes; we feel hunger, thirst, the calls of nature; we feel joy and sadness, hatred and love, humility and pride, hope and despair, desire, anguish, fear, terror, &c.: the acts of our intellectual faculties, thinking, desiring, and wishing, are likewise sensations.

It follows, that to feel or perceive, is a function common to all the particular functions of the nervous system; it is properly and solely the general sense, without which no being can be conscious of his own existence, or the existence of external objects. It is only in this acceptation that it is said, with truth, that the origin of all our knowledge is in sensation. But when, by sensation, we understand only the impression of the external world on the senses, as most authors do, we neglect wholly the interior man and animals, and forget that the exterior world is known only so far as our interior has the faculty of perceiving it: and that, furthermore, this faculty is an abundant source of numerous sensations and ideas, by which each being preserves his individuality, consciousness and peculiar nature, though all are equally surrounded by the same objects. Prochaska had already called the attention of modern physiologists to the interior sensations. Tracy more recently has done the same. Cabanis has made one step further, by adopting *instinctive tendencies*. Still, most of these authors have remained behind on these subjects, as the following remarks on the sense of touch will prove.

I have shown, in my Treatise on the Functions of the Senses (see my large work, vol. i.), to what extent the senses must produce the ideas of external things. I have shown to what extent the ear and the eye give an exact idea of space, form, number, figure, and the position of a body: I have demonstrated that the education or cultivation of the touch answers no purpose; that the eye sees according to its proper laws, the relations of objects which have just been enunciated, and that it would be ridiculous to accuse nature of having created senses, the functions of which would be possible, only by the aid of another sense entirely different. In this manner, I have already greatly diminished the prerogatives which were formerly attributed to the sense of touch.

But I have not yet spoken of the opinions which particularly concern this sense. Most authors regard it as the sole mediator, director, and reformer of the other senses. Without it, say they, there would be no external world; for, "as our perceptions," says Condillac, "are not the qualities of objects themselves, but, on the contrary, are only modifications of our soul; it is consequently easy to conclude, that a man limited to the sense of smell would have had nothing but odor; to that of taste, flavor; to that of hearing, only noise or sound; to sight, only light and color. Then the greatest difficulty would be, to imagine how we contract the habit of referring to external nature the sensations which exist only in ourselves. In fact, it seems very astonishing that with senses, which experience nothing except in themselves, and which have no means of realising external space, men can refer their sensations to the objects which

occasion them. How can sensations be extended beyond the organ, which experiences and limits it?

"But, in considering the properties of touch, it might have been perceived, that it is capable of discovering this space, and of teaching the other senses to refer their sensations to the bodies which occupy it."

"The sensations of touch," says Degerando, "merit, from the philosopher, peculiar attention. They are the first which affect the individual; and if, before having received the instruction of touch, the individual should hear a sound, or find himself affected by an odor, he would perceive nothing but the impression resulting from it; he would neither think of referring it to a foreign cause, nor regarding it as a modification of one, whatever philosophers may say. For, in the first place, there is nothing in these sensations fitted to inform him of an object foreign to himself; and so long as a man knows nothing foreign to himself, how should he be led to notice self?" (*son moi*).

"A man deprived of touch," says Dumas, with Lecat, "would have no sensation, but what he would consider as confined to his own person, and would be absolutely incapable of distinguishing whatever was concerned in producing it. But, with the faculty of touch, he can put objects in their places, determine the extent of space which he occupies, and ascertain the distance which separates him from each."

If touch makes us know the external world better than the other senses, for the sole reason that it finds bounds and resistance to its action, I will inquire whether the eye does not also meet with limits and resistance? If we must deal with metaphysical subtleties on the existence and non-existence of external things, then touch, resistance, repulsion, will not instruct us better than any other sensation; for, just as all other sensations have their seat solely in the brain, so the sense of touch, resistance, repulsion, has its seat only in the brain. No one has yet placed these sensations in external objects; and, consequently, the pretended illusion may as well take place in the touch as in any other sense. We must, then, admit with Locke, that the ideas "which enter the mind by more than one sense, are those of extent or space, figure, motion, and rest;" and I conclude with Tracy, that "the sensations pertaining to touch, have not, in themselves, any essential prerogative by nature which distinguishes them from all others. Whether a body affects the nerves concealed under the skin of my hand, or, whether it produces certain agitations of those spread over the membranes of my palate, nose, eye or ear, it is a pure impression which I receive, a simple affection which I experience; and there seems no reason to believe, that one is more instinctive than the other; that one is more fitted than the other to lead me to the conclusion, that it comes from a being foreign to myself. Why should the simple sensation of a puncture, of a burn, of tickling, of pressure, give me more knowledge of the cause which produces it, than that of a color, of a sound, or of internal pain? There is no reason for thinking so."

If philosophers, who, with Condillac, have re-

duced man to the state of a statue, had had the prudence to form this statue after the model of man, and to make it out like him, they would have presented principles wholly different with regard to the functions and the influence of the senses. I might, for example, remind them, that man and animals are accustomed to transfer to the external world, everything extraordinary which passes within them, and to regard it as an accident of the world without them. A blur on the eye produces the impression of surrounding flames; the flow of blood to the ear, makes us imagine that we hear the sound of bells; the sick man wishes removed from him the imaginary fly which he has before his eyes, the odor which offends his nose, and the ice-cold corpse which lies at his side; in our dreams, we eat the most delicious viands; we walk in delicious gardens, bathe in tepid waters, fly in the air; the coward is in the hand of robbers; the gamester draws his prize from the wheel of fortune; the tender mother throws herself into the flames to save her child. Has not the illusion of the senses invented apparitions, visions, spirits, and wizards? The madman hears the celestial choirs; he fears the devil who follows him with eager step; he attacks whole legions; dies a hundred times on the wheel for imaginary crimes, finds his head on the neck of another, and carefully repulses everything which approaches him, in order not to endanger his nose of many yards in length, which he is forced to drag along the ground. Ought we not infer, from all these phenomena, that the nature of man is rather inclined to expand into a world exterior to its own creation, than to transport to, and concentrate in itself, the real external world, and in this manner to excuse, in some sort, the reveries of the idealists?

Philosophers have not stopped at the period of attributing exclusively to the touch, the knowledge of the external world.

Condillac derives from touch, as from every other sense, attention, memory, judgment, imagination. He makes of it the corrector of all the other senses, the source of curiosity, of abstract ideas, and of all desires and passions. But he has invented so romantic a fable in relation to pain and pleasure, which he presents as the only motives of all the actions of man, that I cannot undertake the tedious task of correcting him.

Ackermann thinks, that the touch represents impressions in more distinct series; he regards it as the corrector of the other senses. According to him, the imperfect hand of animals is concealed in the nails or in the hoofs of the fore feet, so that they want this sense, the slowest in truth, but likewise the most sure.

Buffon says,—It is by the touch alone, that we can gain complete and real knowledge; it is this sense which rectifies all the others, whose effects would be only illusions, and produce nothing but error in our minds, if touch did not teach us to judge. This naturalist is so much prejudiced in favor of the advantages which result to us from touch, that, while speaking of the custom of swathing the arms of infants, he expresses himself thus:—One man has, perhaps, more mind than another, only in consequence of having

made, from his early childhood, a greater and prompter use of this sense; and we should do well to leave to the child the free use of its hands from the moment of its birth. "Those animals," says he, elsewhere, "which have hands, appear to be the most intelligent; monkeys do things so similar to the mechanical actions of men, that they would seem to have the same series of bodily sensations for their cause. All the other animals that have not the use of this organ, can have no very distinct acquaintance with the form of things. We may, also, conjecture that animals, which, like the cuttle fish, polypi, and other insects, have a great number of arms or claws, which they can unite and join, and with which they can seize foreign bodies in different places—that these animals, I say, have an advantage over others, and know and choose much better the things suitable for them; and that, if the hand were divided into an infinity of parts, all equally sensible and flexible, such an organ would be a kind of universal geography."

TAME HARES.

I REJOICE to see, Mr. Editor, that the love of Nature, and Natural History, is happily increasing every day. The flowers of the field, with their surpassing beauties and wondrous mechanism, are more and more scrutinised. The birds, the animals, with their instincts and habits, so full of interest, are more regarded.

But multitudes have yet to learn the pure delight to be derived from a knowledge of Nature and her works; from a study of the habits and instincts of the denizens of the earth, the air, and the water. In proportion as this pure pleasure is known and experienced, will suffering and ill-treatment be spared to animals called "inferior"—and sympathy engendered in the breast of the first of God's works—mankind.

The great object of your JOURNAL, Mr. Editor, is evidently to conduct to such study and its consequent pleasures; your aim is to promote the happiness, and lessen the sufferings of animals, which, like ourselves, are part of God's beautiful creation. I wish it therefore much success; and now contribute, to aid the good cause, an account of some favorite "pets" which tenanted my kitchen some years since.

In the month of June, 1846, my servants found in my garden a leveret, which could not have been long in existence. The little stranger was brought within doors, carefully cherished, and fed from a spoon with milk. This was readily imbibed. The foundling was a female. She was forthwith named; and, under constant attendance, little "Puss" prospered, grew rapidly, and soon became an interesting pet. She evinced no symptoms of wildness, but associated with the dog and cat, suffering herself to be fondled and caressed; running about the kitchen and hall—in short, living in all seeming happiness and contentment.

"Puss," when she had attained her growth, was always a little "wee" hare. I was so much amused with my pretty pet that, after a time, I bethought me of finding her a companion. My wishes were soon known and responded to. In the month of August, two more infantine leverets,

(a male and a female) were brought to my house by the villagers.

These received like attention with the first, and thrived famously. The lady soon outstripped her female companion in size. She did not however manifest so confiding and gentle a disposition. But before her character was well developed, I unfortunately lost her. One evening, when the whole party were at liberty in the kitchen, a man, followed by a dog, unexpectedly entered. The little animal, happening to be near the door, in her alarm rushed out into the garden; and, although diligent search was made instantly, and again in the morning, she was seen no more. Her fate from that hour was matter of conjecture. In the meantime, little "Puss" continued in high health and spirits. Her companion "Jack," also flourished, outstripping "Puss" in size, and growing into a fine hare. He however never became so tame and sociable as "Puss."

Together with the hares, a small spaniel and a large male Angora cat were permitted an occupation in the kitchen. The whole quartet were often to be seen reposing in a long rush-basket provided for the purpose. Many of my parishioners have beheld the happy party. Indeed, at that time, visitors seldom came to the house without being introduced to the hares. "Jack" was master of the basket, and whenever he chose, as sometimes he did, he would clear it of its other occupants, and remain sole possessor. This object he effected by scratching and drumming with his fore paws. The cat, far from being amiable, was of a sullen disposition, and a great coward. "Jack," when in playful mood, would sometimes approach him, as he slumbered by the fire, and commence drumming on his back. On these occasions, the Angora showed his displeasure by retiring to a closet or an out-house; where, with visage expressive of the most ineffable disgust, he would sit brooding over his wrongs, and sometimes would not re-appear in the kitchen for hours—or even a whole day.

The spaniel well understood his position in the society of the kitchen. He would sometimes run after little "Puss," who took refuge with her master, or in her basket; but he was greatly afraid of "Jack." Now and then however, he forgot himself; and, desirous of joining in the sport, would presume to chase "Jack" in his races; whereupon the hare quickly faced about. And if this was not enough, he ran at the spaniel—attempting to scratch and bite. I hardly need say that the dog was glad enough to retreat to the kitchen.

Whenever the clatter of plates and knives announced dinner in the kitchen, the hares would leave their basket; and together with cat and dog, range themselves around the table, waiting for bits of bread or vegetable. They were quiet for the most part during the day. It was in the evening that they became animated and frolicsome. When at home, I was in the habit of placing the kitchen and dining-room doors open; and the great amusement of my "pets" was, to race from the kitchen through the hall and round and round the dining-room, backwards and forwards. I used to place the chairs, which had projecting hind-legs, against the

walls, at equal distances; and the hares delighted, in their race, to leap over the legs—after the manner of the most approved hurdle racers.

"Jack" sometimes, in the exuberance of his spirits, would jump on the dining-table; and, after performing some antics, would leap down again and rush squeaking back to the kitchen, delighted with his own performance. Little "Puss" did not object to be handled; she would lie stretched on the rug before the fire, and enjoy being tickled; and would jump into my chair, and sit on her hind legs, and eat toast from my hand. But "Jack" disliked being touched; and would try to bite when, in play, I held him on the ground. He would also come and take toast from my hand; but with a neck stretched out to its utmost. Having secured the toast, he *immediately retreated*. I often tried the effect of music on my animals. The spaniel, like most other dogs, would howl at particular notes; but neither hares nor cat seemed to take any notice. My hares, as may be imagined, were a source of great interest and amusement to me; and appeared perfectly happy in their domesticated state; but at length, alas! they experienced the fate of most "pets." My servants, when engaged out of the kitchen, were wont to secure them to their basket by a light chain attached to a thin brass collar around the neck. "Jack" was impatient of this restraint, and was ever trying to liberate himself. On one occasion, when the servants were occupied up stairs, in his usual efforts for freedom he managed to insert his lower jaw between the collar and his neck. In trying to bite asunder the collar, his teeth became firmly fixed. Frightened at his situation, the poor animal I presume struggled violently, and broke the vertebræ of his neck. When the servants next entered the kitchen, he lay dead, with his jaw fixed as above described. Little "Puss" survived her companion for some time; but, in the Autumn of 1847, distemper was prevalent amongst her race. Many hares were found dead in the fields. My dear little favorite was attacked; and, to the sincere grief and regret of her master and the household—fell a victim to the disease.

Combe Vicarage, Hants,

H. H. W.

LADIES,—LISTEN !

ONE of your own sex, a most estimable woman (Mrs. Thompson), thus writes:—"Men of sense, I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestability—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might after some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fulfil those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are extracted at the altar—such men want for their companions, *not* dolls; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringletina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet-strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick

her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a "lamb's-wool shepherdess,"—dance like a der-vise at Almack's—*ride like a fox-hunter*—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate—she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, *with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of boddice*."—Herein we have some excellent "hits." They concern so *very many* of the "gentle sex," that we leave their wide application to a random shot. Our admirers, we feel sure, must be of a *quite* different order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—FORESTIERA. The article on "Dogs" was *not* enclosed in your letter. For the other matters, accept our warmest thanks. R. TWINE-HAM. Replied to by post. — ZIG-ZAG.—W. H. F.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—T. J. W., next week. Why not send your name and address? It would save a fortnight's delay.—W. V. The best bird-stuffer is T. Williams, 155, Oxford Street.—J. B. M.—PEGASUS. Next week. —DOLOROUS. Quite unsuited to our pages.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, August 23, 1852.

WE HAVE been as much amused as pleased with the good-tempered letters of certain correspondents, with reference to our playful hint at page 105. The idea of the "carpet-bag and its two days' mission" seems to have tickled the fancy of very many. We thought it would, and meant that it should. There is no necessity for printing the communications referred to; they merely "second" our own suggestion. Folks, now, will not be "held in." London Bridge and its avenues are positively besieged by the bearers of carpet-bags, which, with the carriage of portmanteaus, and ladies' "heavy accoutrements" for the sea-side, "make up" all the real business that is now being done.

It is no wonder that we ourselves have been tempted to do what we have so strongly urged upon others. Our "little carpet-bag" has recently done its appointed mission. Our heart, as we said, was locked up in it. We let (*not* the "cat,"—*that* is quite out of our line) our heart "out of the bag" somewhere between Bromsgrove and Gloucester, on the 10th instant. It was in delightful keeping; but with this the Public have nothing to do. We merely allude to our own journey, with a view to caution our friends against placing any reliance whatever on the *time-bills* issued by the various companies. They are quite delusive. The said "companies" pretend to meet certain trains at certain places, and print the hours of arrival and departure as if they were really

orthodox.* Not a bit of it! We were torn, bodily, from our dear friends *three hours* sooner than was needful; and had for two long hours on a soaking night, never to be forgotten as occurring in AUGUST, to be kicking up our heels in the streets of Birmingham. We allude to the night of August 11,—a night when all the bottles of Aquarius, full to the brim, seemed to be remorselessly emptied on that devoted town. Plenty of excellent friends have we in Birmingham truly; but the distance to their domicile was too great to compass in the time, allowing us to get back to meet the last train; and who, knowing the uncertainty of the "arrivals and departures," could attempt to sit down comfortably to "tea?"

As it was, we did not reach our "household gods" until the anti-marital hour of 2 A.M.,—our "angel of life" having, in the agony of her suffering, set us down for the three previous hours (our royal person was "due" at 11) as mince-meat!

That we were not, like many recent victims to railway mis-management "chopped up," is true; but we were subject to a series of trials that would have made even the model Patriarch himself quake for his laurels. Our "mysterious cloak" (see vol. i., p. 104) accompanied us. Unknown therefore by others, we were "taking notes;" and we have felt it our duty to "print 'em." May future travellers be warned by our sufferings! for, when arrived *chez nous*, we were almost a literal embodiment of a half-drowned rat; and felt like a sheet of damp cartridge,—uncomfortably lissom and unnaturally coddled.

THIS MOST GLORIOUS MONTH OF SUNSHINE, and goodness of God to man, has all but expired. It will have left behind it, when it ceases to be, recollections that must be imperishable.

Fair FLORA now to CERES leaves the plain,
Diffusing plenty o'er her wide domain;
She opes her stores, and strews them through
the mead,
And GOLDEN HARVESTS all the surface spread.

Whilst we write, the lavish bounties of Nature that have so long rejoiced the fields, are now about to rejoice the habitations of man. The fields, long since "white unto harvest," are now fast becoming relieved of their serious but grateful and loving responsibilities. Never was there a greater prodigality of abundance for the use of us,—God's creatures, than at the present season.

* Complaints of this trickery were numerous. We herded together, and formed quite a little race of "victims." One gentleman said, he had been thrown out of gear *six hours* that same day!
—ED. K. J.

May our gratitude and thanksgiving improve in an equal ratio! We have, as usual, grumbled sore in the early year, about "blighted prospects;" but our grumbings must be for ever silenced, by the overwhelming return of "good for evil" which we see on every hand. Our cup is full,—running over.

Our heart is so big with enjoyment during the days of harvest, that, were it to find suitable vent, and were we to attempt to note down what passes through our breast whilst viewing the reapers in their daily toil,—no allotted space could subserve our purpose. We will therefore clip the wings of our joy, and merely glance at what has been, and now is going forward in this land of promise:—

• Now o'er the corn the sturdy farmer looks,
And swells with satisfaction to behold
The plenteous harvest which repays his toil.
We too are gratified, and feel a joy
Inferior but to his,—partakers all
Of the rich bounty Providence has strewed
In plentiful profusion o'er the field.

We can well imagine the delight with which the farmers behold the work of their hands, so richly rewarded; and how they long to begin to secure their vested interests! What a spirit-moving sight it is, to witness the preparations for cutting the corn! At early morn, there go the reapers to their cheerful task,—leisurely beholding what lies before them, and in love with their prescribed duty,—a case of very rare occurrence this, and therefore worthy of note!

And look at their reaping-hooks,—resting on their right shoulders; their kegs of beer suspended round their wrists, swinging to and fro, while they pause where first to commence! Is this *not* a pretty sight? Aye, even fashion's proud votaries might, for one instant, be betrayed (harmlessly) into a sigh of emotion. No Emperor ever gazed on a more lovely picture, bringing with it as it does such an association of beautiful ideas,—such holy imaginings. We ask all who know anything about what we are attempting to portray, what can be more delightful at this season, than

To look abroad,

And from the window view the reaper strip,
Look round, and put his sickle to the wheat?
Or hear the early mower whet his scythe,
And see where he has cut his sounding way,
E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field
Of oats or barley? What delights us more
Than stultiously to trace the vast effects
Of unabated labor? To observe
How soon the oat and bearded barley fall,
In frequent lines before the keen-edged scythe?

Then again, what a picture presents itself, when all the laborers are dispersed over the fields! Some we see, bending forward over

the prostrate corn. Others, raising the ponderous sheaves, and placing them one against the other for support; their sunburnt features, the while, lighted up by an expression of joy peculiar to the harvest field alone. Others again are vigorously plying their active sickles, before which the brave crop seems to retreat reluctantly like a half-defeated army.

At noon, we shall find all these gathered together in one picturesque group,—their countenances “steaming” with delight; whilst the keg goes merrily round, and the bread and cheese imparts to it the relish so peculiarly the result of labor. Happy rogues these, if they could but think so! How many are there, who would give a fortune to possess the appetite of one of them, as with his rustic clasp-knife he raises the coarse meal to his healthy lips!

The little carnival over, the work of the field again goes merrily on:—

The clattering team now comes; the swarthy hind

Down leaps and doffs his frock alert, and plies
The shining fork. Down to the stubble's edge
The easy wain descends half built; then turns
And labors up again. From pile to pile,
With rustling step, the swain proceeds, and still

Bears to the groaning load the well-poised sheaf.

To watch this well-piled wain, is of itself a delight. How heavily it moves among the decreasing sheaves, swaying from side to side as it jogs along! whilst such of the reapers as have got through *their* part of the toil, lie stretched out on the ground, under the leafy shade, observing the clearing of the field:—

The field *is* cleared;

No sheaf remains; and now the empty wain
A load less honorable waits. Vast toil
succeeds,

And still the team retreats, and still returns
To be again full fraught.

Such are the joys of harvest,—now being felt, let us hope, all over the country. This year, if ever, a few “handfulls of purpose” may be left for the *gleaner*. In our early days, how we did revel in the company of some of these innocent little creatures, sent out by their parents to secure the ears of golden grain overlooked by the lords of the soil:—

See, where she follows, and with studious eye
And bended shoulders traverses the field
To cull the scatter'd ear,—the perquisite
By Heaven's decree assigned to them who need,
And neither sow nor reap.

To view the fields, when these little stragglers are busily engaged in their daily wanderings, is a pretty sight: Hard must be the heart of that man who would grudg-

ingly defraud them of the bounty sent them by Heaven's own hand.

Oh, ye who have sown

And reap'd so plenteously, and find the grange
Too narrow to contain the harvest giv'n,
Be not severe; grudge not the needy poor
So small a portion. *Scatter many an ear;*
Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf,
And overlook the loss. For He who gave
Will bounteously reward the purposed wrong
Done to yourselves; *nay more, will twice repay*
THE GENEROUS NEGLECT.

Should these lines catch the eye of any landed proprietor, let us tell him that they are from the pen of HURDIS. Could our pen have been *more* eloquent, it should have embodied and improved the same idea; but here, “simplicity” is the charm. The heart of a Christian is appealed to with a touching voice; and if not responded to, woe be to the offender!

We have said nothing to-day about the “harvest-home.” The jollifications that used to take place on such occasions, are, comparatively speaking, obsolete. The times are changed, and we have changed with them. We were once a purely agricultural people; we have now become a mechanical and a manufacturing nation. Hence, the old associations have vanished, and all things are become new. How far we are the better for the novelty, we cannot say; but we deal far more in the superficial and artificial than ever we did before. The cordiality and frankness of early days is fast dwindling away; and the simplicity, in which we individually so much delight, is all but nominal. We know too much; we teach our children too much. We are a “fast” people.

Still we stick to our text. In this world, there *is* comfort to be found,—excellent comfort. There are a few, a noble and discriminating few, scattered over the country,—to cultivate whose esteem, to deserve whose love, to excite whose admiration, we would climb Mount Etna even in the midst of winter, or toil through all the sands of Ethiopia even in the midst of summer.

The esteem of such men and such women as these,—one friend; one choice partner for life; and ONE GOD,—oh, this world, this “vain and anxious world,” IS ‘A PARADISE’ after all!

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.—In the education of children, there is nothing like alluring the appetites and affection. Otherwise, you make so many asses laden with books; and by virtue of the lash, give them their pockets full of learning to keep. To do well, you should not only lodge it with them, but make them espouse it.—*Montaigne.*

LIFE.—The dream of a shadow.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Artificial Production of Fish.—As you are, no doubt, aware, Mr. Editor, the artificial mode of keeping up the breed of fishes is “old as the hills.” Our forefathers practised it, and left their doings on record. Strange to say, however, this seems to have been lost sight of; and some London wise-acres are declaring the art to be “an invention” of *their own*! Capital inventors they are—of an unblushing falsehood! Some very interesting experiments with the manipulation of the roe and milt of fishes, have been going on for some time in France. There, it seems the discovery, as it is called, was the result of careful study. The account given of the operations may be abridged as follows.—Some years ago, two fishermen, named Gehin, and Remy, of La Bresse, in the department of the Vosges, found that from various causes the stock of trout, for which the rivers and lakes of that department are famous, greatly declined; and they attentively studied the habits of the male and female trout at spawning time, with the view, if possible, of discovering the means of checking the evil. After long and patient observation, they found that one in a hundred of the eggs deposited by the female in the bed of rivers, and fecundated by the milt of the male, came to maturity—the rest being devoured by other fish, washed away, or destroyed by mud. They found also that of the fish which had become excluded or hatched, the greater part were destroyed by the larger fish of their own or different species. It then struck them that if they were to collect the eggs and apply the milt themselves, instead of leaving the fish to do it, and afterwards to secure the young fish from the voracity of the larger ones, they would in the course of a few years obtain an inexhaustible supply. Accordingly, they seized a female trout just as they perceived she was about to spawn, and by pressure, caused her to deposit her eggs in a vessel containing fresh water. They afterwards took a male, and by pressing him in the same way, caused his milt to spurt on the eggs. It is by pressure that the female and male always relieve themselves at spawning time. These two men, then, in imitation of the fish, placed the eggs on a layer of gravel, which they deposited in a box full of holes. This box they fixed in the bed of a flowing stream, and covered it with pebbles. The fish themselves, in the natural way, cover the eggs with pebbles and leave them. In due time the eggs excluded, and almost every one was found to be good. They thus obtained from one female several hundred fish. They took precautions for keeping the little creatures in water where they were out of danger, and supplied them with fitting food. Applying this operation the year after, to a great number of fish, they obtained several thousand trout; and in a year or two more the number had literally increased to millions. After they had stocked all the rivers and streams of the Vosges, and some in the Moselle and the Haut and Bas-Rhin, Dr. Haxo, Secretary of the *Société d'Emulation des Vosges*, drew the attention of the Academy of Sciences and of the Government to the discovery. The Academy declared that it

was of immense national importance. The Government, on its part, saw that the application of it to the rivers and streams of France would not only afford employment to a vast number of persons, but would enable an immense addition to be made, at scarcely any expense, to the people's food. It accordingly took the two men into its service, and made them apply the system to different waters. They have done so with the most singular success; rivers and lakes in which there were no fish are now teeming with them. Nor have they confined their operations to trout alone, but have extended them to salmon, carp, pike, tench, and perch, and in each case with complete success. Indeed, their system is applicable to all sorts of fresh-water fish, and to those which, after spawning in rivers, descend to the sea. In addition to the breeding of fish in enormous quantities, it enables fish of different species to be naturalised in strange waters, or removed from river to river. So great is the importance which the Government attaches to the plan, that it has nominated a commission of eminent scientific men to superintend the operations of Gehin and Remy. M. Milne Edwards, and M. Coste, both members of the Institute, have been directed to make investigations between Cherbourg and Granville, and the environs of Trouville.—Is it not curious, Mr. Editor, to observe how each man claims for himself what he is not at all entitled to? However, it is “well” that the subject has been revived. It will lead to beneficial results.—J. W.

[This so called “discovery,” is indeed “old as the hills.” We have read of it in old books many years ago; and wondered *why* it was not sooner brought into operation. It is an interesting process; and deserves chronicling in our pages nevertheless. Thanks.]

Early Rising.—I have taken the resolution, Mr. Editor, in consequence of what you said some time since, to get up early, and walk out before breakfast. You were right when you said it would improve the health. I can assure you I am in every respect improved since I acted upon your advice; and I write to thank you sincerely for the hint. I would join my voice with yours, in *again* enforcing the salutary practice of rising betimes; and so enjoying the sweetness of the morning.—Rose.

[Thank you, little Rosebud. It does our heart good to know that we have been of service to you. Persevere. One step in the right direction, leads to another. The sweetness of the morning is perhaps its least charm. It is the renewed vigor which it implants in all around that affects us—man, animals, vegetation, flowers. Refreshed and soothed with sleep, man opens his heart. He is alive to nature, and nature's God, and his mind is more intelligent, because more fresh. He seems to drink of the dew, like the flowers; and feels the same reviving effect. We shall look for more little notes from you, Rose; for we are able to judge that you will be a valuable correspondent. Write fearlessly.]

Shrubby Pæonies.—I observe, Mr. Editor, a very interesting question raised in a late number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, about hybridising

the Pæony—an admirable idea if it can be accomplished. A correspondent writes—"I must mention an attempt made by me to obtain a large double crimson garden Pæony shrubby, instead of herbaceous. The common garden Pæony has its fine duplication made for it out of anthers. Its female part is undisturbed. I touched this with dust of the Moutan papaveracea; plenty of seeds formed, and when sown in a pot came up plentifully. When of right age, I sowed them out in a border. Their foliage was very various—none like garden Pæonies. So I had great expectations. At three years old they flowered—all dull red, small, single, wild-looking flowers. In disappointment I took them up all but two, which showed a little like inclination to shrubbiness. The roots were as various as the foliage, some only long fangs like Moutan, some tubers like garden Pæonies, and others, the greatest number, something between fangs and tubers. From the variations in foliage and roots of the seedlings, and from the particular fact that the garden (old crimson double) Pæony has no anthers, I believe the hybridisation took place; but no shrubbiness resulted. Can it be that the male being the shrub, and the female herbaceous, the mules must be the latter? It may throw some light on the philosophy of these things, in raising the suspicion that in mules between an herbaceous and a frutescent plant of relation near enough to be hybridised together, the mule will be herbaceous or fruticose, according as its female parent is the one or the other."—On this, the Editor remarks, "That this was a failure is true; but in one respect it was a success, for it proved that shrubby and herbaceous Pæonies will breed together, which is all of which we wanted proof; and it certainly ought to lead the way to further attempts, in a somewhat different direction."—I append also the Editor's remarks on the subject generally—"How is it," he says, "that Pæonies have never had the benefit of the hybridiser's care? It is difficult to understand why one of the hardiest, handsomest, and most cultivable of all spring flowers, comprehending several distinct races, which would certainly mix freely, should hitherto have engaged no one's attention. We have whites, purples, and yellows, shrubby and herbaceous Pæonies, early and late, tall and dwarf; yet they have been as much neglected as if they were no better than buttercups. Why should not the sweet Chinese late sorts be crossed with the scentless European early sorts? Why not the Wittmann Pæony be bred on till its pale yellow gains the brilliancy of Escholtzia? Why cannot our cottage garden herbs be converted into shrubs?"—I say so too; and I sincerely hope, now the subject is started, that some practical experiments will be tried. The Pæony is a noble flower, and a great ornament to our gardens. — AN AMATEUR GARDENER.

Carbonic Acid.—I forward you, Mr. Editor, some particulars relating to carbonic acid. In a paper like ours, they will be read with interest. —Though grateful and beneficial to the stomach, though constituting one of the principles of spirit, wine, and every vinous beverage, though existing as a most wholesome ingredient

in the water we drink, carbonic acid is a most deadly poison to the lungs, and, unless largely diluted with atmospheric air, causes instant death to him who breathes it. One adult human being emits through the lungs and pores of the body about 40,000 cubic inches of carbonic acid every day, an amount, the carbon of which would be equal to nearly three-quarters of a pound of pure charcoal. Thus four individuals, living and breathing in a room eight feet by twelve, and eight in height, would, in the twenty-fours, evolve in its space 160,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid, or three pounds of solid charcoal—a quantity that would deprive the whole of them of life, if all ingress of atmospheric air were prevented. —If these "facts" be duly reflected on, Mr. Editor, they can hardly fail to operate beneficially. —SENEX.

The Frog, a Weather Glass.—It is a remarkable fact, Mr. Editor, that previous to, or during wet weather, the back of the common frog will be invariably found of a dirty brown or black color. Preceding or during fine weather, its back will as constantly be seen of a pretty bright gamboge yellow color. Intermediate states of the weather will be indicated by intermediate colors on the frog's back. In variable weather, this adjunct to observations made with the barometer and the dew-point will oftentimes be found very valuable—such as during a critical hay-season; for when the frog's back, barometer, dew-point, &c., simultaneously indicate fair weather, their combination may be relied on as the certain forerunner of clear weather. —E. L.

Window Plants,—Instructions for Watering.—Few persons, Mr. Editor, comparatively speaking, understand the proper management of plants, more particularly as regards the watering of them. Now, the watering of plants is one of the *first lessons in horticulture*—a lesson, in fact, which, if properly learned, is worth all the others,—so far, at least, as relates to growing plants in pots. Most persons in towns are fond of growing a few pretty flowers at their windows; but almost every one is puzzled as to the number of times their pets should be watered in a day. To speak of theory or principles, only confuses the minds of those who have no conception whatever of antecedents; and yet I have never heard, in the multitude of quotations on the subject from gardening papers, anything like rational and clear directions for the guidance of domestic amateur florists. Suppose a lady purchases a few flowers—say scarlet *Tom Thumb Geraniums*, *Petunias*, *Heliotropes*, *Fuchsias*, and similar sorts, she very naturally inquires how often they should be watered. The most sensible answer given to this question will likely be "not to water them till they are dry," or "till they require it," and so on. The plants are sent home, placed in the window, or wherever they are intended to stand; and, notwithstanding the drooping points of their branches very soon indicate aridity at the roots, the balls of earth are not considered quite *dry*; and therefore, amidst considerable alarm, there is some hope entertained that the safety of the plants will be best insured by a scrupulous adherence to the directions of the nurseryman, who

certainly shows that he understands what is the best way of treating them. Another day is allowed to pass, and the soil at last is as dry as a crust. "Now," soliloquises the anxious owner, "I surely may water them—they at least are *dry*." Very true, the leaves look sickly, one or two of the flowers have dropped, and the buds of others don't promise much; but I shall take care to follow the instructions of the nurseryman *this time*." The pots are accordingly charged with water, which the dryness of the soil does not permit to percolate till after some considerable time. The shoots do not regain their firmness, the leaves turn no fresher, and everything testifies, in the most unmistakeable manner, that the remedial measure has been withheld till it is "too late." Undoubtedly it is wrong to keep such plants as mentioned, continually soaking in water by means of saucers. This practice is so common with window florists, that the opposite extreme is not unfrequently taken, in following the instructions not to water till the plants are dry. But the horticultural signification of the word *dry* has misled many. The soil in which plants grow should never (on any account) be allowed to get dry, for the nearest approach to this condition which the roots will suffer is that of *dampness*, such as we find in newly-baked bread or soft cheese. This condition, however, will only keep a plant in health for a short time, which should never be prolonged. It may be ascertained by a perceptible adhesiveness of the soil, on being gently pressed with the finger. It is impossible to say how short or how long a time may be required to produce this state. It may be every hour in the day, or not oftener than once in two days; all depending on the weather. But it can always be readily discovered by simply pressing the finger on the soil. The safest condition, however, for such plants as we have named is that of *moisture*. In this case, the soil is not only found to be damp, but the finger, on being applied to the surface, is found to be distinctly discolored. Not visibly *wet*; this would indicate that state in which the soil may be said to be a few minutes after the application of water.—K.

Shell-Fish.—I should like, Mr. Editor, to see the following interesting notes on Shell-Fish registered in your estimable little JOURNAL:—It is nothing surprising that the different species of walrus and narwhales, inhabitants of ocean, should feed partly or principally on cuttles and shell-fish; nor that the whale should obtain a large proportion of the nutriment for its huge growth from the myriads of little pteropod Mollusca, which crowd the Arctic seas; but perhaps you would not expect to find among molluscous feeders, animals which are strictly terrestrial. Yet the ourang-outang and the preacher-monkey, it is said, often descend to the sea to devour what shell-fish they may find strewn upon the shores. The former, according to Carreri Gremelli, feed in particular on a large species of oyster, and fearful of inserting their paws between the open valves, lest the oyster should close and crush them, they first place a tolerably large stone within the shell, and then drag out their victim with safety. The latter are no less

ingenious. Dampier saw several of them take up oysters from the beach, lay them on a stone, and beat them with another till they demolished the shells. Wafer observed the monkeys in the Island of Gorgonia to proceed in a similar manner; and those of the Cape of Good Hope, if we are to credit La Loubere, perpetually amuse themselves by transporting shells from the shore to the tops of the mountains, with the intention undoubtedly of devouring them at leisure. Even the fox, when pressed by hunger, will deign to eat mussels and other bivalves; and the racoon, whose fur is esteemed by hatters next in value to that of the beaver, when near the shore lives much on them, more particularly on oysters. We are told that it will watch the opening of the shells, dexterously put in its paw, and tear out its contents; but when it is added that the oyster, by a sudden closure of its shell, occasionally catches the thief, and detains him until he is drowned by the return of the tide—the story assumes a very apocryphal character. The American musk-rat, and an animal allied to it in New South Wales, feed on the large mussels so abundant in the rivers and lagoons of those countries: the animals dive for the shells, and drag them to the land, where they break them and devour the inmates at leisure. Our own brown rat, having settled in many islets at a great distance from the large islands of the outer Hebrides, finds means of existence there in the shell-fish and crustacea of the shore; and, according to Mr. Jesse, the same rat, satiated as it may be with the common fare, will sometimes select the common brown snail (*Helix aspersa*) as a pleasant *entremet*. I have gleaned these facts from Dr. Johnston's researches. They assist in illustrating the habits of animals.—PRIS. E.

Hints to Lovers of Flowers.—A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens in winter may be had, Mr. Editor, by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches are taken from healthy and luxuriant trees, just before the winter sets in, cut as for slips, and immersed in soap and water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in flower baskets, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for a whole season. They require no fresh water.—EMILY P.

Ladies' Costume.—As your JOURNAL, Mr. Editor, or rather OUR JOURNAL, playfully "holds the mirror up to Nature," thereby good-temperedly providing a remedy where none otherwise could be effected, let me enclose you as severe a skit upon the Female Costume of the present day as could well be penned. The author is a "wag" of the very first order; he tells us of things that *ought to be*, as if they really *were*,—and he provokes us by giving us the picture of a woman not to be found in Europe, save in imagination! The little book from which I have copied the subjoined, is, I believe, an American production. "The female attire of England," says Jocosus, "is, upon the whole, in

as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for *nature and simplicity* could desire." [We should dearly have liked to see "Jocosus" when he penned this! How he must have roared at his own impudence!] "It is a costume in which they can *dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully*, and, in short, *perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance*. The head is left to its natural size, the skin to its native purity, the waist at its proper region, the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to *bring out the natural beauties of the person*, and each of them has, *as far as we see*, fair play. In former days what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry the Eighth's time; or of her forehead under her hair in George the Third's time; or of the fall of her shoulders in a welt, or wing, in Queen Elizabeth's time; or of the slenderness of her throat in a gorget of Edward the First's time; or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop sleeve even in our own time? Now-a-days, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue! Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils. Forehead bright and smooth as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ear, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on the side of the head like a delicate shell. Throat a lovely stalk, leading the eye upward to a lovelier flower, and downward along a fair sloping ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty to the polished precipice of the shoulder, whence, from the pendent calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pink still, folding and unfolding 'at your own sweet will.'"—What think you of this, Mr. Editor? "Jocosus" is a satirist of no common powers. May his remarks be felt and acted upon!—SPES.

[We thank you for this; and can but regret that the dress of our fair countrywomen, and their "taste," should be so *diametrically opposite* to the "lovely picture" here drawn. Let us hope that we may live to see a change.]

What is a Magnet?—Everybody, Mr. Editor, should know what the principles of a magnet are, and the mysteries of magnetism should be unfolded to the sailor, above all men, since he is the one of all others whose safety depends on its phenomena. He should be told that, on electromagnetic principles, he would materially influence the march of the needle by wiping the glass which screens it, especially with silk. It is some years since a fact was told us, which may be adduced in illustration:—It was that of a ship which arrived in Liverpool, after having been for several weeks the sport of winds and waves. The mariner's compass having been washed overboard in a storm, their voyage was dreary and procrastinated; much caution being necessary, and, despite of which, they might have been inevitably lost. Now, had the simple fact of the extreme ease with which a mariner's needle might be made, been known to any one on

board, the peril might have been avoided. A sewing-needle, or the blade of a penknife, being held in an upright posture, and struck by a hammer, and subsequently floated by cork in water, or suspended by a thread without tension, would become a magnetic needle, and point north and south; or the end of a poker held vertically, and passed over its surface from one extreme to the other, would impart magnetism, and this, if the needle be of steel, would be of permanent character. These are simple facts, that even a child should be made acquainted with.—G. H. T.

Remarks on Human Hair.—Mr. P. A. Brown, of Philadelphia, has communicated to the American Ethnological Society, an essay entitled "The Classification of Mankind by the Hair and Wool of their Heads," with an answer to Dr. Pritchard's assertion that the covering of the head of a negro is "hair" and not "wool." He states that there are, on microscopic examination, three prevailing forms of the transverse section of the filament, viz., the cylindrical, the oval, and eccentrically elliptical. There are also three directions in which it pierces the epidermis, and is prolonged to its apex. The straight and lank, the flowing or curled, and the crisp or frizzled, differ respectively as to the angle which the filament makes with the skin on leaving it. While the cylindrical and oval pile has an oblique angle of inclination, the eccentric elliptical pierces the epidermis at right angles, and lies on the dermis perpendicularly. The hair of the white man is oval, that of the Choctaw, and some other American Indians, is cylindrical, that of the negro is eccentrically elliptical, or flat. Hair, according to these observations, is more complex in its structure than wool. In hair, the enveloping scales are comparatively few; in wool, they are numerous.—JOHN T.

Greyhound cured of the Distemper.—Some time since, Mr. Editor, my greyhound was seized with the distemper. The discharge from the nose and eyes was copious, and he suffered severely. After washing him well with soft soap, I put him into a warm bath, and then rubbed him thoroughly dry. Subsequently, I administered two ounces of castor oil, and a pennyworth of sweet nitre. From that time his recovery was rapid. He is now quite well. Of course, for smaller dogs the doses must be less.—W. M., Stockton.

The Perforation of Nests, and Removal of Eggs.—In reply to your correspondent (see page 11, vol. ii.), who asks, "What is it that perforates the nests of birds, and afterwards removes the eggs?"—I would remark, that the same thing is constantly occurring here. The enemy is a large brownish-red colored mouse, with a round head, resembling that of an otter rather than that of a mouse. The animal has rather a short but thick tail. I believe it to be the same mouse that is such a torment to the gardeners. I have frequently observed these creatures carrying off the eggs of blackbirds and thrushes; and sometimes the newly-hatched young of the smaller birds, such as the hedge-sparrow, &c. These they carry away in their mouth. There is a mouse I

often meet with on the moors, in August. I imagine it to be the same as this; but it is rather larger in size. There is a strong smell attached to them, for I once got a "dead point" at one, over a very steady old dog, to the great amusement of my brother shooter.—W. H. F., *Cupar*.

Goats.—Your correspondent who asks about goats, and how to keep them, need give himself no unnecessary trouble. They will take excellent care of themselves in every way. Nothing comes amiss to them, from the corn in the horses' manger to the set of harness newly cleaned (barring the brass-work); and even *this* they would eat, if their teeth were strong enough to bite it. I have nearly a score of them in my deer park, at Feniscowles, Lancashire. This is the only place in which I ever could keep them, without their doing harm; and even there, the hollies have to be defended. They are very fond of ivy. By the way, you have recently been giving some curious anecdotes of dogs and cats. I saw a little mongrel dog the other day, that had suckled and brought up a cat. They now play together *like kittens*!—W. H. F., *Cupar*.

[We are much obliged to you, Sir William, for the information contained in this; and also the preceding paragraph.]

POWERFUL INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

WE rarely, very rarely, read novels. They are poisonous trash; demoralising to the mind of youth, and foul engines of mischief to what *ought* to be the "innocent" mind of Woman. Yet do *all* women, more or less, revel in them! Young and old, innocent and guilty, maids, wives, and widows—all "live" upon novels! Hard work for us to set up as a moralist, to "lead" the public away from *such* all-engrossing mental fare! Well, we will try.

This prelude is in consequence of our eye having accidentally,—quite accidentally,—fallen on the pages of a novel called the "Young Husband." Strange to say, we therein found something not unworthy our pages. We give it as a "fragment," copied by us in a moment of slyness, with a pencil!

"The influence of a sensible woman is of no ordinary kind, and happy is the man who is thus favored; not indeed that sensible women are more rare than sensible men, but because men are too apt to monopolise the entire sense of the family (in their own opinion), to desire the women 'to leave the thinking to them,'—to treat women as automatons—objects rather of amusement than rational beings—as children or dolls, to be coaxed and made fools of, rather than as *equals* or *friends*, bound to one eternity, fellow-sufferers who weep in their misfortunes, as partakers and heighteners of their joys, and as being equally accountable to one God. Others, again, look on women as the mere slaves of their will—a sort of safety-valve for their spleen, by means of which their ill-temperers find vent. Both these characters, I trust, will be far from my reader; but if he should have entertained such erroneous ideas of what woman, in her high moral capacity is, and ought to be, let me entreat him to try for a short time (and he will then

continue to do so), *by kindness and affection, to draw forth the hidden treasures from the mind and the heart of his wife*. If he have treated her as a mere cipher in his family, let him gradually introduce her to trust and responsibility; if he have treated her as a child, incapable of maturity of mind, let him now make her his confidante, and in the many opportunities for inference which will then occur, he will soon be aware how much he has lost by past neglect; and if he have treated her as a tyrant, if he have crushed the but half-uttered sentiment, if he have satirised her tastes and opinions, if by coldness he have thrown the oft-springing affections back upon her heart, there to wither and to die, or with the wound to rankle and become gall—let him try, before it be too late, to restore sufficient confidence to elicit opinion; let him then, *by especial gentleness, awaken the dormant affection*, and, by the warmth of his love, *perpetuate its flow*. The unadulterated love of woman, is the greatest boon Heaven itself can, in this world, bestow on man."

If the writer of the above be sincere,—few, if any novel writers are so,—we congratulate him on his sentiments. We men *make* women what they are, by the way in which we treat them. Their education is *always* faulty enough; but we add "fuel to fire," and quench the few latent sparks of nature that the modern school has been unable to extinguish. Is it not so?

PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN.

ONE of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain, is that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part, be divided, we become instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced; yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut down to the *corpus callosum*, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but it has no longer a mind—it cannot think—it requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach—once there, it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain called the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellect and faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.

VELOCITY OF LIGHTNING.

SOUND travels in the air with a velocity of only 113 feet in a second, but lightning at the rate of 195,000 miles in the same period of time. The time in which the flash of lightning reaches us from the different points of its course, may consequently be considered instantaneous; but the time which the explosion occupies will be very appreciable, and will vary with the distance of the several parts of the long line, which the dis-

tance travels. A calculation has been made, founded on the interval between the flash and the sound, and the duration of the thunderclap, showing that a flash of lightning will frequently traverse a space of nine or ten miles; and, when we take into account the zig-zag course which it ordinarily follows, its alternate approach and recession, will account for the phenomena in question. Such would be the effect produced upon an observer standing at the end of a long file of soldiers, who were to discharge their muskets at the same moment. He would not hear a single report, but a succession of reports, which would produce an irregular rolling sound.

PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP.

WHEN sleep is not very profound, the senses, in a certain degree, are excitable, and the conception of ideas by the mind does not entirely cease; consequently, dreams occur. If a light is suddenly brought into a room where a person is in this kind of sleep, he will either dream of being under the equator, or in a tropical landscape, or of wandering in the fields in a clear summer's day, or of fire. If a door is suddenly slammed, but not so loud as to awake the sleeper, he will dream of thunder; and if his palms be gently tickled, his dreams will be of ecstatic pleasure. If some particular idea completely occupies the mind during the waking state, it will occur in dreams, during sleep. If a person folds his arms closely over his breast, he is likely to dream of being held down by force, and the images of the persons employed in holding him down will be also present to his mind. The predominant emotions of the mind influence greatly the character of dreams.

SELECT POETRY.

LOVE BETTER THAN FEAR.

BEYOND all doubt, 'tis better—far,
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gentle friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.
Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.
Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!
Speak gently to the aged one—
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart!
Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard—
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toil'd in vain.
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh,—win them back again!
Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well—
The good, the joy which it may bring
ETERNITY SHALL TELL.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

IN LIFE'S eventful, changing scene,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
A soul-inspiring joy attends
The sacred name of HOME.
Thoughts, happy thoughts, still fondly dwell
'Midst scenes so loved—so dear;
The morning prayer, the evening hymn,
Fall back upon the ear.
The pretty cottage on the hill,
Its lawn, and shady bowers,—
Our little skiff, borne by the breeze
In Childhood's happy hours!
Imagination oft recalls
The peasant's happy smile;
The little shady lane that led
Down to the church-yard stile.
The village-church half hid by trees,
The valley and the glen;
Our fav'rite walk at even-tide,—
Oh, we *were* happy then!
Never did birds so sweetly sing;
What voices cheer'd the vale!
How soft they breath'd their evening hymn,
Perch'd on the garden pale!
And surely ne'er were skies so clear;
Ne'er bloom'd such fragrant flowers,—
As those that cheer'd our little hearts
In CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS!

THE TEAR OF CHILDHOOD.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When *next* the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush—the flower is dry.
SIR W. SCOTT.

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THE NATURE OF SOUND.

THERE ARE SO VERY MANY SUBJECTS OF INTENSE INTEREST, yet of which so very little is understood, albeit we are made sensible of their effects, if not their causes, daily—that we purpose bringing them, one by one, under the public eye. No doubt, there are many "children of a larger growth," to whom, as well as to our younger readers, these matters may not be perfectly well-known.

We will to-day treat of the Philosophy of Hearing. The human ear and its passages are indeed a most wonderful study.

The intimations of the external world which we receive through the ear, are the result of certain concussions that take place among the objects around us. When bodies are brought into sudden contact, or a single body is made to vibrate or expand suddenly, it must displace a quantity of the surrounding air. The air which is thus displaced, in its turn displaces that portion of air which is next to it, or beyond it; on every side, above and below, before and behind, on the right and on the left. This displaced portion of air displaces again what is beyond it, and so on, in a manner similar to the circles of water which arise from throwing a stone into a pond. In the case of sound, however, the waves are not in superficial circles, but in spheres, like the coats of an onion. The air besides is elastic, or has the quality of springing back to its first position like India rubber when stretched out and let go. Therefore the waves of sound are not regularly progressive like those of water; but vibrate or tremble forwards and backwards, as a musical string is seen to do when it is struck. The first wave accordingly, when it strikes on the air around it, drives this air forwards, while it is itself driven backwards.

This shows that the motion of sound is also very different from that of wind, and is

scarcely, if at all, perceptible to sight or touch; for it is well known that sounds which would shatter windows to pieces will not move a feather, nor the flame of a candle—so different is the motion from wind. Though, however, sound is not usually felt by touch, there are instances in which it appears to have been thus perceptible.

Kersting, who lost both his sight and hearing after manhood, had his sense of touch so wonderfully improved, that he could read a book of large print by passing his fingers along the lines. He was also a practical florist. But the most wonderful faculty which he possessed, was that of distinguishing sounds by the touch, being able to comprehend the greater part of a conversation when the mouth of the speaker was applied to his hand. The letter R, however, grated so much on his feelings, that his friends took care to pronounce it as seldom as possible. This feeling is distinct from the sympathetic thrilling occasioned by certain sounds, and felt all over the body. Lackington, the celebrated bookseller, in his Memoirs, mentions a lady who, though deaf, took great delight in music, which she said she felt at her breast, and in the soles of her feet. Of course we do not rest much on this instance, though it is not improbable.

Sound is in this manner propagated, or travels in all directions from the place where it is produced. The quickness with which sound travels is much inferior to the quickness of light, which goes 95,000,000 miles—that is, it comes from the sun to the earth—in eight minutes and a half, while sound only goes 1,142 feet in a second. By knowing this, we can make near estimates of distances otherwise inaccessible. A thunder cloud, for example, will be between six and seven miles distant, if half a minute elapses from the time we see the lightning to the time we hear the thunder. The distance of a ship at sea is calculated in the same way, by attending to the difference of

time observed in the flash and in the report of her guns.

It is another proof of the difference of wind and sound, that sound travels very nearly as quick against the wind as with it, though a contrary wind diminishes, and a fair wind increases, its loudness. That sounds of different tones travel with the same velocity, is evident from what we observe on listening to a peal of bells, or to any instrument of music; for all the tones come in succession to our ears; whereas, if they did not travel at the same rate, they would be heard confusedly jarring with one another. The lowest whisper accordingly, travels as rapidly as the loudest thunder.

It is also to be remarked, that sounds proceed with the same velocity through a long or a short space—a large or a small distance. Sounds also travel with the same velocity by night and by day; in damp and in dry weather. This, however, is not to be understood as having the same effect on their loudness and lowness. Like the rays of light, sound is supposed to proceed in straight lines; though from its being greatly more reflexible than light, it can pass through the winding tube of a French horn, which light cannot do. Not only so, but the intensity of sound is much increased in the passage through a winding tube—a principle on which the speaking-trumpet is constructed.

Like the rays of light also, sound can be reflected from certain bodies; and when this takes place, it is called an *echo*, a word derived from the Greek. By taking advantage of the principle, echoes have been formed by art, as mirrors have been made for reflecting light. It was once thought that concave bodies were indispensable to produce echoes. A single flat wall, however, will produce an echo; and Le Cat says he has even observed that some convex bodies reflected sound, though a vault, or a bending wall, is the best form.

A third property, in which sound resembles light, is its power of penetrating and passing through hard substances. Light passes through glass and diamonds; and sound in a similar manner passes through iron and other metals, as well as through wood. It may be also remarked, that other circumstances being the same, the harder or more dense the substance, sound penetrates it the more easily, and in this respect it bears a strong resemblance to heat.

When the ear is placed close to one end of a log of wood, however long it may be, and the other end is struck, or a watch applied to it—we are sensible of the sound of the watch or of the stroke, though it be too slight to be otherwise perceptible. When a piece of metal is applied to the bones of the

head, or to the teeth, and struck, we also feel an indistinct sensation of sound, and this is felt even by those who are deaf to sounds conveyed through the air.

We purpose a further consideration of this subject in two more chapters. There are some remarkable phenomena attendant upon sound, to which we are anxious to direct particular attention.

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXV.—THE BLACK-CAP.

IT IS A FACT admitted by all careful observers, that the black-cap, like the nightingale, regularly revisits, year after year, the scenes of his childhood. Where he was born, there lies his heart. This cannot be a matter for wonder or surprise; indeed, appreciating their instinct as we do, it would be strange were it otherwise.

This very year, we recognised most readily, by the peculiarity of his voice and richness of his notes, one of our favorites that left us last autumn. There is so much difference in the quality of their song, and also in the arrangement of their notes, that you might really "swear" to a particular bird. We speak of this identical bird, because of his rare excellence. Doubtless many others, of second-rate powers, accompanied him to their old quarters. Nature is always true to herself.

The black-cap is known to naturalists as the *contralto* singer of the woodland choir. His fine, varied, musically joyous voice, arrests the attention of the most listless traveller, and he feels his weary way beguiled by such an attendant. MAIN describes the strain of the black-cap as occupying about three bars of triple time in the performance; and he very justly adds, that although very frequently repeated, it is varied at every repetition. He begins with two or three short essays of double notes, gradual *crescendo* up to a loud and full swell of varied expression. One passage in particular often occurs, as truly enunciated as if it were performed on an octave flute. It has been remarked, that the style and key of the song are nearly the same in all the tribe; but all have not the power of improvising such extraordinary "variations." This is Nature's own gift.

In some situations, this bird courts unusual retirement, and you can very rarely get a sight of him. When this is the case, approach carefully to the spot where you hear him singing, and conceal yourself under the nearest bushes. While you remain quiet, he will unsuspectingly continue his song; and even should you by chance disturb him, he will, if you stand still, speedily recommence singing. These birds are of so joyous a

temperament, that singing is the one great business of their happy lives! No heavy cares sit on *their* brow.

The black-cap arrives amongst us, very frequently, before the nightingale. This year he was *en avance* some ten days. Like the latter, he comes to spy out the land, before the *lady*-birds set foot on our shores. The arrival of the latter may be noted about the 20th to the 24th of April. No time has been lost by their liege lords during the *inter-regnum* caused by their absence. Their song has been duly chanted from the very moment of their coming over; and convenient localities have been warily chosen for the pitching and furnishing of the family tent.

We may here remark that the black-cap is, of all birds, the most prudent and cautious in its selection of a site for rearing its young. Apparently aware of the innate propensity of men and boys to rob and plunder the feathered tribe of their eggs and children, they build their nests in the most artfully-concealed places; and they are as cunning in their movements to and fro, during the period of incubation, as ever was fox when fleeing from his pursuers. This is evidenced by the fact of very few of their nests being obtainable by purchase, when those of other birds are plentiful enough. They go to nest almost immediately after their arrival, and rear one brood. Sometimes, but rarely, they have a second family. This depends on the fineness of the season.

Talking of nests, reminds us of the cruel acts of spoliation which we now regularly witness, week by week, in our rambles. For the last three weeks, we have seen most painfully verified the truth of Virgil's remark,—"*Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves!*" The remnants of eggs, the rude destruction of beautifully-formed nests, the pitiful outcries of young, unfledged nestlings, and the bewailments of their bereaved parents; these sights we have seen, and these sights we continue to see, *ad nauseam*.

There assuredly must be still something radically wrong in the early education of our youth. The organ of "destructiveness" cannot surely be so egregiously large in the whole genus *juvenis*, that no means can be taken to reduce it. Gigantic are the strides we have made, since the days of Virgil, in every one of the known arts. The art of curing the innate propensity in boys to rob orchards and birds' nests, is, it would seem, *malheureusement!* the one solitary human art in which no progress has been, or ever can be made! We should have imagined that Dr. Birch *might* have effected more good than he appears to have done. We fear he is grown indolent as he is callous.

AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS.

THAT A CHANGE HAS TAKEN PLACE in the relations of the seasons to each other, is an undoubted fact. The swallow does not now take his departure from us so soon as he formerly did, and deep into autumn many of our familiar wild flowers will be found to blow. We look for spring in March, and find it snow and frost in April: and while autumn should put on its drab-colored hue in August, we find the summer leaves not disturbed until well into November. The snow is not so deep nor so early on the ground as it was wont to be; we never have the recreation of taking a temporary burial in six feet of flake. We repeat the fact of the seasons having changed their relative positions, and having materially altered in their severity.*

In the month of August, and with the certainty that they will be in bloom throughout the month, we see many flowers which ought to be in seed, and well ripened. Nor is this fact incidental to this peculiar season; we have noticed it for long, both with regard to wild and garden flowers. Take as an instance most of the plants of that interesting order, called by botanists the *Umbelliferae*; they are still found in flower, although set down as blossoming in April, May, and June, and the same may be said of several other species, the periods of flowering of which have got most unaccountably confused. These umbelliferous plants are by no means an inviting study for the young botanist. The distinctions between the genera depend upon parts so very minute, that without the aid of a powerful glass, and the closest inspection, it is almost impossible to trace them. The specific distinctions are equally difficult, depending as much upon the shape of the seed vessels, as the flowers and the leaves, and hence the tribe would require to be studied at different periods of a season to arrive at an accurate knowledge of individual peculiarities. The umbelliferous plants will be well understood from their well-known species, the common carrot, parsley, celery, and deadly hemlock. This latter plant can be easily distinguished by its stem being spotted, and the offensive fetid smell which it emits. Notwithstanding the almost superstitious dread with which it is regarded, in consequence of its poisonous nature, the hemlock yields an extract which has been much used in the cure of scrofulous and cancerous diseases.

A plant which is very common in roadside ditches, called figwort, or by botanists

* We have slightly abridged this article, which we have taken from a Liverpool Paper, 1849. There is a perpetual freshness about it that charms us.—ED. K. J.

the scrofularia, presents some interesting peculiarities. The leaves are of a deep green color, the stem square, tinged with purple, and the flowers of a purplish green. It does not possess much beauty to attract the eye, although when separated from its companion plants, it is very graceful, and always presents a *damp* fresh-like appearance. The scrofularia, as may be supposed, takes its name from the disease so often the precursor of others more fatal, and was at one time used for its cure. The leaves, on being bruised, emit a powerful, disagreeable odor, a proof that they contain some agent, whether for good or evil. We have seen the leaves used by a medical friend, as a salve in a disease common in colliery districts amongst children. This disease appears in the form of a gathering in the face, much like small-pox, but much larger, and when healed, leaves the same unsightly marks as its more fatal brother. The effect of the salve upon a very severe case was both rapid and satisfactory, although we mention it more as an incentive to others to analyze the plant, and ascertain its properties, than to stimulate young practitioners to its immediate use.

A great variety of the plants common to the month of August possess useful or pleasing properties. There is the common foxglove, without exception the handsomest of our herbaceous wild flowers, with its beautiful stripe of purple or white bells, into which, in our younger or more mischievous days, how often have we not watched the bees, and there made them prisoners, our untutored ear delighted with the hum of the incarcerated insect. The foxglove contains a medicine now extensively used for the lowering of the pulse, which is well known as the extract of digitalis. This extract is obtained from the leaves which are gathered just before the flowers burst, and are dried in the dark, so that their colors may be preserved. If the color is lost, the virtue of the plant is destroyed.

During August and September, every ditch and field contains its specimens of mint, that homely favorite of the cottage garden. There are thirteen species of mint common to this country, all possessing, more or less, that aromatic flavor which renders at least two species useful for culinary or medicinal purposes. These are the spear-mint and the pepper-mint, the latter of which contains an essential oil, found in the minute glands of the leaves and calyx, or flower-cup. Its odor is described as "sweet and mild, without the pungency of the common sort cultivated in gardens." The red bushy mint we have often seen in gardens, where the brightness of its flowers and its agreeable scent render it conspicuous. The

smell is much increased by cultivating this species in a light dry soil. From the mint to the wild thyme is a natural transition. Who that ever climbed a hill in the month of August hath not rested his limbs on a bed of wild thyme? And who that hath so done can forget the fragrance of his couch, the purple flowers, the perfume which every blast "wafts to the charmed sense?" The imagination of even a Shakspeare could not have fancied a more fitting bed for the Fairy Queen. Botanists at one time named three species of wild thyme, but modern science has placed two of them under different genera, the acinos and calaminta—the basil thyme and the calamint. Even an uncultivated eye would certainly keep them away from the thyme, the chief resemblance being in the shape of the flowers and the aromatic smell; the differences are too obvious to be mistaken. The calamint is employed to make an herb-tea, as it is called in rural districts, and, like many other of our wild flowers may contain a principle equal to that of the China plant.

The germander, or wood sage, is a wild flower belonging to the same class as the thyme and marjoram. It is not very inviting in its appearance, the flowers being neither green, yellow, nor white, but apparently a mixture of the whole. The germander grows about a foot high, amongst stones, and in dry woody places, and is easily noticed by its wrinkled leaves, purple stem, and the peculiar tinge of the blossoms. The plant yields a powerful, and not very agreeable bitter, which has been sometimes used in brewing, as a substitute for hops. Flowering at the same season, and belonging to the same family of plants as those first noticed, we might point out an infinite variety, well worthy attention. Here is the horehound, the mother-wort, the dead-nettle, one of which never ceases flowering from January to January; the prunella, or self-heal, the wound-wort, and the beautiful euphrasite, or eye-bright, which grows prostrate on the ground, with a stem scarcely an inch long, and delicate light pink-streaked flowers, with a dark purple eye. This plant is used occasionally, in rural practice, for diseases of the eye. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," after the fall, and when the Archangel Michael is about to show our first parent the effects of his disobedience, in the future history of man, introduces the eye-bright as the plant used by the archangel to remove the film from the eye of Adam:—

"Then purged with euphrasy and rue

The visual nerve, for he had much to see."

There is no plant more engaging than the eye-bright, and a singularity about it is, that although in the rich meadows of England it rarely attains above an inch in height,

in the comparatively barren hills of Scotland it often attains eight inches, and the stems branch out so as to form a good-sized plant.

In the hedges, in the month of August, nothing is more common than St. John's wort, which comes to us not only in its own gaudy yellow dress, but all the adventitious circumstances with which superstition can invest it. The bright flower is often covered with small black spots, which give a curious effect to the whole plant, and from its mystery may, perhaps, account for the almost dread with which it was formerly regarded. The leaves of the common St. John's wort, on being held up to the light, appear as if perforated with minute holes, from which circumstance it takes its specific botanic name. There are many superstitions connected with the St. John's wort as to its supposed power of keeping away witches from houses, and guarding the persons of children. From whatever cause these superstitions may have arisen, is not likely ever to be known; but the horrible stench which some of the species emit is enough to scare more substantial frames than we generally assign to the weird sisters. Our ancient physicians have not been behind the vendors of superstition in attributing to the St. John's wort miraculous powers of healing. In some old works it is called "balm of the warrior's wounds," and directions are given as to the hour and the positions of various planets when it is to be gathered for vulnerary purposes. The profusion of flowers which almost cover every plant, however, renders the St. John's wort a striking object. The poet thus alludes to its appearance:—

"Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing its slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears."

The large flowered St. John's wort forms an ornamental shrub for plantations around a dwelling.

We have scarcely allowed ourselves space to say enough of a very graceful and extensive family of plants, the thistles, or as botanists call them, the *compositæ*. They are all very common in the month of August, and, indeed, throughout the autumn, from the common dandelion on the road-side to the imposing common thistle, which is the emblem of the Scottish nationality. The thistles are a very distinct and natural order of plants; no one can make a mistake regarding them, and in every species of soil, from a marsh to a dry mountain, they are to be found. The thistle cultivated in Scotland, as its emblem, is more common in England than in the northern part of the empire. No Scotchman can look upon it but with reverence; and who would destroy the feeling of national pride which it perpetuates? The same feeling has kept Scotland

unconquered by foreign foe, and may not its presence in the distant lands, to which the Scotchmen are famous for migrating, be attended with the same results as it has been in their own dear country?

"The great bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded beare—
I turned my reaping-hook aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

So sings Burns, Scotland's truest poet, and let us add our wish that the thistle may flourish, however far left to himself the ass may be who chews it. In the fourth scene of the third act of "Much Ado about Nothing," Beatrice is represented to say, "By my troth I am sick;" to which Margaret replies, "Get you some of this distilled *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm."

This *carduus benedictus* has been changed by botanists into the *criscus heterophyllus*, or melancholy plume thistle, which we almost regret, from its association with one of Shakspeare's most lively characters. The plant is still abundant, but alas! for its virtues in a qualm, they are unknown. The common daisy, or more beautifully, day's-eye, belongs to this family. This

"Wee modest crimson-tipped flower"

is universal, both in locality and in time of flowering. It is called *bellis* by botanists, from the Latin, *bellus*, pretty; and the French have bestowed upon it the title of *Marguerite*, the name of a woman, which again is derived from *margarita*, a pearl. There is no end to the daisy, go where we will. There is another plant in this order called the yarrow; but whether the flower rendered sacred in ancient ballads, is not known. It is well known from its dense head of white, sometimes pink flowers, and its deeply pinnated leaves. Every road-side or ditch has its specimens; we only mention it from the name which associates it with our youthful passion for old ballads about love and war. To this order also belongs the camomile, the feverfew, the burdock, and other familiar individual plants.

FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I WILL not deny that I had previously a sort of feeling which I will call railway fever, and this was at its height when I entered the immense building from whence the train departs. Here was a crowd of travellers, a running with portmanteaus and carpet bags, and a hissing and puffing of engines out of which the steam poured forth. At first, we know not rightly where

we dare stand, fearing that a carriage, or a boiler, or a baggage chest might come flying over us. It is true that one stands safely enough on a projecting balcony; the carriages we are to enter are drawn up in a row quite close to it, like gondolas by the side of a quay, but down in the yard the one rail crosses the other like magic ties invented by human skill: to these ties our magic car should confine itself, for if it come out of them, life and limb are at stake. I gazed at these waggons, at the locomotives, at loose baggage waggons, and Goodness knows what; they ran amongst each other as in a fairy world. Everything seemed to have legs; and then the steam and the noise, united with the crowding to get a place, the smell of tallow, the regular movement of the machinery, and the whistling, snorting, and snuffing of the steam as it was blown off, increased the impression; and when one is here for the first time, one thinks of overturnings, of breaking arms and legs, of being blown into the air, or crushed to death by another train; but I believe it is only *the first time* one thinks of all this.* The train formed three divisions: the first two were comfortably closed carriages, quite like our diligences, only that they were much broader; the third was open, and incredibly cheap, so that even the poorest peasant is enabled to travel by it; it is much cheaper for him than if he were to walk all the distance, and refresh himself at the alehouse, or lodge on the journey.

The signal-whistle sounds, but it does not sound well; it bears no small resemblance to the pig's dying song, when the knife passes through its throat. We get into the most comfortable carriage, the guard locks the door and takes the key; but we can let the window down, and enjoy the fresh air, without being in danger of suffocation; we are just the same here as in another carriage, only more at ease: we can rest ourselves, if we have made a fatiguing journey shortly before. The first sensation is that of a very gentle motion in the carriages, and then the chains are attached which bind them together. The steam-whistle sounds again, and we move on; at first but slowly, as if a child's hand drew a little carriage. The speed increases imperceptibly, but you read in your book, look at your map, and as yet do not rightly know at what speed you are going, for the train glides on like a sledge over the level snow-field. You look out of the window, and discover that you are

careering away as with horses at full gallop; it goes still quicker; you seem to fly; but here is no shaking, no suffocation: nothing of what you anticipated would be unpleasant.

What was that red thing which darted like lightning close past us? It was one of the watchmen, who stood there with his flag. Only look out, and the nearest ten or twenty yards you see is a field, which looks like a rapid stream; grass and plants run into each other. We have an idea of standing outside the globe, and seeing it turn round; it pains the eye to keep it fixed for a long time in the same direction. This is just the way to travel through flat countries! It is as if town lay close to town; now comes one, then another. One can imagine the flight of birds of passage,—they must leave towns behind them thus. Those who drive in carriages on the bye-roads seem to stand still; the horses appear to lift their feet, but to put them down again in the same place—and so we pass them. Every moment one is at a fresh station, where the passengers are set down, and others taken up. The speed of the whole journey is thus diminished: we stop a minute, and the waiter gives us refreshments through the open window, light or solid, just as we please. Roasted pigeons literally fly into one's mouth for payment, and then we hurry off, chatter with our neighbor, read a book, or cast an eye on nature without, where a herd of cows turn themselves round with astonishment, or some horses tear themselves loose from the tether, and gallop away, because they see that twenty carriages can be drawn without their assistance, and even quicker than if they should have to draw them,—and then we are again suddenly under a roof, where the train stops. We have come seventy miles in three hours, and are now in Leipsic. For four hours after on the same day, it again proceeds the same distance in the same time, but through mountains and over rivers; and then we are in Dresden.

I have heard many say that on a railroad all the poetry of travelling is lost, and that we lose sight of the beautiful and interesting. As to the last part of this remark, I can only say that every one is free to stay at whatever station he chooses, and look about him until the next train arrives; and as to all the poetry of travelling being lost, I am quite of the contrary opinion. It is in the narrow, close-packed diligences that poetry vanishes: we become dull, we are plagued with heat and dust in the best season of the year, and in winter, by bad heavy roads; we do not see nature itself in a wider extent, but in longer draughts than in a railway carriage. Oh, what a noble and great achievement of the mind is this production! We feel ourselves as powerful as the sorcerers of

* We are obliged to be always thinking of this now, in England. Accidents by railways are indeed quite common occurrences now. The loss of a leg, an arm, or a head, is called—'nothing'! ED. K. J.

old! We put our magic horse to the carriage, and space disappears; we fly like the clouds in a storm—as the bird of passage flies! Our wild horse snorts and snuffs, and the dark stream rushes out of his nostrils. Mephistopheles could not fly quicker with Faust on his cloak! We are, with natural means, equally as potent in the present age as those in the middle ages thought that only the Fiend himself could be! With our cunning, we are at his side,—and before he knows it himself, we are past him. I can remember but a few times in my life that ever I felt myself so affected as I was on this railroad journey: it was thus with all my thoughts—that I beheld God face to face. I felt a devotion, such as when a child I have felt in the church alone; and when older, in the sun-illuminated forest, or on the sea in a dead calm and starlight night.

TO OUR OWN EDITOR,—

BY DONNA VIOLANTE.

[This *bouquet* of compliments to the Editor of OUR JOURNAL (happy soul!), is, we learn, got up by a circle of Ladies, who have deputed the Poet Laureate of their county (*Nottingham*) to warble his praises as follows]:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

IN OUR treasure of a "JOURNAL"* are some pretty lines to prove,

The pleasure, truth, and value—the DEPTH of "Woman's Love."

In the name of all the readers, I've the ladies' free consent

Most gratefully to thank you for your pretty compliment.

We highly prize your goodness,—“you LOVE us;” be it so!

We KNOW you never will deceive, nor flatter us,—“OH, NO!”

Let's hope our numbers will increase. How cheerfully we'll share

With them your much-loved compliment (I do think *this* is fair)!

Long may you live, “dear Mr. Kidd!” and listen, ere I go,—

The ladies never *can* forget your love for them,—“OH, NO!”

Long may “OUR JOURNAL” flourish, and by NEW triumphs prove

The greatness of its power,—its CLAIMS on “WOMAN'S LOVE!”

* See “Woman's Love,” p. 112.

CHILDREN.

THE part that children play in the economy of families, is an important one. But important functions often devolve upon creatures trivial in themselves. Not so in the case of children. The child is greater than the man. The man is himself, and that is often a shabby enough concern; but the child is a thing of hope and anticipation; we know not what it *may* become.

The arch laughing glance of those eyes, which flash upon us when the bushy nut-brown hair is thrown back by a toss of the head—what a lovely creature that may become, to make some honest man's heart ache! That boy, with flaxen hair slightly tinged with the golden, while his clear, resolute eye looks fearlessly at everything it encounters—what may he not accomplish in after-life! To us there is more of terror in the passions of children than of grown men. They are so disproportioned to their causes, that they rudely draw back the veil from our own hearts, reminding us “what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.” Of all expressions of pain, we can least endure the wail of an infant. The poor little innocent cannot explain its sufferings; and, if it could, so little lies in our power to alleviate them! There is nothing for it, but to have one's heart rent by its complainings, and pray in one's helplessness that its dark hour may pass away. Is it not so?

SUMMER.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THIS is the time of shadow and of flowers,
When roads gleam white for many a winding mile;

When gentle breezes fan the lazy hours,
And balmy rest o'er pays the time of toil;
When purple hues and shifting beams beguile
The tedious sameness of the heath-grown moor;

When the old grandsire sees, with placid smile,
The sunburnt children frolic round his door,
And trellis roses deck the cottage of the poor.

The time of pleasant evenings! when the moon
Riseth companion'd by a single star,
And rivals e'en the brilliant summer noon
In the clear radiance which she pours afar;
No stormy winds her hour of peace to mar,
Or stir the fleecy clouds which melt away
Beneath the wheels of her illumined car!

While many a river trembles in her ray,
And silver gleam the sands round many an ocean bay.

Oh, then the heart lies hush'd, afraid to beat,
In the deep absence of all other sound;
And home is sought with loth and lingering feet,

As though that shining tract of fairy ground
Once left and lost, might never more be found!

And happy seems the life that gipsies lead,
Who make their rest where mossy banks abound,

In nooks where unpluck'd wild flowers shed their seed;

A canvas spreading tent the only roof they need.

DEAR BARGAINS. — Ten friends are dearly purchased at the expense of a single enemy; for the latter will take ten times more pains to injure you, than the former will take to do you a service.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—FORESTIERA. Our gratitude increases. Thanks. RICHARD D.—HARRY. Our lips are sealed on *such* a subject. Our JOURNAL is generally "a fortnight old" ere it reaches Leeds.—W. COOMBES.—JOHN GREEN. No; the receipt for "German Paste" is not ours. If you use it, your birds will die. Ten weeks is the proper time to allow birds to moult.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—E. K.—P. P.—JANE.—W. L.—SOPHIA.—J. P.—ZIG-ZAG.—GREY BADGER.—M. R.—ALPHA.—W. M.—PHILO-CHARADRIUS. Next week —S. JONES. Next week.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, August 23, 1852.

WE ARE NOW BECOMING DAILY SENSIBLE, —gratefully so, that an under-current is at work for the preservation of our "little bark" from shipwreck.

We have breasted many billows, braved many a storm. Sailor-like, we have pushed on through all contending elements; and we rise superior to them all. We cannot sink!

In Liverpool, we have been well nigh stranded; but the "Press" there have volunteered to espouse our cause, and see that we are brought safely to an anchor in *that* township. Other volunteers, elsewhere, are crowding sail to keep our heads above water.

It is quite clear that the "*Trade winds*" will ever be in our teeth. We must therefore try what our "new motive power,"—pure friendship, will effect. Here is steam enough to defy all the Booksellers united.

Backed by good will, and a kind determination to see us safe into a Harbour of Refuge, we trust we shall ere long, by the efforts of our friends, be able to distance all our foes, who have with so much determination combined to try and sink the vessel. They have (we admit it) run us very close:—

To bear a burden up a hill,
To row a boat against the tide;
Without the wind to work a mill;
Upon a jaded horse to ride,—
To strive to read *without a light*,
To search our way *at dead of night*.
ALL THIS IT IS, and something worse,
To "live"—and with a shallow purse!

Our Publisher aids the good cause, in undertaking to forward to all parts of the country, by post (at *half* the cost of postage), any SINGLE PART of the Journal—or the FIRST VOLUME.

So—Hurrah for Energy; and the "good Ship 'Honesty!'"

AS HONEST CHRONICLERS of the passing time, we must say that the glories of the year are on the wane. We are in SEPTEMBER.

The excessive heat, which for many successive weeks burnt up man and beast, has ceased. Autumn is stealing on us. The air, which seemed so long spell-bound by an electric sleep, has now awakened; we hear the trees shaking beneath its power, and view the leafy masses swaying to and fro in the breeze.

The shadows of the year are now becoming visible. A gloom, pleasant and soothing, after the distressing glare of past days, hangs in the air. We are made sensible every morning and every evening, by the refreshing coolness, that Autumn is here. Nor do we at all object to the moisture and peculiar sensation that accompany this season.

Our English Autumns are glorious ones. They are the only seasons, indeed, on which we can at all depend for enjoyment. We love to gaze upon the veil of clouds drawn away during this month by the hands of the high-soaring winds; and on the thin airy lengths, like gossamer drapery, trailed through the sky amid the intense azure of lofty immensity. It is now the sun comes up, once more, to brilliant days of the calmest and most impressive beauty.

We were about to go into detail upon the cruel sports of the field, now just being entered upon; but, while we write, "presents of game" are greeting us on all hands from "admirers of Our Journal." Thus, for the present at least, is our mouth closed—some may say, "silenced by a bribe." It *does* look like it!

We are made pleasingly aware of the change of season by our much-loved chorister, the robin. He follows us wherever we go, and sings to us from every branch. His song, just now, is full of the richest melody. We can plainly see that our dwelling will be haunted by these merry rogues in the winter. They even now come in upon the table. Welcome, thrice welcome guests! We love ye, and bid ye to a hearty welcome.

We have not failed, from time to time, to impress upon all lovers of nature the importance of rising betimes. We now enforce it more than ever. To see the sun rise at this season is a treat indeed!

Behold! the flushed horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion streamed
O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume

Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fringed lovely, splendid those in liquid gold.
All speak their Sovereign's state. He comes.
Behold!

Fountain of light and color, warmth and life!

The King of Glory! Round his head divine
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow.
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

We spoke in our last about the joys of harvest. These are fast drawing to a close. Every effort is being put forth to secure such of the golden grain as yet remains unhoused. In the middle of their operations, many of our farmers received a "damper" to their fond hopes in the form of heavy rains. That some sad damage has been done thereby, we greatly fear; but on the whole, we are told, there will be fair average crops.

The days are very visibly declining. The evening is now upon us almost at unawares; and the mornings get chilly, misty, and damp: still the gardens are gay. Many of the flowers of the past month still remain; and those of the most gorgeous that blow are only just opening. The chief of these is the China-aster, the superb *Reine Marguerite*, whose endless variety of stars shoot up in rich clusters, and glow like so many lighted Catharine wheels. The great climbing convolvulus also hangs out its beautiful cups among its smooth and clustering leaves; and the rich aromatic Scabious lifts up its gloomy purple flowers on their little stems; whilst the profuse dahlia scatters about its rich double and single blooms. Some of these are so intense in color, that they seem to glow as you look at them.

We must say nothing to-day about the fruit, hanging temptingly on the garden walls—the grapes, the peaches, the nectarines, &c.,—nor about the rosy-cheeked apples. These last are now visible in tempting profusion. Indeed FLORA was never more lavishly bountiful with her glorious gifts than now. Turn where we may, all nature smiles; and we see NEW beauties in the fading year; but the printer says we must hold our hand—we therefore take our leave of these delightful scenes—*au revoir*.

AT A SEASON LIKE THIS one cannot walk abroad, provided the mind be at all given to contemplation, without reflecting upon that great theme—the end of life. What do we live for? Whither are we travelling? What good have we done? *or are we likely to do?*

These meditations will force themselves on us at certain seasons. We love to encourage them. If they find us melancholy, they leave us cheerful. We are beginning now, to look down upon the world philosophically. We have been in it long enough to enjoy what little there is worth enjoying; and what we have gathered from it as worth preserving, we purpose keeping for our own

use. We have found the world—nineteenths of it at least—cold, hollow, heartless, selfish, artificial. It is becoming more so day after day; and we are thoroughly sick of it. The "choice few," who lie scattered over our land, are all that render life pleasant or endurable. Of these, thank God, we have our share.

We were filled with these thoughts some few days since, when passing within a stone's-throw of Kensall Green Cemetery. Our feet instinctively turning thither-ward, we entered, and found ourselves among the tombs.

A fine, large, open space, is this Cemetery—with its smooth shaven turf, its broad gravelled walks, sloping gently toward the west; and on the brow of the ascent, its small simple chapel, silent to all the services of our church save one—the most solemn and the most beautiful—most sorrowful and yet the most cheering. We have dear, *very* dear friends sleeping in these grounds; and we love from time to time to visit the place, in order to live over again the many happy hours that we passed with them whilst sojourning here below.

What a noble idea it was, to shake the public faith in the grave-yards of our metropolis; and poetically to lead the mind on towards "a garden," as being a proper resting-place for our departed friends! The grave is solemn enough in itself. Death brings with it a train of melancholy thoughts. But it is all morbid affectation to invest Death with a darkness that does not belong to him; or to encourage thoughts that induce despair. The French first set us a good example in this matter; and no doubt their Cemetery of *Perè la Chaise* suggested, remotely, the idea of Kensall Green Cemetery. The habit of renewing such flowers as from time to time fade away, is one which, to a certain extent, induces to a diminished fear of Death; it is therefore to be encouraged. At the same time, it tends to add to the "attractions" of the grounds; wherein it is just possible that many a profitable reflection has been wrought upon the mind of a casual visitor.

We cannot say much for the epitaphs and stereotyped falsehoods that disfigure the stones in this Cemetery, nor for some of the designs of the monuments. The former are intolerable doggerel, and the latter in the worst possible taste. Some few there are, perfectly neat and simple. Hence, they are in character with the place.

In a miscellaneous collection of tombs and tastes, there must be much to condemn, and something to praise. We found very little to praise. None of the "titled" or high-sounding names *riveted* our attention,—nor the many "Esquires" (!) so complacently pa-

rated in deep-sculptured letters on the various stones. No!

The grave which struck us as being the most chaste and effective in the whole place, was situate between the Catacombs and the Chapel. Its number was 3702.

This grave occupied but a small space. There was a palisade of plain but neat iron-work all round it. Within were just *one* dwarf Cypress, *one* Cuba, *one* dwarf Box-tree. An elevated stone at the head of the grave, neatly bordered with black, told on its centre, the simple, eloquent, but bitter tale :—

THE GRAVE OF
ANNIE.

No mockery have we here. No empty, ostentatious "profession" of feeling. No prostitution of good poetry,—no insult to the dead by introducing doggrel.

"The Grave of Annie!"

Happy parents of an adored child! How we do admire the exquisitely-good taste that has thus briefly recorded these "simple annals!" Poetry and Love!

As for the graves generally,—the flowers are sadly faded; and long rank grass grows wildly around them. Too evident proofs are there, on every hand, of neglect and forgetfulness. This should not be. How small the annual cost of this very little "tribute of affection,"—"if but for appearance sake!"

These grounds are thrown open, daily, to the Public; and it is pleasing to observe, every now and then, the tear of grief and the tear of hope springing up in the eye of a lingering visitor, who, as the hour of closing draws nigh, seems reluctant to withdraw from all the heart holds dear in this world. We love to note these holy feelings, and to share them. Many a tear has fallen from our own eye, in these sacred grounds, over departed worth—more remain. "Dust" lies there—dust which the affection of a fond brother mourns sore.

In the arrangement of a place like this, we can see no reason for cypresses, or willows; although universal and immemorial usage has appropriated these trees to such melancholy localities. We would prefer, infinitely, some cheerful flowering trees, that would impress the idea of a perpetual Spring.

Since we all have wishes of our own, as regards a final resting-place—and there can be no possible objection to it—let us here note what our wishes are; and let a very favorite but neglected poet of ours sing our thoughts :—

Under a flat turf let me lie,
Where mid-day sunbeams never come;
Let a light brook go whispering by;
Near, let the small birds build their home.

And round about, and over head,
And everywhere except the west,
Let a thin screen of leaves be spread,
As curtains to this couch of rest.

I'll have no weeping willow there,
No yew to shed its churchyard gloom;
*But blackthorn, with its blossoms fair,
And light birch, with its dancing plume.*

Woodbine—that loves on cottage eaves
To hang its flowers and tendrils slim;
And holly—with gay glittering leaves,
And berries red, and branches trim.

And looking out from that dear spot,
Let none but sights of joy be seen;
The village spire, the peasant's cot,
With its small patch of garden green.

Field flowers in blossom, sparkling rills,
And far-off trees of every hue;
The white flocks feeding on the hills;
And last of all—the distance blue.

What! in that best of earthly bowers,
Must types of sorrow mock the dead?
Well! let *one* wild rose drop its flowers,
Or one small lily hang its head!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

White Wood-Pigeons.—In my communication last week, I omitted to mention that there were two wood-pigeons bred at Rankeilour this year, *almost white*. Of these, I requested my game-keeper to shoot one,—this I mean to have stuffed. It is nearly *snow white*, with a shade of buff, or fawn-color, on some parts. I do not intend that the other shall be shot until it has attained its winter plumage.—W. H. F., Cupar.

Notes on the Common Wasp.—In the neighborhood of Glasgow, Mr. Editor, where I live, the common wasp is this year exceedingly numerous. Gooseberries (which fruit they prefer before most others) are fast disappearing under their ravages; and so plentiful are the destructives among the bushes, that three persons in about half-an-hour, one evening this week, killed upwards of *five hundred*. Ensnared within the berry, they suck till they are "dead drunk;" and then falling to the ground, become an easy prey to the foot of the destroyer. Last summer, the reverse was the case. Scarcely a single wasp could be seen. As the previous winter had been unusually mild and warm, it seems at first difficult to account for this; but, I believe the following is the true solution. On turning over the top stones of "dykes," as loose stone walls are here designated, in my hunts after beetles and chrysalides of moths, &c., I found several queen wasps fixed by their mandibles to the under side of the stones. They were perfectly torpid, but revived on being brought near a fire, and again lapsed into torpidity on being withdrawn from its influence. These sole survivors of the preceding year are the progenitors of all the ensuing year's torments. Perhaps the unusual mildness of the winters 1850-51, induced them to come forth from their crevices sooner than usual; and then a day or two of nipping frost totally destroyed them. The nests this year are all, or

nearly so, underground; for out of news of dozens, I have heard there are no pendent ones. A nest by a roadside attracted our attention by the enormous influx and egress of workers, which were seemingly quite as numerous as those of a flourishing bee-hive. So we sallied out by night—a band of ruthless murderers, intent upon its destruction. Sulphur was set on fire, and then poured down the entrance. A spade then laid bare the nest, and we found the wasps lying stupified in hundreds. Straw was next laid over the nest, and being fired, soon scorched the wings and bodies of the luckless inhabitants. This nest occupied a hole at least a foot in diameter each way. No wonder the wasps were numerous. Dissipation, however, spared many. Those wasps that were under the gooseberry trees, as drunk as pigs, or gentlemen, so “fou” that they could neither stand nor walk, did not “come home till morning,” and so saved their *vespine* bacon. However, to make the best of a bad job, they set resolutely about repairing, or rather renewing, their ruined home; and succeeded so well, that they have again, I believe, a flourishing colony. To-day I observed a fact which I have before read of, but never seen. Numbers of the common blow or meat-fly were buzzing in and around an empty sugar-barrel. A wasp flew up, and instantly seized a fly. Whether or not he used his sting I cannot say, but the fly seemed almost instantaneously deprived of life. The wasp now proceeded leisurely to cut off the legs and wings on either side of the body. During this operation, I distinctly heard the noise made by its mandible, much resembling the working of a pair of scissors on paper. Having disposed of these, it advanced its mandibles to the slender waist, and by repeated, and as far as I could judge, *straining* efforts, succeeded in separating the abdomen from the body. It now balanced the body to its satisfaction, and departed with it; whether to satisfy its *own* craving, or for the sustenance of the young brood, I know not. I saw another wasp which had seized a fly, and was proceeding like the first, till disturbed. The wasp then, for some special purpose, either his own use or that of his young, prefers the juices of a fly's body to sugar.—J. B. MURDOCH, *Glasgow*.

[DR. DARWIN records some very curious particulars of the ingenuity of wasps, in his “Journal.” We shall take occasion to introduce these at a no distant period.]

Nightingale—Inquiry about a.—I live, Mr. Editor, in a small town in Wales, where the voice of the nightingale is never heard, although we have all kinds of other songsters in abundance. Your little GEM of a JOURNAL, to which I have been a subscriber from its birth, I get regularly. [What a wonder is this! a solitary instance of its *ever* being received “regularly” by anybody!] In it you have sung so sweetly about this king of birds, that I really *must* possess one. Where can I get one, and at what price? [Call on Mr. Clifford, 24, Great St. Andrew St., Holborn, and use the name of “OUR JOURNAL.” It will procure you a good bird at a reasonable cost, not exceeding ten shillings.] I shall be in town very soon, and I want to be “knowing” in the

matter. We have not a single “butchers’ shop” in our small town! How then about the *fresh* beef “twice daily?” Is there no means of providing a substitute? [Mr. Clifford may perhaps have, when you call upon him, a young nightingale that has been fed off on German paste, or bullocks’ liver. Let us hope so.] The bullocks’ liver you recommend, I *can* procure here once weekly, in its raw state. How can I prepare it, so as to get the “nut?” [The nut is a particular part of the liver, which the person of whom you purchase it will point out. It is hard, and scrapes well, when boiled. Liver, at this season, will keep good for a week, if placed in a good place. Mr. Clifford will answer you a host of minor questions. We see your heart is “set” upon a nightingale; and we shall give Clifford “a hint” about your wishes. Write to him yourself—why not?] Pray excuse all the trouble I have given you; but your “good-nature” is alone to blame.—T. I. W., *Haverfordwest*.

Characteristics of the Malay Fowl.—All these birds, Mr. Editor, should be large and heavy; those of the purest breed are so compact and close-feathered, that the *weight* is greater than any one would imagine from only looking at them. They stand very tall, and have an upright gait; the neck is rope-like, with no hackle; the legs are long, and *remarkably* long, strong and firm in the thigh; the shaft of the leg should be of *moderate* length, round, stout, and yellow; tail drooping—the more it droops the better; the head is snake-shaped, so much flattened on the top that it quite overhangs the eye; comb broad, and almost flat to the head, a pearl eye; hawk bill, in color agreeing with the bird's plumage, a dark bill to a light bird is ugly. Their propensity for fighting is too well known to need much mention. They will fight with a shadow, and no other bird is safe within their range. The hens are very indifferent layers; they lay a medium-sized egg with tinted shell. The chickens, when half-grown, are gaunt, ungainly-looking young things, and, like most choice kinds, feather very slowly.—A. B.

Pigeon-Clubs for Training.—I am told, Mr. Editor, that in the neighborhood of King's Cross, there are some “Clubs” established for the encouragement of pigeon-training—prizes being awarded to the most successful competitors. Do you know anything about them? If not, perhaps some of your many readers can give me the particulars. Training is an interesting process; and as it is by no means cruel, the details will be read with a general feeling of pleasure.—COLUMBA, *Richmond, Surrey*.

Humanity to Bees,—Chloroform.—Mr. Editor, being a constant reader of your interesting Paper, I see that all your correspondents aim at the same humane end. Allow me, therefore, to make known to the world, but more especially to apirians, through the opportune medium of our OWN JOURNAL (whilst it is yet time to prevent the unnecessary death of thousands of innocent creatures) that chloroform may be used as successfully in taking “honey from bees,” as in the amputation of a leg. An eminent doctor of me-

dicine told me, he intended to use it this season; but how, he did not state. I have made some experiments (on a very small scale, it is true, but I hope sufficient to prove it to be successful); of these I shall speak but of one, as they were all attended with the same results. I caught twelve common house-flies, putting them into a wide-mouthed bottle; in this I suspended a very small vial, containing about twenty drops of chloroform. I then closed the large bottle; and in about eight seconds, all were quite still; to all appearance dead. I then removed them into a glass, to watch their recovery. In a quarter of an hour two had flown from the glass, across the room, though very "daftly." The others were tumbling about quite "half seas over;" but in forty-five minutes all of them had taken wing, and as far as I was able to judge, none the worse. Now as soon as a swarm of bees take possession of a hive, almost the first thing they do is to stop up all the crevices, excluding at the same time both air and wet. In like manner, chloroform, introduced at the entrance in a small tray, covered over with muslin (such as is used for feeding during winter) would have just the same influence in stupefying them sufficiently to remove the honey; or let you make any alteration in the hive during suspended animation. When a lad, Mr. Editor, I was just in my element, climbing the fells after curious flowers or stones, and creeping (stalking-fashion) behind a fell, to watch the red deer; in winter, hunting the fox on foot, among some of the most splendid scenery in my own dear and native Cumberland. But now I am obliged to attend to business in this great City; therefore my wings are, as you plainly see, completely clipped. I thank you much for being the means of my enjoying many spare moments to advantage, by reading your JOURNAL; in every successive number of which I am glad to see the most wonderful improvement.—PEGASUS.

Interesting Particulars of the Cuckoo.—In our "Preston Pilot," Mr. Editor, is the following:—As I know the particulars to be "facts," I gladly send them to OUR JOURNAL. "About six weeks ago, the station-master at the Lostock station observed a young bird fluttering along one of the railway slopes, a short distance from the junction station at Lostock, about two miles from this town, up to the East Lancashire line. On coming up to it he found it to be a young cuckoo, which had strayed from a titlark's nest close by, in which the parent bird had deposited the egg, and where the young cuckoo had been hatched by the titlarks. An extempore cage was immediately made from an old tea chest, the cuckoo was placed in it, and a netting was fixed across the front. The cage was then moved away from near the nest, and the titlarks gradually followed and fed the cuckoo through the meshes of the net. Eventually the cage was suspended, at a considerable height from the ground, against the south side of the bridge which crosses the line at the station; and the titlarks, at the present time, continue to feed the cuckoo from morning till night. It is now six weeks since the bird was caught, and during the whole of that time its food has been provided for it by its foster parents,

not the least thing having been given to it by any person. The hen lark appears the most attentive, and is untiring in her exertions to provide for their *protege*, which has already attained a bulk three times the size of either of his watchful attendants. We saw the bird one day this week; and during the ten minutes that we were there, the hen lark visited the cage some four or five times with a worm or other food, which the cuckoo received from it through the netting. The circumstance is one which few, if any, of our readers have ever before had an opportunity of witnessing."—This is a very pretty little anecdote, which will, I am sure, interest your readers.—EDWARD J., Preston.

The Hedgehog.—A paragraph is going the rounds, Mr. Editor, to the effect that "a gentleman in Norfolk" (a wide specification!) having lost many fowls, laid in wait for the thief. One night he secured him, and detected him in running about after the fowls, one of which *he was seen to capture*. The thief and enemy was a hedgehog. Do you believe this?—WILLIAM P.

[Assuredly not. It is "a weak invention of the enemy." We will hear no such charges brought against our good friend, the hedgehog. We love him dearly. *He* hunt fowl, and devour them! The "gentleman in Norfolk" is a "hungry penny-a-liner!" a far greater "enemy to fowls," we guess, than the poor hedgehog!!!]

Damp Walls.—Several weeks ago, a correspondent, J. P., applied to us to know if we could advise him how to remedy the nuisance of damp walls. We were not at the time aware of any recipe for the purpose, but we happened to meet with a paragraph the other day in a respectable work, which we shall here transcribe, in order to afford our correspondent the opportunity to put it to the test:—"A hall, of which the walls were constantly damp though every means were employed to keep them dry, was about to be pulled down, when M. Schmidthall recommended, as a last resource, that the walls should be washed with sulphuric acid (vitriol). It was done, and the deliquescent salts being decomposed by the acid, the walls dried, and the hall was afterwards free from dampness."

Platonic Affection.—Is there, Mr. Editor, any such thing as "Platonic affection?" I am told, *you* are just the person to set such a matter right. I confess I am "wavering," and need advice.—PRIMROSE.

[Primroses and Platonic affection, fair maiden, are dangerous associates. Platonic friendship, we understand; the world is made up of it. "Affection" must not be allied to such an adjective. Friendship,—modern friendship—is cold; no icicle can be colder; but affection is all fire. It is dangerous to play with it. You cannot take it "on trial." It burns you if you trifle with it; and upsets all your serenity of mind. Think therefore, *twice*, before your heart betrays itself. Once caught, your fate is sealed. If any person, other than your own sex, is trying to persuade you to enter upon a "Platonic affection" for him,—avoid him as you would a pestilence. He is sailing under false colors. No,

pretty PRIMROSE; even WE, to gain your affection, could never dare to ask or hope it, if PLATO be mixed up with it. In our "copy slips" at school, we remember one of the lines we had to copy ran thus—"Plato was wise." He might have been in *his way*; but he was a frigid old fool; nor are any of his professed disciples fit for the company of such as THEE, little PRIMROSE. Take our word for it; and keep your heart quiet in its nest. It is not fit to "fly" yet.]

A Blow to Atheism—the Bee.—That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the "virtuous sweets" which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, a third for the royal, glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so infinitely sharp that, were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be enclosed within half an inch of length, and two grains of matter, while in the same small room the large heart of at least thirty distinct instincts is contained—is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism.—If people would but "think" more, Mr. Editor, and ponder upon these things, there would surely be a much less amount of moral evil in the world? —AMICUS.

[You are right. It is because people will not "think," preferring the sensual before the intellectual, that society is what it is.]

Vanessa Antiopa.—I believe, Mr. Editor, this insect is generally considered by entomologists as of rare occurrence in this country. I must confess here, that I cannot speak of my own experience, never having seen a living specimen in England—that is to say, a specimen bred from caterpillars absolutely English from the egg. I have however bred the perfect insect in this very parish, from caterpillars brought by myself from Switzerland. I had some difficulty in bringing over the caterpillars; they mostly went into chrysalis *en route*, and many died from the difficulty of getting quite fresh food. Still I have by me several specimens of these very *Antiopa*; but they cannot fairly be called "British" specimens. The fact, however, that *Vanessa Antiopa* was seen by a professional friend of mine in the green lanes at Stoke Newington, near the residence of the Reverend Mr. A. Clissold, and my friend, who is a good entomologist, having assured me that he had ample time for observing the insect (what a pity he had not his entomological instruments as well as his surgical ones by him, for *Vanessa Antiopa* will not fly into a gentleman's hat!), and that it had the rich yellow border and not the pale white one—has induced me to send you a few observations of my own upon this insect. I must first state that *Vanessa Antiopa* was seen as above, on Thursday, the 15th of last month. I shall begin then by observing, that the caterpillars of *Antiopa* are gregarious, and in the Canton de Vaud, Swit-

zerland, may be found in immense families on the summits of the highest branches of the *Salix Caprea*. About the latter end of June, or the beginning of July, they are generally full grown. They seldom remain in chrysalis more than from eighteen to twenty days. The perfect insect is found the latter end of July, or about the beginning of August. At the second brood, the perfect insect may be seen from the end of September to the first fortnight in October. After this period, it is only occasionally seen, for a short time, on very mild days—it then hibernates. Here I must pause, just to say that in both these broods the color of the perfect insect on escaping from the chrysalis, is precisely the same. I scarcely know how to express this coloring. It appears to me, a rich velvety claret black, and the external border a rich, pale, golden yellow, slightly irrorated with rich claret black. This is sufficient for my purpose, Mr. Editor; and for obvious reasons I go no further. The insect it appears then hibernates, and remains concealed under the bark of old trees, in the clefts of rocks, under the gables of houses, &c. &c. It there passes the winter in a dormant state, till the warm spring revives its energy. It frequently becomes so brittle from the intense cold, that if you lay hold of it by its wings, they will snap like glass. *Vanessa Antiopa* is not, however, aroused from his lethargy so early as some of his congeners. The earliest period when I have recorded his appearance, is the 3rd of March, 1846. Whereas I have seen *Rhamni* on the wing in January,—*Urtice* and *Polychloros* in February,—*Io* on the 1st and *C. album* on the 3rd of March, and even fair *Car tui* on the 4th. So you see, Mr. Editor, our friend *Antiopa* is rather lazy; but you know large bodies move slowly, and more especially when they consider themselves personages of some note. Now, Mr. Editor, when the sun begins to shine with a certain degree of brilliancy, aye, and between the hours of eleven and one, to give a certain degree of heat too, fancy yourself on the borders of some rushing rivulet, which, like *Antiopa*, has just begun to feel the influence of old sol (say between the middle and latter end of March). You will, if you have chosen a good locality, seldom miss seeing more than one *Antiopa*, soaring anon above the stream, slowly descend on some bit of broken rock just rising above the flow of the water—expand his noble wings, and thoroughly enjoy himself. A splendid specimen is he of the wonder-working hand of God. The winter however has blanched his golden border, and he appears with one of creamy white irrorated with blueish claret. The intense richness of his mantle has also faded, and has become blueish claret—his finely-turned border, owing to its great brittleness and the boldness of his flight, is very much injured. In truth, I have never seen an hibernated *Antiopa* with the external border perfect, and I have heard much older and better entomologists than myself express the same thing. I have a great many specimens, and one wonderfully fine. I cannot however say he is perfectly faultless. Of my friends with the yellow border, I have a great many, and quite blameless—fresh as fresh can be. I could fill

up a whole number of your JOURNAL with a few only of the freaks of *Vanessa Antiopa*, but it is unnecessary.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

"*All is not Gold that glitters.*"—Mr. Editor—Reading "Cunningham's New South Wales," written in 1826, I came across the following anecdote, which struck me as a somewhat curious illustration of the old adage that "Many a true word is spoken in jest." It is *just possible*, under the extraordinary revelations that are now taking place, you may consider it worthy a nook in OUR JOURNAL. — An eminent mineralogical dilettanti, who made a casual trip among us some years back, nearly turned the hitherto sober heads of our plodding colonists (Sydney), by the valuable mines of *gold* he predicted their land to contain, from the rich specimens of that precious metal he picked up thereupon, even before their eyes; and upon spots too which they had paced over some hundreds of times before, without ever observing the like. On such different principles are scientific eyes constructed! Peru was now considered a mere pauper warren in comparison with Australia; but while our Cresuses in anticipation were yet busied with their grave calculations about the mode in which the mines should be worked, passing days of care and sleepless nights in counting over their visionary wealth, the golden dreams were suddenly dissipated by a certain "Paul Pry" of a convict-servant whispering in his master's ear that—"He seed the gemman take the stone out of his pocket, drop it on the ground, and then pick it up again." The truth of this was amply demonstrated by a patch of paper pasted upon its corner (overlooked before by the delighted possessor)—proving it to be a specimen which the "man of science had originally extracted from one of Mawe's Mineralogical Cabinets." This is rich—is it not?—W. V.

[The *auri sacra fames*—the cursed thirst for gold, seems to haunt the whole world. These tricks, therefore, are suggested by their cupidity. The "eminent mineralogist" did what all the rest of mankind seem doing;—viz. tried to cheat those who were fools enough to allow themselves to be cheated. The name of gold is a demon. Already have many thousands left England, in pursuit of gold, who were rejoicing in salaries of from £200 to £300! Who would pity them if they were ruined? NOT WE.]

Whims of Gold Fishes.—I have three gold fish, Mr. Editor, in a glass globe. Of these, one (spotted black) has for the last few days taken it into his head to balance himself on the extreme end of his nose. How long he would remain thus balanced I cannot say; but he generally gets a forcible "reminder," from the tail of one of his brethren, within three minutes, and this soon "rights" him again. However, watching his opportunity, he is quickly at his old tricks, and upright as a Maypole. Can you, Mr. Editor, account for this freak?—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER "THOUGH" A BOOKSELLER.

[And have we really a veritable flesh and blood "bookseller" to be courteous to? Yes, indeed! and he has given *his name* and address too! Well, *these* we generously withhold. If

his brethren knew that he either kept, sold, or felt interested in the success of "our Journal," woe be to him and to his family! He would be put at once upon the "black list"—the "privileges of the trade" would be denied him, and himself a "marked man." This we will prevent. Listen, thou "noblest work of God," thou "honest" bookseller! Your little finny friend, if he be well and happy, is beyond all question fond of gymnastics; and all these little antics of his must be encouraged. These innocent, sportive gentlemen, are full of harmless fun; and you may teach them anything. Do not give them biscuit, bread, millet, or any such food. They require none. The animalcules which abound in the water (which should be changed daily) are all they need to sustain life. Thousands die from having biscuit, &c., thrown into the globe, which sours the water, and injures the inmates. If we can serve you further, command us. We love to return "good for evil!"]

Notes on the Peacock.—The following being rather singular in its way, I am desirous, Mr. Editor, of having it registered in the public records of OUR JOURNAL. Some time since, I had a very handsome pied peacock and peahen. The latter, contrary to custom, commenced laying when only a twelvemonth old; and in due time hatched four young ones. About six weeks after this, from some unknown disease, she suddenly died. In this dilemma, what could be done with the young birds? A committee of the whole house was called, and the decision was, that plenty of food (ants' eggs being what they delight in) should be given them, and they left to chance. To my great surprise and delight, on going to feed them, I found the old peacock (who had never before noticed them, except to do them an injury) busily engaged in tending them and ministering to their wants—aye, as well as the mother could have done. Under his care we reared them. This same old bird, I would remark, was in the habit of coming up to the window every evening about six o'clock, to get a piece of bread. He would then adjourn with it to the fruit-garden. He had then been in our possession about ten years, and was by no means "young" when we first called him ours. Can any of your readers tell me the usual duration of these birds' life?—P. P.

OLIVE HATHAWAY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

OLIVE HATHAWAY has always appeared to me a very interesting creature. Lame from her earliest childhood, and worse than an orphan—her mother being dead, and her father, from mental infirmity, incapable of supplying her place, she seemed prematurely devoted to care and suffering. Always gentle and placid, no one ever remembered to have seen Olive gay. Even that merriest of all hours—the noon-day play-time at school—passed gravely and sadly with the little lame girl. She had no troop of play-

fellows, no chosen companions—joined in none of the innocent cabal or mischievous mirth of her comrades; and yet every one liked Olive, even although cited by her mistress as a pattern of sempstress-ship and good conduct—even although held up as that odious thing, a model—no one could help loving poor Olive, so entirely did her sweetness and humility disarm envy and mollify scorn. On leaving school, she brought home the same good qualities, and found them attended by the same results. To Rachael Strong, the village laundress, her assistance soon became invaluable. There was not such an ironer in the county. One could swear to the touch of her skilful fingers, whether in disentangling the delicate complexity of a point lace cap, or in bringing out the bolder beauties of a cut-work collar; one could swear to her handy-work just as safely as a bank-clerk may do to the calligraphy of a monied man on 'Change, or an amateur in art to the handling of a great master. There was no mistaking her touch. Things ironed by her looked as good as new, some said better; and her aunt's trade thrived apace.

But Olive had a trade of her own. Besides her accomplishments as a laundress, she was an incomparable needle-woman; could construct a shirt between sunrise and sunset; had a genuine genius for mantua-making; a real taste for millinery; was employed in half the houses round as a sempstress, at the rate of eightpence a-day; devoting by far the greater part of her small earnings to the comforts of her father, a settled inhabitant of the workhouse at Aberleigh. A happy man was poor William Hathaway, albeit the proud and the worldly wise held him in scorn; happiest of all on the Sunday afternoons, when he came to dine with his daughter and her good aunt Rachael, and receive the pious dole, the hoarded halfpence, or the "splendid shilling," which it was her delight to accumulate for his little pleasures, and which he, child-like in all his ways, spent like a child, on cakes and gingerbread. There was no fear of the source failing; for gentle, placid, grateful and humble, considerate beyond her years, and skilful far beyond her opportunities, every one liked to employ Olive Hathaway. The very sound of her crutch in the court, and her modest tap at the door, inspired a kindly, almost a tender feeling, for the afflicted and defenceless young creature whom patience and industry were floating so gently down the rough stream of life.

Her person, when seated, was far from unpleasant, though shrunken and thin from delicacy of habit, and slightly leaning to one side from the constant use of the crutch. Her face was interesting from feature and

expression, in spite of the dark and perfectly colorless complexion, which gave her the appearance of being much older than she really was. Her eyes, especially, were full of sweetness and power, and her long straight hair, parted on the forehead, and twisted into a thick knot behind, gave a statue-like grace to her head, that accorded ill with the coarse straw bonnet and brown stuff gown, of which her dress was usually composed. There was, in truth, a something elegant and refined in her countenance; and the taste that she displayed, even in the homeliest branches of her own homely art, fully sustained the impression produced by her appearance. If any of our pretty damsels wanted a particularly pretty gown, she had only to say to Olive, "Make it according to your own fancy;" and she was sure to be arrayed not only in the very best fashion (for our little mantua-maker had an instinct which led her at once to the right model, and could distinguish at a glance between the elegance of a countess and the finery of her maid), but with the nicest attention to the becoming, both in color and form.

Her taste was equally just in all things. She would select, in a moment, the most beautiful flower in a garden, and the finest picture in a room; and going about, as she did, all over the village, hearing new songs and new stories from the young, and old tales and old ballads from the aged, it was remarkable that Olive, whose memory was singularly tenacious for what she liked, retained only the pretty lines or the striking incidents. For the bad or the indifferent, she literally had no memory; they passed by her as the idle wind, that she regarded not. Her fondness for poetry, and the justness of taste which she displayed in it, exposed poor Olive to one serious inconvenience; she was challenged as being a poetess herself; and although she denied the accusation earnestly, blushing, and even fearfully, and her accusers could bring neither living witnesses nor written document to support their assertion, yet so difficult is it to disprove that particular calumny, that, in spite of her reiterated denial, the charge passes for true in Aberleigh to this very hour. Habit, however, reconciles all things; people may become accustomed even to that sad nick-name, an authoress.

In process of time, the imputed culprit ceased to be shocked at the sound, seemed to have made up her mind to bear the accusation, and even to find some amusement in its truth or its falsity: there was an arch and humorous consciousness in her eyes, on such occasions, that might be construed either way, and left it an even wager whether our little lame girl were a poetess

or not. Such was and such is Olive Hathaway, the humble and gentle village mantua-maker; and such she is likely to continue; for, too refined for the youths of her own station, and too unpretty to attract those above her, it is very clear to me that my friend Olive will be an old maid. There are certain indications of character, too, which point to that as her destiny: a particularity respecting her tools of office, which renders the misplacing a needle, the loss of a pin, or the unwinding half an inch of cotton, an evil of no small magnitude; a fidgetty exactness as to plaits and gathers, a counting of threads and comparing of patterns, which our notable housewives, who must complain of something, grumble at as waste of time; a horror of shreds and litter, which distinguishes her from all other mantua-makers that ever sewed a seam; and, lastly a lover of animals, which has procured for her the friendship and acquaintance of every four-footed creature in the vicinity.

This is the most suspicious symptom of all. Not only is she followed and idolised by the poor old cur which Rachael Strong keeps to guard her house, and the still more aged donkey that carries home her linen; but every cat, dog, or bird, every variety of domestic pet that she finds in the different houses where she works, immediately following the strange instinct by which animals, as well as children, discover who likes them, makes up to and courts Olive Hathaway. For her doth Farmer Brookes's mastiff—surliest of watch-dogs—pretermitt his incessant bark; for her, and for her only, will Dame Wheeler's tabby cease to spit and erect her bristles, and become, as nearly as her spiteful cat can become so, gentle and amiable! Even the magpie at the Rose, most accomplished and most capricious of all talking birds, will say, "Very well, ma'am," in answer to Olive's "How d'ye do?" and whistle an accompaniment to her "God save the King." after having persevered in a dumb resentment for a whole afternoon. There's magic about her placid smile and her sweet low voice—no sulkiness of bird or beast can resist their influence. And Olive hath abundance of pets in return from my greyhound, Mayflower, downwards; and, indeed takes the whole animal world under her protection, whether pets or no; begs off condemned kittens, nurses sick ducklings, will give her last penny to prevent an unlucky urchin from taking a bird's nest; and is cheated and laughed at for her tender-heartedness, as is the way of the world in such cases.

Yes, Olive will certainly be an old maid, and a happy one—content and humble, and cheerful and BELOVED!

WHAT CAN WOMAN DESIRE MORE?

FLOWERS ON THE TOMB.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Oh, bright are the beautiful Flowers that bloom
Where the good and the brave calmly rest!
And sweet is the incense they waft o'er the tomb
Of the fairest—the dearest—the best!

They breathe a fond tale of affection and love;
They tell us that WE too must fade—
And they point to a Heaven of glory above,
To "a mansion that hands have not made."

Oh, calm and serene be that dear little spot!*
(Alas! 'tis our nature to weep!)
For let us remember the Good dieth not,
He only "falls sweetly asleep."

See our "last earthly home!" Well, there's
"Love" in the whole

Of the gracious commands God has given;
With his "Word" he will re-unite body and
soul,

To live—aye FOR EVER! in Heaven.

Let the walk through our Cemet'ries' paths be
revered,

By reflection on life's fleeting hours;
And the graves of the Friends we have lov'd be
endeared

BY A BEAUTIFUL "GARDEN OF FLOWERS!"

* Kensall-Green Cemetery.

THE MAJESTY OF CHASTITY.

SHE that is *chaste*, is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharboured
heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.

Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid
shades,

She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,—
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

MILTON.

PRUDERY.

THE unhealthy offspring of a wretchedly-disordered mind. A "something" which poisons the atmosphere in which it moves. A disgusting vice in fact, under the mean semblance of a virtue.—REV. RICHARD CECIL.

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No. 37.—1852.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

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BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXVI.—THE BLACK-CAP.

WE HAVE NOW ENTERED ON SEPTEMBER, a most glorious month for the most part, with fine bracing mornings and delightful dewy evenings—with *such* sun-sets! In the middle of the day, our lovely Sol shines with great intensity, causing us indeed to *feel* his power! Now—

"Half in a blush of clustering Roses lost,
Dew-dropping COOLNESS to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts, and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant HEAT, disspreading through the
skies

With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid
stream."

Animals, where they have it in their power, retire during the day, to pools of water, or the shade, and avoid the sun's scorching rays; whilst our little friends, the birds, seek the thickets, and for a season become lost to sight. Their tiny voices have, some time since, been silenced. They are, unobserved by the human eye, now quietly undergoing that annual change, which Nature in her wisdom has deemed necessary for their welfare—"moulting."

It is beyond all question true, that in the moulting season, when intense heat brings on a slow fever which partially consumes and entirely disorganises the whole system of the feathered tribe—each little sufferer banishes himself, as if by mutual compact, from the place of his former rendezvous, and conceals himself artfully from the eye of man, until decked in his new and becoming apparel. Equally true is it, that he feels himself "unclean" until such change shall have become effected; and that by an unerring instinct, he submits in solitude, and with patience worthy of imitation, to the many little nameless ailments and trying sicknesses which are inseparable from this

annual visitation. You shall walk the fields "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," at the moulting season, and find "all silence."

There are, of course, some solitary exceptions to this general rule—as in the case of the yellow-hammer, for instance, whose monotonous but far from disagreeable song may be sometimes heard very late in the season. *He* loves pre-eminence, when he can obtain it; and seems to be in his element, when he is left master of the field. A sky-lark may also be occasionally heard "trying" his voice in a subdued tone; and a few indistinct twitters are just audible among the brushwood. In all other respects, the past month of August, as regards vocal melody in the woods and fields, has been a blank—an "aching void." All nature is still in a state of lassitude; and inactivity prevails on every hand. A change, however, will now speedily take place.

Until very recently, the black-cap has been heard singing, early and late; and his mellow, joyous voice, occasionally responded to by some happy warbling blackbird, seated on the summit of a distant tree, has afforded the lover of nature an exquisite treat. For the last three weeks, we have listened—but in vain, for his flute-like strains; and tried to catch a glimpse of his neat, trim little person; but alas! "he has gone from our gaze," and we shall see him no more till he has donned his new livery. By the way he is one of the very few warblers, who, having recovered from his moult, treats us with an occasional renewal of his song before taking his final leave of our country. He likes to have "the last word"—and he shall have it!

A more thoroughly domesticated bird than the black-cap, there cannot be. Never did bird evince greater reluctance to quit the land of his birth than does he; but his tribe being gregarious in the autumnal season, and instinct teaching them to keep together when about to decamp, he sacrifices all to

the necessity of the occasion. As for his return in the spring—we can speak to a point about that. We have noticed the arrival of the *same* birds, and have seen them take possession of the same territories, year after year. We have recognised them by the singularity of certain notes—observable in them, but not in their tribe generally; and by their peculiar mode of giving utterance to the notes to which we particularly allude. We have made similar accurate observations with respect to the nightingale. A knowledge of these pleasing facts, causes us always to look forward to the month of April with real delight. The *reunion* with such lovely visitors, is a treat worth waiting for.

The male black-cap is distinguishable from the hen, by his hood, or cap, being jet black. The hen has a brown cap, and has altogether a more dingy appearance than the male, who always makes "the most of himself." The plumage of these birds is so delicately fine, its texture so silky—that when caught wild, and placed in a cage, they often disfigure themselves sadly, and can only be valued for their song. Their natural food consists of flies, gnats, spiders, caterpillars, and insects generally.

Like the nightingale, these birds never, or very rarely, breed in confinement. It would be contrary to nature, were they to do so; but their innate disposition is so joyous, the resources of their "minds" are so inexhaustible, that we consider it, of the two, far less cruel to keep them in cages. They feel happy anywhere—are cheerful, and of amiable habits; and if "petted," which of course they should be, are staunch in their attachments.

Thus have we prefaced the natural history of our hero. We have not given him a false character, nor shall we attempt to do so. We shall have much to say of him; and if we only tell one half what we know, we shall obtain him a ready entrance into all families who can estimate his value.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

A VISIT TO BRIMHAM ROCKS.

THE year 1852 will be long remembered for the excessive heat of its spring, during which there were no fewer than thirteen weeks of hot dry weather. Toward the end of March, on one of the hottest of these days, I left, after an early breakfast, the little market town of Ripon, *en route* for Brimham, with the double purpose of examining the rocks, and procuring a few botanical specimens.

For the greater part of the way the formation is of soft magnesian limestone, a very

warm, and by no means an unproductive rock. Being yet early in the season, few flowers were out in the hedge-bottoms; but what were out, made up in their beauty for the want of variety; and talking of variety, what need of a livelier contrast than that afforded by two plants then profusely abundant, the golden Pilewort, *Ranunculus Ficaria*, and the blue-flowered, sweet-breathed violet, *Viola odorata*.

My old favorite, the blue tit-mouse, was playing at "hide and seek" with linnets and robins. One or two wood-pigeons flew over my head; and ever and anon a sable rook went "cawing" past, followed perhaps ere long by a lively group of starlings, who would settle on some grass field, and industriously rid the ground of grubs and worms. Proceeding a little further, my notice was attracted by a green plover, who uttered her plaintive cry, and swept round and round in gracefully-undulating curves. The woolly leaves of the fox-glove were visibly increasing in size, and the leaves of the honeysuckle, ciliated and tinged with delicate red, were bursting into life. The "deathless ivy" filled up gaps in the hedges; and the modest chickweed gave verdure to the wall foot. Near Grantly Lodge, about four miles from Ripon, a brace of partridges flew with a scur from the wood-side, and were speedily out of harm's way.

The country in the vicinity of Brimham is peculiarly wild. From the rocks we command a view of almost endless moors, which, at that season, had a black and forbidding aspect, very different from that assumed in June or July, when the "bonnie heather bell," and the soft cotton grass, and a hundred little plants and flowers, relieve the gloom. Leaving, then, the contemplation of the vast wilderness of Nidderdale, let us turn from the main road, and by a lane begin the ascent of the hill; passing to the left a small plantation of larches, which, of all forest trees, look worst in winter.

We are now a short distance from the object of our search, and on the surface of a flat-topp'd, heath-clad hill, behold apparently the remains of some extensive fortification. Nor is our wonder lessened as we draw nearer, and attentively examine the masses.

To attempt to describe the masses presented to our view, would be useless. Here we have a huge pillar, some thirty feet high, crowned with ling and blackberry. There, we have a gigantic chair, large enough for any of the fable-giants, even of Ireland; another stone somewhat resembles a table, and another a boat. Some are scooped out into basins and caves; and others bear, at a little distance, no inapt resemblance to human figures. One, especially, attracted my notice. It was a mass standing about twenty feet

high, by fifteen feet in diameter, and could not have been of less than three hundred tons weight, all supported on a truncated cone, about two and a half, by three and a half feet diameter. Such a prodigious weight upon so insignificant a base, was well calculated to strike the beholder with awe.

All extraordinary productions in nature are, by the vulgar, ascribed to the Druids or the devil; and so have Brimham Rocks been. Desiring to have as little to do with the latter "gentleman" as possible, I will merely add, with regard to the Druids, that they may have *assisted* to cut and fashion the rocks, but they never *brought* the masses there; for on descending toward the side of the hill, we find it composed of the same millstone grit, and presenting a lamellar structure, parallel to that of the supposed idols. The very structure of the stone goes a long way to establish their right to be considered natives of the spot; for wherever masses of stone are quarried for building or other purposes, the grain or cleavage of the stone is parallel to the length; and would thus, in the majority of the blocks at Brimham, be perpendicular instead of being horizontal, as it invariably is. Professor Phillips, when writing of the millstone grit series, in his *Geology of Yorkshire*, thus pathetically refers to the subject under notice:—

"The wasting power of the atmosphere is very conspicuous on these rocks; searching out their secret laminations; working perpendicular furrows, and horizontal cavities; wearing away the bases, and thus bringing a slow but sure destruction on the whole exposed masses. The rocks of Brimham are in this respect very remarkable; for *they* are truly in a state of ruin: those that remain are but perishing monuments of what have been destroyed; and it is difficult to conceive circumstances of inanimate nature more affecting to the contemplative mind than the strange forms and unaccountable combinations of these gigantic masses."—D.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXI --PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 135.)

"A SINGLE ORGAN," says Bonnet in his *Palinogenesis*, "may have been constructed with such art, as alone to give to the animal a great number of ideas, to diversify them greatly, and to *associate* them strongly together. It may even *associate* them with so much more force and advantage, as the fibres, which are to be the *seat* of it, find themselves more strongly united in a single organ.

"The *trunk* of the elephant is a beautiful example, which will admirably illustrate my position. It is to this single instrument, that

this noble animal owes his superiority over all other animals; it is by the possession of it, that he seems to hold the middle place between man and the brute. What pencil could express all the wonders effected by this sort of universal instrument, better than that of Nature's painter?

"This *trunk*," says he, "composed of membranes, nerves, and muscles, is, at the same time, a member capable of movement, and an organ of sentiment. The elephant can lengthen, shorten, bend, and turn it in every direction. The extremity is terminated by an appendage of the form of a finger: it is by means of this kind of finger, that the elephant does everything which we do with our fingers; he picks up from the ground the smallest coins; he gathers herbs and flowers, choosing them one by one; he unties knots, opens and shut doors by turning the keys, and pushing the bolts; he even learns to trace regular characters, with an instrument as small as a pen.

"In the middle of this finger-shaped appendage, is a concavity, at the bottom of which are found the common conduits of smell and respiration. The elephant has, therefore, his nose in his hands, and has the advantage of joining the power of his lungs to the action of his fingers, of drawing up liquids by a strong suction or of lifting very heavy, solid bodies, by applying to their surface the extremity of his trunk, and forming a vacuum by a strong inspiration.

"Delicacy of touch, acuteness of smell, facility of motion, and power of suction, are found then at the extremity of the elephant's nose. Of all the instruments with which nature has so liberally endowed her favored children, the trunk is, perhaps, the most complete and the most admirable; it is not only an organic instrument, but a triple sense, whose united and combined functions are, at the same time, the cause, and produce the effects of that intelligence and those faculties which distinguish the elephant and elevate him above all other animals. He is less subject than any other animal to the errors of the sense of sight, because he promptly rectifies them by that of touch, and because, making use of his trunk, as a long arm, to touch bodies at a distance, he obtains, like us, real ideas of distance by this means."

The eloquent historian of the elephant next unites in a single view the various services which this great animal derives from his trunk. "The touch," says he, "is that of all the senses which has the most relation to knowledge; the delicacy of the touch gives the idea of the substance of bodies; the flexibility in the parts of this organ gives the idea of their external form; the power of suction, that of their weight; the smell, that of their qualities; and the length of the arm or trunk, that of their distance: thus, by a sole and a single member, and, to use the expression, by a single and simultaneous act, the elephant feels, perceives, and judges of several things at once. Now a multiplied sensation is equivalent, in some sort, to reflection; therefore, though this animal be, like all others, deprived of the power of reflecting, still as his sensations are found combined in the organ itself, as they are contemporaneous, and, as it were, indivisible from each other, it is not astonishing, that he should have of himself a species of ideas, and that he

should acquire, in a short time, those which it is desired to impart to him."

Cuvier, also, thinks that the touch serves to verify and complete impressions, especially those of the sight; and as it is, he says the most important of all senses, its degrees of perfection have a prodigious influence on the nature of various animals.

Herder asserts that the touch has given us the comforts of life, inventions and arts, and that it contributes, perhaps, more than we suppose, to the nature of our ideas.

According to Richerand, the perfection of the organ of touch gives to elephants and to beavers a degree of intelligence which is not granted to any other quadruped, and which becomes, perhaps, the principle of their social character. If birds, notwithstanding the prodigious activity of their nutritive life, have, nevertheless, an intelligence so limited, are so little susceptible of durable attachment, and show themselves so little capable of education, do not we find the cause of it in the imperfections of their touch?

According to Vicq d'Azyr, and several professors now living, the difference between the intellectual faculties of man and the monkey, is explained by the difference in their hands, because the hand of the monkey has neither extensor nor flexor; and moreover, the thumb is shorter, and cannot be opposed to the other fingers.

It is thus that, thanks to credulity, and the propensities for imitation, the old doctrine of Anaxagoras, which taught that the hand was the cause of human reason, has propagated itself without alteration to our age, which styles itself so enlightened. Why, then, ye philosophers, have ye not raised a temple to your idol? Where would have been the enjoyments and the wisdom of your life, without the hands of a Homer, a Solon, a Euclid, a Raphael, &c.? What would your libraries have been without the hands of copyists and compilers? Whatever is marvellous in the history of animals, it is to their trunks, their tails, their antennæ, that you are indebted for it. It only remains for you to place their souls at the extremity of all these hands, these trunks, these tails, and to make them act according to the instructions of Lecat, Buffon, Condillac, &c. Then will you have established the principle of the wisdom of animals and of men; and you will have reason to maintain, that to seek other organs to form a physiology of the brain, can only be the futile amusement of idle men, a most unphilosophic design, a sort of scientific phrensy, which has hitherto escaped being sent to the madhouse.

But, let us return to serious considerations, to determine the real services of touch.

We may, with the aid of attention, exercise the sense of touch, more or less, by means of all parts of the body. Still, this faculty is most perfect in the hand, because the fingers are so many separate instruments, supple and moveable; but it is not correct to say that they are endowed with the most delicate touch. The feet, toes, tongue, and especially the lips in the horse, for example, also serve for touch in many animals. The tail of a large number of monkeys, of the beaver, the ant-bear, &c., the trunk of

the elephant, the snout of the hog and the mole, the beak of birds, the antennæ of insects, the *barbillons* of fishes, the whiskers of the mammifera, serve the same use. By means of these instruments, men and animals can acquire ideas, more or less distinct, of distance, form, size, rest, or motion, solidity, heat, and cold, moisture and dryness; the weight and resistance of objects, &c.

But, are the ideas acquired by means of touch, sufficient of themselves to establish better order in thought? Can they rectify the errors of the mind, give birth to industry, to the arts and invention? Is the degree of perfection of the nature of animals a consequence of greater delicacy of touch? Are our intellectual faculties and those of animals, as much more numerous, as the organs of touch are more in number, and more delicate? Does a more perfect touch afford more precise and more extended knowledge? And do animals choose things proper to their preservation, with so much the more certainty as their organs of touch are more supple? Can touch produce attention, memory, judgment, imagination, abstract ideas, curiosity, desire of instruction, the appetites, and the passions? Can we regard it as the first origin of all these faculties? Or, must we rather consider it as an instrument, as a means, which have been created for the service of faculties of a superior order, and put in reciprocal relation with them?

By a natural consequence of the opinions of the various writers I have quoted, should we not be tempted to believe, that the polypi, who, following the expression of some naturalists, touch the light, must have the most precise and the most extensive knowledge? Their organs of touch, so numerous and flexible, should they not lead us to hope, that we shall one day witness their geometrical discoveries? The crab, the butterfly, the capricorn (beetle), which have antennæ so complicated—is it through philosophic modesty that they conceal their wisdom from us? It is unlucky, that the greater part of insects exercise their faculties at the period when they are still imperfect, and when their antennæ are not yet developed, and that those who make use of their faculties in their state of complete development, such as bees and wasps, are inferior to the others in the beauty of their antennæ. Is it true, that the more perfect the organs of touch that animals possess, the more surely they can provide for the security of their existence? Why do not naturalists take advantage of this luminous observation, to explain the extinction of several species of animals of the primitive world? We are, probably, indebted for the existence of oysters, fishes, and horses, as they exist at present, to the care which nature has taken in the present world, to change its march, by imposing on the whole animal kingdom the condition of consulting the smell in their choice of aliments. If the tail of the beaver, and the trunk of the elephant, are the cause of their social character and of their disposition to be tamed; if the imperfect touch of birds is the cause of their inaptitude to receive education, and their want of attachment, we may doubt whether dogs, sheep, and domestic fowls are tame and sociable animals; we may, likewise, doubt whether the

bullfinch and the blackbird, the parrot and the raven can learn, the one to sing, and the other to speak; and it will even be necessary to forget the marvellous construction of the nests of birds. If the march of thought is so mechanical, that it is the touch which arranges the ideas in better order, because it acts slowly, separately, and successively upon objects, it would be to the sight, which, at a glance, contemplates the universe, that we should attribute the advantage of giving ideas the most prompt, the most general, and the most extended. If touch possesses the admirable faculty of correcting the errors of the mind, let us be shown a single error, moral or physical, from which the touch of man or animals has delivered us. Let the maniac, who thinks that he unceasingly hears strange voices whisper in his ear, and who is continually tormented by imaginary insects, exhaust himself perpetually in useless efforts to seize the insupportable prattler and the troublesome insect; let him, in his amorous delirium, have discovered a thousand times that he embraced nothing; the voices, nevertheless, continue to whisper, the insects to harass him, and he embraces a thousand times more the phantom of his ardent imagination. If it be to the hands, that the origin of inventions and arts is due, why do idiots and simpletons never invent anything? Why does the painter let fall his pencil, the sculptor his chisel, and the architect his compass, as soon as their minds become deranged? How, on the contrary, does it happen, that men born without hands and without feet, have very just ideas of distances, forms, &c., and that other individuals, whose hands have been wholly amputated, execute surprising feats with the stumps? Why have artists, up to the present time, never found the secret of judging of the talents of their pupils, by the conformation of their hands?

Although it be true, that some muscles of the hand are wanting in monkeys, yet they can hold the smallest objects between the thumb and forefinger; they seize the finest hairs; they grasp and carry in the same manner as men; they untie the most complicated knots, using their fingers and their teeth like men; they even employ their hind feet for all these purposes; and yet they have never invented a tool or a process of art. They do not want, any more than the dog and the cat, the ability to carry; why, then, do these animals, notwithstanding the possession of so many faculties, never arrive at the idea of carrying wood to a fire, though at the same time they are shivering with cold?

LADIES' "PET" FANCIES,— D O G S.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

In the full hope that a more eloquent pen than mine would exert itself in behalf of "Ladies accompanied by dogs," I have been silent awhile. Triumphant, rather prematurely as it now proves, in my anticipation, I have just hastily seized your JOURNAL and therein read—"A Younger Brother's" exhortation *again* to raise your voice, after it had, I thought, spoken in sufficiently distinct tones to satisfy the most fastidious.

Thankful that (in mercy or contempt?) your correspondent particularises *only* "great girls, little girls, and grown-up women"—to these I leave him; satisfied they will fight their own cause far better than I could. But as the elderly and the old are (in charity! I trust) spared, will he allow me, through your kind permission, as one among the latter, to tell him that the practice he condemns is *not*, as might be inferred from his truly flattering article, restricted to this country. He may limit his travels to the Tuileries, or extend them to Germany and Italy; and he will find the custom of ladies being accompanied by dogs, obtains elsewhere than in England. Some years since, the beautiful Russian Princess Naritschlain, was accompanied, I think, by six. Why should the leader be considered an aggravating, not an extenuating circumstance? Its object is, to prevent the loss of the animals, their getting in the way of carriages to their own detriment, or barking at horses' heels to that of the riders'—in short, to protect the dog, and to preclude the possibility of his annoying the most captiously critical. In Paris, at least when I was there, I may presume it was favorably judged of; dogs not being allowed in the public walks except *en laisse*. "My brother" obligingly places at my disposition the lithograph of this morning's *Charivari*, in proof that the regulation still continues in force. "What a treat for the husbands!" observes the Younger Brother. I have never, in my experience, had the opportunity of remarking that husbands are backward or timid in exacting compliance to their wishes, fancies, and caprices. Is it not *mauvaise vouloir* then to enlighten or persuade them, that what they have not as yet (generally at least) placed in the black list of offences, is one to be reprobated accordingly? May I further venture, without heinously sinning "against common decorum," to inquire whether the Younger Brother, or the husbands whose devoted champion he has constituted himself—ever smoke? "Disgusting, immodest, shameless atrocity"—these are somewhat strong epithets it seems to me to apply, even to the grave offence of fondling a dog. I cannot help asking myself what terms the writer would resort to, were the most flagrant breach of morality, or the most revolting instance of human depravity, the subject of his animadversion? "Unblushingly fondling dogs in public!" Would the matter be mended by blushing, thereby implying a consciousness of impropriety, and at the same time a resolution to outbrave it? Would your correspondent prefer that, having admired a lady unattended by dogs in public, he should make the discovery, when too late perhaps, that in private she came under his ban? Does he recollect a certain tale in the "Arabian Nights," of an extremely refined lady who ate rice by the grain? Lest he think I am more angry than reasonable, I will generously afford him either a laugh at my expense, or perhaps a proof that I am a "most horrible" and incorrigible offender. Coming down rather late some years since, ready for a concert, in a new dress, my dog jumped upon me, and made a tear—only one, but it was from the waist to the hem. There was no concealing the disaster or the

cause; yet I unhesitatingly declared, "It was not he! It was not he!" (Many thanks, *par parenthese*, Mr. Editor, for your former emendation of my bad grammar.) The following anecdote, most opportunely furnished by Pierre Durand (M. Eugene Guinot) in a recent *feuilleton*, will give me courage to proceed. "A dog of distinction inhabits the *faubourg St. Honore*, where he enjoys a certain degree of celebrity and marked respect (*haute consideration*). He belongs to a personage who has played a leading part under the late Government. This faithful animal has always been the *inseparable companion* of his master, even when the statesman filled the highest ministerial office! He had his *entrées* to the Council, when the Council was held at his master's residence; he was known to the diplomatic world, flattered by those who solicited preferment, and caressed by the members of foreign diplomacy. Now, although shorn of his grandeur, he still maintains an honorable position in private life. In the reception room, whatever may be the rank of the guest, the dog always occupies a good place. In winter he lies by the fire, of which he has the first enjoyment [*on ne se chauffe qu' apres lui*, in the original]. So much favor has aroused envy, and he has a declared enemy in the noble son-in-law of his master. Constant differences take place between them, the advantage is always on the side of the dog. The ex-statesman always decides in favor of his dog, against his son-in-law, who is obliged to yield,—the father-in-law's good graces being indispensable to enable him to maintain his splendid establishment." And now, dear Mr. Editor, I feel nervous,—no, not nervous,—that would imply a doubt of your impartiality and justice; but diffident, which implies merely consciousness of my own deficiencies, in venturing any remark on your article in No. 29! Yet, in my quality of "Forestiera," is it not more in character, and, above all, is it not more candid and loyal to come to battle at once, rather than "nurse my wrath and keep it warm," or maintain a sullen silence? I am amongst those whom your shaft has touched. If you say, "this is well," I may be permitted to demur at the conclusion. Are ladies to be prohibited keeping dogs at all? Then I must say it is a selfish prohibition. You acknowledge them, in point of fidelity, affection, companionship, and constancy, to be preferred to the human race. I will add also, in point of honesty and gratitude. A dog will not fawn upon you for a morsel and bite you after he has it; nor if you confer on him a benefit, will he shun you as a biped under similar circumstances would do: happy if it stopped there! They may be kept, "but in their places!" In what place, *s'il vous plait*, a—dog-box? Then scarcely are they companions. I had hitherto imagined a dog could not be more in his place than when accompanying his mistress in her walk,—not visiting, shopping, or to bazaars, &c.; and that if there was one place where he was less obnoxious than another, that one was her private carriage. It seems I have been all along in error,—but those who consider him out of place whilst following his mistress, or in her carriage, will scarcely consistently think him in it, in her boudoir or drawing-room. Does not this amount

to prohibition? I readily admit public demonstrations of endearment are offensive; in bad taste; in every way objectionable; especially in this country. I once saw two German school-fellows, who had become *vieux moustaches*, embrace each other lovingly after a long absence, and was rather pleasingly affected than otherwise; but I am "Forestiera," and Germany is not England. The fondling is then offensive; one has no right to intrude one's pet into public conveyances (is not this a matter of necessity, generally, not choice?) But what can be the objection that a lady should be followed by her dog, when he can annoy no one but herself? and when, in the excitement of his glee and enjoyment, he endeavors to show his gratitude the best way he can, is he to be punished and his joy subdued into sorrow? I have a pet blackbird; after reflective contemplation and study of my features, he has arrived at the conclusion that the most prominent—a snub—corresponds to his beak. His way of showing affection is to stretch his neck towards me, quiver his wings rapidly, open his beak and close it, very tenderly, upon my finger, if nearest; if not, upon the tip of my *nez à la Roxalane*. I frequently gratify him with a mealworm; should I, instead, twist his neck for the atrocity? I will own I have had friendly remonstrance and anonymous abuse on this weighty matter. The latter perhaps, counteracted the effects of the former; and few, better than myself, know the anxiety and inconvenience of having always a canine attendant. Landing at Boulogne some years since, the first words of greeting directed at me (English *c'est entendu*) were, an observation as to the absurdity of bringing "a dog like that" to the Continent! He is not a French poodle, nor an overgrown puppy, nor a King Charles, nor a "love" of an ugly pug. The peculiar temper of my dog added to my difficulties. Though rarely out of my sight, yet did it so once occur, during his puppy days, when he was most cruelly beaten—beaten in such a manner that he could not crawl back to me. To this beating, I attribute the furious attacks he made long after upon every person and creature that might approach, or rather endeavor to approach me; as well as his perfect horror at being removed from me even to the most gentle hands. Kindness has enabled him to outgrow this; but in those days he could best have pleaded his own cause. No one within hearing of his ear-piercing shrieks, when I merely transferred the leader to another hand, but would, in the interest of their own auricular nerves, have approved of the readiest method of silencing him; and could you have seen his clear hazel eyes turn first steel-blue and then blood-red, while every nerve trembled in the most painful agitation,—I am quite sure your heart would not have "revolted from the brute," nor I think from its owner, even if "the caresses" were somewhat too liberally bestowed. I have travelled by public conveyances on the Continent with my dog, and am happy to say that, on all occasions, my fellow travellers (utter strangers) in answer to my inquiries whether he was objected to, expressed surprise that a dog, not snappish, that I kept to myself by a leader, could be supposed to be of annoyance to any one;

regretting also that I should submit to what they considered an imposition in paying for a railway box when I carried the dog myself. There might be a remark on the trouble to myself, but not the most distant hint of "disgust" to them. I have much pleasure in recalling the unvarying good temper and obliging disposition of my fellow travellers; and though imperfectly expressing my thanks at the time, I have not forgotten a glass of water, a piece of sugar or biscuit, kindly given my four-footed companion. It does not appear that I could have said as much, had my journey been in England—could I, Mr. Editor? People differ, so do dogs. Some of the latter will fawn upon the first-comer, and be not unhappy when left in good quarters. A poor creature technically called "well broke" (something like a "perfect lady's horse" which is generally without a leg to stand on), whose tail has been docked, ears cropped, tongue slit; "wormed," I think they call the operation; changed from one person to another, must necessarily have less power of attachment. Mine I brought up by hand, and allowed no interference with. The first time I left him behind (two days) he refused food. The second he howled incessantly. He has more than once risked his life, whilst breaking panes of glass to jump out of the windows to follow me where he could not be admitted. And because, slighting my own comfort, and toilette, to which he is very detrimental, I compassionately part with him as little as possible, I am told—I am outraging common decorum! *Mille graces, Messieurs!* Dogs differ, and so do people. As a young girl, I offended an elder brother by declining to kiss his pet-cat. I had no liking for the animal, besides a personal grievance in having had my upper lip cut through by one. And now, as an old woman, a Younger Brother insists I am "horrible, disgusting, shameless, shocking, atrocious"—is there anything more?—because I fondle my own dog! There is an ancient story of a painter; another I think of a man, a child, and a donkey. The moral of each is similar and too trite to quote. The conclusion I have drawn is, this, that, as I love my dog—don't ask any one else to love him—don't feel I am offending feminine delicacy in giving him air and exercise—and as I see there are those who do so whom it would be rather bold even in a "younger brother" to charge with immodesty, I shall, *contumaciously*, go on as hitherto, observing that I do not lavish, or encourage endearments in public. I have seen a lady at a *soiree*, in white satin and blond, fairy-like flowers in her hair, the pearls of an Ondine round her throat, take up her dog, *poser* as if for an engraving in the "Book of Beauty,"—when, the desired "sensation" produced, the "effect" realised,—or perhaps a dubious smile detected, the poor animal was "flounced" down (pray pardon the word, none other offers itself to me) in a manner the reverse of gentle. It was not "idolised" in this instance. I would rather it had been so; having a respect for real and true, even though mistaken, feeling. It may not be irrelevant to inquire something of those who have unwittingly drawn upon themselves such severe strictures. In some instances, the delinquency may proceed from a degree of coquetry. A fair

hand looks yet fairer when caressing the black silky coat of *Fidele*. This scarcely deserves to have the lash so *very* heavily laid on; indeed a short period of time would provide a remedy: while, if the damsel possesses a spice of "saucy Kate" in her temperament, the evil complained of is more likely to be rendered persistent by over-energetic opposition. Amongst others, may be found some who have been sacrificed "even on the altars of their household gods"—who, disappointed in their hope, when hope was reasonable, may (pardonably) not be inclined to try further—who, without being misanthropes or misogynists wishing well to all, yet shun a contact for which, having no longer a share in common interests and pursuits, they are unfit, and which must necessarily awaken a keener sense of the dreariness of their own path. Let me avail myself of an abler pen. "Some are born to more ill usage and more exposure to blights, frosts and blasts than others; while, from an excess of sensitiveness, they can less bear them. Some have found friends, and cheers, and praise, and exaltation, who do not seem very well to deserve them. While others with innocence, and energy, and capacity, have been thwarted at every step." It will, I think, frequently be found that something of this exists when exaggerated affection is observed. Exaggerated, but oh! not *unnatural*. Mr. Editor, it is *not* unnatural to love a creature that patiently bears its owner's every mood, gives a share of his affection to whatever she loves, and would die for her! In the cases I allude to, and although unobtrusive it may be feared they are not rare, the remarks of your correspondent are calculated to give pain; and on this account I really must contest their justice. "Contempt is seldom deserved where it is felt; or felt, where it is deserved." I think a Younger Brother's animadversions will not be taken to heart by the happy and heedless, but by those who are neither. Individually, I will observe my dog has a malady, which endearments may soothe, but cannot cure. He is getting old, and could ill bear a change of treatment he has not merited,—possessing, in a remarkable degree, the good qualities of his race. Moreover, we do not shock people's nerves by saluting in public,—only once, when I had a tooth extracted, and he could not help showing his sympathy. It were needless to add I am not wroth with the Editor of OUR amiable JOURNAL. "Cocoa" still remains "a solitary instance;" and my object will be attained if, "dear Mr. Kidd," you will only admit "there is no rule *without an exception*." If after all, I deserve "a penance," I have imposed one on myself. I have translated an article principally from a pretty book, called *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, by A. Karr, in the hope (should it not appear to you too badly done), to please your correspondent, the amiable SYLVIA, whose gentle heart would win all to participate in the enjoyments she herself so well knows how to appreciate.

FORESTIERA.

[The sincere esteem we entertain for you, FORESTIERA—"gentle" FORESTIERA—induces us to let you have the last word; the more readily, as we have said all we wish to say on the subject,

and have nothing to alter, not one word to retract.* Could you see the letters we have received on the subject, (the *spirit* of which, *you* quite evade!) you would hardly feel surprised at our reprobating what would appear never to have come under your modest eye. May you live in happy ignorance of what, were it known, would only distress and grieve your chaste womanly spirit. In saying from our very heart that "we love *YOU*," let us emphatically add, "and *YOUR DOG ALSO*." As we have said, there are assuredly "exceptions" to all rules—yours is one—but we legislate not for individuals but the world at large. If *YOU* are "magnanimous," are *WE* not also "generous?" Besides, you have done voluntary "penance"—a penance for which we are as grateful as we imagine all our readers will be. You have sung sweetly of "Early Dawn;" and our little "Saint Sylvia"—*entre nous* a lovely creature, truly!—thanks you devoutly, through us, for your nice appreciation of her heart's delight. The article on "Early Dawn" shall appear next week.]

* The women who "love" dogs, for the most part love "monkeys" equally well. It is a notorious fact, that at the Zoological Gardens, the monkey houses are *constantly* thronged with women! We have asked the keeper, repeatedly, if he could at all account for this depraved taste? His answer has ever been,—a shrug of the shoulders, and a shake of the head. The latter, however, contained as much "meaning" in it, as did the shake of Lord Burleigh's head in "The Critic."—ED. K. J.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of the JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. 1 inclusive—price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 8, price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, remains as before.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—PHILOS.—J. P.—W. F.—J. K.—EMMA.—ELIZA.—BOMBAYX ATLAS.—VERAX.—TIM.—FLORETTA.—JUNO.—JAQUES.—G. H. N.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, September 11, 1852.

WE MUST AGAIN DIRECT the attention of New Subscribers, to our FIRST VOLUME. They will find therein much useful information on subjects which they are now daily anxious to become acquainted with. During the present week, at least a dozen inquiries have been made, which have already been fully replied to, in detail, in early numbers of the JOURNAL. It would be unfair to our readers, generally, to go over the same matters again. It should be borne in mind

that this JOURNAL is *not* ephemeral. It *increases* in value for reference, daily; and is indispensable for all who take a delight in the works of Nature—"Domestic Pets" in particular.

Let us here repeat the request, that our Correspondents will write their articles on *one* side of the paper *only*. It will be the means of saving *us* much heavy labor of transcribing, and give the printer increased facilities for *his* operations on the "copy."

We also intimate to Entomologists, that they should write very distinctly. The *new* names of insects uselessly introduced (known for the most part by the writers *only*), it would puzzle a conjuror either to decipher or comprehend. We cannot, and must not be held answerable for printing them *correctly*, unless legibly written.

* * Will our Subscribers be so kind as to alter *the date* of our "Leader" of last week, to September 4th,—instead of August 28th?

WE HAVE ALREADY TAKEN OCCASION TO SAY that our Autumns are glorious ones. They are so. We may miss some few of the luxuries of summer, it is true, in September; but we receive more than compensation.

We now observe quite an alteration in the foliage. The trees have changed their livery. That lovely refreshing *green* which greeted us in early spring, is gone. But we have in exchange an infinite variety of hues. We have admired them lately, whilst reveling in rich river scenery. Undulating streams, willows, larches, the lofty beech, and all the accessories that can add to the charms of nature, have filled us with delight and admiration. The noble sun, without whose glorious presence we droop, has been our constant companion by the way; and in our rambles we have tasted largely of human happiness. At such times, how the heart pants for the happiness and welfare of all mankind! How we do wish we could make *our* feelings theirs! But this cannot be. Man is wisely allotted "*one*," companion to share in his sorrows and his joys. What a blessing this is, let each one say that possesses it.

For the next six weeks, the country will have charms indescribable for all who love Nature. We could dwell on them even now with ecstatic delight; but we should get no listeners at this season. Now everybody has departed; and rational people are gone abroad to "enjoy" all that is enjoyable. The "past" we can look back upon, chewing the cud of many happy hours; the "present" is before us, and offers us uncontrolled pleasures by sea and land; and for the "future" we are well content to wait. The future and the present are jealous rivals; so let all those who would enjoy both at one and the

same time, pause, or they will not be graciously welcomed by either.

"Now" do boarding-houses receive their inmates by the hundred. Now do venerable spinsters and the genus "tabby" residing thereat, take special care of the residue of half-pints of vapid dinner wine, and eat till nature knows no rest ("the cost," as they remark, "being the same"). Now does scandal go its giddy round, whilst the

"Forty are feeding like one."

And now do we, a casual visitor "making observations," devoutly thank God that we and ours are of "another world." Boarding-houses, their keepers, their visitors, their habits, their notions, their individualities,—are frightful enormities. Mammon is the host, mammon are the guests. Two powerful parties striving for the mastery, *who* shall get most out of the other! The human countenance at these dens of feasting and grumbling, is a study worthy of Lavater. Here is character sacrificed without scruple, and a fair reputation stabbed clean through the back—over a glass of vapid "Cape."

"Now" do "our inhabitants" at watering-places look out for London "flats." Now do our steamboats groan beneath the weight of thousands, as ready to be victimised. Now do "pleasure's votaries" begin to give a loose to their appetites before they reach Woolwich; and now do many mysterious bottles with short and long necks, find their way mysteriously from places where no "thought" could ever have penetrated. Now too do noses suddenly become tinted—not aqua-tinted!

"Now" do "curious" smells of ardent spirits, gin, rum, porter, tobacco, and ale, rise "curling" on the air of the well-spread decks, tempered by the rich flavor of a decayed "double-Gloucester." Now do recreant shop-boys, fresh from the undisguisable mart of "Moses & Son, Minorities," unroll their weed, and imbibe the poisonous fumes of embalmed cabbage-leaves—their imagination the while fondly hovering on the confines of Havannah! Now do their paste-washed countenances, shrouded under wide-awake hats, begin to grow "suspiciously animated" by their bottled-gooseberry eyes, as one by one they become lost to sight, and disappear no one knows where. Now does the steamer rejoice in a union of "essences," that even our own ROWLAND, with all his invention, could not clearly define. Now are certain "results" visible, which our muse declines to record.

"Now" does the crowded vessel "near" the desired haven. Now do the hoisted flag-poles proclaim how many hundreds of hungry "wide-awake" savages are about to

besiege the land of plenty, and eat it up.* Now do the "licensed porters" address themselves to their barrows, and make resolutions (never broken) to "fleece" their victims. Now do the "touters" muster in armies on the head of the pier, to *frighten away* all who (*but for their remorseless persecutors*) would most probably have dealt with their employers; and now does the vessel gaily enter the "Royal Harbour." Now too do the pale boys,† martyrs to the baked leaves of summer-cabbage, mysteriously appear from the side boxes; and try, as they mingle with the crowd, to smile as if they had "enjoyed the trip." Now do we observe that they severally fail in making converts to that opinion. A variety of masonic signals, given by the agitation of fingers, and a rapidly-oscillating thumb, justify us in the belief.

"Now" is all hurry and confusion. Now do all the victims rush on shore as quickly as they can—pursued, bellowed after, besieged, almost stripped by the "touters," who claim every parcel carried by a visitor as their own by "right." Now do we feel inclined to level them all *uno ictu*—by a single blow.

"Now" do visitors walk about the town, followed by a "disinterested guide," who conducts them to "eligible apartments;" and now does the smiling lodging-house keeper do "the best she can" for her lodger, "under circumstances." Now do visitors settle down; and now do they begin to pay for "their whistle." Tradesmen's cards form "the carpet" of the drawing-room,

* Every flag hoisted, denotes one hundred passengers. We have seen *seven* flags up at one time, and shuddered at the "visitation" about to be inflicted upon the town!

† The term "pale boys," is applicable to youth of every grade—from the genus "gent" to the shop-boy, clerk, and merchant's assistant. The word "boys" extends to the age of twenty-five, assuming that *after* this age, they *ought to be* civilised. These "pale boys" are a veritable nuisance, particularly in the summer—they poison the sweet air of heaven wherever they go. We can only compare them to that loathsome animal, "the skunk," whose stench is distinguishable a mile off. We never come to town, without having to wait while some of these "domestic skunks" (many of them "married" skunks) are lighting their high-dried cabbage-leaves. It does indeed seem marvellous that real gentlemen, riding beside them, can permit such a nuisance. Even inside the public carriage, these fumes of morning smoke are indescribably filthy; making ones clothes, for the day, to be redolent of a pot-house carousal. How we so hate these "skunks!" They are a scourge on society. As for their "better-halves"—but, poor souls! *they*, perhaps, are more "used" to it!—Faugh!!—ED. K. J.

on coming down stairs on the first morning after the arrival.

Of the lovely walks by moonlight, "Meet me alones," &c., &c., rides and drives to Tivoli, donkey excursions, raffles, &c. &c.—all so peculiar to watering-places, we say nothing. "They must be seen to be credited; be enjoyed to be believed." Neither need we dwell upon the charming strolls upon "the sands," with the dear children, and their often-times lovely supporters. These too are joys *not* to be emptily talked about, seeing how deeply they are "inlaid" in our memory. Nor need we speak, except incidentally, of "that pretty room up stairs," at *Belle Vue Tavern*, Pegwell Bay, in which room we—*mais n'importe*. Such shrimps, such bottled ale, such *cyder*, such bread and butter, such tea, and SUCH cream! We never!!!

Another glance, and we have done with the watering-places. Only think of going up every day to the end of the pier, to see the boats depart and arrive! This last—what a business of the day! The meetings, the arrivals, the chaste salutes, the sighs, the tears of the departing! It is a tableau.

"Now" does SATURDAY draw near; and now draws near with it the arrival of "the last boat from London"—the "duck boat," containing all the wife holds dear. *Now* do certain crones, gossips, and antique curiosities sally forth "by the light of the moon," to be in time to criticise the meeting of papas, mammas, and the family branches. *Now* does papa affectionately jump on shore, and joyously salute his angel of life—a salute that, holy in the sight of God and his angels! And now is the "overt act of impropriety" canvassed, and commented upon for a long week by the "tabbies."

Of *all* sights, commend us to this "sacred meeting" on Saturdays. If anything would render a watering-place agreeable, it would be this. We have been "performers" in it many a time, and have boldly braved, with a manly heart, all the envious "Did you evers!" that have greeted us as we tripped past the motley group that lined the shore. We reckon we have shocked the sensitive nerves of very many boarding-house spinsters in this way: and we think it likely that they are destined again to behold us amongst them. So let them "look out!"

"Now" have we completed this Paper of "seasonable realities"—we wish we could say rationalities; but that would not meet with an approval *in foro conscientiae*. It is our *duty* to describe what is going on in town and country—hence is our task of to-day rather irksome than pleasurable. When duty and pleasure go hand in hand—when, for instance, we are among fields

and gardens, by rivers and purling streams—*then* does our pen rejoice exceedingly in recording the "rationalities" of life.

Anon, the autumnal equinox will set in. Then will there be an end to steam-trips, and we shall once again return to the joys of the Country—and "Home."

"DO PRAY, MR. EDITOR, INSTRUCT ME and my sisters in the art of taming birds and animals. You are so constantly dwelling upon their delightful performances, and recording their fearless approach to their masters and mistresses, that I feel sure there *must be* some little mystery in the matter, known only to a certain few."

We have received from a fair Correspondent, a very long letter on the subject of Birds, and in it is a request made as above. We have replied to the letter generally, by post; but at the earnest desire of the writer, in whom we feel deeply interested, we treat this particular inquiry separately.

We have repeatedly remarked, that the talisman whereby all animals are tamed and rendered familiar (fear apart), is affection. We wish all our readers to bear in mind, that there is a more close affinity between animals and ourselves than we have the least idea of. Their instincts, fears, hopes, anticipations, affections, and good qualities, differ *only in degree* from our own. A harsh word hardens us; a harsh word frightens them. An encouraging word from you, will *always* excite attention in them. Treat them well, they will know you and honor you. Bestow your affection,—your *whole heart* upon them,—they will "love" you. They well know, as do we, the difference between common kindness and devoted affection. The one is comparative,—the other superlative. Give us the latter, and the animals too, if you want "love" in return.

Kindness is a natural gift,—so is cruelty. We have known little children—we know some now—who will lavish on a kitten all their fondest affections. The kitten is a part of themselves. They are always together,—unhappy when separated. The kitten hides in a box, after being dressed up like a baby, and goes through a multitude of gymnastics, pullings-about, and huggings, that we should imagine to be intolerably provoking. Not a bit of it! We repeat, that the sympathies and enjoyments of the groups we speak of, are identical. The same with puppies, and indeed *any* animals. A pleasing theory this.

On the other hand, some children, boys and girls, evince at a very early age the most horrible inclination to cruelty. They tease not only each other, but every animal they see; take an infinite delight in tearing off the wings of flies; and rejoice to witness their acute agonies, whilst writhing in

torture. Cockchafers too are remorselessly run through with a pin; and the greater their contortions of body through pain, the more vociferous the shouts and the more excessive the delights of their young tormentors. The instincts of animals fairly warn them against all such "friends."

These juvenile abominations can have no "pet." They are a terror to their sisters; bullies to their brothers; a scourge to their parents. In the world, they are overbearing; at home they are tyrants; and when they die, they are unregretted. Show us a *young* person who is kind, tender, and humane; we will then undertake that that same person shall turn out well in after life. Early education in these matters, as well among the rich as among the poor, is grossly neglected,—hence the disastrous results when the child becomes a man.

As for specific directions *totidem verbis* how to tame animals, none can be given. The eye of an animal meets yours. From a glance, *your disposition* towards him becomes manifested. If it be pacific and conciliatory, the animal already is half won; if the contrary, he is on his guard. A uniform course of kind treatment, and affectionate recognition, would charm *any* thing or anybody. How often, how very often have we verified this! We have had "pets," in our time, out of number. Their love for us has "surpassed the love of women."

Our readers will remember, that at p. 125, we playfully asked our charming Correspondent, LEONORA, at Leeds, to invite us down. No sooner said than done. We *have been* invited; we *have been* down! The family we found to consist of four members, the mamma, and three daughters; and among the first things we saw on entering their lovely abode, was the identical pair of pigeons about whose peculiar habits we were consulted. Before we could cross the lawn and get safely housed, we were closely followed by them and some fifteen of the most beautiful silver-spangled fowls that eyes ever gazed upon. In this family, let us briefly remark, "affection" evidently reigns triumphant. Birds, dogs, pigeons, fowls, ducks, domestics, &c., are all "one" with the family. Where one goes all go—they act in concert, they live in concert. Here we saw (we wish our fair inquirer could see it too), wherein consisted—the "whole art of taming animals."*

Our visit was short—distressingly so; but the fault was ours. Had WE been "wild," however short as was our stay, we

should inevitably have returned "tame." We may add—those pigeons will *never* sleep out of doors, while their lovely mistress, LEONORA, makes so much of them in-doors. "Silly doves" were they, if they could be so easily persuaded against their own interests!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Large Tiger Moth.—I have read with much satisfaction the remarks on the Large Tiger Moth, or *Chelonia Caja*, by C. Miller, Hackney, in your interesting JOURNAL; and I trust that gentleman will not take it amiss if I endeavor to supply what appears to me to be wanting, to complete his description, and to make a few remarks which strike me, *en passant*. By the friendly exchange of positive observations, entomology is much benefited. In the first place then, Sir, I see no reason for removing *Caja* from among the *Chelonides*, and placing it among the *Arctia*—the *Chelonia* is its natural division among *Civica*, *Matronula*, *Purpurea*, &c. Why place it with *Fuliginosa*, *Lubricipeda*, *Sordida*, &c.? It is not to be called *Arctia* but *Chelonia Caja*. Towards the end of March, and even earlier, the said little hairy caterpillars are found, but I fancy not of *uniform* chestnut color. The color is generally (as far as I have observed) at this stage, of a dark brown (varying however in intensity) on the back, and light reddish ochre on the sides and abdomen. The white dorsal line is also *very* visible. This little caterpillar however proceeds from small round pale-yellowish eggs, which are laid about the beginning of the *previous August*; and are hatched about *twelve* days after they are *laid*, and pass the winter in a state of *engourdissement*, or nearly so. Their favorite food in the spring is nettle, violet, dandelion, ground ivy, and almost all species of low herbs. As they increase in size however, the red currant is their favorite food, but scarcely anything comes much amiss to their twist, although they are not omnivorous. The tubercles are of a *deep blueish black*—the *golden* oval-shaped spot (or as I think I have always observed it—*orange-colored*) is *always* to be seen when the caterpillar is changing its skin. The mode of changing into a chrysalis, is much the same in almost all caterpillars that weave a web as a receptacle for their cocoon. Why that everlasting quoting from others? Any one can copy out of another's work. It is a pity. In point of size, color, and shape of the markings, it varies very considerably. In my opinion, a better idea of *Caja* is conveyed by commencing with the *predominant* color, and saying that the upper wings are of a *rich coffee brown* with sinuous markings of *pale creamy white*; the outermost of which, cross and form something like the figure of the letter X. Near the middle of the margin (the upper one) of the superior wings, *two* short patches of creamy white, finishing in a *point*, are also pretty constant. The other markings vary considerably. The lower wings are generally of a *fine brick-red*, though sometimes they will vary to a very pale yellowish red or orange color, or pale orange yellow, with six or seven rich *dark blue*

* For further proofs of the power and influence of kindness and affection over Animals, we may refer to an article in this day's JOURNAL, among our "Original Correspondence," on the "Marching Military Goat," see p. 173.

spots; the three outer ones are often confluent. These spots are bordered by *black*, and that again slightly by yellow. The *under* side of all the wings is of a lighter tint than the upper side. The markings on the upper wings have a reddish tinge; and the spots on the lower wings are all of a *coffee brown*. The "corselet" is *coffee brown* with a red collar. The abdomen is the same color as the under wings (generally), with five to six dark blueish black transverse dashes across the centre, and with about a similar number of broad coffee brown dashes beneath. The fringe on the upper wings is either coffee brown, or creamy white, just as that color happens to prevail on the outer margin. On the lower wings, it is pale yellowish; and in some specimens, mixed with brick red. The antennæ are creamy white, with the tip brown. I shall conclude by saying that I have feeding close under my nose about *half a thousand Chelonia Caja*. Let me hope that C. Miller, Hackney, will send some more of his interesting *positive* remarks to the valuable, simple, and fascinating leaves of OUR "OWN JOURNAL." — BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Hive of Bees.—

All, Mr. Editor, who are in want of instruction, seem to fly to you. Your wing has been so widely extended (and yet you say there is room), that I at once take refuge under it. Tell me, please, if you can account for the following. A fortnight ago, we lost a hive of bees,—they had been hived two years. We observed them in great confusion, and we imagined they might be about to throw off a swarm. This agitation continued until the evening. The following day, they appeared in comparative repose, but there was much broken comb observable beneath the hive. Last week we had the curiosity to examine it. Not one bee was there remaining in it! not one drop of honey! That there had been plenty, was evident from the state of the comb. I may remark, that this was a remarkable swarm of bees,—numerous and vigorous. WE do not attribute the disappearance of the bees and honey to the wasps, although many have been seen in the neighborhood. —SERAPHINA, *Staines*.

[We are almost inclined to think, Mademoiselle, that the wasps *are* the cause of your loss. From the agitation of the colony, it is evident some enemy had disturbed them; and we know of no more formidable enemy than the wasp. We shall see if any of our readers can explain the matter more satisfactorily.]

Cats without Tails.—I mark, Mr. Editor, whilst perusing your JOURNAL (of which I am now a constant reader), that the above sport from Nature's more usual caudal conditions in the Cat, has aroused the spirit of speculation in some of your correspondents. At page 24, vol. i., one writer, not being able to trace a genealogy for tailless cats, insinuates that his acquaintances have a resemblance to "a cross between bunny and grimalkin." Yet he asserts that, except in the want of a tail, his observed mouser "is in all other respects a perfect cat." This admission would seem to be enough to decide the writer's doubts; for a mule beast

should have duplex structures, more numerous and more equally distributed than appears in a whole and undivided cat, *minus* her tail. Nevertheless, the author puts in the plea of propinquity thus:—"I may, however, remark that there was a rabbit-warren at hand." This hint intimates that your correspondent is scarcely a sceptic in the possibility or even probability that cats and rabbits can breed together; he even suspects that they do so spontaneously. Next comes "J. T.," at page 330. This writer gives us the unadorned fact of kittens, even without flounce or furbelow; and prudently leaves the "cause" to other investigators. Again we have, in the same number of OUR JOURNAL, "J. A. B." This gentleman fully believes "R. D.'s" fancy to be true; and that tailless cats *are* the progeny of cats and rabbits. But he is at a loss to account how snub-tailed rabbits can have kittens, without a bit of the tail, at all! Now, Sir, the physiology of this case is half-fish, half-monkey, like the dried mermaid in the juggler's show-box. But the diatetic demonstrations are of much moment. It seems the rabbit-y cats ate raw beef freely; and would not touch the usual food of rabbits. This is all wrong, and inharmonious. To make matters straight, the gnawing teeth of the rabbit ought to have been flanked by sharp incisors, and the short intestines of a carnivorous cat ought to have an appended sac as long as a tail, in which to digest lettuces, &c., alternately with mice and rats, "and other small deer." Fortunately for all who might have credited this impossibility, a correspondent "M. R." sets the matter right at p. 379. It is an anomalous structural deficiency,—not very unusual, but of which we as yet do not know the producing law. An Angora cat, with her beautiful bushy tail, is not a mule from a grey squirrel; yet the claim to paternity is the same as that of the tailless cat to the rabbit. It may be well to say in a popular Journal like OUR OWN, for the guidance of those who have not attended to Physiology, that these congenital, or "from birth" variations from usual types, are thousand-fold in plants; hundred-fold in the lower forms of animals; twenty-fold in fishes, birds, and quadrupeds; and fewest of all in the lofty genus *Homo*. —RICHARD, *Cork*.

[Will our obliging Correspondent use his influence with the local booksellers in his vicinity, to keep our JOURNAL on sale? We will send circulars, show-bills, or any thing that may induce them to say there is such a periodical as "KIDD'S JOURNAL." This is denied, daily, all over the United Kingdom!]

Affection of Birds.—In the spring of the present year, two sportsmen walking along the shore, to the east of Worthing, came upon the nest of a ringed dotterel (*Charadrius hiaticula*), in which were two young birds. One of the parents was shot, and a young bird taken. The other parent, not being present, escaped; but one of the offspring was left in the nest, to entice it back. Returning on the following morning, the sportsmen found the nest was empty, and the young one removed to some considerable distance. The parent, however, was still not to be seen. Next day they again returned, but the

bird had been carefully disposed of by its fond parent. An agreeable trait have we here of the potent and beautiful affection exhibited for their young by the feathered creation. I have used the word "nest" as applied to the dotterel; more properly speaking it is the *cunabula* of the bird; for it deposits its eggs in any chance depression in a sandbank, or among the shingle by the sea-shore.—PHILO-CHARADRIUS, *Reading*.

Tameness of Animals; The Goat.—I have seen, Mr. Editor, on many occasions, a remarkably handsome goat, marching at the head of a regiment of soldiers, down towards Hyde Park. The evident good understanding existing between this beautiful creature and the regiment, is a matter for delight and astonishment. It *precedes* them on all occasions, and "marches" with all the air and dignity of a true soldier, evidently aware of its position and importance. You must, of course, be aware of this, Mr. Editor, and can perhaps furnish some particulars of it.—THOMAS M., *Bayswater*.

[The goat you allude to is indeed a pet, much loved by all who know him. He is, to all intents and purposes, "one of the regiment." He lives with them, "marches" with them, eats with them, plays with them, sleeps with them,—thus bearing us out in one of our leading articles of to-day. This goat has been in the regiment, 1st battalion of Grenadier Guards, eight months. Not more than a fortnight elapsed after his entrance before he was led by a boy, with a string, in front of the regiment. He "caught the idea" immediately, relished it, took a fancy for "the army," and enlisted. In three weeks he was the "best man" in the regiment, and never neglected his duties. Playful as a kitten when "off duty," he is, when "on duty," inflexibly correct and serious. Beating time to the music with the utmost precision, he is, to all intents and purposes, a "military goat," of unblemished character, and undeniable courage. He is amiable to a degree, even-tempered, and fond of anybody who notices him. As for tricks and accomplishments, you may teach him *any* thing. He is of a black tan color, and stands two feet nine inches high. His hair is from two to ten inches long, (we have some of it in our possession, and very fine and beautiful it is). He measures round the waist forty-two inches. His length from nose to tail is fifty-two inches. His horns are nine and a-half by four and a-half inches round. His ears are six inches, and his tail five inches long. In his habits he is most cleanly, and altogether free from the skunk-like smell of his race. He is of a convivial favorite—in-doors, out-of-doors. Gladly and frankly will he shake hands with anybody; but, like a "real gentleman," as he is, he will brook no insult. Only let an undeserved charge be brought against him, and see how soon he will re-but it! Under such circumstances alone, is he *head-strong*. In all else, gentle as a lamb. Such is the amiable character of the animal about which you inquire. He is the property of Drum-Major JONES, to whose kind teaching he does much honor. Let us congratulate Mr. Jones on his good taste in having so harmless a hobby. The whole regiment shall also have our good word, for seconding the feeling. The love

of animals shows a good heart wherever it be found. So, long life to the 1st battalion of Grenadier Guards, and to the worthy "leader of their crack regiment!"]

Meeting of German Naturalists at Wiesbaden.—The 29th Meeting of German Naturalists and Physicians will take place next Saturday, September 18, at Wiesbaden. The convenience of the situation of Wiesbaden, and the facility of reaching it, are well known. The surrounding country is full of interest, geological, mineralogical, botanical, &c.; and all those who will honor the meeting with their presence will be sure to meet a hearty welcome from the Presidents and Secretaries and the assembled German naturalists. The meeting will last from the 18th to the 25th instant. A general invitation has been issued to the principal learned societies of Europe.—W. J.

"A MAN OVER-BOARD!"

WE HAVE ALL READ in the newspapers of "men over-board," some saved—some lost. Many of us have read, and shuddered at the idea of a man being lost in sight of his fellow creatures, who could not save him. It is one thing to read this—another thing to *witness* it. This last was *our* melancholy lot a few days since.

On the 26th ult., rising at 5 A.M., the morning was beautifully fine; so fine that, being over weary with our literary duties, we determined on making holiday. Accordingly, we arranged for starting to Southend by the early boat from Hungerford Market.

Calling *en route*, at London Bridge, we took in among a multitude of other passengers, a fine young man, a sailor, (aged about twenty-six), who was accompanied to the water's edge by his old, venerable, and loving mother (her age about 60). The sailor was going down to Sheerness to "join his ship." His idolising mother had come to see "the last of him." "Jack!" said the old lady, dissolved in tears, "God bless thee! wilt give thy mother thy watch and chain to remember thee by when thou art gone?" This request filled "Jack's" eye with brine. "Aye, Mother," responded he, "that will I—take 'em (he passed the chain round the old lady's neck); and God—for ever—bless thee!!" The vessel moved on.

The waving handkerchief of the old lady gradually became lost to sight; and "her boy," holding up his straw hat as long as it could possibly be seen (and much longer), went below, and

"Wiped away a tear!"

The passing scene then broke the chain of this little episode, and poetry gave way to prose.

The vessel in course of time reached Erith pier. All faces were joyful—some three or four hundred hearts were happy.

Scarcely had we left the pier, the tide running down strongly with us, than a gripe on our shoulder from behind—a gripe we say,—nearly caused us to faint from pain. Our *compagnon de voyage* in her agony, had seen “a man overboard,” and she viewed, with a woman’s eyes, “a mother’s son” battling the billows for his life—or DEATH!!

A shriek of universal horror rent the air. A dead silence ensued. The vessel lay to. A fellow-creature, with his hands raised aloft, and about to quit this world *for ever*, was within 100 yards of us! So sudden was all this, that ere a boat could reach him even from our own vessel, or from the pier, we saw him (when the boat was within some dozen yards of him)—raise his hands for the last time, and—disappear! The fond mother’s son—the sailor from London Bridge, who had refused to accompany his mates that same morning from the Docks to Gravesend, preferring “to go back once more” and let his mother “see the last of him” (prophetic warning!)—was hurried into eternity before he had quitted her arms two hours! What a moment of intense agony for *all*!

We note this fact in our columns, for two reasons. In the first place, with a view again to raise our voice against the use of ardent spirits (the poor fellow had too freely indulged in “a parting cup” ere he left shore); and, in the next place, to urge upon the captains of our river-steamers the necessity there is for having always ready some available means to rescue unhappy creatures like this. There *was* a boat on board. It *was* lowered; but it was not “in readiness;” and it was some time ere it could be detached and launched. Every instant, under such agonising circumstances, was *an hour*. Not a rope was thrown out; not anything whereto he could have clung for support. It is supposed the poor sailor was carelessly leaning against the rail, below the paddle-box; and that overbalancing himself he fell over. All was the work of an instant. It came upon us as a dream. It dwells with us now as a dream, but our heart is still sorrowful. We think of the breaking, if not already broken heart, of that dear, fond, affectionate mother, whose “soul was bound up in the life of that lad”—that lad her own son!

May Heaven in its Providence preserve us, and all our readers, from ever witnessing such another sight as this! It is too horrible to dwell upon; but we would fain hope it was not without its “effect” upon the minds of some of the thoughtless ones. We observed many of these turn pale, and their paleness gave ample evidence that they would not soon forget the scene and its consequences of

“A Man Over-board!”

A PRIVATE WHISPER

To ———.

[Ladies! Don’t ALL speak at once.]

Do you remember, when you heard
My lips breathe love’s first flatt’ring word?

You do, sweet—don’t you?
When, having wander’d all the day,
Lock’d arm in arm, I dared to say,—

“You’ll love me—won’t you?”

And when you blushed, and could not speak,
I fondly kissed your glowing cheek,

Did that affront you?
Oh! surely not; your eyes exprest
No wrath, but said, perhaps in jest,—

“You’ll love me—won’t you?”

I’m sure my eyes replied, “I will,”
And you believe that promise still;

You do, sweet—don’t you?
Yes, yes; when age has made our eyes
Unfit for questions or replies,

“You’ll love me—won’t you?”

QUIS EGO?

ANOTHER MONSTER TELESCOPE.

ALL THE WORLD are aware of the Great Telescope constructed by the Earl of Rosse. It has been supposed to be perfect—and not to be improved upon. But we live in a world of wonders.

There is now in the course of erection, on Wandsworth Common, an enormous achromatic instrument, of a power fully equal to that of Lord Rosse; and through this, the object looked at can be directly magnified, as with an opera glass. This wonderful discovery will ere long be exhibited to the public. Meantime, we give an abbreviated description of the particulars furnished us by a correspondent of the “Times.”

In the course of a recent ramble, he says, on Wandsworth Common, our attention was attracted by a singular-looking structure, consisting of a plain tower with a long tube slung by its side, surrounded by a wooden hoarding to keep off intruders. On making inquiries, we learned that it was a new monster telescope on the achromatic principle, in process of construction, under the superintendence of Mr. W. Gravatt, F.R.S., for the Rev. Mr. Craig, Vicar of Leamington. Having obtained an introduction, we inspected the instrument, and ascertained some particulars respecting it which may not be uninteresting.

The site, consisting of two acres, has been liberally presented by Earl Spencer in perpetuity, or so long as the telescope shall be maintained. The central tower, consisting of brick, is 64 feet in height, 15 feet in diameter, and weighs 220 tons. Every precaution has been taken in the construction

of this building to prevent the slightest vibration; but, if any disappointment in this respect should arise (which, however, Mr. Gravatt does not anticipate), additional weight can be obtained by loading the several floors, and the most perfect steadiness will be thus insured.

By the side of this sustaining tower hangs the telescope. The length of the main tube, which is shaped somewhat like a cigar, is seventy-six feet, but with an eyepiece at the narrow end, and a dewcap at the other, the total length in use will be eighty-five feet. The design of the dewcap is to prevent obscuration by the condensation of moisture, which takes place during the night, when the instrument is most in use. Its exterior is of bright metal, the interior is painted black. The focal distance will vary from seventy-six to eighty-five feet. The tube at its greatest circumference measures thirteen feet, and this part is about twenty-four feet from the object glass. The determination of this point was the result of repeated experiments and minute and careful calculations. It was essential to the object in view that there should not be the slightest vibration in the instrument. Mr. Gravatt, reasoning from analogy, applied the principle of harmonic progression to the perfecting of an instrument for extending the range of vision, and thus aiding astronomic research. By his improvements the vibration at one end of the tube is neutralised by that at the other, and the result is that the utmost steadiness and precision are attained.

The iron work of the tube was manufactured by Messrs. Rennie, under the direction of Mr. Gravatt. The object-glasses are also of English construction, and throw curious light upon the manner in which an enlightened commercial policy has reacted upon and promoted the advancement of science. Up to a recent period, the flint glass for achromatic telescopes was entirely of foreign manufacture. Since the reduction in the duty, great improvements have been made in this department. The making of the large flint glass was intrusted to Mr. Chance, of Birmingham, who at first hesitated to manufacture one larger than nine inches in diameter. Upon being urged, however, by Mr. Craig, he has succeeded in producing one twenty-four inches; perfectly clear, and homogeneous in structure. Besides this, there is a second of plate glass of the same dimensions, cast by the Thames Plate Glass Company, either of which the observer may use at his option.

The manner in which these object-glasses are fitted into the tube is a marvel of artistic invention. By means of twelve screws, numbered according to the hours of the day, they can be set in an instant to any

angle the observer may require, by his merely calling out the number of the screw to be touched. The object-glasses also move round in grooves to wherever it may be considered that a more distinct view can be gained. The tube rests upon a light wooden framework, with iron wheels attached, and is fitted to a circular iron railway at a distance of fifty-two feet from the centre of the tower. The chain by which it is lowered is capable of sustaining a weight of thirteen tons, though the weight of the tube is only three.

Notwithstanding the immense size of the instrument, the machinery is such that it can move either in azimuth, or up to an altitude of eighty degrees, with as much ease and rapidity as an ordinary telescope, and, from the nature of the mechanical arrangements, with far greater certainty as to results. The slightest force applied to the wheel on the iron rail, causes the instrument to move horizontally round the central tower; while a wheel at the right hand of the observer, by a beautiful adaptation of mechanical powers, enables him to elevate or depress the object-glass with the greatest precision and facility. So easy, in fact, is the control over the instrument in this respect, that a very slight touch on the wheel lifts ten cwt. It may be observed, also, that there cannot be the slightest flexure in the tube; no error or deflection arising from that cause can occur, while the ease with which it can be directed towards any point of the heavens will enable the observer to make profitable use of any patch of clear sky, however transient it may be. The great value of this need not be pointed out to those accustomed to making astronomical observations. With respect to the magnifying power of this novel instrument, it is only necessary to state that, though the focus is not so sharp as it will be shortly, it has already separated the nebulae in the same way as Lord Rosse's. It has also separated some of the double stars in the Great Bear, and shown distinctly a clear distance of fifty or sixty degrees between them, with several other stars occupying the intervening space. Ordinary readers will better understand the extraordinary magnifying power of the telescope, when we inform them that by it a quarter-inch letter can be read at the distance of half a mile.

The preparations for this really national work have been progressing for the last two years under the superintendence of Mr. Gravatt as engineer and mathematician; but it is only about three months since the superstructure at Wandsworth Common was commenced, and it is already near completion.

We understand that the Observatory is

likely to be endowed by its liberal and enlightened originator. It will not only be a lasting monument to his enterprising devotion to science, but an admirable illustration of the perfection to which the mechanical arts have attained in this country.

We shall, of course, see this wonderful instrument when nearer completion. We shall then be able to speak more particularly of its marvellous properties and powers.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS.

THE all-absorbing interest that still attaches to the Land of Gold, renders everything connected therewith of first-rate importance.

The new Panorama therefore, just opened at 309, Regent Street, is one of universal attraction; and the scenes represented derive additional value from their having been painted on the spot by Mr. J. S. Prout,—the marine views by Mr. T. S. Robins. To accord due honor to *all*, we should likewise mention that the various animals represented (kangaroos, whales, dolphins, albatrosses, &c.), are from the faithful pencil of Mr. C. Weigall.

The artistic merit of this moving Panorama is considerable; and by means of a description of every passing object, neatly given by the Lecturer, a very fair idea is conveyed of the gold districts already discovered in Australia; and other *notabilia*. The paintings are excellently-well finished, and the *ensemble* deserves great praise.

Leaving Plymouth we pass by Madeira, Rio Janeiro, and the Cape of Good Hope, to Melbourne; and we perceive on canvas *all* we wish to know of those parts,—interesting indeed to the eye, but perhaps somewhat delusive to the hopes. At all events they give a very correct insight of what awaits the emigrant as regards the country; and this is all that can be needful.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

A word in kindness spoken
Will soothe the saddest heart,
Though wounded and half-broken
Beneath affliction's smart.

When sorely pressed by sorrow,
And torn by doubt and fear;
A smile will cheer the morrow
And check the falling tear.

Yes! gentle words will soften,
And life's bright joys unfold—
Joys which alas! too often,
We cruelly withhold!

Let mercy without measure,
And kind compassion flow;
Though poor, this is a treasure
All freely can bestow.

We know a smile will cheer us,
In sorrow's saddest hour;
And gentle words endear us
To those who feel their power.

Then be it our endeavor
To breathe the words of peace;
Let friendly actions ever
Our happiness increase!

Let gentle words be spoken,
And Heaven's blessing shared;
For *many* a heart has "broken"
THAT KINDNESS MIGHT HAVE SPARED!

SELECT POETRY.

REMEMBRANCE.

WHEN last thy pleasant face I saw, a calmness
filled my heart,
And present bliss was so complete that fancy
would not part
With its image of the future, though its prospect
looked so drear,
When thou wouldst go, depriving me of all I
held so dear!

With childlike grace and innocence I've seen
thy features beam,
When side by side, in simple faith we dreamt
our fairy dream,
That in after years, despite of change, in sympathy
and truth,
Maturity would still confirm the feeling of
our youth.

I miss thy face—I miss thy hand—yet love of
thee remains,
Affection firmly keeps her seat and binds my
soul in chains;
Thy memory serves to teach me that the
world has joy to give,
For those who, loving faithfully, in hopeful
spirit live.

Oh! good the lesson I have learnt, to live in
patient pride
With ever-present earnest love for my enduring
guide;
For though Fate takes away from us the
faithful and the kind,
Life's beacon-star is left us while remembrance
stays behind!

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Conducted by WILLIAM KIDD, of Hammersmith,—

AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;" "THE AVIARY," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 38.—1852.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

PRICE 3d.
Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 1s. 1d.

THE ART OF TAMING ANIMALS.

WE ARE LOOKED UP TO AS "SIR ORACLE," it seems, on all that is connected with the training, teaching, rearing, and taming of Birds and Animals. People write to us, as if we were a magician, and must necessarily be able to do, as well as know—EVERY thing!

Some years since, the public were full of wonder when they beheld a large cage in the Waterloo Road, filled with a variety of animals of opposite tastes, habits and dispositions. They saw the cat familiar with the rat, pigeons with owls; jackdaws, hawks, guinea pigs, leverets, hares, rabbits, &c. &c., herding together in apparent amity. This cage was christened the "Happy Family," and the exhibitor reaped a rich harvest of pence. With *him*, the "harvest" is now over. He is cut down and withered. The grave closed on his remains years ago. He was himself a happy creature. We see him now, with his full-moon countenance; triumphing mentally as well facially in the work of his hands. It was "as good as a play" to see him glide mysteriously round the corner of the cage, armed with a saucer to collect the dues; one almost felt the "obliged party" whilst contributing to the funds!

The mantle of this brute-tamer has since descended upon some others; and we have now foxes, badgers, pole-cats, monkeys, and a host of other novelties, gracing some half-dozen similar cages in different parts of the town. As regards ourselves, we see little to marvel at in these animals, or in their training. We sometimes smile at them in the winter season, when a lighted candle is placed inside. It is no uncommon circumstance for a monkey, on such occasions, to singe, if not to burn, the end of his tail; and to watch the contortions of his face, the while, is excruciatingly-droll indeed! The cat, too, often gets singed; and the antics consequent thereupon among the monkeys, foxes, &c., is funny—very. But in the as-

sociation of these creatures, there is no "art of taming" exhibited. A stick, a rod of hot iron, starvation, and "use" ("second nature"), are the "inducements" held out to make these creatures fraternise—and they surely are very powerful "persuasives to early piety." We look at these things several times; and all wonder, all interest ceases.

It is not so with birds or animals regularly "tamed." We see in them that the prevailing feeling is affection,—that the animal loves you for yourself. It hears your voice, your step; and tries hard to get at you. If a bird—it sits on your finger, your head, or your shoulder: it eats from your mouth; nestles in your bosom; sidles towards you in the cage; and *must* enjoy your society. Its heart, though small, is full of love, and it will impart it to *you*. This is true affection.

Now all this is the result of a naturally-affectionate disposition in the master or mistress. It affects the atmosphere it inhabits,—diffuses, by contact, all its healthful influence around. It is the same as with ourselves and our associates,—for there is a very close analogy, in many things, between the higher and the lower world. The instincts of the latter are strangely marvellous. We have had birds in our time, whose "love" for us, and ours for them, has been such that no person could credit it. We shall therefore be contented with this remark, *en passant*.

Now as regards animals generally, they are won in precisely the same way. Kindness of speech, familiarity of manner, the whole heart given up, and confidence shared—these the animal readily comprehends, appreciates, reciprocates. Perhaps the horse and the dog are the most susceptible to "pure friendship" of all animals. We have had proofs innumerable of this. What would our readers think of us, if we were to say that we have had more real happiness, experienced more true affection and constancy, from certain of these quadrupeds, than from

any other creature living? We will not say it,—but if we did, every word would be truly spoken.

We cannot help smiling at some of the letters we receive on this subject. The writers, evidently most truly amiable, evince so much charming ignorance that we cannot be angry with them. They “want their little friends to love them, but don't know how to set about it.” If we knew any nice, affectionate young lady, and wanted her to love us,—how should *we* set about it? We always meet the case in this way. Why, by delicate attention; showing our delight by constant propinquity (that overpowering argument in matters of the heart), and by tendering little offerings of affection. *This* is the talisman.

But it is not always that animals or birds are so won. The eye has much to do with the subjugation of certain of the larger kinds. The eye speaks the wish of the master. The eye enforces the commands of the master. The animal sees, *feels*, and instantly obeys. We have been in the stables of the late Andrew Ducrow (at Astley's), when two horses (between which we were standing) on hearing his voice, trembled to the very foundation. They quaked through fear. (He was an awful brute to them.) We have noted his eye; we noticed their eyes. There was “a mystery” to us, no longer. This is Mesmerism, properly so called. We may introduce the word now, harmlessly; for all the world are opening their eyes to its power. Its *quondam* bitterest enemies, are, whilst we write, amongst its firmest adherents.*

Our lady readers will *not* need to have recourse to the “eye,” when taming their “pets.” The “heart” is everything with them; and we must confess, it is the best “argument” of the two. Never yet was affection foiled, if it had the smallest particle of good material to work upon. We could be eloquent on this, and bring proofs inexhaustible. When others have failed, we have “gone in—and won!” This perhaps ought to have been a “confidential communication!” Our remark, however, does not necessarily apply to the “higher” world.

We have spoken of the “eye” as a powerful agent in taming an animal. We are now about to prove it, by relating a few particulars that have come under our notice, connected with a very wonderful and a very clever grey parrot, the property of G.

* What first induced us to give our undivided attention to this subject, was, a conference held with John Amor, Esq., of New Bond Street. We improved our opportunities daily; and to this gentleman we are greatly beholden for much valuable knowledge—since confirmed by repeated experiments.—ED. K. J.

TROTTER, Esq., a gentleman residing in the Isle of Thanet. The fame of this bird has travelled far and near. Being anxious to satisfy ourselves if Fame was always a *fibber*, we have seen the bird and judged fairly. Fame, in *this* case, has redeemed her character. The grey parrot *is* an admirable performer.

The parrot rejoices in the name of “George.” He has been in Mr. Trotter's possession fourteen years; and never was yet known to utter the word “Polly.” In this, he is a solitary exception, it is believed, among all his tribe; neither does he shriek, nor scream. In all respects he is a mirror of perfection. When we saw him, he was, like an ordinary parrot, seated on his perch in a large cage. His master's voice reached him, and their eyes met. A sympathetic chord ran through the twain.

“Give me your right foot, and kiss me,” said the master. The foot was presented, the kiss was given. The same request was made for the left foot, and the kiss; and with the same result. There were many attempts made to persuade the bird he was “mistaken”—but he knew better. He also passed and repassed his master's arm, by stooping, when requested so to do. Every command was a law, instantly obeyed. We were much struck at the obedience shown, and the perfect power that was possessed over the bird.

“George” next went through a very curious and entertaining series of experiments. He lay down at command as “dead.” He was then taken up, an apparently lifeless mass,—thrown backwards and forwards, hither and thither, upwards and downwards. Still, no motion. He was then *de-mesmerised*, and once more “himself again.” Then did he go through a long exercise with three tea-spoons. One he held firmly in his mouth, and one in each of his claws. He was then held up by the hand of his master, and performed a dance,—first on his head; and then on his feet. It was a dance—*à la* three tea-spoons. A tune was whistled to him; and he kept time to it.* This and much more. In all that we have related of “George,” it must be borne in mind that the “eye” alone has been called into exercise.

Then he is a first-rate dancer,—full of fun, full of attitude; and as for “talking,” there is no end to it. This last, however, he will do *only when he pleases*. The “eye” here has no power. His most favorite expressions, are—“Prince Albert! come and

* More correctly speaking, as the bird was shamming to be “dead,” he passively danced, under his master's guidance; the tune being mentally remembered, and repeated on a *future* occasion.—ED. K. J.

kiss pretty, pretty Queen Victoria.—Pretty, pretty, Queen Victoria! come and kiss poor George.—Poor George is in his cage and cannot get out.—One hundred guineas for poor George, cage and all, cage and all," &c. &c. He will also, when he hears a noise, cry out "Silence!" This, of course, from having heard his master say so.

We need hardly add that this bird—a sweetly-pretty creature! is, like the rest of his tribe, possessed of certain powers, largely developed by circumstances. He has no knowledge of *the meaning* of what he says; but mechanically obeys an impulse over which he has no power.

Herein we have endeavored to show the "Art of Taming and Training Animals." It is a subject on which little can be said, save in outline; but one that is replete with interest if carefully studied. We shall, no doubt, be constantly treating on something connected with it; for new discoveries are being made daily.

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXVII.—THE BLACK-CAP.

WE ARE FAST TRAVELLING ONWARDS with this lovely month of September, a month in which Nature's lap overflows with a profusion of blessings.

Now, if ever, is the time to be "happy." The sun, at mid-day, still rejoices in the majesty of his great power, the country, redolent of smiles and serenity, presents us with beauties inexhaustible,—but the joyous, mellifluous voices to which we have been wont to listen in the green fields with ecstasy and delight, are still hushed. An occasional twitter, indeed, falls upon our ear,—but beyond that, the Autumn song of the robin excepted, all is silence. Yet is it delightful to court the contemplative mood, and to wander abroad; for, as John Keats warbles,—

The *poetry of Earth* is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees,—a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
mead;

That is the grasshopper's; he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

It is at such seasons as these, when we are roaming about in a happy frame of mind ourselves, that we feel inclined to ponder upon the question of its being cruel, or kind, to keep our little winged friends in confinement. This requires much consideration; and we fear we are more apt to lean towards our own inclination in the matter, than to consult the happiness of our in-

tended prisoners. Spenser asks, and we shall be puzzled to find more than one rational answer for him—

What more felicity can fill a creature,
Than to enjoy delight with *liberty*,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature?
To reign in the air, from earth to yon blue sky,
To roam midst flowers, and trees of glorious
feature?

And taste whatever food doth please the eye?

We leave, however, each one of our readers to decide the point for themselves; and as we feel sure that very many of them *will* decide against Spenser, we shall at once descend to the old common place consideration of proper habitations, food, and treatment for birds in confinement: and, first, a fitting cage for the Black-cap.

This little fellow being for the most part of a cheerful, confiding, companionable disposition, there is no need to have his dwelling made dark. Still, as he loves to be kept warm and snug, both the sides of his cage should be of wood, as well as the back and top; the front being of strong white tin wire. The proper proportions are,—length of cage, 16 inches; height, 13 inches; depth, 10 inches. The whole must be of mahogany; and if French polished, it would be all the better. The interior of the cage may be arranged precisely as per instructions already given for the nightingale's cage. The black-cap, however, will require no green silk curtain to conceal *him* from view; for, seated on his lower perch, his chief delight is to see all that is going forward; nor is he less ambitious of exciting *your* attention, and catching *your* eye. With crest erect, and neck outstretched, the would-be "observed of all beholders,"

Venit,—spectetur ut ipse!

He is indeed a bold, familiar fellow;—a true descendant from Narcissus.

The next luxury to provide your little friend, is the bath; of which he ought to be dubbed a "Knight!" He is inordinately fond of bathing; and his plumage being fine as gossamer, he loves to have every thread, if we may so speak, thoroughly wetted. When he retires to his cage (drenched!), the bath must be immediately removed; and on no account must it be furnished more than once daily—and then, early in the morning. We have already alluded to his toilet. This ceremonial is with him a "grand study," and we advise you to stand by and watch his movements while so occupied. The whole scene is ridiculously amusing; and be assured he enjoys your company as much as you do the sight of his harmless pleasures.

With respect to the cleanliness necessary to be observed—such as giving him con-

stantly fresh red sand, scouring his tray, &c., &c., these needful instructions have been fully given under the head of the "Nightingale." It is only necessary for us, to enforce the propriety of their literal observance. To repeat them here, would occupy valuable space to little purpose; the subject is indivisible, and *all* the papers which have appeared will necessarily be referred to by the amateur bird-fancier. By the way, we must repeat *one* of our early instructions—and that is—see that plenty of clean fresh water be given him, twice daily, to drink. This is important.

His dwelling being constructed and furnished, let us now speak of his diet. Fortunately for his admirers, although he is, when at liberty, an insectivorous bird, yet his constitution is stronger than that of the nightingale, and he will thrive upon less succulent food. The change, however, must be gradual, and he must every now and then be treated to some of his favorite *bonnes bouches*, such as a spider, earwig, wood-louse, or meal-worm—so tended, he will live long and happily.

There are two sorts of general food to which he may be accustomed—bullocks' liver, boiled and grated (the "nut" of the liver); and German paste, sweet-bun, and the yolk of egg boiled hard—the whole rubbed fine with the hand. This must be given fresh every morning, and the pans always scalded to keep them sweet and wholesome.

As far as our experience goes, we much prefer German paste to the bullocks' liver. It sometimes happens that a bird will occasionally partake of both, alternately given; every now and then, too, a little raw, lean, scraped beef, and egg, as recommended for the nightingale, forms an agreeable, as well as a salutary change. Thus much general. Having thrown out a hint or two about what this bird delights in, and regards as luxuries, we feel sure he will get many an occasional "treat" between meal-times—one that is "not in the bill." A loving Mistress, a tender-hearted Master, and an idolising Miss, hardly need to be "prompted" in the matter of kindness to a "pet." With them, it is "native and to the manner born." *O! si sic omnes!*

NOTES BY A NATURALIST.

HARDRA FORCE.

AT THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER of the North Riding of Yorkshire, among fells and scars without number, is situated the town of Hawse, at an elevation of not less than 1000 feet above the sea. The whole formation here is mountain limestone; hence, the hills, one and all, present the tabular form

characteristic of this formation, as well as the succession of rocky scars stretching in lines along their surfaces; probably to remind us that there is really something hard beneath the luxuriant vegetation which always clothes a limestone hill. A few of these scars assume a form so different from that which we would naturally expect, that a passing notice of one of the most wonderful of these may not be without interest. I extract an account of one from my diary, and add that it was written on the spot one fine day in April, about eight in the morning.

I am under Hardra Scar, with a spraying column of water falling over and in front of me from a height of a hundred feet. I am in the upper end of an amphitheatre whose breadth is perhaps even greater than its depth; and whose extreme end opens out into a delightful view of some of the finest hill scenery in Yorkshire, and even takes in a portion of Westmoreland. The probable length of the deep recess seems to be about four hundred feet. To my right the descent is made by means of a steep stair, formed by pieces of slab from the rock, damp, and covered here and there with moss, golden saxifrage and seedling ferns; above it a group of jackdaws are chattering most joyfully, and ever and anon some one of the troupe, as if hired especially for the purpose, will sweep across the airy eddy, formed by the fall of such a mass of water, and be borne down by it, from his straight career, his glossy black plumage washed by the clear spray. From the stair on my right I descended a mound of broken shale, covered, but sparingly, with grass and moss; and so round to my present seat, where I sit like an ancient priest at the high altar, in one of the most magnificent temples ever formed by the hand of nature, or of art. To my left, a promenade round the pool is but a few inches above its present level; and above that, rises the wall rock majestically: hanging with long tresses of ivy, and here and there in its interstices supporting a solitary ash, a cluster of fern, or a knot of grass. The rocky walls belong entirely to the carboniferous group; and what appears remarkable is, that they exhibit a perfectly equal and unbroken stratification all round; thus showing that the three walls were not formed by separate upheavals. The solution of the difficulty regarding the origin of this scar, appears to me to be as follows:—A silver stream coursed merrily down a mountain side; and by some strange commotion beneath, its channel suddenly gave way, and was swallowed up in the dark bosom of the earth, sinking to the depth of a hundred feet or more: the stream rushed on to meet its parted waters, but ere it again found its

channel, it was wasted by the contending air, and one-half converted into spray. Surrounding the top grow, as it were on the edge of the wall, a quantity of tall larch trees, looking like sentinels into the gloom beneath. Where the shale under the limestone has given way by reason of exposure to vapory spray and dropping water, large nodules of ironstone are exposed, knotted and twisted into fantastic shapes. This rock is not so rich in fossils as many other of the mountain limestones; but here and there a marine shell, as a *producta*, or an *Orthis*, may be found embedded in the hard rock; thus bearing witness to changes and commotions greater far than those which sank a river's bed a hundred feet; changes which converted ocean beds into mountains, and cast continents of dry land beneath the angry deep.—D.

THE HORSE-DRAGON FLY.

ALL, even the most superficial observers of nature, must have noticed those swift-winged creatures, dragon-flies, fleeting across the marsh or pond—now darting like an arrow, anon sitting on a sedge; and after shaking their thin wings, flying carelessly as if their whole life consisted in reflecting the sunny beams, and their only purpose was to

“Show their gaily gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.”

“No one,” says Paterson, in his interesting *Zoology for Schools*, “who looks upon any of our dragon-flies hawking over a pond on a bright summer day, and marks the facility with which their insect prey is taken and devoured, could ever suppose that these swift-flying creatures had but a few weeks before been inhabitants of the water. Yet it is there the early stages of their life are passed. The female has been observed to descend the leaf or stem of an aquatic plant to deposit her eggs. The larva, when excluded, is not less ferocious than the perfect insect. When the time for deserting the water arrives, it climbs upon the stem or leaf of one of the water plants, emerges from its pupa case, and, after resting until its wings are expanded and dried, enters in the air upon a course of the same ceaseless rapacity which it had waged while in the water.”

I have now a specimen of the large dragon-fly before me; it was caught in June, and measures about three inches in length. It has four of the prettiest gauze wings one might wish to see; they are about two inches long, by about half an inch wide at the broadest part. The head is about the size of a large pea, fronted with a mask of gold and flanked by two huge eyes resembling

pearls in the rough, but betraying by the aid of the glass some thousand bright little orbs. He has six strong, bristly, black legs, each terminated by a pair of hook feet. Round his neck is a golden collar, and over his shoulders pass bands of the same hue, giving the idea of rich lace epaulets; then a broader and a fainter, and again a still broader line, interposed with jetty black, complete the adornment of his thoracic vestment. The thorax is wonderfully small for a creature of its size, being little more than half an inch in length. Then follows an articulated abdomen of nine joints, the last being developed in the form of a little forked process, giving the idea of a sting at the end of a long knotted tail. Each joint is ornamented by bright yellow bands. Altogether as he lay writhing on the table, with a pin stuck through his body, his bright wings flapping wildly, his gold and black marked body bending to and fro, the pointed tail vainly striking about, and the dull fire of his huge eyes—he gave no poor representation of the dragon pierced by Saint George's spear. When found, he had just emerged from his pupa case, and before he had ever tried those fair wings in one airy flight, he was doomed to destruction, to fill a corner in a cabinet of Natural History.

I cannot leave our friend without quoting a morsel from Professor Owen. “The grand characteristic endowment of an insect,” says he, “is its wings; every other part of the organisation is modified in subserviency to the full fruition of these instruments of motion.

“In no other part of the animal kingdom is the organisation for flight so perfect, so apt to that end, as in the class of insects.

“The swallow cannot match the dragon-fly in flight. This insect has been seen to outstrip and elude its swift pursuer of the feathered class; nay, it can do more in the air than any bird—it can fly backwards and sidelong, to right or left, as well as forwards, and alter its course in an instant without turning.”—D.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

THE SUN IS NOT YET VISIBLE in the horizon; but the shadows of night are beginning to disperse. How many fatiguing and unhealthy pleasures do we purchase for the price of gold, when, for nothing, we may every day enjoy the most sublime of spectacles—that of the creation of the world! In effect, night virtually deprives every object of its form and color. The daylight returns to restore both. In the garden the white and yellow flowers are the first to receive their coloring; the rose, red and blue, are yet invisible, and do not exist to the eye. The foliage begins to show its outline, but it is black. In turn the

rose-colored, then the red and blue flowers, acquire their hues. Every form becomes distinct. The *hemerocallis*, closed at night, expands its yellow corolla and exhales a jonquil-like fragrance. The gold-colored lion's-leaf (*Leontodon*) has preceded the *hemerocallis* in displaying its showy bloom amid the grass, in which the still-closed daisies keep their tiny silver rays closely pressed together, showing the under-side tipped with bright pink.

The birds arouse themselves and sing; the sky assumes a rosy light; the grey clouds change into pale lilac; the east sheds around a glowing yellow; the silvery bark of the cherry-trees in a western aspect are tinged with rose-color beneath the first rays obliquely darted by the sun. Behold the star of day! the star of life rising in glory and in majesty! A globe of fire appears in the horizon. Transparent dew-drops tremble upon every blade of grass; some pure white, others ruby red, emerald green—each every instant changing into each, or into topaz or sapphire. It is a magnificent diadem of gems falling every morning from the sky, which lends it for half an hour to the earth, and which the sun, with his first rays, restores to the sky—when the world revives to renewed labor, hatred and ambition.

The soul expands; a thousand pure and joyful emotions spring to life in the heart. The plants are awakened; the acacia had its leaves folded and pressed one against another; they now separate and stand erect. The blue-flowered lupine, with palmate leaves of a glaucous green, had closed its leaflets, while the petioles drooped against the stem; they now rise up and extend themselves. The lupine has been the motive of many pages penned by the learned. Virgil has somewhere said, *tristis lupinus*. Why has Virgil called the lupine melancholy? The variety, of which we speak, has a charming habit of growth. The shape of the flower is pretty and its color beautiful; other varieties have an agreeable fragrance. Why does Virgil, then, call the lupine melancholy? Heaven knows the reasons the learned have adduced to account for it. Many volumes have been written on the subject, as well by learned botanists as by learned commentators; they have never been able to coincide in opinion.

I recollect two queries of equal importance we used to ask each other at college; the one remained undecided as that of the lupine has hitherto been—the other was solved in the same manner that the "melancholy" of the lupine shall presently be.

"Why," asked one student of another, "is the salmon the most hypocritical of fish?" The questioner meditated some time, but not being a professional *savant*, ended by saying,—"I don't know." A *savant* never says "I don't know;" he prefers error to ignorance.

"Nor I," was the reply; "if I did, I would not ask."

The following was the other question:—"Tell me why St. Paul fell from horseback?"

The answer, however long pondered, was always,—"Because he did not keep his seat."

I declare these two answers to be perfectly clear, sensible, and rational. *Savants* are very far from proceeding in a similar manner. Yet the only reason why Virgil called the lupine

"melancholy" was, because he required two long syllables for the measure of his verse, with which the word *tristis* supplied him.

But let us watch the plants recover. The balsam, whose leaves were bent towards the earth, now lifts them upwards. Those of the *œnothera*, which, on the contrary, had been raised and closed round the stem, now extend and droop a little. The hum of insects is heard. The Cape marigold displays its violet disk, surrounded by rays—white above, violet beneath. The white water-lily, whose cup was yesterday evening closed, again unfolds. The convolvulus major, climbing in garlands laden with rose-colored, violet, white and striped flowers, closes those which had opened at night. Each plant blooms at its appointed hour. The sun which forces the one to open, compels the other to close; yet the eye can discern no difference to account for the contrast.

At night the trees imbibe the oxygen, which is as necessary to their existence as to ours. In the day, they exhale it, and return to the air a much larger portion than they had deprived it of; the action of the sun decomposing the carbonic acid. These two phenomena explain the danger of keeping plants at night in a close room, as they then absorb a portion of the oxygen and diminish the quantity of respirable air. The quantity necessary to man is more considerable than is generally supposed. One individual exhausts in an hour at least six square feet (*metres cubes*) of air. The greater part of the amusements taken in society—balls, soirées, plays, assemblies, considerably diminish this necessary portion. It is difficult to accomplish that, in a route or soirée as they are now given, any one can have more than a foot and a half of respirable air. You would not easily be persuaded to take part in these amusements at the cost of the privation of two-thirds of your food. The privation of air is less immediate in its effects, but it is probably the cause of the greater part of the illness of the inhabitants of towns.

Plants in a close room absorb a portion of oxygen and exhale an equal portion of carbonic acid, which is a mortal poison when existing in too large a proportion in the air, of which it is nevertheless an element. This explains the *bien être* felt under trees in the day-time; a sensation of comfort not alone attributable to shade and coolness. Without change of abode, it is sufficient to make use of one's eyes to see constantly new scenes. The *Lion's-leaf* always opens its golden rays before the daisy displays its silver ones; the evening primrose never expands its petals till those of the water-lily are closed. The black-bird whistles in the morning, the nightingale sings at night. The grasshopper chirps amid the long grass during the most intense heat of the sun. The frog croaks in the marshes at sunset. Every moment has its interest, its spectacle, its richness, and its splendor.

[The above has been translated for this JOURNAL by our valued correspondent, FORESTIERA, from *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, by AL-PHONSE KARR.]

ENNUI.—A fearful visitation; induced, for the most part, by an emptiness both of heart and mind.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD is, in some degree, indispensable to every man; and when it is found to exist in equal proportion with other acquirements, it tends to form a character at once influential and agreeable. But when a man has bartered the esteem of friends, his own self-respect, the promptings of his better nature, and the incentives to nobler aims, for the miserable recompense of the mere worldling—he becomes an object of alternate pity, suspicion, and dislike, to all well-constituted minds.

Yet, let us do the world justice—its lessons are valuable, and, if we do not put our experience to a right use, let us acknowledge the fault to be our own. Weighed in its impartial scales, every man may find the accurate estimate of his capabilities and deficiencies. Left for awhile to battle with its waves, we soon discover what stuff we are made of. There the spoiled and wayward child of fortune finds that little regard is paid to his capricious humors, and being made to feel their baneful effect on his comfort, he is taught—perhaps for the first time in his life, to bring them under control. The timid and the diffident there acquire that confidence in their own powers, which they never would have possessed in their exclusion from its compulsory activity; and the man who has hitherto been wrapped up in his self-sufficiency, finds, to his surprise, that he is not quite so independent of the assistance of others as he flattered himself.

Initiation, however, in the world's ways, while it tends to make a man acquainted with himself, reveals the character of his fellow-man in a light that is very inimical to the growth of those feelings which constitute mental greatness or happiness of heart. Constant constraint hangs with a dead weight upon the intellectual efforts, and, like the coils of the boa, cold and crushing, forbids the struggling soul to rise above its conscious degradation; while supreme selfishness, like a worm in the heart, feeds on the food which should administer to its health and growth.

Where now, to such a man, is the spell which dwelt in the many-toned voices of Nature? Where are those emotions in whose expanding warmth hope ripened into noble ambition, and ambition grew to energy and resolution? They were fresh in his heart at the commencement of his career, and they were to be the cherished guardians of his spirit through the scenes upon which he was entering—so he promised himself; but he gradually admitted the world into his heart, and its poisonous breath withered its blossoms; the fierce excitement of avaricious pleasures destroyed the appreciation of

purser delights, and now, if remembered at all, it is with self-scorn, to think he was ever influenced by feelings which he regards as mere obstacles in his course.

Nothing, perhaps, can afford a stronger contrast than the different aspects presented by the world to those who are entering, and to those who are leaving it. To the first, it is a garden of promise, every vista of which sparkles with sunny visions of happiness and joy. To the other, it is an arid desert, marked here and there with the blackened ruins of some hope-built edifice; where the traveller fondly said, "here will I rest." The one looks forward (in youthful strength) in eager anticipation of the race he is to run, and difficulties melt like snow before his ardent spirit; the latter, weary of the delusive chase that has exhausted hope and energy, gladly receives his dismissal from toils, whose only recompense has been the conviction of their vanity. May the one be "cheered by the sallies of youth;" the other, "learn from the wisdom of age;" and both commit to heart the truth inscribed on all things—that this world is, at best, but a wilderness!

THE FIVE FINGERS.

WE do not recollect to have seen anywhere noticed the somewhat singular fact, that our ancestors had distinct names for each of the five fingers—the thumb being generally called a finger in old works. Yet such was the case; and it may not displease our readers to have these cognominations duly set forth in order, viz., *thumb, toucher, longman, lechman, little-man*. We derive this information from a very curious MS., quoted in Mr. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaisms*, p. 357; and the reasons for the names are thus set forth:—The first finger was called *toucher*, because "therewith men touch I wis;" the second finger, *longman*, "for longest finger it is" (this, we beg to say, is intended for rhyme). The third finger was called *leche-man*, because a leche or doctor tasted everything by means of it. This is very curious; though we find elsewhere another reason for this appellation, on account of the pulsation in it, which was at one time supposed to communicate directly with the heart. (See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i.) The other was, of course, called *little-man*, because it was the least of all. It is rather curious that some of these names should have survived the wreck of time, and be still preserved in a nursery-rhyme; yet such is the fact; for one thus commences, the fingers being kept in corresponding movements:—

Dance thumbkin dance;
Dance, ye merry men, every one:
Thumbkin he can dance alone,
Thumbkin he can dance alone.

and so on for four more verses, taking each finger in succession, and naming them *foreman, longman, ringman, and littleman*.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive—price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 8, price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, remains as before.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. B. D.—VIOLET—EMILY—F. L.—AMELIA.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—GREY BADGER.—VERAX.—G. P.—SPERANDO. No opportunity offers at present, for touching upon your note. The *troupe* must indeed have strangely and suddenly altered, since they performed elsewhere! Thanks for the promised Experimental Notes.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, September 18, 1852.

THERE IS SOMETHING PECULIARLY BEWITCHING about the month of SEPTEMBER. It is a month closely allied to Summer; and yet it differs from it in its various associations, and the feelings it engenders. The middle of the day brings with it summer heat, and summer rejoicings; but the mornings are cool and bracing; the evenings chilly, and occasionally ushered in by fog. A wee bit o' fire in the stove, is welcome. We are made aware that the season *has* changed, and yet—

With a sweet unfaded dye,
Summer lingers in the sky;
Whilst upon her glowing cheek,
Wanders now and then a streak
Of the lily's paler hue.

We note these "lingering" beauties with delight, and enjoy them with unceasing pleasure while they last. But oh, dear Summer! we observe—

That thy eye's delicious blue
Shines as though in tears it swam;
Whilst thy evening's breath of balm
Wafts no more the silver song,
The enchanted woods among!

All these departing glories of the year we gaze on—hang upon with rapture. The repose of Nature is fast hastening on. Her "great work" has been accomplished. She looks on, and is well satisfied. The fields have been filled with corn—the valleys have shouted and sung with abundance. All these "gifts" are now garnered up for our use. May we and our children live to enjoy them; and may we be devoutly thankful for the blessings of plenty!

The orchards are now about to render up the account of *their* stewardship. They rejoice as much as we do in this

Season of mist and yellow fruitfulness,

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the Vines that round the thatch-
eaves run.

Plums, apples, pears, peaches, nectarines, filberts, walnuts,—all now appear in their allotted season:—

Press'd from th' exub'rant orchard's fruitful
bound,

POMONA pours a sparkling tide that vies
With the rich juices of the purple vine.

Lo! russet Labor's train, both old

And young, shake numerous down the yellow
fruit,

Streaked with a cheek as ruddy as their own.

Oh, the ruddy cheeks—the youthful, rosy tint that graces the lovely face of many a rural maiden at this season! How we do love to behold it! And how we love to join the innocent possessors of these "ornaments," in their nutting excursions among the woods! To climb the obstinate trees that *will not* bend and do homage to the fair arm that tries to keep them down, but cannot, whilst relieving them of their clustering fruits; and to render a multitude of other delicate attentions peculiar to this season of the year! These autumnal delights, coming, like Christmas, but "once a year," bring with them a zest which is perfectly indescribable.

But we forget that we are talking to ourselves all this while. The sea-side still continues all-powerful in its attractions, which are, as they ought to be, irresistible. "London still is out of town;" while carpet-bags are still flying about, and every man you meet glides stealthily behind a post, feeling "ashamed to be seen." Too plainly does his visage (and his coat) tell us that 'tis his poverty, and *not* his will consents "to be found where he is. He lives by his wits, which are insufficient to provide him more than his daily meal. We "see" each other; we shudder—we pass.

No man can settle down to "work" at such a season as this. He gets fidgetty, restless, uneasy; dissatisfied with himself and all about him. Whilst we now write, the glorious, *most* glorious sun, the god of our idolatry, is streaming through the window with irresistible power. He woos us to leave the desk, and we feel that we must obey the impulse. Our head refuses to think; our knife to cut; our pen to write; our ink to flow; our paper to receive an impression. We only hope our printer is not under a similar influence!

We have just taken up the newspaper. What see we there? Nothing whatever, save

advertisements of steam-boats to Southend, Ramsgate, and the wilderness of Herne Bay; also railway announcements of "Excursions" to east, west, north, and south. Harrow-on-the-Hill, Richmond, Watford, and how many other lovely spots?—*all* meet our eye in prospective. Our stool reels, and *WE* reel also. This very instant, a gigantic greasy Italian (near seven feet high), has unfurled his appalling apparatus of agonising sounds, which he is about to let loose with Herculean prowess under our very window. A friend, "who has left his daughter in the next street," has opportunely dropped in, and decided us. We are off for the day; and as our friend "has business to transact which will occupy him some two hours," we will, with his amiable daughter, take a delightful stroll, till we can all re-assemble at the "Euston Station," *en route* for Watford.

"The *first* time of asking" is quite sufficient for us!

IF THERE BE ONE THING MORE GRATEFUL THAN ANOTHER to a public Journalist, it is the pleasing knowledge he possesses of his being welcomed all over the world. "Masons" have their "signs," by which they are known; by which they obtain favor when in distress. We are no "Masons," in the proper signification of the word,—yet do we largely participate in all the "exclusive privileges" of that body. Go where we will, into what family we may—the name of *OUR JOURNAL*, presented on a card, is an "Open Sesame!" that makes us free of the house.

The serious impediments thrown in our way by those who ought to assist us, have been the means of raising us up hosts of friends: among these, "the three learned professions" stand foremost. We do not use the word "learned," with a view to argue therefrom anything particularly important. We despise the thought. We merely wish to indicate the channels in which we are moving; and to show the powerful influence which is being used in high quarters to prevent us from being wrecked.

Sound, wholesome instruction, cheerfully and playfully dispensed through the medium of a Weekly Journal, is a desideratum which we have labored hard to supply. No other periodical extant, avowedly works out this desideratum as *WE* do. We have lived long in the world, have mixed in the best society, know the ins and outs of everything and everybody; have made observations by the way; and noted them down for the benefit of others.

We have watched, with an eagle's eye, the progress of education; the follies of fashion; the manners of the world; and the generally-acknowledged "grand end of life." We have looked for "the real," and found very little

of it. We have looked for the superficial, and found little else. Such is life,—the life we all daily lead!

Day by day we run our eye over the public papers. We there see recorded the names of many, well known to us, who have for ever bade adieu to this world. Knowing *how* they lived, and *for what* they lived—that "happiness" was their "aim," and never attained unto,—we reflect thereon. We ponder well upon what things are, and upon what they ought to be. The former we grieve over, the latter we strive to have an active hand in. Society, as at present constituted, is in an unsound state. *It need not remain so.*

We are induced to this train of thought, by the many gratifying letters we continue to receive from the heads of families, who generously communicate to us the delight with which the *JOURNAL* is anticipated and welcomed by their children, as well as by themselves—"the time seeming *so* long till it arrives!" We are exhorted to persevere in our enterprise, with full purpose of heart; nothing doubting. We are, moreover, promised a co-operation which causes us to be indeed glad.

One of our kindly-disposed patrons—a gentleman whom we have never seen—remarks, that "his aid is given willingly; and with the full conviction that in promoting the circulation of *such* a publication as the *JOURNAL*, he is conferring a benefit,—*not* on its proprietor, but upon every person whom he can induce to become a subscriber." He adds, "All good men will assuredly assist you; eventually, you must and will succeed; and your triumph will be enhanced by the extent of unfair opposition that you have met with from the very first." Such is our hope; such is our faith.

One of our subscribers has gone at great length into a careful examination of the "Cheap Literature" of the day; and he has indeed proved the great moral injury that is inflicted week by week on the minds of the million. They read, greedily, what is cheap, and what is sensual. The purveyors know this; and accordingly, they work upon the animal passions to an extent that is alarmingly prejudicial to the vital interests of society.*

The great evil resulting from the "cheap publications," is—the "power" they possess for good or for evil. The pen in the hand of

* It has afforded us real pleasure, from time to time, to make little extracts from our "cheap" contemporary *The Family Herald*. We feel in duty bound to make a special exception in its favor. Its aim is good; and it studiously avoids the evils of which we speak. This, seeing that it has an enormous circulation (some 250,000, we believe, weekly) deserves mention.

a libertine, is like the sword in the hand of a despotic tyrant. There is positively no calculating the extent of mischief it may do. Admitting that many very good things accidentally find their way into these cheap periodicals—there can be no "Editor" to such papers—do we not in every number find, side by side with a fine sentiment, something of the most revolting kind? Atheism, materialism, obscenity, and impurity, are generally commingled with romance, history, murder, seduction, and the wildest of love-tales. The *morale* of these latter is horribly subversive of the feminine purity which we so much delight in.

These publications, be it observed, circulate to an extent hardly credible. Ladies'-maids, milliners, dress-makers, boys, girls, man-servants, maid-servants,—aye, nearly *all* who can read, and who enjoy the sensual, revel in them. What is the necessary consequence? Why, that society, who are in the hands of these individuals—live in the same house with them, employ them, entrust their children to their care (and morals!), suffer to a degree that it would be really *cruel* in us to inquire more closely into.

Thus is society constituted. Thus do they grow up. Thus do the seeds of "early education," so carefully sown and harrowed in, produce the fruits which all thinking people so shudder to behold from day to day.

The real and *only* cause of OUR JOURNAL not finding favor in the sight of the booksellers and newsvendors, is—its high moral tone. We decry what they deal in. We spoil their gain. The louder we cry out against immorality, the less chance they have of selling the pernicious trash which fills their coffers with money. They have vowed to annihilate us; but we are backed by the good and the virtuous. We *do* make way, though slowly; and if our friends will only stick to us, our patience must eventually triumph.

We have gone through a martyrdom of suffering in this little venture of ours. Opposed by a powerful body—a *most* powerful body we admit, yet has our sheet-anchor been the approval of an honest conscience. This, and the heartiest of all hearty welcomes that awaits us wherever we are known—both in town and country—makes us, under all our trials, the happiest of happy men.

We have disguised nothing; and now rest heavily on our friends for support. Every additional Subscriber gained, is another nail in a bookseller's coffin; the grand struggle being—"Right against Might!"

BEAUTY.—A lovely flower. Yet is it a flower without smell, unless its possessor has a heart rich in other graces of the mind. In the one case, we admire; in the other, we *adore*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Swallow.—Knowing how interested you are in everything that relates to the feathered tribe, I send you two anecdotes of the swallow—which species however, for I am no ornithologist, I am not able to say. Attached to the house I occupied at Cour, in the Canton de Vaud, in Switzerland, was a very large wood-house, or, as the French more neatly express it, *Bucher*, perhaps between 30 and 36 feet high. Across the ceiling of this *Bucher* ran some very strong projecting beams; and against these beams, year after year, some swallows built their nests. Others occupied their old quarters. This opened into a large court-yard, and never did I lock the door of the *Bucher* till our little friends were housed. Generally, before four o'clock in the morning, it was opened again. In due time we had a family of little swallows, and then began the fun. I had a tabby cat, that used to stoop near the door, and leap up; trying to catch the swallows as they dived low along the surface of the ground. In spite of puss, however, they swept through the door and brought food in for their young families. On their return, they attacked "puss," and, having no insect to lose, they darted at her two or three times as quick as lightning, and then away they flew for more food. When they came back, "puss" renewed the attack, but with no more success than before. The birds were too quick for her; and eventually, she was always fairly beaten off the field, the swallows triumphant. The best of the joke was, I had, and still have, a large black Swiss dog. He used occasionally to stretch his goodly carcase in the court-yard, and would very harmlessly watch the sport between the swallows and puss. But this neutrality the swallows would not admit; and they attacked poor "Fino" so vigorously that he was obliged to make a bolt of it, giving them rather an angry growl. You know my faithful "Fino," Mr. Editor.—[We do, indeed! and a most noble, affectionate creature he is!]
—At this very moment he is laughing at the remembrance of having been fairly put to flight by a few swallows! In course of time, the young ones were to be taught the art of flying. Unfortunately, one of them, in his first attempt, fell from his nest to the bottom of the *Bucher*. He was not hurt, however, nor did "Puss" witness the catastrophe. Had she done so, doubtless she would have had ample revenge. My eldest daughter happened to be in the *Bucher* at the very moment, and took up the unfortunate little bird. It could only just keep itself on her finger. She went out with it in the court-yard, when the parent birds came and rested a moment on her finger; deposited some insects in the beak of their offspring; returned to the chase; and again to their young one. This they repeated until, by means of a long ladder, the unfortunate little creature was safely replaced in his nest, whence he probably did not again venture till he felt himself perfectly secure on his wings.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

Belgian Canaries.—Can any of your readers tell me, Mr. Editor, where these birds originally came from? How was it that the Germans, and

the Germans *only*, had them, and perpetuated the breed? There is something about this that I cannot well comprehend.—J. P., *Athlone*.

Vermin in Canaries.—I have ten canaries, Mr. Editor, in a large cage. They are infested with vermin. How shall I cure them? They are so restless and fidgetty, that they will not sit quiet on their perches a moment, but dash frantically about their cage, as if in distress.—Y. A. K.

[If you had read our JOURNAL regularly, you would therein have found many and very minute instructions about the great evil of which you complain. It is not too late to read them now. You must destroy the cage, and get a new one; and carefully remove from the bodies of each one of your birds (with the point of a fine needle) the insects which are feasting on them unseen.]

Diseased Fowls.—My fowls, Mr. Editor, particularly my bantams, are dropping off one by one. Some from influenza, some from consumption. Those suffering from the former, have their eyes sealed up with tears, and are consumed with a burning thirst; the latter refuse all kinds of tempting food, and die of starvation. What can I do?—Y. A. K.

[We could answer you more satisfactorily, did we know the kind of place your fowls are located in. You must *immediately* separate the infected from the healthy, and keep them apart. If the former are very bad, use the knife and put them out of their misery at once. If slightly injured, bathe their eyes with warm milk and water, applied with a soft linen rag; and be sure to keep them warm. Cleanliness, plenty of water, and wholesome food, are indispensable. Try your consumptive birds with boiled rice, given warm; and if you can, let them have the run of a paddock. At this season, fowls are liable to atrophy and influenza; and they require much careful attention to preserve them in health. Ours are always hearty—simply because we give them a change of diet; and keep them warm, dry, and clean. Boiled potatoes (warm), and bread soaked in boiled milk, form an agreeable variety—but pray keep the sound from the *unsound*.]

Flower Bulbs.—Much judgment should be shown in purchasing. Bulbs should not be selected for their size, but for their weight and solidity; a small bulb that is heavy and firm, especially about the point of growth, will produce a much finer flower than one double the size, but soft and scaly; and hence it is not right to estimate them by their size, so much as by their weight and proper maturation. If you purchase *early* in the season, the bulbs must be kept cool and in the dark; and if you wish to have *good* flowers, avoid those which have been exposed in the windows of seedsmen and florists.—W. P. AYRES, *Blackheath*.

The Woodpecker.—Dear Mr. Editor,—I have just been reading "Audubon's Ornithological Biography" (a most interesting book); and in it I find some very pleasing notes on the Woodpecker. I send them for insertion in OUR JOURNAL—"While in the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, I was surprised to see how differ-

ently this bird worked on the bark of different trees when searching for its food. On the hemlock and spruce, for example, of which the bark is difficult to be detached, it used the bill sideways, hitting the bark in an oblique direction, and proceeding in close parallel lines, so that when, after a while, a piece of the bark was loosened and broken off by a side-stroke, the surface of the trunk appeared as if closely grooved by a carpenter using a gouge. In this manner the pileated woodpecker often, in that country, strips the entire trunks of the largest trees. On the contrary, when it attacked any other sort of timber, it pelted at the bark in a straightforward manner, detaching a large piece by a few strokes, and leaving the trunks smooth, no injury having been inflicted upon it by the bill. This bird, when surprised, is subject to very singular and astonishing fits of terror. While in Louisiana, I have several times crept up to one occupied in searching for food on the rotten parts of a low stump, only a few inches from the ground, when, having got so near the tree as almost to touch it, I have taken my cap and suddenly struck the stump as if with the intention of securing the bird, on which the latter instantly seemed to lose all power or presence of mind, and fell to the ground as if dead. On such occasions, if not immediately secured, it soon recovers, and flies off with more than its usual speed. When surprised while feeding on a tree, they now and then attempt to save themselves by turning round the trunk or branches, and do not fly away unless two persons be present, well knowing, it would seem, that flying is not always a sure means of escape. If wounded without falling, it mounts at once to the highest fork of the tree, where it squats and remains in silence. It is then very difficult to kill it, and sometimes when shot dead it clings so firmly to the bark that it may remain hanging for hours. When winged and brought to the ground, it cries loudly on the approach of the enemy, and essays to escape by every means in its power, often inflicting a severe wound if incautiously seized." The instincts of animals are indeed remarkable, and their habits not less so.—NANNETTE.

Instinct of the Partridge.—I send you the following, which recently appeared in our "Chester Courant." I have made inquiry, and find the statement to be minutely correct. I therefore feel anxious to see it recorded in OUR JOURNAL. A few miles from this city may be witnessed a remarkable instance of that strong instinct, approaching, in some instances, to human reason, with which nature has endowed the lower orders of the animal creation for the production and rearing of their young; and which often, when surrounded by their progeny, calls forth a courage quite foreign to their nature. On the side of the embankment of the Chester and Crewe Railway (where trains are of course frequently passing), some 200 yards above Beeston station, a partridge has made her nest, and is now sitting on her eggs, which are evidently near incubation. The grass upon this embankment was last week mowed for hay, when so far from being disturbed by the operation of hay-making, the partridge continued to sit on her eggs quite

composedly, although perfectly exposed and surrounded by workmen. The workmen have, however, placed a few brambles round and above her, to form a shelter, and she will permit any person to put in their hand and caress her on the back without making any movement than that of looking you in the face, as if to ask your forbearance and protection. This appeal has not been made in vain to the hardy sons of toil who discovered her retreat, who take especial care, by watching, to protect her alike from the ruthless invasion of birds'-nest-taking urchins, as well as from the incursions of children of larger growth. It is pleasing to note this good-feeling among the rustics. I only wish it was more general!—JAMES L. Chester.

A Remarkable Flight of Ant Flies.—The following, which emanates from one of the inmates of "Leasam House, near Rye," is a curious narrative of a curious sight:—"On Tuesday, August 17, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I was in Romney Marsh, when I saw a dark column, which I at first thought was smoke. It was a quarter of a mile from me, and its length was upwards of a quarter a mile, and its breadth I should think from 50 to 100 yards. On its approaching me, I found it was composed of ant flies, which seemed to have suddenly collected together from all quarters of the marsh. After the column had passed me, it crossed the River Rother, where it left millions and millions in the water; the water was quite darkened by them. Still, notwithstanding this loss, and the millions which were left behind on the ground, trees, hedges, &c., the column appeared undiminished, as I could see it like a wreath of smoke a mile and a half ahead of me, and I could easily trace its course by those left behind. My workmen, who were at work three miles from the place I first observed it, saw the column, which they thought likewise was smoke, but from the air being filled with flies, they soon found their mistake. How far the column was observable I know not, but for a good four miles; it travelled rapidly, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. The wind was in the east; it was very sultry, and there was all the appearance of a thunder-storm, which took place in two hours afterwards. Kirby and Spence mention a similar flight of ant flies in 1814 in Kent, and in 1812 in Suffolk. The extraordinary circumstance is, that the ant flies seem all to have taken wing at the same moment from all quarters of the marsh, almost thirty miles in length, and to have collected together so quickly. At first I thought the column must have come over from the Continent, but one of my men who was collecting ants' eggs for me, tells me, on a sudden he found himself covered with these flies, and on looking up he saw the strands of grass covered with the flies, which ran to the top of the strand and then took wing. They were all on wing in about five minutes from the time he first observed them, and from that time, although he continued getting ants' eggs, he found hardly a fly left in the nests. The man has collected eggs for me some years, and he says he thought there were fewer eggs and flies than usual this year. Several persons were witnesses to this fact, and some tell me they think

the column was more than a mile in length. The flies were from the nests of the small red ant."—As the writer has given his *locus in quo*, as a voucher for the "truth" of the above, I have transmitted it to you for insertion, if you consider it worthy a place in OUR JOURNAL. The effect produced by such a multitude *en masse*, must have been singular indeed! — J. T., Windsor.

Sagacity of the Pig.—Having had an opportunity of noticing the contrivance practised by some young pigs, in a case of difficulty, I should like to see the same recorded in the Public's OWN JOURNAL. In the yard I allude to, was a pig-house, and a fowl-house. There was also a wooden door on hinges, opening to the street in the same yard. In this, towards the bottom, was a hole, cut sufficiently large to admit any of the fowls if they happened to be shut out in the street. It was so contrived, that any small animal from without, could gain entrance; but nothing within could pass out. This difficulty was caused by two leather hinges; which were nailed on, inside the yard. One very wet day, I was standing in the fowl-house, watching a litter of young pigs that were playing near the gate. They evidently wanted to get out, and seemed to be cogitating what to do to accomplish their object. A sudden thought seemed to strike them. Two of the party ran grunting up to the hole in the door, and steadily began to gnaw the leather hinges that held them prisoners; nor did they cease gnawing, until they had eaten through the leather. The impediment being thus removed, each little grunter trotted knowingly out.—VERAX.

Early Rising—"Another" Useful Hint.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the despatch of business.—FANNY M.

A Domestic Hint, connected with the Walls of Bed-rooms.—Many a fever, says a correspondent in "Household Words," has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bed-rooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper at any cost or inconvenience; for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other at night in the meantime, will do very well. It will not do very well; for health, and even life, may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the

grievance but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness. Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down, and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick, stuck together with their layers of size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not sicken our readers by describing.—I recommend an insertion of the above, Mr. Editor, in OUR JOURNAL by all means. The room in which we "sleep and take our rest" cannot be kept too wholesome, and a hint of this kind may prove seasonably beneficial.—ALICIA.

Domestic Frogs.—Some time since, you gave a long and interesting description of my family of Frogs. They are all doing well, and now and then I get a "song" from some one of them early in the morning. I have just found what I conceive to be a large piece of spawn. It was floating on the water. I shall keep it carefully, to see if anything results from it. The variegated spots on the legs of my younger frogs, are daily becoming more and more developed. The colors are truly beautiful.—J. L.

How to make our English Grapes ripen more readily.—A correspondent writing in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, after commenting upon the Mildew in Vines, says,—“We all know that one of the causes of Grapes not ripening in England is, that they do not leaf and flower early enough for our short summers. This arises from the coldness of the soil of Great Britain, which usually keeps the Vine-root torpid when it ought to be in full activity. But the American Vines by no means require the same amount of earth heat; on the contrary, they are growing freely, while the cultivated Grape is still unroused. Put, then, the latter on the former, and it is a fair hypothesis that a few weeks of spring growth will be gained, which is all we want. This is actually done in the case of the Peach, which we always bud upon the Plum stock, because its own roots are too tender for our soil. Why, then, may not the same thing happen with the Vine? Again, there are hundreds of gardens in heavy land in which the Vine never even flowers in abundance, and where a ripe Grape is not to be thought of. In such places, even in Vineries, the berries either shank or refuse to color; and all the draining in the world will not prevent

it. It is well worth inquiring, whether a hardy stock on which to graft the Vine would not prevent this. There is no fear of grafted Vines not 'standing;' on the contrary, we never heard of a case in which the operation was attended with the slightest disadvantage. We therefore recommend the intelligent part of the gardening world to set seriously about trying the very simple and inexpensive experiment now suggested.” It will be an interesting result, Mr. Editor, if gained, for it is indeed a pity to observe how many grapes are lost by the coldness and shortness of our "English summers.”—JOHN L.

Seeds of the Poppy.—I observe, Mr. Editor, in my newspaper, the *Gardeners' Journal*, some interesting remarks about eating the seed of poppies. Just now, it may have some good effect if introduced into OUR JOURNAL. "I am able," says the writer, "H.," "to give the following account from my experience:—Excursions in search for wild flowers and rambles for catching butterflies were often discussed by our teachers in the school, and formed favorite occupations of mine during the leisure hours of boyhood. It happened sometimes that by returning home from such excursions, in company with a few of my school-fellows, we passed a field in which the poppy was cultivated; when the seeds were just ripe of course, like boys, we gathered some heads and ate the seeds with much relish—the taste of the seed was well known amongst us, as it is like walnuts. One day I took some heads of poppy home with me; and when my mother observed that I was busy with eating the seed, she remarked that, when a child of about two years, I suffered much from inflammation of the eyes, and, in consequence of the pain, was very troublesome. One evening, when very impatient and noisy, some one from the neighbors came in our house, and, on hearing me, expressed a wish to send me something to make me quiet, and which ought to be administered like tea. Well, the remedy came—it was poppy seed—and, by some mistake, the dose for the potion was taken too strong; the result was that I kept quiet indeed, not only the following night, but also the whole of next day, for the potion had an effect like opium. My latter observations on the use of poppy seed in a raw state, confirm my opinion that a free use of the seed will weaken the mental powers, at the same time producing heaviness; I think therefore the abuse of the article might be dangerous.” The great additional currency that will be given to this, Mr. Editor, through you, will be a benefit conferred upon the public.—EDWARD C.

A Curious Cat.—In the First Volume of OUR JOURNAL, page 107, there is an account of a sporting cat. On reading this, I was strongly reminded of a very beautiful animal that lived at my father's house, some years ago. This cat was of a most extraordinary size. She was the largest I ever saw, and perfectly white; not having a spot of any other color,—the eyes alone excepted. One of these was blue, and the other a bright red. She was very seldom to be seen in the house; but was a most inveterate poacher. If any of us had taken a stroll in the fields or

plantations, "Pussy" was almost sure to be met with, in search of nobler game than rats and mice. She was remarkably successful in her excursions; very seldom returning without a rabbit, leveret, or partridge in her mouth. Notwithstanding her wild habits, she was of a very sociable and affectionate disposition; and if she had seen any of us going out, or had met with us at a distance from home, she would have given up her pursuit, and followed with her noiseless step, close at our heels. This she would do for miles, over hedge and ditch, through fields, woods, and lanes. Greatly to the regret of all who knew her, our favorite met with an untimely end in one of her sporting excursions, by the hand of some ruthless gamekeeper, to all of whom in the neighborhood she was well known. Your correspondent also relates an anecdote of a cat who emptied the cream jug by dipping her paw into it, and then licking it. But I think rats display quite as much ingenuity and skill, in helping themselves to a little cream. This they do by skimming it off the dishes with their tails, and then licking the latter. By this means they will clear a dish of milk from every trace of cream, as completely as a milk-maid could do it. I have repeatedly *seen* rats empty the old-fashioned flasks of salad oil in the same way. They would commence operations by eating off the bladder, and pulling out the cotton from the mouth of the flask. One of the body would then station himself on the flask, or something immediately adjoining, and by rapidly dipping his tail into the oil (pulling it out and allowing the others to lick it), the contents of the flask disappeared in an incredibly short space of time. The dipper would occasionally change places with one of the others, and so skilfully would the whole operation be performed, as to "leave not a trace behind."—ALPHA, *Windsor, near Liverpool*.

The Water Spaniel—A pretty Trait.—The following striking anecdote of the water-spaniel, from YOUATT'S excellent work on "The Dog," is I think worthy of a place in our admirable JOURNAL. Mr Youatt pledges himself for its perfect truth. The owner of the dog is telling the tale :—"I was once," says he, "on the sea coast, when a small, badly formed, and leaky fishing boat was cast on shore, on a fearful reef of rocks. Three men, and a boy of ten years old constituted the crew. The men swam on shore; but they were so bruised against the rocks, that they could not render any assistance to the poor boy, and no person could be found to venture out in any way. I heard the noise and went to the spot with my dog. I spoke to him, and in he went, more like a seal than a dog, and after several fruitless attempts to mount the wreck he succeeded, and laid hold of the boy who clung to the ropes, screaming in the most fearful way at being thus dragged into the water. The waves dashed frightfully on the rocks. In the anxiety and responsibility of the moment, I thought the dog had missed him; and I stripped off my clothes, to render what assistance I could. I was just in the act of springing from the shore, having selected the moment when the receding waves gave me the best chance of rendering any

assistance, when I saw old 'Bagsman,' for that was the name of my dog, with the struggling boy in his mouth and the head uppermost. I rushed to the place where he must land, and 'the waves bore the boy and the dog into my arms.' Some time after that, I was shooting wild fowl. I and my dog had been working hard, and I left him behind me while I went to a neighboring town to purchase gunpowder. A man in a drunken frolic had pushed off in a boat with a girl in it; the tide going out carried the boat quickly away, and the man becoming frightened, and unable to swim, jumped overboard. Bagsman, who was on the spot, hearing the splash, jumped in, swam out to the man, caught hold of him, and brought him twenty or thirty yards towards the shore, when the drunken fellow clasped the dog right round the body, 'and they both went down together.' The girl was saved by a boat going to her assistance. The body of the man was recovered about an hour afterwards, with that of the dog clasped tight in his arms, thus dragging him to the bottom. Poor 'Bagsman!' thy worth deserves to be thus chronicled."—What an untimely end, Mr. Editor, for so noble, so generous an animal! Lift up your voice in his praise—and in praise of all like him.—ZIG-ZAG.

GIVE ME THE OTHER FIG.

A WARNING.

SOME years since, when I knew too little of the world, and thought too sensitively of its slightest opinion, I supped with an author of eminence as a wit and a poet, in the company of men of wit and genius; and much mad mirth and high-exciting talk we had—too mad and too high for me, who could only laugh, or wonder in silence, at so many brilliant imaginations, and watch the striking out of their fiery sparks of wit—

"So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

"I was all ear to hear," and took in jests "which might create a *laugh* under the ribs of death," and thoughts and high imaginations which might "lift a man to the third heaven of invention;" and thither, indeed, I was for once lifted. But there are souls of that weak wing, that so much the higher they soar above the proper level of their flight, so much the lower they fall below the level of their proper resting-ground; and as, under the excitement of wine, some men betray all their hidden foibles, and the flaws and weak parts in their characters, so, under the excitement of too much wit, I betrayed one frailty in mine.

It was after supper that a small basket of most mouth-melting figs was put on the friendly board, out of which, among other fingers, I was then moderate enough to de-

duct only one of its compressed lumps of deliciousness ; but in a short time after this, music and Mozart (which are synonymous) were proposed, and all the company left the supper-room for the music-parlour, with the exception, for two loitering moments, of the hospitable host and myself : it was in that short time that I fell from the heaven of my high exaltation, and proved myself of the "earth, earthy."

The basket of figs still stood before me. They were sweet as the lips of beauty, and tempting as the apples of Eden ; and I was born of Eve, and inherited her "pugging tooth." It is no matter where temptation comes from, whether from Turkey or Paradise ; if the man Adam to be tempted is ripe for ruin, any wind may shake him off the tree of stedfastness. Every man has his moment of weakness : I had two, and in those I fell.

"I really must take *the other fig*," said I, taking it before the words were out. I had no sooner possessed myself of it than I blushed with the consciousness that I had committed something like a sin against self-restraint ; and this confusion was increased by observing that the eyes of mine host had followed the act, as if they would inquire into it, and ascertain its true meaning, and perhaps set it down over against the credit side of my character. I was ever afraid that I had the weakness of too much covetousness of the "creature" comforts in my disposition, and that I had now betrayed it to a man who, though lenient and charitable, and inclined to think well of slight faults, would nevertheless weigh it in the balance of estimation, and think of it and me accordingly. I deserved to blush for it, and I did, to the bottom of the stairs, as I descended with him chewing the sweet fruit of my offence, and the bitter consequence of it—an uneasy sense of shame.

But out of the greatest evil we may deduce good ; and from the knowledge of our weakness derive strength. One thing comforted me in my disgrace : I had the courage to resist making an equivocal apology for the act, which I was, for a moment, tempted to make. "No," I whispered, "there is more comeliness in a naked fault than in the best-attired lie in the world ; so I'll even let it stand naked as its mother Eve, who was the first weak creature that took *the other fig*." I did "well" for once.

I have never forgotten this little incident of my incidental life ; it has served as a moral check when I have coveted things which I did not want. And now, when I learn that some one, always famous for his covetousness, has at last been detected in a flagrant dereliction from honesty, I do not wonder at

it, for I attribute it to an unrestrained habit of taking *the other fig*.

When I am told that a great gourmand of my acquaintance has died over his dessert-table, I am not surprised, for I have myself noticed that he always would eat *the other fig*.

When I hear that a man, once celebrated for the luxuriousness of his living, now wants a plain dinner, I say, "It's a pity ; but he always would have *the other fig* on table."

When I see a sensible man staggering through the streets in a drunken forgetfulness of himself, and of "the divine property of his being," or behold him wallowing in "a sensual sty," and degrading the Godlike uprightness of man to the grovelling attitude of the brute, I sigh, and say, "This fellow, too, cannot refrain from *the other fig*."

When I look on the miser, who, though possessed of gold and land, lives without money or house, using not the one as it should be used, and enjoying not the other as it should be enjoyed ; and when I see that, though having more than he uses, he covets more, that he may have still more than he can use, I scorn him as a robber of the poor, not to make himself richer than they, but poorer, more thankless and comfortless ; and I pity the rich poor wretch, still grasping at *the other fig*.

When I hear of some wealthy trader with the four quarters of the world venturing forth again from the ark of safety and the home of his old age, on his promised last voyage, and perishing through the peril of the way, I cannot but pity the man who could not lie quietly in the safe harbour of home—because he still craved after *the other fig*.

When I behold some heavy-pursed gamester enter one of those temples where fortune snatches the golden offerings from the altars of her blind fools, to fling them at the feet of her knaves who have eyes ; and behold him issuing thence without a "beggarly denier" to bless him with a dinner or a rope, I cannot help pitying him, that he should risk the fortune he had for *the other fig* which he has lost.

When I see a mighty conqueror, having many thrones under his dominion, and many sceptres in his hand, struggling for new thrones and sceptres, and one after the other losing those he held, in his rapacious eagerness to snatch at those he would have, I cannot pity him if he loses so many fine figs in the hand, to possess *the other fig* on the tree.

When I behold a rich merchant, made poor by the extravagance and boldness of his trading speculations, when, if he could have been content with the wealth he had, he might have lived sumptuously and died rich,

—I cannot help thinking it a pity that he could not be content without *the other fig*.

When I hear that a rich man has done a paltry action for the sake of some petty, penny-getting gain, I scorn him that he should so much covet *the other fig*.

When I see a man already high in rank, and ennobled by descent more than desert, cringing and stooping to a title-dispenser's heels for some new honor (which is but a new disgrace where it is undeserved), it is difficult not to despise *him*, though ever so honored, who will so degrade himself for the sake of *the other fig*.

And, to conclude, when I see the detected thief dragged in fetters to a dungeon, I think to myself, "Ay, this is one of the probable consequences of wilful indulgence in *the other fig*!"

F. I. G.

SELECT POETRY.

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

EVERY grand and lovely thing
Reigns like an eternal king,
All that's bright, and all that's fair,
Hath its children everywhere.
Where the silken butterflies
Use like fans their painted wings,
Fanning the young summer's eyes,
There the brown bee sucks and sings:
Beauty never comes alone,
But hath beauties in its train;
If it be a music tone,
Echo utters it again.
If it be a star or sun,
Then the stream makes two of one
By the magic of its mirror;
O, believe it not an error,
For the soul to cling and linger
Here on earth and gladness feel!
Beauty is God's mighty finger,
Multiplying beauty still.
Look on night, and look on day:
When they come or glide away;
Sister queens, they often meet,
But we hear no fairy feet.
Though they morn and eve salute,
Like their feet, their kiss is mute;
But, lest beauty should be missing,
Twilight cometh of their kissing.
Though we cannot, like King Midas,
Change to gold all dust and dross,
Beauty ever stays beside us;
And the tiniest bit of moss
That a child's small hand will pull
Is than gold more beautiful.
Let us not, like fools, despise,
Earth which is a seat of beauty,
But the love-light of our eyes
Turn unto it as a duty.
Beauty *here* hath done its mission,
When it guides us to death's portal—
For its presence is a vision
Of a beauty all immortal!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHOLESOME MENTAL FOOD.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

How MANY blessings God has given
To erring mortals here below!
To lead our thoughts from Earth to Heaven,
And teach us what we ought to know!

And yet, how lightly do we prize
The countless favors we receive!
Truth's noble precepts we despise,
Its faithfulness we disbelieve!

The heart is naturally prone
To evil thoughts; but when, with care,
Seeds of integrity are sown,
The produce surely should be fair.

" 'OUR JOURNAL' (say all upright men)
Claims the world's unbounded praise."
And why?—'Tis goodness guides the pen,
Which ever points towards Wisdom's ways.

Whilst poring o'er its well-stor'd page,
Does not the heart with fervor glow?
What happy thoughts our minds engage,
From week to week! Is it not so?

These lead not to satiety,
But benefit our rising youth;
They win upon Society
By making them to love the Truth.

Oh! let it be our constant care
To store the mind with what is good;
Supply it with the richest fare,
And ever give it wholesome food!

Then shall the path of life be cheer'd,
By many a soft and gentle ray;
God's holy laws shall be rever'd,
AND TRUTH BLAZE FORTH AS BRIGHT AS DAY!

THE MIND'S EXPANSE.

LEARNING is like a river, whose head, being far in the land, is at first rising, little and easily viewed; but still, as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure, and delightful winding; while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers; but still, the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader it is; till at last it enwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean. There you see more water, but no shore, no end of that liquid, fluid vastness.

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AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;" "THE AVIARY," &C.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

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BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXVIII.—THE BLACK-CAP.

THE SILENCE OF WHICH WE SPOKE LAST WEEK, still prevails, to a great extent, among the feathered choir in the woods and in the fields. The fine clear note, however, of the "bird with russet coat," heard at early morn, and also at "dewy eve," tells us plainly that autumn is here; and we note his approach to our hospitable dwellings, with feelings of ecstatic delight. Of all birds we could least spare *him*; for, in the gloomiest weather, his sweet song brings with it the elements of "comfort." Availing ourselves of the repose of Nature at this season, we will now speak about the purchase of those unfortunate black-caps, whose destiny has placed them at the disposal of the dealers, in the Seven Dials.

The black-cap arrives here about the same time as the nightingale; but, being a more shy bird, a few, only, comparatively speaking, of the old birds, are made prisoners. The temper of this bird, in the month of April, is very variable. He is frequently sulky and morose when placed in confinement, and refuses to perch—hiding himself at the bottom of his cage, and looking doggedly stupid. As in the case of the nightingale—if captured whilst wooing his mate, grief frequently strikes him suddenly dumb.

It would be foolish for you to attempt to buy such birds as these. Observe therefore, very carefully, which are the most sprightly and cheerful. If you find their crest erect, their plumage trim, and their whole appearance to indicate contentment, you will do well to select such. You may readily recognise the male from the female, by his having a jet-black cap, or crown; that of the female is a rusty brown. Do not be in any hurry to complete the bargain; but call again, and again, until you hear a bird sing, and are able to judge of the quality of his voice; for all are by no means alike excellent. This

precaution is the more needful, because old birds newly caught sing for a very short period the first year. If you act foolishly in the matter of your choice, you will entail endless trouble upon yourself, and get no adequate remuneration.

The black-cap is by no means so sulky as the nightingale. If you suspend his cage at a moderate height, and use him to your company, and that of your household, he will soon become reconciled. He is by nature singularly joyous; and, if you make much of him, you will quickly win upon his good graces. Vanity is his besetting sin—but it is vanity most pardonable. After he has had his bath, and finished his toilet, he *is* a noble-looking creature. When he sings freely, he will be in motion the whole time; and you will be exceedingly diverted by the consciousness he evinces of his really being "somebody." His voice will be heard early and late; and, as for a candle light songster, "none but himself can be his parallel."

We have before remarked, that unless a man be an enthusiast, he never need be so particular about selecting an *old* bird, newly caught. His well-being depends so much upon close personal attention, that the trouble often exceeds the pleasure. We would recommend, by all means, the purchase of "branchers," clean moulted. These birds speedily become reconciled to a cage, and soon break out in song. Their cost is trifling, and at this season they are plentiful. Some people prefer "nestlings" because they are tamer; but this is mere fancy, as they are assuredly more difficult to rear.

The advantage you obtain in keeping a black-cap, in preference to a nightingale, consists in the nature of the food they eat. Although both birds are insectivorous, yet the black-cap can, in many instances, do without raw meat. Indeed, several of our very best songsters *preferred* a diet of German paste, sponge cake, hard-boiled yolk of egg, and bruised hemp seed (freed from the husk). Of course, as this is comparatively a

dry food, the adjuncts of a mealworm, spider, wood-louse, ants' eggs, and other delicacies, should be lovingly tendered them at intervals. Those who, from long habit, have fed their birds on raw beef, will find our instructions for its preparation duly recorded in former numbers. Much care is requisite in administering this food, as on its perfect freshness depend the health and excellence of your birds.

To cause your birds to warble sweetly, and to keep them in continuous song,—study all their little fancies, and render their homes “happy.” Then will their lives be one round of pleasure and delight. We have been one of Fortune's favorites in the matter of the black-cap. Such songsters have we had, as perhaps are very seldom indeed to be met with. And as for their tameness and familiarity,—they could not be exceeded. It is quite true that we loved their company, and that we studied their every want. Of all luxuries we found them most greedily fond of soft boiled cabbage, green peas, bread and boiled milk, grocers' currants (soaked) and elderberries. These, and all other seasonable tid-bits, we felt as much pleasure in providing, as our little friends did in partaking of them, when offered. Our reward was ample; for their little throats were in a constant state of joyous excitement,—anticipating the treat in the first instance, and gratefully repaying their obligations afterwards.

The longevity of the black-cap, in a state of nature, is supposed to be about fourteen years. In confinement, if carefully attended to, the average period is about four years. Our advice is, to act with him as with the nightingale—viz., to give him his liberty at the end of three years. He will then troop off with others of his tribe, renew his youth in foreign climes, and return the very year following to his old quarters—not, let us hope, to be again immured. This would be barbarity!

We have often thought that these innocent little creatures were formed not only for their own happy enjoyment, but to teach us mortals great moral lessons. At all events, of this we are very sure,—we ourselves have derived much sound wholesome knowledge from the study of their ways. We have found them easily won by kindness from naturally-bad habits, and our patience has invariably been rewarded by some pleasing success; even in cases which have been pronounced by others to be hopeless. Many persons we are aware, have smiled at our “vain philosophy;” some have ridiculed our “singularly-droll hobby.” “With the first of these—unreflecting individuals, we can patiently and cheerfully argue the point; with the last—a merry, harmless tribe—we can afford good-temperedly to exchange

a laugh. Others, however, who from their profession ought to know better, have not hesitated rudely to express their doubts as to the truth of what we have advanced. These latter, judging only from their own limited observation, or pinning their faith implicitly on what they have read in books—very good as far as it goes—are not justified in speaking oracularly on what is so very far beyond their comprehension. To such silly bigots we would say:—

“Let no presuming, cavilling railer tax
Creative Wisdom,—as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty IGNORANCE pronounce
Hrs works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?”

A thorough knowledge of Natural History is *not* to be gained from books only. All who would arrive at an intimate acquaintance with the habits of birds and insects, must rise at early dawn, *live in the woods and fields*, and make Nature *their study*. Every day reveals some new fact to a close observer; and it is the record of such interesting facts that lends so great a charm to Science. Such pursuits as these have been our delight from infancy.

We need only add, that although the black-cap's plumage is of a silky and most delicate texture, yet he moults freely in a cage. He must, of course, be kept warm; but not too closely covered up. His cheerfulness will “pull him through” the ailments peculiar to this annual visitation of nature; and he will come forth decked in a suit of new and beautiful apparel. *Au reste*—what we have recommended for the nightingale concerns the black-cap equally.

By the way, you may have one of each bird in the same apartment; but, of course, they should never be allowed to see each other. We have given a fair character to both—have “nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice;” therefore, gentle reader—

“Utrum horum mavis, accipe!”

It rests with yourself to make a “happy choice.” May your little friend do honor to his patron's judgment!*

* Our Treatise on “THE BLACK-CAP” is this day completed. The same honor, we may observe, has been paid it, as was lavished on its predecessors—large portions having been transferred to the columns of most of our public Journals.

DEATH OF DR. MACGILLIVRAY. — Dr. W. Macgillivray, Professor of Natural History, in Marischal College, Aberdeen, died last week at his own house, after a lingering illness. He was the author of several works on Natural History, and regarded as an “authority.” The Crown has the patronage of the vacant chair.

THE SILK WORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible, disclose;
All winter-long content to dwell,
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives,
The sustenance by which he lives;
The mulberry-leaf, a simple store
That serves him till he needs no more!

Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter-lived than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he!

THIS TRULY USEFUL AND INDUSTRIOUS WORM was not originally a native of France, nor even of Europe, yet the French breed and manage them very successfully in their southern provinces, and have brought their silk manufactures to great perfection.

It was not till the year 555 that two Greek monks, returning from India to Constantinople, brought with them a number of silk-worms, with instructions for hatching their eggs, rearing and feeding them, winding off the silk, and the rest of the process, upon which manufactories were established at Athens, Thebes, and Corinth. In the twelfth century, King Rogee, of Sicily, established a manufactory at Palermo and another at Calabria, having brought workmen from the cities of Greece (which he had conquered in his expedition to the Holy Land), and, by degrees, the rest of Italy and Spain learned the art from the Sicilians and Calabrians. In the reign of Henry I., the French began to imitate their neighbors with great success. The silk-worm, and the mulberry tree, being introduced by Pope Gregory X. In 1495, when the French returned from the Neapolitan conquest, further progress was made. The mulberry tree then began to be cultivated as far north as Allan, near Montélimort, whence it afterwards spread into many other quarters. Henry IV., aided by Oliver de Senne, planted the garden of the Tuileries with mulberry trees, and introduced the culture of it at Moulins, Tours, Angers, and Saumur.

As to the importance of the culture of the mulberry tree, and the production of silk-worms, together with the manufacture of silk dependent upon it, it appears that, in forty-three departments of France, the annual value of their products is 42,000,000 francs.

The English, seeing the success of their neighbors, were envious to possess some of these useful worms, and King James I. had mulberry trees planted, and silk-worms propagated, in his British dominions, where, from various experiments, it appears they will thrive, and work as well as in any part of Europe.

The quantity of silk used in England alone, amounts annually to more than four million pounds' weight, for the production of which myriads upon myriads of insects are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this little corner of the globe with an article of luxury. If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us only extend our view, and survey the vast population of its widely-spread region, all whose inhabitants,

are indebted for their clothing to the labors of the silk-worm.

This insect, from a small egg, becomes a worm, which, when first hatched, is perfectly black, with the exception of the head, which is more a shining sable than the body. In a few days, it assumes a whitish hue, or an ash-grey; after which, its coat sullies and becomes rugged, at which time the animal casts it off, and appears in a new habit. As it increases in size it grows whiter, but a little inclining to green, till at length it ceases to feed; and sleeping for almost two days, it divests itself of its skin a second time, and appears in a third habit—its color, head, and whole form being indeed so much changed, that one would almost fancy it impossible to be the same.

It now begins afresh to eat and enjoy itself for some little time, when it relapses into its former lethargy, at the conclusion of which it once more changes its covering, and at length renounces all feasting and society, and prepares for its exit by framing for itself a silken cell of admirable structure and beauty. The beginning of this curious work looks like confusion, being only a sort of down or glue to repel the rain, nature having ordained them to work upon the trees in the open air, although they are now reared in the house.

This is the insect's first day's employment, and on the second it forms its ball or cone, almost covering itself over with silk, and on the third day it is entirely hid. The rest of the operation is therefore invisible, but it continues spinning for several days, till the cone is brought to perfection; then, folding itself into a case of less delicate structure, it takes its repose, and is metamorphosed into a chrysalis. Thus it remains without either sign of life or motion, till at length it awakens, and becomes a beautiful moth, after making itself a passage through its silken sepulchre.

It dies at last, having by its eggs prepared for a future stock of worms, which the warmth of the ensuing summer re-animates to live again. Well may imagination be fatigued in contemplating the countless numbers which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man, and which show, in the wondrous of creation, the wisdom of its Creator!

THE SILK MILL.

The first silk mill of pre-eminence was erected in England by a mechanic, John Combe, in the year 1718. It stands on an island in the river Derwent, in Derbyshire. Its history is well worthy of note, as it speaks the power of genius and the influence which the enterprise of an individual has on the commerce of a nation.

The Italians having been exclusively possessed of the art of silk-throwing, the merchants of other nations were consequently dependent on that people for that article of commerce, "silk;" and thus it continued till the commencement of last century, when one was constructed near the present works, by a person of the name of Crochet, on a small scale; but his machinery being insufficient for the work, he soon became insolvent. Thus it was for some length of time abandoned, whether from being thought a task

too arduous, or want of capital, remains to be said.

However, in 1715, ideas began to expand, and one John Combe, a young mechanic, resolved on the perilous enterprise of travelling into Italy, to procure sketches of the machines requisite for the undertaking. In Italy he remained some time, but as admission to the silk mills was prohibited, he could only obtain access by bribing two of the workmen, through whose assistance he secretly inspected the machinery, and whatever facts he obtained a knowledge of during these visits, he noted on paper before he retired to rest.

Thus persevering in this mode of inquiry, he soon became acquainted with the whole, and had only finished his plan when his intentions were discovered; and his life being in imminent danger, he fled with precipitation, and took refuge on shipboard.

The two Italians who had assisted him in his schemes, and whose lives were in equal danger with his own, accompanied him, and they landed in England in safety, about the year 1717. Fixing on Derby as a proper place for his project, he agreed with the corporation for an island on the river, five hundred feet long and fifty-two wide, at a rent of nearly £8 per annum. Having proceeded thus far, he then commenced with the erection of his silk mill, "which may be called the first in England." During the time employed in its construction, he erected some on a small scale in the Town Hall and other places, by which means he not only reduced the price of silk much below the Italians, but was enabled to proceed with his greater undertaking, though the expense was nearly £30,000.

In the year 1718, he procured a patent, to enable him to secure the profits arising from his ingenuity, for the term of fourteen years; but his days drew to a close before this period had elapsed. Treachery and poison had brought him to the grave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXII --PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 165.)

ALL THAT WE HAVE SAID PROVES, that men and animals do not perform what they execute, by means of touch, because they have this sense more or less perfect; but it is necessary to admit, that the external organs, the senses, are calculated to adapt themselves to the internal faculties. Would there not exist a perpetual contradiction between the propensities, the faculties, and the external organs; and would not the internal faculties be rendered useless by the impotence of the external organs, if these were not fitted to execute what the internal ones command? Give to the tiger, bathed in blood, the feet and the teeth of the sheep, and to the sheep, the claws and murderous teeth of the lion, and instantly, by this contradictory arrangement of apparatuses, you destroy the existence of these two animals.

The degree of address, industry, and intelligence, with which an animal is endowed, has not for its principle his trunk, or his tail, which serves him for a trowel; man does not invent because he has hands; but the animal and the man have these organs, because their internal organisation is endowed with the faculties which are in relation with these. Certain organs may be indispensable to execute certain things; yet we cannot attribute to them the thought, which leads to constructing a nest or a hut; to the invention of printing, or weaving.

It is the more astonishing, that this error of Anaxagoras should have been preserved to the present moment, since Galen had long since victoriously refuted it.

"The body," says he, "is the organ of the soul, and, consequently, all the limbs are useful. Hence, the limbs are different, because the souls themselves are of different natures. The courageous and audacious lion has strong claws and teeth; the bull is armed with horns; the boar with tusks. The timid animals, such as the stag and the hare, are organised so as to withdraw themselves from danger by a prompt flight. Man, being endowed with something divine, with intelligence, has received from nature his hands, instead of weapons and tusks. These instruments serve him for all acts, both in war and in peace. There is no need of either horns or tusks; by means of his hands he procures himself shoes; the cuirass, the lance, his arrows: he constructs walls and houses, weaves cloths and nets, and, in this manner gains possession, not only of the animals which inhabit the earth, but also of those which glide in the air, or skim the seas. With his hands he writes laws, erects temples and statues, constructs vessels, makes flutes, harps, knives, pincers, and all instruments needed in the arts. It is by them, that he transmits his meditations to posterity, just as, at the present moment, he can converse with Plato, Aristotle, and Hippocrates. The hands, therefore, were most suitable to man, as an intelligent being; for he is not the most intelligent being because he has two hands, as Anaxagoras maintains; but he is provided with hands because he is the most intelligent, as Aristotle had already, with reason, advanced. It is not the hands, which have taught man the arts; but it is his understanding. The hands are only instruments for the arts; as it is not the harp which instructs the musician, nor the tongs which make the blacksmith, but both are artists, only, by the aid of their intelligence, though without these instruments they would not be able to exercise their art; so each soul, by virtue of its peculiar nature, possesses certain faculties, though it cannot manifest them without certain instruments. It is especially by observing the young of certain animals, that any one may convince himself, that it is not external instruments which inspire an animal with timidity, courage, or sagacity; for young animals are already endeavoring to exercise their innate faculties before their innate faculties have reached their perfection. I have often seen a young bullock making at objects with his forehead before the horns had appeared; a colt kick with his still feeble feet; a young boar without tusks carry on

a combat with blows from his jaw. Each animal has the internal sense of his faculties, and knows the use of his weapons, independently of all instruction. If it were otherwise, why should not the young boar bite with the teeth which he already has, in place of attempting the use of tusks, which he has not? If you have three eggs hatched, one of an eagle, one of a duck, and one of a serpent, you will see the eagle and the duck try to fly before they possess any wings; the little serpent, on the contrary, will roll himself into a spiral, and, however feeble he may be, will make efforts to crawl. If you bring them up in a house, and then take them into the open field, the eagle will direct his flight to the heaven, the duck will make for the water, and the serpent will hide himself under the grass. The eagle, I think, will not fail to *pursue his prey*; the duck, to swim; and the serpent, to seek for holes in the earth; all, as I conclude, without having been taught by any master."

We see, also, by this, that a similitude of occupation exists among several animals, although their organs may differ entirely; or, that similar internal faculties obtain their common object by means of external organs totally unlike. The trunk is to the elephant, what the hand is to the man and the monkey; the swallow attaches its nest by the means of his beak and the thrush cements the interior of his, with clay, tempered by the same instrument, in the same manner as the beaver covers his habitation with it by means of his tail. The squirrel and the wren, the swamp-thrush, and the reed-mouse, build their nests in a manner almost similar. The eagle holds his prey between his talons, as the dog does a bone with his paws. Whatever difference exists between the hands of the monkey, and the feet of the parrot, and the Polish titmouse (*parus pendulinus*), all three make use of these parts to hold their food in the air in the same manner; the hog roots the earth with his snout, the dog scratches it, and the stag beats it with his feet, to uncover the truffles.

In like manner, phenomena entirely different, result from organs apparently similar. In how many different modes, and with what variety of toils, do the different species of spiders seize their prey! What diversity of structure exists in the nests of birds! Even those who construct similar ones, and which belong to the same genus, how much do they differ in their mode of life, in habitual residence, in their food, their notes, and other distinctive peculiarities! The great tomtit, (*parus major*), for example, builds his nest in hollow trees; the long-tailed tomtit (*parus caudatus*), in the bifurcations, and between the bark and the trunk; the bearded tomtit (*parus barbatus*), in the reeds; and the titmouse suspends his nest, remarkable for its art and delicacy, from a slender branch; while the cuckoo, though provided with a beak and feet like other birds, builds none.

We challenge those who assert that the external organs produce the internal faculties, to form a conjecture of any faculty from the configuration of these organs. What would lead you to conclude, that the ant lion digs a reversed cone in the sand for the ants to fall into? What

reveals to you the reason why the hare has his covert in the midst of the fields, while the rabbit burrows? What sign shows you that the rook must live in society, while the pie lives in insulated couples? How do you distinguish the natural wildness of the cuckoo and the chamois, from the facility with which the pigeon and the goat are tamed? Would you not rather have attributed the faculty of building to the hands of the curious monkey, than to the feeble and palmate feet of the beaver? Would you not make the weak wren migratory to the south, rather than the vulture? How will you discover why the hamster lays up food for the winter, and why the bustard, crane, &c., set sentinels?

Thus have I demonstrated, that it does not belong to the touch alone, to give us a knowledge of the world without us; that sensations take place, not only by means of the external senses, but likewise in the interior of the organisation; that we cannot call the touch, the corrector of the other senses; that the hands, when there exists no faculty of a superior order, cannot invent either arts or tools; that the whole use of the touch is limited to procuring the ideas of distance, extent, form, rest, motion, moisture and dryness, and the degree of solidity of objects; that, in other respects, it must be regarded as the instrument of the superior faculties; that these superior faculties, such as the inclinations, propensities, different modes of industry, and the faculties, cannot be determined, conjectured, or explained by the organs of touch. We are, then, obliged to seek other organic conditions, as the causes of all the faculties which we cannot derive from this sense.

It is alleged, as the cause of the numerous advantages of touch, that it supposes a reflection in the animal that exercises it, whereas the others require none. "Light," say they, "and sounds, strike their respective organs without the will of the animal; whereas he touches nothing without some preliminary exercise of the intellectual faculties."

But this opinion, which embraces only one side of objects, disregards the *active* functions of the other senses; and, as it excludes, at the same time, the involuntary touch and shock, and, consequently, the *passive* function of touch, it does not deserve any more extended refutation.

We may place in the same category, the directly opposite opinion of Dumas, who says, "the perceptions from touch do not leave after them impressions as definite, as lively, and of which the memory can so easily recall the image."

To this objection, those may answer, who are under the sad necessity of indemnifying themselves by the pleasures of the imagination only, for the loss of those gratifications which they have formerly had from the sense of touch.

THE MIGRATION OF FISHES.

AMONGST the migrations of fishes, I must not neglect (says Kirby) those that take place in consequence of the water in the ponds or pools that they inhabit being dried up. Some of these are very extraordinary, and prove,

that when the Creator gave being to these animals, he foresaw the circumstances in which they would be placed ; and mercifully provided them with means of escape from dangers to which they were necessarily exposed. In very dry summers, the fishes that inhabit the above situations are reduced often to the last extremities, and endeavor to relieve themselves by plunging, first their heads, and afterwards their whole bodies, in the mud to a considerable depth ; and so, though many in such seasons perish, some are preserved till a rainy one again supplies them with the element so indispensable to their life. Carp, it is known, may be kept and fed a very long time in nets in a damp cellar ; a faculty which fits them for retaining their vitality when they bury themselves at such a depth as to shelter them from the heat. But others, when reduced to this extremity, desert their native pool, and travel in search of another that is better supplied with water. This has long been known of eels, which wind by night through the grass in search of water, when so circumstanced. Dr. Hancock, in the "Zoological Journal," gives an account of a species of fish, called by the Indians the Flat-head Hussar, and belonging to a genus of the family of the Siluridans, which is instructed by its Creator, when the pools in which they commonly reside, in very dry seasons, lose their water, to take the resolution of marching by land in search of others in which the water is not evaporated. These fish grow to about the length of a foot, and travel in large droves with this view ; they move by night, and their motion is said to be like that of the two-footed lizard. A strong serrated arm constitutes the first ray of the pectoral fin. Using this as a kind of foot, it would seem they push themselves forwards by means of their elastic tail, moving nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong plates which envelope their body probably facilitate their progress, in the same manner as those under the body of serpents, which in some degree perform the office of feet. It is affirmed by the Indians, that they are furnished with an internal supply of water sufficient for their journey ; which seems confirmed by the circumstance that their bodies, when taken out of water, even if wiped dry with a cloth, become instantly moist again. Mr. Campbell, a friend of Dr. Hancock's, resident in Essequibo, once fell in with a drove of these animals, which were so numerous that the Indians filled several baskets with them. Another migrating fish was found by thousands, in the ponds and all the fresh waters of Carolina, by Bosc ; and as these pools are subject to be dry in summer, the Creator has furnished this fish, as well as one of the

flying ones, by means of a membrane which closes its mouth, with the faculty of living out of water, and of travelling by leaps to discover other pools. Bosc often amused himself with their motions when he had placed them on the ground ; and he found that they always direct themselves to the nearest water, which they could not possibly see, and which they must have discovered by some internal index ; during their migrations, they furnish food to numerous birds and reptiles. They belong to a genus of abdominal fishes, and are called swampines. It is evident, from this statement, that these fishes are both fitted by their Creator not only to exist, but also move along out of the water, and are directed by the instinct implanted by Him to seek the nearest pool that contains that element ; thus furnishing a strong proof of what are called compensating contrivances. Neither of these fishes have legs, yet the one can walk and the other leap without them, by other means, with which the Supreme Intelligence has endowed it. I may here observe that the serrated bone, or first row of the pectoral fin, by the assistance of which the flathead appears to move, is found in other Siluridans, which leads to a conjecture that these may sometimes move upon land. Another fish, found by Daldorff, in Tranquebar, not only creeps upon the shore, but even climbs the Fan palm in pursuit of certain crustaceans which form its food. The structure of this fish peculiarly fits it for the exercise of this remarkable instinct. Its body is lubricated with slime, which facilitates its progress over the bark, and amongst its chinks ; its gill covers are armed with numerous spines, by which, used as hands, it appears to suspend itself ; turning its tail to the left, and standing, as it were, on the little spines of its anal fin, it endeavors to push itself upwards by the expansion of its body, closing at the same time its gill-covers, that they may not prevent its progress ; then expanding them again, it reaches a higher point ; thus, and by bending the spiny rays of its dorsal fins to right and left and fixing them in the bark, it continues its journey upwards. The dorsal and anal fins can be folded up and received into a cavity of the body. How exactly does this structure fit it for this extraordinary instinct ! These fins assist it in certain parts of its route ; and when not employed, can be packed up so as not to hinder its progress. The lobes of its gill-covers are so divided and armed as to be employed together, or separately as hands, for the suspension of the animal, till, by fixing its dorsal and anal fins, it prepares itself to take another step ; all showing the Supreme Intelligence and the Almighty hand

that planned and fabricated its structure—causing so many organs, each in its own way, to assist in promoting a common purpose. The fan palm, in which this animal was taken by Daldorff, grew near the pool inhabited by these fishes. He makes no mention, however, of their object in these terrestrial excursions; but Dr. Virey observes, that it is for the sake of small crustaceans on which they feed.

CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE.

IN REFLECTING UPON the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the Contemplation of Nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view; or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us.

In the uniform plain, bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus, or waving grasses, deck the soil; on the ocean shore, where the waves, softly rippling o'er the beach, leave a track green with the weeds of the sea—everywhere the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the vast expanse of nature, revealing to the soul, by a mysterious inspiration, the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the Universe.

Mere communion with nature, mere contact with the free air, exercise a soothing, yet strengthening, influence on the wearied spirits; calm the storm of passion, and soften the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths. Everywhere, in every region of the globe, in every stage of intellectual culture, the same sources of enjoyment are alike vouchsafed to man. The earnest and solemn thoughts awakened by a communion with Nature, intuitively arise from a presentiment of the order and harmony pervading the whole Universe; and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own existence, and the image of Infinity revealed on every side—whether we look upwards to the starry vault of heaven, scan the far-stretching plain before us, or seek to trace the dim horizon across the vast expanse of ocean.

"If," says Humboldt, "I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollection of my own travels, I would instance, among the most striking scenes of nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently-heaving ocean; or I would recal the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form, as it

were, 'a forest above a forest;'* or I would describe the peak of Teneriffe, when a horizontal layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the eye of the traveller may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these, it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of nature that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever-varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea—whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of nature, may become a source of enjoyment to man, by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination.

"Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it."

[The above beautiful remarks have been kindly transcribed for us from Humboldt's *Cosmos*, by our worthy correspondent, PHILOS, *Reading*.]

* This expression is taken from a beautiful description of tropical Forest Scenery, in *Paul and Virginia*.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

The good and truly amiable FELTHAM, in his "*Resolves*," has the following choice remarks:—"I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and galless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, not the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane; but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love, like humility; nothing hate, like pride."—Was FELTHAM living now, what would he say about PRIDE,—that giant that keeps so many good hearts from coming together? He would blush for society more than ever he did; and with good reason. Civilised in degree, we have yet far too much of the savage lurking about us. When *will* this disappear? Echo answers—"W-h-e-n?"

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge is indeed a treasure,—but judgment is the treasury. There is such a thing as "knowing too much."

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT ; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive—price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 8, price 1s. 1d. each ; post-free, 1s. 4d

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—H. H.—W. S.—C. P.—CHIRUGA. Your having given no real name and address, precludes our being able, though very willing, to write to you ; and to answer your many questions in the JOURNAL would occupy three of our pages at least. You will find *much* that you want to know, already recorded in our columns. Your birds are, we imagine, St. Helena Avidavats ; they will not breed here, but may be readily tamed.—EMMELINE. See page 205 of the present number.—JANE. Yes.—WISEMAN. It is merely a freak of Nature.—"IMPERTINENT CORRESPONDENT." You will find a notice of your letter among our "Original Correspondence."—F. G.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—ZIG-ZAG.—FORESTIERA. We *quite* agree with you.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, September 25, 1852.

SEPTEMBER—THE MONTH OF RAMBLING, TRAVELLING, SIGHT-SEEING, FEASTING, and merry-go-round amusements—is fast drawing to a close. The days have, for the most part, been fine and attractive ; but their duration is short, and the evenings have become undeniably chilly. Hence, folks are quickly returning to their lawful Harbour of Refuge—"Home."

We need not disguise the fact, of our having been as busy as any one in flying over the country. "Here to-day, there to-morrow," has been our theme ; and we have enlarged upon it "nicely." Many a kind, hearty welcome has greeted us ; and we have as heartily greeted *it*. Open houses, and what is far better, open hearts and open arms, have everywhere received us graciously ; and we are the better for it both in mind and in body. We are ALL creatures of circumstance, and require a change from time to time to keep us *in equilibrio*.

If ours was a JOURNAL established for the sole purpose of writing down Abuses, what a task should we have, to record what has casually come under our notice during the month ! How many have been our hair-breadth escapes from sudden death, and from "moving accidents by field and flood !" They are almost countless. Once we were on board *the Satellite* (let us give the date, Sept. 2) returning from Gravesend, closely pursued by the *Nymph* ; both boats fearfully and wickedly over-laden with passengers,

and racing with all their power to pass each other on the passage. Hereby a collision took place, to the terror of many hundreds, whose shrieks were really appalling. The chimney, too, of the first-named vessel, was *red-hot* throughout the voyage ; and it had all the appearance (as the heated cinders belched out from its summit), of an eruption of Vesuvius. Glad were we, and all who could do so, to struggle out at the first place of landing—devoutly thanking God for such a "lucky escape." (Memorandum : no more returning home by steam, in the evening, from GRAVESEND.)

Then we have been to Southend—where the landing of one parasol is charged 2d. ; one newspaper, 2d. ; one umbrella, 2d. ; and one paper containing a penny bun is charged 2d. Occasionally, a *Family Herald* (original price 1d.), is, we are told, on landing, charged 2d. We almost forgot,—your cloak, too, is charged 2d. Our kerchief we had the foresight to put in our hat, and so it escaped. These are "pier dues." A gigantic fortress of red-brick at the top of the hill, called an Hotel, completes the "attractions" of this amiable watering place.* We were so delighted with Southend, that we stayed there two mortal hours. We did *not* call at PURFLEET on our way home, and pay sixpence for "leave to land" there !

Herne-bay, inhabited by one policeman ; "an intimate friend of his ;" and a nursery maid, who has been "crossed in love,"—we have passed by, but not visited. We "hear" it is as attractive as ever, and the policeman ("new-buttoned") in the enjoyment of rude health. This is consolatory. We *thought* we observed him smoking his pipe on the pier head. We may have been mistaken. It must, however, have been either himself ; the "intimate friend of his ;" or the blighted nursery maid. It matters little which. They have it all their own way—and "shrimps" for breakfast every morning.

Then we have been to Tonbridge Wells by the rail,—creeping along *there*, and crawling along back again. A most awfully-conducted "line" this ! and the charges quite "prohibitory" for pleasure-seekers. It seems hard that the public should suffer for other people's cupidity ; but so it is. They take you, too, ten miles out of the regular road, and make *you* pay heavily for *their* accommodation.

* In "Bentley's Miscellany" for the current month, is a very droll article upon our "Watering Places." With much keen satire, the writer touches up all the tricks of the "Pier-mongers" at Southend, &c., &c. ; and shows up their extortionate practices very cleverly. It is taken for granted at the "Watering Places," that we Londoners belong to the "order of the *Fleece* !" —Ed. K. J.

Then we have been on other railroads,—east, west, north, and south. We have consulted “time-tables;” but found them useless. We have asked, graciously, on many of the lines, for needful information; but they would not give it us. Several times have we miraculously escaped being “labelled,” and forwarded “on” to a wrong destination—all for want of people civilly opening their mouths when spoken to. Time would fail us, were we to record, formally, all our just grounds for complaint against the railway companies—whether as regards their reckless disregard for life and limb, or for the general accommodation of the public. We do hear of many accidents; but not one in twenty of those which really occur ever meets the public eye. Bribery keeps all quiet. Money shuts the eyes; money keeps the mouth closed.*

As for the watering places—we have no need to record what we have seen there. If you see them once—you see them always. There are stereotyped faces on the pier and sands; stereotyped legs and feet, stereotyped bonnets, shoes, and boots, and stereotyped “glances” under “shrouds” or uglies as they are called. These “shrouds,” let us repeat, are so awfully disgusting, that we dare not trust ourselves to speak of them as they deserve. Every woman—no “lady” would wear one—who sports them, ought to be unhesitatingly sent to Coventry, and the inventor “hanged” without trial by jury. The “article,” if produced in court, would be the “warrant” for his “immediate execution.” If any man’s wife were to appear in public, so habited, he would be justified in seeking “a divorce” on the instant; and it would be granted, *nem con.*

The close of this month, now so near at hand, will finish at once all further cause for complaint on these general heads. The weather has been fine. The public have been, as usual, well fleeced; the railway proprietors have had a golden harvest, the steam-boat companies ditto. And now,—

* The safety of the Public is now so little regarded, and the loss of “a few lives” is deemed of such trifling moment, that it really is high time for the Government to interfere. Until our Railways are under their control, and our Steam-boat Companies are by them in some degree held responsible for their reckless and wanton acts, travelling is assuredly “not safe.” A gentleman, who accompanied us to town the other day, told us he made a regular practice of taking an “insurance ticket” for his life, “every time he went on a line of English railway,”—however short the distance! He added, “Thank God, I do not have to travel very long journeys on these fatal high-roads!” As for the overloading of steam-boats,—we have been horror-struck at what we have ourselves seen even within the last month.—ED. K. J.

despite all the calamities attendant upon these his “enjoyments, John Bull” will till next season patiently settle down, Issachar like, beneath the burdens so considerably imposed upon him by his oppressors of the railway and the steam-boats!

Sic transit gloria mundi!

NOTHING REJOICES OUR HEART MORE, than to find other people rowing in our boat—we mean, of course, people of a genial spirit. We are truly social; and never so happy as when being useful in our vocation as well as playful. Playfulness and usefulness, amiability and devotion to the true interests of society, should be “inseparables.” With us, they are so—ever will be so.

It has been our habit through life to make converts to our own faith, by pleasing examples—by bringing before the eye, matters of every-day occurrence; and then commenting upon them. This is a sure way to secure attention; and it is the readiest mode of reaching the heart—“the seat of the affections.”

We have said repeatedly, that the world we live in is a good world—good as ever it was; and we have tried (we hope successfully) to prove it. The “abuse” we make of it, is alone the cause of our unhappiness. Every day that closes upon us, proves this beyond all dispute.

The sun each morning rises kindly; goes his daily rounds; and sinks happily to his rest. Nature, out of doors, does his bidding; yields to his influences; and accomplishes, in proper order, all her prescribed duties. If we, the so-called superior world, did our duties in the same manner, Paradise would be our dwelling—the love of God, and the welfare of his creatures, our object. But as we eschew these blessings, of course we must take the necessary consequences of our choice and folly.

These few remarks lead us to the subject of this day’s reflections:—viz. the inordinate craving we all have, whilst living, to pursue the ideal in preference to the real; to wear ourselves out in the world of commerce, and in the pursuit of vanity, to the entire destruction of domestic felicity. Gold is our God.

If the evil rested with ourselves alone, and we were mere units of society—free to range WHERE we would and do AS we would, then should we be entitled to the option of

“To be, or not to be?”

But when we associate our destiny with that of another, and that other a loving, tender, confiding woman, who lives but for us, and for our happiness—in connection (of course) with her own—then, the case is altered altogether. In killing ourselves, we kill her

—commit in fact a double murder. Nor is it a sudden death we die. Rather is it a life protracted by slow torture; a fire that consumes us whilst we live.

The "plain gold ring" is a blessing truly; and an "ornament" that casts even an additional lustre on the hand of a loving woman. We dote on the sight. But when we consider how much its possessor too often sacrifices for the "honor" of wearing it, then does our pleasure receive a considerable diminution.

We are *not* speaking now of the Fashionable world. *They* can be happy anywhere, with anybody; under any circumstances. Wealth is their object, wealth their idol; wealth is what they live for; money what they pant to carry away with them when they die. They live in luxury; bid defiance to anxiety and grief, have no wish ungratified, know nothing of fine feeling; and despise the blessings of the domestic hearth. With such, we have nothing to do; and can possess no feelings in common. So we leave them in their (vain) glory.

The persons we allude to, are those well-educated men who move in the world of commerce. Men who have hearts and souls, and pure affections—who can value a woman for her worth, live for her sake, and worship her as the goddess of their HOME. These men are too often the victims of circumstances. They are drawn into the vortex of business transactions, till their time is absorbed thereby to the *entire destruction of domestic felicity*. With no leisure for reflection, each day hurries them on into transactions of a still greater magnitude. What is the necessary consequence? Why—that all their soul *did* hold dear at home, gradually pines away with grief. She speaks—but gets no answer. Or, if an answer there be, it is short, and not to the purpose.

Thus is an idolising woman's spirit broken; and thus is the "end of life" entirely lost sight of. This is a matter of such daily occurrence, that no apology can be needed for giving it our consideration. The same principle, on a smaller scale, obtains in most respectable grades of society—domestic felicity being almost the *last* instead of the very first consideration.

We propose to illustrate our remarks by a very admirable Sketch, which has recently appeared in the "Leader" newspaper. The writer's sentiments are so completely in unison with our own, that we have pleasure in giving them very extended publicity—feeling assured that they must address themselves forcibly to many of our readers. He very happily compares a lovely, loving woman, in her native freedom, to "a fairy." Such she *is* by right. And why should she not continue so? Is it not, we ask, all owing to the

artificial state of our existence? We live—for what? For ourselves? No! TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES!! But let us hearken to a warning voice:—

A MERCHANT married a Fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained towards him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of Woman. They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream. Before the year was over, he had returned to his affairs. They were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. But every evening as he hastened back to her side, she felt the weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet, and sang to him, and *prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind*.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his bales of merchandise, she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising airy gaieties with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, SHE comprehended nothing of Care. Life was abounding in her. She knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh—to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water lily—to tantalise and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetries—*this was her idea* of how they should live. And when he gently refused to join her in these childlike gambols, and told her of the *serious work* that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant; but acquiescing, with a sigh, *because he said it*.

She acquiesced; but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was "Love," and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was Love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of Care, raised by busy hands, was gradually shutting him out from her. If she visited him during the day, she found herself a hindrance—and retired. When he came to her at sunset, he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripple of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft beseeching eyes. But there was a something in his eyes—a remote look, as if his soul was afar, busy with other things, *which*

made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he was absorbed in calculations; and, throwing her arms round his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depths, would brighten his anxious face, as *for a moment* he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him, she could not win his life; she could charm, *she could not occupy him!* The painful truth came slowly over her; as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny Day until at last it is Night. Night with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of Day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes. This proved that, even as he sat there grieving, and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of Care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "*I am not good enough for him.*" Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of *incomplete* life! Not good enough, because her whole life was centred in one whose life was scattered!

And so—she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of Care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life—The night was starless—and he ALONE!

WHO, we ask, among the ranks of wedded life, can read this episode without having a bleeding heart? May it wound us ALL, very deeply; and speedily lead to the cure of a most frightful evil!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Do Toads and Frogs eat their own Skins?—A gentleman, named William Marshall, asserts, Mr. Editor, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of Sept. 4, that frogs, &c., shed their skins, and swallow them. [This vulgar error has long prevailed.] He lays much stress on the fact of his having in his possession a singular toad, of a curious color, and with pink eyes. Now I have kept these animals so long, and made them so constantly my study, without ever observing anything of the kind, that I may venture to doubt the fact of the question being settled in a satisfactory manner. There are many phenomena in nature for which we cannot account,—such as white hedge-sparrows, house-sparrows, blackbirds, &c., &c., and no doubt the toad with pink eyes is one of these phenomena, or exceptions to general rule. My frogs are now in all their glory, full of life and energy. Every morning I turn in a store of blue-bottle flies, and it would highly delight

you to see how each frog darts from out of the water at its prey, catching it with unerring certainty at a distance of about ten inches. Their spots are increasing in beauty and brilliancy, daily. Never were animals more joyous—more enviably happy.—J. LUSHER.

The Surfeit in Birds.—I have a thrush, with a bald head and neck. The feathers are constantly falling off, and do not grow again. I have also another thrush, very mopish. I fear I shall lose him. What shall I do?—ROBIN.

[For the cure of "surfeit," see Article on page 298, Vol. I. The ailing thrush requires change of air and scene, also change of food. Give him some cheese now and then; a snail or two; and some bread and butter. Hang him up in a cheerful situation (out of the reach of draughts), and he will soon recover.]

Unnatural Dogs.—The late Mr. Shaw, demonstrator of anatomy, has left on record a very curious anecdote of an unnatural and also of a natural dog. The former was running, one very wet day, by the side of a man on horseback, at North End, Hampstead. She was observed to droop, and could not proceed with the other dogs which were in company. Being left in the care of a boy in the neighborhood, she brought forth in the course of an hour several pups. The next morning she was gone, and in her place (attracted by cries of distress) was found a Newfoundland dog, some six months old! Never having been a mother, there were "no supplies" for the puppies. Nature, however, never defeated, triumphed here; and the energies of the pups actually produced a supply of milk, which never ceased until they were all reared. They were of the spaniel breed.—VERAX.

[This is the *third* case of the kind that we have already recorded. In every instance, milk was provided, where in the regular course of nature none was procurable.]

The Ant.—You have been dwelling much of late on the sagacity of the ant. Let me add to the interest already created thereby, by another pretty little fact, proving that among them, as among ourselves, "unity is strength." One day during the summer of 1816, I was seated on the lawn of a cottage at Twickenham. Just above my head was a large cedar tree; immediately below this, lay a dead rat. This rat I observed to "move" very mysteriously. It appeared to heave backwards and forwards. I rubbed my eyes over and over again; still the body "moved" perceptibly. Incredulously I then approached the spot, and there found an ant-hill. It was distant from the rat about eighteen inches; and around and *under* the rat there were many thousands of these creatures busily at work. Their object was to carry off the body, and store it in the colony. This, after several days' labor, I may add, they accomplished. Excellent anatomists were they, withal,—the rat was a perfect natural skeleton! When I state that the removal of this body was up an inclined plane, the marvel is the greater. All hands went to work cheerfully. The labor was great, but being divided and shared, it was anything but

insurmountable. They persevered; they triumphed. Oh, Mr. Editor, your words often fall pleasingly on my ear. There is *indeed* many a valuable lesson to be learnt, many a reproof administered by the so-called "lower world." They "improve" *their* talent; we "bury" ours! VERAX.

"*A Man Overboard.*"—I have read, Mr. Editor, with great pleasure as well as much pain, the most interesting but truly distressing little narrative of yours referring to the poor sailor who was drowned off Erith. What *must* his poor mother have suffered? (I, also, have a most fond mother.) How great—how intense her agony, for the loss of "her son, her only son!" Do you know if the body was ever recovered? I have seen no account of any "inquest" having been held upon it.—AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

[Your feelings, Mademoiselle, do you honor. We have seen a sight which we hope *you* may never see. As you are an "only daughter," you can indeed estimate the loss of "an only son,"—his mother's joy—the delight of her eyes—the hope of her life. Let *his* fate endear your fond mother more than ever to you. A mother! In that sacred name dwell heaven and earth. WE, too, are thus blest. Dearest of all dear mothers!

The utmost measure of a child's affection,
Never can, even to the half, repay
The force and fulness of *thy* tender love!

Happy and blessed indeed are they who can estimate the value of a mother. We can replace *every* thing but that! The body of the poor sailor was picked up off Gravesend, the day after his death; and it is something to know that his dear aged mother did, after all, "see the *last* of him." God bless her withered heart! say we. It will soon be in eternal rest.]

On Shaking Hands.—Will you, dear Mr. Editor, oblige me by giving your opinion on the common mode of salutation—the shaking of hands? I have had many arguments on the subject; and maintain that you may "safely" judge of a person's character by the "feel" of the hand as it comes in contact with your own. Am I right? I hope so; for I am "alone" among many, who call me "a little fool!"—PINK, *Hastings.*

[Yes, modest Pink, you are indeed right; quite right. In no one external circumstance of life, is a man or woman's character more clearly discerned than in the mode of salutation by the hand. Some people greet you with a finger; some with two; some with three. Some give you a lump of cold flesh, to shake or not, as you will. Inanimate itself, as its owner, it passively submits to your operations on it. It either remains an icicle in your hand, or it falls back, lifeless, beside its master or mistress. Some people take your hand, and jerk it—once or twice—up, or down. Cold are they, cold is "it" (their hand). Avoid ALL such statues and statuettes. If you really like a person, you *must* show it—you can't help it. You take their hand; you grasp it, you grip it. You convey by the squeeze, what are *your* feelings, what your disposition, towards your friend or visitor; but how soon do you

withdraw your hand when you meet with no response! WE are great observers of these matters, and *invariably* judge people by their shaking of hands. We are very seldom wrong in our judgment; and consequently have few "false friends." Only make us your friend, dear PINK, and let us come and see you. Then shall you have a "specimen" of *how* kindred spirits *ought* to shake hands. We shall give you *both* hands, and our undivided heart; for we are rare judges of character by handwriting, and yours delights us beyond measure. We love your sentiments, too, dearly. You are a treasure at home—a treasure as a friend, and will be, some day (or we are very short-sighted), a treasure as a wife. What you say about your mamma, brothers, and sisters, and their observations on the general emptiness of worldly ceremonies (we have not printed these, as being unconnected with our present subject), convinces us that you are "a united happy family." We shall be rejoiced if an early opportunity be permitted us, of giving you "the first lesson in shaking hands." It will be "first"—and final. You know already enough of the cold shake; and glad are we that you detest it. The warm shake of cordial regard shall, when we meet, animate our whole system, and make us "one" Love never changes. As Milton says—"It knows no change, save only to *increase*."]

Notes on the Hollyhock.—People who have given large prices for hollyhocks, seem quite astonished that when they grow them they do not come half so large, nor look so noble; but, on the contrary, they come up with side stems and crowded buds, the leaves turn yellow, the blooms perish before they are half opened, and so forth. We begin to think that nurserymen should either issue printed directions, or refer the buyers to our treatise, or give some verbal directions, to prevent disappointment. However, we will offer a few remarks on the hollyhock, because, though a very old inhabitant of the garden, growing up of itself, without care, there is as much difference wanted in the management of the double novelties now sent out, as compared with the carelessness with which we used to heat the old same double kinds, as there is between the growth of two plants. When you first get your plants, put them in the open ground with rich soil, and water them in. This we should prefer to do in the spring; when they begin to grow, confine them to a single shoot, and if there be more, take them off close to the plant, and make another plant of the piece if you like. When they start off in earnest, and throw up their blooming shoot, remove all side shoots from the main stem, and now, as it advances, recollect that the bloom buds must be thinned out as carefully as you would thin the berries on a bunch of grapes. Two out of every three, and sometimes more than this, must be taken away; for, remember that the flowers will be six inches across. However, you must be a judge of what can be spared as you go on. Place a straight stake upright close to the stem, and so fasten it here and there as to prevent the wind from having any power over the plant. You are not to thin the buds all at once, but first remove

a few here and there, where they are very close; by and bye, take a few more away, leaving the strongest at proper distances to bloom well and just reach one another. Loosen the soil occasionally round the plants, and put some rotten dung on the soil to reach a foot all round. Whenever you water them, you wash some of this extra nourishment into the ground. But, if you object to the litter which this makes, put half a peck of rotten dung into ten gallons of water, and after dissolving it as well as you can by letting it stand for a day, and stirring it, use this instead of water. You must continue this thinning high up the stem; and at six or eight feet, according to your fancy, take off the top of the plant. We shall hear no more of disappointed hopes. If your air be as good, your flowers will equal those of the nursery where you bought them. This is not exactly the time, perhaps, to tell people how to manage a plant on which a good deal of the mischief may have been done already, but it is just the time to recommend people to go to Mr. Turner or Mr. Briggs, of Slough; Mr. Chater, of Saffron Walden; Mr. Parsons, of Ponder's-end; or Mr. Bircham, of Bungay, to see the plants in perfection—to observe how the buds have been thinned, the plants supported, the ground spread with dung or drenched with dung water, and to make choice of plants they wish to grow another year.—G. GLENNY.

The Chameleon.—Your intimate acquaintance, my dear Sir, with the brute creation, and your extensive knowledge of their habits, &c., &c., to say nothing of your great courtesy to your many correspondents, induces me to apply to you for aid under the following distressing circumstances. We have just had two chameleons sent us from Africa, as "pets;" and as we do not believe that they can live on air, will you take pity on us, and tell us the best method we can pursue in order to keep them alive, and in health? If you will, I am sure that I must always acknowledge myself your much-obliged and grateful—EMMELINE.

[Oh, Emmeline—gentle Emmeline, *why* withhold your real name and address, in a case requiring an *immediate reply*? We should have been delighted to answer you at once; and *now*, perhaps, we may be too late in our endeavor to serve you. Your name would be "sacred" with us: your handwriting, too, convinces us that *you know* what we say is true. (?) The chameleon is a singular little animal, and is thus noticed by Mr. Madden, in the account of his "Travels in Turkey." Its living on *air* is fabulous, of course. "I had a chameleon which lived for three months; another, two months; and several which I gave away, after keeping them ten days, or a fortnight. Of all the irascible little animals in the world, there are none so choleric as the chameleon. I trained two large ones to fight, and could at any time, by knocking their tails against one another, insure a combat. Their colors are then most conspicuous. This is only effected by paroxysms of rage, when the dark gall of the animal is transmitted into the blood, and is visible enough under its pellucid skin. The gall, as it enters and leaves the circulation, affords the three various shades of

green, which are observable in its colors. The story of the chameleon assuming whatever color is near it, is, *like that of its living on air*, a fable. It is extremely voracious. I had one so tame, that I could place it on a piece of stick opposite the window, and in the course of ten minutes I have seen it devour *half-a-dozen* flies. Its mode of catching them is very singular. The tongue is a cartilagenous dart, anchor-shaped. This it thrusts forth with great velocity, and never fails to catch its prey. The mechanism of the eye of the chameleon is extremely curious. It has the power of projecting the eye to a considerable distance from the socket, and can make it revolve in all directions. One of them, which I kept for some months, deposited thirteen eggs in a corner of the room. Each was about the size of a large coriander seed. The animal never sat on them. I took them away to try the effects of the sun; but from that period she declined daily in voracity, and soon after died."—Do let us hear from you again. We feel anxious to know if the above reaches you in time to be serviceable. For the future, remember we *always* print OUR JOURNAL a full week *in advance*. The Booksellers have "vowed a vow" to annihilate it; but we are determined that, so far as WE are concerned, it shall appear with undeviating regularity *every Wednesday* (dated the *Saturday* following). If the Booksellers will not supply it, OUR PUBLISHER *will*—gladly.]

"*Might against Right.*"—I have, after much trouble and delay, procured your FIRST VOLUME and subsequent Monthly Parts. I feel it right to tell you, you are quite smothered in Liverpool, and have no chance of success. [Bright prospect this for us—very.] "KIDD'S OWN," in Weekly Numbers, *it is useless, quite useless, to hope or try to get regularly*, from the vendors here. They tell me, indeed, "they do not know whether it is going on, or not." [They *won't* know.] They sell so many thousands of other *old-established* cheap periodicals, that they are independent. [They are—truly!] You have wisely raised your price to three-pence. You ought to have originally brought it out at that price—it *could not* "pay" at less. Unless, indeed, you had a large fortune at your back, to bribe and gorge the vendors. The only way to force a large circulation now, is, by exhausting all the powers of "puffing," and by advertising in every possible shape and form. Your dyspeptic "notice" to me (in No. 16, April 17), met my eye, for the first time, to-day. Of course I am highly furious, —raving at you, mentally, like a Bedlamite. Still, I continue to pick out the golden "nuggets" from "KIDD'S OWN,"—so full of interesting gossip and instruction. Of course this is from your old enemy—"AN IMPERTINENT CORRESPONDENT," *Liverpool*.

[Our correspondent, if a diamond, is a "rough" one,—certainly *not* "polished." His two former epistles were insolence personified, and we are amazed at again beholding his handwriting! We are still more amazed at his being able to fancy anything we can write, or publish. We imagine it is the effusions of our Correspondents that so delight him. Be it so: at all events, *fas est ab hoste doceri*. Even our enemy may

teach us *something*, if we be not too proud to learn. We are *not*. What he tells us is literally true. Everybody hunts for OUR JOURNAL—everywhere. They are told all sorts of things. "It is 'dead': it never could stand its ground,—they knew it from the first." "Very trashy work, or everybody would have it on sale," &c., &c. We are worn out fairly, or rather, *un-fairly*; and if we *cannot* go a-head, why we *must* "come to an anchor." Puff, we won't—bribe, we won't—neither will we make our Periodical "licentious." If its days are numbered, it shall at least die in good odor.* Nothing shall ever make us swerve from the right path. We have said it. May we offer a hint, in all kindness, to our "Impertinent Correspondent?" Never take shelter under an "anonymous" cloak. Speak out, Sir, like a man, and let us know with whom we have to deal. We are of a gentle disposition, and not of "so bad a heart" as you seem to think. Let us thank you—it is your just due—for your frankness on the present occasion.]

All Animals delectable "in their Proper Places;" Dogs.—The very gentle but manly course you have taken, Mr. Editor, with reference to this delicate question, does you infinite honor. You have acted with perfect fairness by *all*, and have shown no undue bias. There was, and is good cause, for your speaking out loudly and plainly about the gross indelicacy too commonly practised by females, whilst indulging their strange *penchant* for dogs. This would be bad enough among the lower classes; but among the higher, where it almost exclusively prevails, it is as inexcusable as it is *unnatural* and disgusting. I quite agree with your pet divine, CECIL (by the way, that was an admirable quotation of yours, at page 160, about "Prudery"),—who says, "I hate even *virtues* that are *unnatural*." So do you, Mr. Editor, evidently; and so *must all* who are properly instructed. Go on, my dear Sir,—go on in the noble, straightforward path you are pursuing; and OUR amiable little JOURNAL shall ere long be immortalised all over the known world.—H. C. S., *Portman Square*.

[This is one, of many letters of similar import. As it speaks the language of all, and as our space is valuable, we withhold the others. The writers, however, have our best thanks; and we will assuredly "stand by our principles," as they advise us to do.]

On Cheerfulness and Uniformity of Temper.—Tell me, dear Mr. Editor, do—how is it you continue to send your Paper out week by week full of useful and yet smart and playful things? Your animal spirits would appear never to flag one instant. All, with you, seems to be one round of happiness and delight. And the best of it is, you completely lead us all away *with* you! [This is the *best* compliment you could have paid us.] Do you live by rule? [No.] Are you a temperance man? [Yes; temperate in *all* things.] There are many other questions I would ask; but being, I know, a favorite

of yours, let me entreat you to give us, for the benefit of myself and others, a "little code of health" penned by yourself. There *must be* "something" in your mode of living, different from others; or you could never do as you do, or write as you write. Is my petition heard? Will it be granted? My handwriting will tell you that I am—EMILY P., *Carshalton*.

[EMILY! you are a gossamer. You have spun a silken web. We are entangled in it. We are at your gentle mercy. Yes indeed, your will is law to us. We *do* remember the garden; the little garden dress, and tunic; the dialogue about "Pleasure—whether greater in prospective or in possession?" &c. &c. We will not close our eyes this night, until our "code of health," as you call it, is thought of, and reduced to writing. Our very next Paper, if we both live to see its appearance, shall show you how more than delighted we are to do your gentle bidding. Cheerfulness with us is habitual. Happiness is the basis of our existence. Our happiness, to-day, is even *increased* by the thought of doing what you now ask us to do. We do it graciously and joyfully, and hold ourselves *ever* at your service.]

TWO SHINING CHARACTERS,—

GRANT THORBURN AND JENNY LIND.

THE SUBJOINED, from the Note Book of Grant Thorburn ("Laurie Todd"), is so racy, that we readily register it in OUR JOURNAL. The pardonable egotism of the writer, and the enthusiasm of himself and the Swedish Nightingale, deserve to be recorded. We have nothing to do with Grant Thorburn's religious sentiments; we merely "copy" what he has penned down.

"Hitherto," says our hero, "the time, talents, and conversation of Miss Jenny Lind, have been so much monopolised by the good, the great, and the noble of the land, that a small mortal like myself could not so much as see the hem of her garment. Hearing that, to escape from the heat, noise, and fashionable crowd of New York, she was removing to the pleasant heights in Brooklyn, I obtained from Mr. Barnum a letter as follows:—

NEW YORK, 21st May, 1851.

The bearer, Mr. Thorburn, is a man of the highest respectability, a funny old Scotchman, and an author, &c. Miss Lind will be pleased to talk with him; he is a very celebrated man, well known to all the *litterati*; he is wealthy, and don't come begging.

(Signed) P. T. BARNUM.

Armed with this missive, I stood by the door of her mansion next morning at nine, A.M. I rang; the servant appeared. Says I, "This note is for Miss Lind, from Mr. Barnum." Says he, "She aint up." "No matter," says I, "the sun's up; she can read that note in bed. Tell her, if she is willing to see me, I will wait in the parlor till

* Our correspondent "hints" in his letter, that at Christmas next, our "hash will be settled!" *Nous verrons*.—ED. K. J.

Christmas, if she says so." (I knew she would not say so; it was only a figure of speech, to denote the sincerity of my wish.) The man looked in my face without moving. I dare say he thought I was crazy. "Go a-head," says I, "and deliver your message." In two minutes he returned, smiling. "Miss Lind says she won't make you wait till Christmas: please sit in the parlor, she will be with you in ten minutes."

I had never seen Miss Lind. The door opened. I advanced. She met me with a quick step, both hands extended. I held her right hand in my left, her left hand in my right. Approximating as near as common sense would permit, and looking in her face, "And this is Jenny Lind," said I. Returning the look, and advancing a foot, "and this is Laurie Todd," said she. She placed a chair in front of the sofa. She sat on the sofa, I sat on the chair. Thus we looked at one another, face to face; and thus the language of her speaking eyes confirmed the words which dropped from her lips.

She remarked, she had read my history ("Laurie Todd") about three years ago in Europe. She thought the description there given of the baptism of Rebecca was the most interesting scene she ever read in the English books. She continued, "Can you repeat the scene from memory?" Says I, "Death only can blot it out." "Will you oblige me?" she continued. Says I, "You have seen the painting of the goddess of liberty; that is the costume which adorned the person of the ladies of that period. Her father had been already dead better than 300 days, the dress therefore was in half mourning. Her hat was a small black beaver, all the fashion at that time, the rim turned up on each side, so as to have the ears visible. The hair was in a broad fold, resting between the shoulders, having the extreme ends fastened with a pin on the crown. Hers was very long and very flaxen; she was clothed in a white garment, fine, neat, and clean, her neck encircled with a black bracelet, and around her waist was a black ribbon. The train of her garment was hanging on her left arm. The thought that, before another hour, the eyes of the whole congregation would be fastened on her alone, brought a faint blush to the cheek. When she walked up the middle aisle and sat down, third pew from the pulpit, I thought I never had beheld anything half so lovely. Lecture being ended, the preacher proclaimed, 'Let the person present herself for baptism.' She walked to the altar—a tall, slim figure, straight as an Indian arrow, with a measured step like a sentry on duty before the tent of his general. While the minister was binding the vow of God upon her heart, before the whole congregation, she made the responses

with the same thoughtful composure as if none but the eye of Omnipotence was there. While the minister was slowly descending the fifteen steps which led from the pulpit, she was untying the strings which held on her hat. There she stood—her black hat in one hand, a white muslin kerchief in the other: her beautiful and neatly arranged flaxen locks were exposed, under a blaze of light. When the minister dropped the water on her white, transparent brow, she shut her eyes and turned her face to heaven. As the crystal drops rolled down her blushing cheeks, I thought her face shone like an angel, and I swore in my heart, if it so willed heaven, that nothing but death should part us."

Here Miss Lind stood up with excitement. "Stop, Grant," she exclaimed; "you ought to have been a painter. You place Rebecca before me." "And why not?" said I; "perhaps her ransomed spirit is hovering over that splendid Bible (pointing to the centre-table), and smiling to see two kindred spirits enjoying a foretaste of pleasures so divine." "I doubt it not;" she observed, "for with Young, your English poet, I believe that friends departed are angels sent from Heaven on errands full of love." "And with Paul," I added, "they are ministering angels sent to minister to the heirs of salvation."

Here we entered invisible space, and soared to worlds on high. She repeated, with fine pathos, a beautiful legend current among the peasantry of her native mountains. It concerned a mother, who, at the dead watches in every night, visited the abode of her six motherless babes, covering their little hands, and smoothing their pillows. It is a beautiful illusion.

We spoke of the special care which God takes of little children, how many instances are recorded in our weekly journals of children being lost in the woods for days, sometimes for weeks, the weather inclement, the feet naked, the clothes scant, yet found unhurt. They were fed on the manna from heaven, and the angels muzzled the mouths of the beasts of prey.

Having read "Laurie Todd," she put several explanatory questions about the yellow fever, and other scenes recorded, &c. On these and similar subjects we conversed more than an hour, without being interrupted; but the time of my departure was at hand. We rose simultaneously. We held each other's hands. We promised to remember one another at our morning and evening sacrifice; that God would so prepare our hearts that we might meet where the assembly never breaks up, where friendship never ends.

Here the fountain of the great deep was

broken up; a big tear o'erflowed its banks. I caught the *infection*. Now, I never saw a tear on a woman's cheek *but I longed to kiss it from its resting place*—that is to say, provided the thing was practicable; and whether or not I reduced this principle into practice on the present occasion, I can't conceive the sovereign people have any right to inquire. Be this as it may, *at that time her lips were her own*; she had no Lord Goldschmidt to dispute an old man's privilege!"

Grant Thorburn! This last paragraph of thine, proves thee to be—ONE OF US!

SELECT POETRY.

BLESS THAT DIMPLE!

BY C. A. BRIGGS.

ONE morning in the blossoming May,

A child was sporting 'mongst the flowers;
Till, wearied out with his restless play,
He laid him down to dream away
The long and scorching noontide hours.

At length, an angel's unseen form
Parted the air with a conscious thrill;
And poised itself, like a presence warm,
Above the boy, who was slumbering still.
Never before had so fair a thing
Stayed the swift speed of its shining wing;
And gazing down, with a wonder rare,
On the beautiful face of the dreamer there,
The angel stooped to kiss the child.
When lo! at the touch the baby smiled;
And just where the unseen lips had prest,
A dimple lay in its sweet unrest,
Sporting upon its cheek of rose—
Like a ripple waked from its light repose
On a streamlet's breast, when the soft wind
blows.

And the angel passed from the sleeping one,
For his mission to earth, *that day*, was done.

A fair face bent above the boy—
It must have been the child's own mother;
For never would such pride and joy
Have grac'd the face of any other—
And while she gaz'd, the quiet air
Grew tremulous with a whispered prayer:
Anon it ceased, and the boy awoke,
And a smile of love o'er his features broke.
The mother marked with a holy joy
The dimpling cheek of her darling boy,
And caught him up, while a warm surprise
Stole like a star to her midnight eyes;
And she whispered low, as she gently smiled—
"I know an ANGEL has kissed my child!"

[We have ever loved to behold a dimple on a pretty face. We shall now feast on it with an increased delight. We never before knew its origin; yet we might and ought to have "guessed" it.—ED. K. J.]

PRAISE is poison to an ambitious man, for it leads him beyond the scope of honesty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GOOD SHIP "HONESTY."

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

ON, on the "good ship 'Honesty,'"
Rode o'er the dark stormy seas;
Breasting the tempest gallantly,
Fearlessly braving the breeze!

Proudly she rose on the billow,
Nobly she dash'd through the foam;
Calm as a child on its pillow,
Peacefully dreaming of "Home."

Banners of "Love" floated o'er her,
"Energy" stood at the helm;
Firm and undaunted he bore her
From dangers that sought to o'erwhelm.

Cheer'd by the bright stars appearing,
Wafted by "Friendship's" light breeze,
The haven of "Joy" she is nearing,
"Hope's" peaceful refuge she sees!

Gaily her pennant is streaming;
Onward! She'll soon reach the mark;
Lights from the beacons are beaming—
"HURRAH, FOR OUR 'DEAR LITTLE BARK!'"

REWARDS OF FIDELITY.

WHATEVER else you may do, never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power, who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

HARMLESS PLEASURES.

GATHER the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flower which blooms to-day
To-morrow shall be dying.—HERRICK.

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No. 40.—1852.

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OUR CODE OF HEALTH.

OH, blessed HEALTH! thou art above all gold and treasure, 'Tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish VIRTUE. He that has THEE, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to want thee, WANTS EVERYTHING WITH THEE.—STERNE.

OUR JOYOUS FLOW OF ANIMAL SPIRITS, and the uniform cheerfulness which ever guides our pen, appear to excite no little surprise. People are amazed at "the evenness of our temperament"—the more so, as we advocate abstemiousness, and preach up a crusade against the indulgences of the table, and the use and abuse of fermented liquors. "Therein, good masters, lieth (half) the secret."

During the past month, several appeals have been made to us to write an "Essay on Health," and to give our views upon the causes of illness generally. What an odd idea! However, we are the willing servant of the Public; and if any remarks of ours can in any way tend to their benefit, how freely are they at their service!

Just now, we apprehend, a few hints *will* be serviceable. The CHOLERA, in its direst forms, is at our very doors—aye, within sixty hours' distance of our shores, and only waiting for certain winds to bring it here. We need not dwell on this; but we may allude to it, as affording a theme for "reflection" of no common kind. Once here, we too well know its devastating effects, to make light of it. It is a mortal, uncompromising foe. Hitherto, we have been the most favored of nations. Where very many thousands have perished abroad, here during its ravages, we did not average as many hundreds. This may not occur again. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." We have read what is going on abroad; and have trembled. May GOD, in his infinite mercy, preserve ENGLAND from *such* an awful visitation! This *ought* to be "a Universal Prayer."

It will not do for us to be alarmists; but irrespective of cholera, we may just mention,

casually, the many escapes that we all daily experience in this country, without at the time giving them a thought. "In the very midst of life we are in death." Listen!

Our household apparel is, week after week, sent away to the various laundries in town and country without consideration. It is there mingled with the raiment of—how many other families? Some clean, some unclean; some healthy; some leprous; and many suffering from the most infectious diseases. The same process, the same water, the same manipulation await all and every article that is sent out and sent home again! We avoid these evils, of course, by seeing that the necessary performances take place *chez nous*. "Prevention is better than cure." We owe our family doctor much gratitude for this hint.

Then again—we call a cab. We get into it, with a happy ignorance of *who* was there *last*. Perhaps, and very likely, some persons suffering from scarlet or typhus fever had just been consigned in it to the hospital—leaving behind them the elements of infection. The same with all our omnibuses; in which, as our medical men tell us, diseases out of number are from day to day unsparingly imparted.* As for the "Penny"

* All persons—females not excepted—who are in the habit of travelling in omnibuses—at this season more particularly, should make a point of sitting next to the door *if possible*. If not, as near to it as may be. People who travel in these vehicles are very obstinate. They *will* have all the windows *up*; and so prevent the air from without, entering within. The consequence is,—all the foul breath that has been exhaled, continues to be inhaled and re-inhaled. This goes on, at compound interest, to the end of your journey; and if disease *be* in the omnibus, and contagious—why, then, you are a partaker of it. Many free-livers, *bon-vivants*, and drunkards regularly use these conveyances. Some of them smell like rum-casks, and carry a kind of pestilence in their wake. One single sniff is enough for us; their entrance and our exit take place

omnibuses—we must in all Christian charity entreat all who value their health, or cleanliness of person, *not* to enter them. Their patrons are, for the most part, people who are suffering from maladies and ailments of all kinds. Locomotion is needful for them, as they are *obliged* to go hither and thither to their daily tasks; and “the Penny omnibus” assists their infirmities.

It is a matter for rejoicing that these poor creatures *are* so provided for; but when *we* know that they carry in with them catarrhs, colds, sore throats, quinsy, leprosy, fever, ring-worm, *cum multis aliis*, it is wisdom to “take care of ourselves.” We were once tempted to have a pennyworth. We sat, however, all the way, next the door, with our head out of the window; and so perhaps escaped much evil. Nevertheless, we carried home with us a *lively* remembrance of our folly, and were fidgetty for a month afterwards. We felt as if our nerves were being played upon—by a Highlander’s violin! *Verbum sat*.

We might multiply cautions without number, and bring before our readers’ eye many other fearful risks that we all thoughtlessly incur daily; but we forbear, merely recommending the constant use of good common sense. By avoiding the semblance of danger, we often escape when many suffer. Although not superstitious by any means, we never even by chance pass under a scaffold, or expose ourselves where danger may be fairly supposed to lurk.

The same with the good things brought to table—at dinner and *after* dinner. Unmoved can we behold that which we know to be indigestible, or foreign to our stomach. Why? Simply because we value the blessing of health; and know the penalty of an offence against the rules of temperance. *Modus est in rebus* is our motto; and we let moderation in *all* things be our guiding star.

For these, and other little proprieties of ours, we have been well “towedled”—ridiculed, and rated. Of course; we can afford it. Having the *mens sana in corpore sano*; or, in the vernacular, being “sound in mind, wind, and limb”—we enjoy all the gibes that pass round at our expense. We are “good” for some fourteen hours’ of daily mental occupation; while our laughing friends can hardly get through six—and positively do not know what to do with their “vacant hours.”

Non est vivere, sed valere vita—

Life is only life when blessed with health. We believe this, and act upon it. But now

together. Even on a very wet night, we would prefer riding outside an omnibus, to being smothered or poisoned within by the foul air.—

ED. K. J.

for some plain directions for general observance by those who ask our aid. We can of course offer but an outline, for others to fill up:—

Our General Rules for Health.

Quit your bed at sun-rise, generally; in the height of summer, *always*.

Immediately on rising, wash and sponge yourself all over with cold spring water; or, if you cannot conveniently do this, take a tepid bath, *at least once a-week*. When dressed, rush into the open air; and if an inhabitant of the metropolis or any other large town, either walk or ride on horseback (to walk is preferable) *as far out into the country* as may be compatible with the necessary occupations of the day; for, in the morning, the air is far more invigorating than at any subsequent period of the day. Having by this means acquired a capital, *because a natural* appetite, you may take a hearty breakfast. But beware of excess, and make a sparing use of animal food.

After breakfast, if business calls, it must of course be attended to; but, if not, let the middle of the forenoon be invariably spent in some vigorous exercise in the open air.

If you do not dine till five or six o’clock (*always* dine between one and two, if you can), you will require a little refreshment in the meantime; but a dry crust, or a biscuit, midway between breakfast and dinner, *will amply suffice*; and anything much more substantial *would be really hurtful*.

If your occupations be sedentary, EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR, *again before dinner, is as essential as the dinner itself*; be, therefore, as particular as if your subsistence depended upon it (for your existence does), *and let none but the most imperative obligations interfere*. When thus prepared, you may safely take your seat at a well-spread board, and eat without fear; but still within the bounds of healthy moderation. Scotch the snake (your appetite), *but don’t kill it*.

Your dinner may consist of anything in season; but let every dish be cooked in the simplest manner. Of all beverages, water is the *very* best at dinner. Forget that there *is* such a thing as wine. Ale, beer, and porter might also be *very* profitably “forgotten;” and spirits should be treated like wine. If you *will* take them, you *must*; then look out for DISEASE as a necessary and *well-deserved* consequence.

Both in eating and drinking, more indulgence may be allowed to those who by original endowment and by wise training are possessed of sound and robust health, than to persons of feeble constitutions or debilitated frames; but experience, if consulted, will prescribe the rule, whether as to kind or degree.

At the sociable meal "Tea" (we love this meal!) avoid strong infusions. Reject *green* tea altogether, unless your nerves be Samsonian.

Those who dine early (say at one or two o'clock), may venture to take supper; *but it must consist of something VERY light,—and little of it.*

Take care to be in bed before eleven o'clock. Let your couch consist of a hair-mattress, in a well-ventilated room; and steadily reject those hurtful luxuries, fire and curtains.

Have recourse to diet and regimen rather than to physic, to rectify any disorder or trifling irregularity of the body; and *never, under any circumstances, take powerful medicine*, unless it be pronounced by a practitioner of deserved reputation to be absolutely necessary.

Every morning throughout the year, at six o'clock, we take at least a half-pint tumbler full of *cold spring water*. This keeps us hearty, and "the Doctor" out of our house. Physic, under such circumstances, is never wanted. Nature winks at it, laughingly,—and so do we! We shall sing the praises of COLD SPRING WATER till the grave has closed over us. It is

"The bridge that has carried us safely over"

a multitude of ailments; and by *its* strength *ours* has been quintupled.

Finally, and emphatically—study to be good-tempered and amiable at home and abroad. Cherish the Christian virtues. Love yourself, and your neighbors *as* yourself. Live for others. Be cheerful wherever you go. All time not spent in acts of kindness, is so much time mis-spent. Secure as many "friends" as you can,—and, "*when* found, make a note of." With these "friends," keep up a constant intimacy. Live *for* them, *with* them, and *in* them. When you can't see them, write to them. If you have no time for this, let them write to you. The observance of these suavities and amenities of life brings "health" with it. We really believe we should "die" if we were not beloved: life itself, under other circumstances, would be unendurable.

Happiness, in one word, is "Contentment." And who can help being "contented," when they feel they are objects of regard and esteem wherever they show their faces? To love and to be loved, is Heaven below.

Herein are comprised our

General Rules for Health;

and as no physician attempts to write a "prescription" without casing it in *Latin* (it would lack "mystery," and consequently "value," were it otherwise), in that learned language we take our leave:—

"Si quid novisti rectius i'tis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

This, being Englished, means,—“If our readers can devise better measures to secure Health than we have laid down, let them do so; if not, let them

SWALLOW OUR PHYSIC!”

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXIX.—THE GARDEN WARBLER.

MARVELLOUS INDEED is the change which has "come o'er the spirit" of all Nature within the last few weeks! Some seven weeks since, we were gazing from the hills upon the yellow hues of harvest, and viewing the well-filled heads of wheat gracefully bowing to the lightsome breeze, as they were reflecting on the slopes,—“like golden shields cast down from the sun.” These have now *all* fallen beneath the vigorous efforts of the reaper, who, under a cloudless sky, and a vertical sun, has been pursuing his avocation here and all over the country, with unceasing toil. All hail to a happy "harvest-home," say we! If the corn is in some instances "light," there is an abundance of it by way of compensation.

Meantime, weary of the din and smoke of a noisy city, all who are blessed with the means and the leisure have fled coastwards, to luxuriate in the pleasures so peculiar to this season,—a season when nearly all the world are of "one mind."

"O, for a glimpse of Ocean, the wild roar—
The fluttering breeze, like breath of distant lands;
The waves' glad riot on the rocky shore;
The calm blue stretch of far-reposing strands!
Oh! the fair scenes where livingly expands
The waste of waters that, with heave and bound,
Rejoice in their sublimity—the sands,
Where the wild sea-flocks piping blithe are found,
Or send their lonely cries, blent with the billows'
sound!"

Such joys as these being denied to some of us, at this present time,—we will pursue our pleasures, still, among the woods and the fields. Just now, there is a most delightful freshness in the wilderness of green boughs and leaves that surround us on every side, and which seem reluctant to relinquish their liveries until necessity compels. The varied tints observable among the foliage of the lofty trees, lend a charm to the season quite indescribable. The willows are in all their glory; and "no tree," observes Evelyn, "affordeth so cool a shade as this. Here, agreeably hidden, you may often catch glimpses of the habits of the shy and smaller animals,—traits which have yet, perhaps, escaped the Naturalist, and which may tend to eradicate those ignorant prejudices

which are so cruel and oppressive to many of the innocent commoners of Nature."

We may now observe unmistakeable signs of the year's decline. There is a grateful freshness in the morning air, and a delightful coolness at the close of evening, both so peculiar to the season of autumn. With our little-feathered friends, the business of incubation is now over; their maternal and paternal cares have for a time ceased. We observed long since, that the migratory symptoms of uneasiness had already partially commenced, and that sundry communications were being made between the several tribes. These "Masonic" signals, although unintelligible to us, are most unequivocally understood by the various ornithological "Lodges;" and we can see that they have already given us notice of their intention to quit, at a day not very far distant. Many of them *are* gone.

We have already noted, that some few of our choristers, after they have put on their new suit, occasionally treat us to a parting song before they take their final leave. We have recognised several instances of this, during the past week; but the voices of the singers have been weak—their efforts feeble. Yet have they shown an amiability of disposition in their endeavors to please, that we shall ever bear in lively remembrance. Our resident birds are now in rehearsal, and are fast resuming their spring songs. It is pleasing, too, to observe the various broods of young goldfinches, linnets, and other birds, which are daily making their appearance in the fields.

We come now to speak of the Fauvette (*Sylvia hortensis*), or what is more universally called the Garden-Warbler. This little fellow visits us, in these southern latitudes, at the end of April (departing in September), unless the season be unusually chilly. He then defers his visit till May. His personal appearance, like that of the nightingale, is by no means strikingly handsome, but he has a fine roguish eye; his plumage is neat and trim, and his activity and graceful motions abundantly make up for other deficiencies. His qualifications, too, are of no mean order, and he verifies the truth of the remark that "appearances are sometimes deceitful."

We are aware that these birds *have* been kept in a cage so long as three years; but for a bird of his habits, this is an unusually long period. As far as our judgment goes, he is *not* a bird at all suited for a cage. You may soon make him tame and familiar, we grant; but he is very apt to get sick, and to waste from atrophy. His natural food is, caterpillars and insects, which he devours most greedily; and his delight is to roam amidst orchards and kitchen gardens. In these localities, his depredations on fruit,—pears, strawber-

ries, cherries, plums, apples, and the like, are fearful for a bird of his size. As for his appetite, it is like an elastic band, endless.

To compensate for these little naughty, thieving propensities, he pours forth a flood of harmony between meal-times—nearly all the day through!—that disarms anything like anger!—

"If to his lot some mortal errors fall,

List to his *voice*—and you'll forget them *all*."

His song is both long and loud. It generally begins very low, and is, as Sweet remarks, not unlike the song of the swallow. It rises by degrees, until it resembles the song of the black-bird. When his voice is heard after sunset—a case of frequent occurrence, it falls on the ear with the most pleasing harmony.

The description of cage we would recommend for this bird, should be precisely similar to that we described as best adapted for the black-cap, in a former number. It may be fitted up, too, in every respect the same. He is equally fond of the bath, we should remark; but being a more tender bird, it should never be administered except in warm and settled weather. The cramp is a fatal enemy to the garden-warbler. As a general rule, we should feed him on German paste, hard-boiled egg, and sponge cake; supplying him at intervals with those little delicacies in which he so much delights. In addition to those we have already named, we would particularise Elder, Privet, and Ivy berries; also bread, soaked in boiled milk. Cleanliness must of course be studied with *all* the warblers; but having been already so minute on this, and other needful matters, it is unnecessary here to repeat former instructions.

The proper place to purchase these birds, is the Seven Dials—that great emporium for animals of every kind; but be sure and hear the bird sing before you take him away, and leave a "deposit" on the cage. These delicate creatures should not be handled. July and August are the best months to purchase in. In the winter they must be kept warm, and treated exactly like the black-cap.

The garden warbler is a shy, cunning little fellow, when at liberty; but in a fruit garden, where all his time is spent in gluttony, you will have little difficulty in getting a sight of him; and as there are plenty of leaves to conceal him, he will not feel disturbed in his operations by your close proximity.

At this season, the "agitation" before alluded to, as observable in birds of passage at the spring and fall of the year, will try your patience not a little. The garden-warbler being of a very delicate plumage, and his feathers being very easily displaced, you must expect to see him occasionally exhibit a ragged front. As there are few of

us ignorant of the power possessed by a kind, affectionate, and watchful nurse, to alleviate our sufferings, whilst sick and ailing—let us “take a leaf out of the nurse’s book;” and by evincing some of her solicitude, render the sufferings of our little prisoners more endurable, and their incarceration less irksome. It is a pleasing duty.

AUGUST—AND ITS INSECTS.

IT CERTAINLY may be said that—some of the most gorgeous of our insect tribes are on the wing in August.

Butterflies, like embroidered flowers, are floating beneath the azure sky; and it is impossible to watch these brilliant creatures, without calling to mind their wonderful mode of growth, and tracing them from the egg through their various transformations. If there be one portion of the works of the Creator more surprising than another, I think it may truly be given in favor of the insect tribe. The design, the persevering agencies, and the admirable mechanism therein displayed, are indeed wonderful: and are all so interesting, that entomology may be said to be a study more adapted than any other for instruction of the mind. The existence of a Creator, full of contrivance, benevolent in his purposes, and inexhaustible in adaptation, is apparent on all sides. We see him in the handiwork of Creation—from man, the King, to the minutest of living creatures; both possessing the utmost exactitude; and in thus beholding Creation’s works, we are taught, by the evidence of our senses, some of the attributes of Divinity.

Nature, when studied in reference to its author, becomes a vast note-book filled with instances of love, wonder, and goodness; and every step we take adds something to our knowledge. Let us look for the “Nut Weevil,” which is found in the autumn (or late in the summer), about the hazel-trees. Taking advantage of the state of the nut, it bores a hole through its soft rind; and then deposits its egg. No injury appears to be done to the nut thus selected. It grows, and the kernel ripens; this last then becomes the food of the maggot, that has been growing in company with it. When the fruit falls, the grub enclosed therein is fully hatched; the nut has become its home, ready and abundantly provisioned. It then bores itself a door, being in possession of a horny beak for that purpose. It then buries itself in the earth, where it remains for eight months. Here it slowly undergoes a change to a chrysalis, sheltered and protected by its position from injury. Finally, it assumes its perfect shape of a brown fly, lays its eggs in nuts, and dies. The lines I now quote from Darwin on this insect, are well known, but they convey an erroneous idea to the reader.

“So sleeps in silence the Curculio, shut
In the dark chambers of the cavern’d nut;
Erodes, with ivory beak, the vaulted shell,
And quits on filmy wings its narrow cell.”

How very mysterious are these changes, and how complete are the means to the end proposed! The Deist who refuses his faith to Revelation,

because it appears perfectly incomprehensible to him, and involves circumstances beyond his powers of reasoning, should seek out this insect, and learn that mysteries belong not *alone* to the revealed word of God.

The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tombstones—the poetical and philosophical genius seeing in its transformations a type of that futurity, which they believed, but yet did not understand. They placed it there, as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful, and touching in the highest degree. Sharon Turner, taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that “the Creator appointed insect transformation to excite the sentiment in the human heart, of Death being only an advanced step in the path of life.”

Let us so view them; for it is certainly desirable to people our walks with objects proper for contemplation and reflection. Being thus rendered mindful of the change that will come, let us “keep our house in order.” The man whose intellect is so narrow, and whose imagination is so barren, that—

“The primrose on the river’s brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more,”—

that goes through the world without perceiving its beauties, or being benefited by the associations to which they give birth—such a man can never feel that glow of devotion which comes over the mind at the proofs which are perpetually opening to us, of the watchful and incessant care of a benevolent Ruler.

Abington, Sept. 20. FRANCIS GOLDING.

THE SILK WORM.

(Concluded from page 196.)

THE Italians, finding their trade rapidly decrease from the success of the new establishment, were exasperated to vengeance, and vowed the destruction of the men who had turned the current of their business into another channel. They sent an artful woman, in the character of a friend. She associated with the parties, and was allowed to assist in the preparation of the silk. Her influence was privately exerted on the natives who had fled with Mr. Combe from Italy; and, succeeding with one, she prepared to exert her long-meditated plan of revenge. The victim lingered in agony for two or three years, when, the springs of life being completely exhausted, he breathed his last. Slow poison is supposed to have been the means employed to deprive him of existence; but, although suspicion was almost strengthened into certainty, by the circumstances that transpired on the examination of Madame —, the evidence was not decisive, and consequently she was discharged. Her associate had previously fled to his own country. The other Italian, whose name was Gartrevolli, continued at Derby, and afterwards worked at a mill erected at Stockport, in Cheshire, but he died in poverty. The funeral of Mr. John Combe was celebrated in a style of great magnificence. He died on the 16th, and was buried on the 22nd of March, 1722.

The extensive fabric which contains the ma-

chinery of the silk mill, stands upon huge piles of oak, doubly planked, and covered with stonework, on which are turned thirteen stone arches, which support the walls. The whole length of the building is one hundred and ten feet, its breadth thirty-nine feet, and height fifty-five feet six inches. It contains five storeys, besides the under works, and is lighted by four hundred and sixty-eight windows. In the upper storeys (consisting of three), are the Italian winding engines, which are placed in a regular manner across the apartments, and furnished with many thousand swifts, spindles, and engines for working them. In the lower rooms, are the spinning and twist mills, which are all of a circular form, and are turned by upright shafts, passing through their centres, and communicating with shafts from the water-wheel. The spinning mills are eight in number, and give motion to upwards of twenty-five thousand bobbin-reels, and nearly three thousand star-wheels, belonging to the reels. Each of the four twist mills contain four rounds of spindles, about three hundred and eighty-nine of which are connected with each mill, as well as numerous reels, bobbins, and star-wheels.

The whole of this machine, which contained five large departments, was put in motion by a single water-wheel, twenty-three feet in diameter, situated on the west side of the building. The whole number of wheels is about fourteen thousand. All the operations are performed here, from winding the raw silk to organising it for the weavers. The raw silk is chiefly brought in skeins or hanks, from China and Piedmont. That produced in the former country is perfectly white, but the produce of the latter is of a light yellow color. The skein is first placed on an hexagonal wheel, or swift; the filaments of which it is composed are regularly wound off upon a small cylindrical bobbin. To wind a single skein is the work of five or six days, though the machine be kept in motion ten hours daily—so astonishingly fine are the filaments of which the skein is composed. In this part of the process, many children are employed, whose nimble fingers are in continual exercise, by tying the threads which break. The silk thus wound upon the bobbins is afterwards twisted by other parts of the machinery, and is sent to the “doubblers,” who are chiefly women, stationed in a detached building. Here, four, seven, or ten of the threads are united into one, according to the use for which the silk is designed. The finer description goes to the stocking weaver, the other to the manufacture for waistcoat-pieces, &c.

The French and Italian throwsters are still contented if their spindles revolve from three to four hundred times in each minute, while ours commonly perform from one thousand eight hundred to three thousand gyrations in the same space of time. Our French rivals are fully aware how greatly the English throwsters are in advance of them in this particular, but have not the same inducement that exists in this country to incur at first a heavy expense in alterations, to enable them to secure a more remunerative profit. The wages paid in Lyons to men employed in silk mills, does not average more than six shillings and sixpence per week, and that of women and lasses, who form five-sixths of the

hands employed, scarcely exceed three shillings per week. For this they are required to labor fourteen hours per diem!

In the silk manufacture, the principal branches consist in the dyeing, winding, warping, throwing, and weaving. The first (dyeing) needs no explanation. Winding: this is the process between throwing and weaving. After the silk is thrown, it is dyed, and then wound off, preparatory to the loom. The warping is stretching the parallel threads on the loom previous to weaving.

Throwing silk, is twisting two threads into one, for the purpose of weaving. The single thread, as wound off the cocoon, is designated the raw silk.

There are two descriptions of thrown silk. One is called “trom,” which consists only of two threads, simply twisted together. This description of thrown silk is used in the transverse threads of a piece of silk upon the loom. The other variety of thrown silk is called “organzine.” In this, the single threads are first twitted up, previous to their being twisted together. This is used for the warp or parallel threads upon the loom.

Throwing of silk was an important branch of manufacture in this country, until the year 1826, when the duties were reduced. Since that period, it has declined. The manufacture of thrown silk is chiefly carried on at Macclesfield, Congleton, and in the west of England. As silk can be thrown more cheaply in foreign countries than it can in England, there has been a difference between the throwsters of Coventry and weavers of Spitalfields, the latter having requested the protecting duty against foreign thrown silk to be reduced, to the manifest injury of the former.

It may perhaps be needful to explain to the reader, the weights which are used in the silk trade. The weight of silk is estimated by “denier,” an old Italian weight, of which twenty-four are equal to an ounce, used only in the silk trade, in the same manner as the weight called a “carat” is employed by those who deal in diamonds and other precious stones. It is the custom to reel off, upon an engine established in the silk trade, a measure of four hundred ells of trom, or organzine (which are both double threads), and the weight of their quantity establishes the fineness or coarseness of the silk. Four hundred ells of the finest Italian troms will weigh eighteen deniers; and, although this silk will occasionally run so coarse as to weigh forty deniers, the quality mostly in use will vary from eighteen to thirty deniers. The China and Bengal silk varies from thirty-five to eighty deniers in its weight. Turkey, the importation of which has of late much increased, is worked up in the single thread on account of the coarseness of the texture; this varies from thirty to fifty deniers, which, as others are weighted in the trom, will be in the proportion of from sixty to one hundred deniers.

Silk is the staple manufacture of France, and has always received the fostering protection of the Government. The raw material is the produce of the country, and as the growers of silk are not permitted to export, it is procured by the manu-

facturers at a much more advantageous cost than it can be procured by us. The value of the raw silk yearly produced in France, is estimated at about three and a-half millions sterling. The produce of manufacture is valued at two millions and a-half, so that the silk trade of France is to be valued, on the whole, at about six millions sterling.

F. GOLDING.

GOOD-WILL TO MAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I DISSENT *toto caelo* from the right you have usurped, in naming this Periodical *your* "OWN JOURNAL." Most emphatically do I say, as one of the public, it is MY own Journal. And why? From the sympathy I feel with its objects, and the admiration I feel for its sentiments, I consider it as much mine as yours; though you may be the "invisible proprietor" of it! Yes, Sir, I am fortunate in saying that I have been a reader of yours from the 1st of January, 1852—the ever-to-be-remembered day of your "coming out;" not I trust like a *belle*, for a season or two, but for many, many seasons yet to come. Long may you ring the changes on the varieties of nature, and the loveliness of all God's works, animate and inanimate!

The kindly, healthy, hearty tone which is breathed forth—now in energetic and eloquent prose, now in the gushing melody of poetry, was of itself sufficient to induce me to become a "constant reader." I have no "pets," truly; because I have no "home" yet. However, being of a hopeful disposition, I content myself with air-built reveries. In these an affectionate wife, and a canary of sweetest song, figure conspicuously. I find I am rambling. I intended to declare my love of the benevolent spirit perceptible in your articles; and to offer my humble aid towards establishing a good feeling amongst my fellow-creatures. With this intention, I extract an anecdote of Oliver Goldsmith, (I will send more anon,) from his *Life*, by Washington Irving. I heartily wish that his benevolence may act as an example for us to follow; that is to say, with more discretion in choosing our objects than he used; so that we may show and feel that we possess *hearts*, and also *reason* to guide their good impulses.

ANECDOTES OF GOLDSMITH.—NO. I.

Among the anecdotes told of him while at college, is one indicative of that prompt, but thoughtless, and often whimsical benevolence, which, throughout life, formed one of the most eccentric yet endearing points of his character. He was engaged to breakfast one day with a college intimate, but failed to make his appearance. His friend repaired to his room, knocked at the door, and was bidden to enter. To his surprise he found Goldsmith in bed, immersed to his chin in feathers. A serio-comic story ex-

plained the circumstance. In the course of the preceding evening's stroll, he had met with a woman with five children, who implored his charity. Her husband was in the hospital. She was just from the country, a stranger, and destitute; without food or shelter for her helpless offspring. This was too much for the kind heart of Goldsmith. He was almost as poor as herself, it is true, and had no money in his pocket; but he brought her to the college-gate, gave her the blankets from his bed, to cover her little brood, and part of his clothes for her to sell and purchase food; and, finding himself cold during the night, had cut open his bed, and buried himself amongst the feathers. [This achievement must have "come off" when he was about nineteen or twenty years of age.]

Not to be prosy, Mr. Editor, let me finish my letter with a quotation from our own Charles Swain. It is in harmony with our subject:—

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*returned!*
When day hath departed
And memory keeps
Her watch broken-hearted
When all she loved sleeps,—

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disapprove,
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!
Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

If these lines were engraven on the hearts of all your readers, and acted upon, they would exercise no small influence, and of a delightful kind, upon many. Then would our Manchester poet feel gratified that his poetry should become beneficial both to man and woman-kind.

WILLIAM SMITH.

Manchester, Sept. 20.

[Your good-will delights us. But cannot you devise some plan to keep OUR JOURNAL "alive" in Manchester? Your townsmen, like those of Liverpool, seem *very* sleepy. We cannot rouse them. Do, pray, oblige us by trying what YOU can do.]

FRIENDSHIP.—This Goddess is wayward. Sometimes, people are the very best of friends when at a distance from each other! Relations often quarrel because they are so much together!

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT ; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 8, price 1s. 1d. each ; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—ZIG-ZAG.—W. M.—H. H.—A NATURALIST. Thanks. What you propose would bring upon our JOURNAL "sudden death." How often has it been tried, and as often signally failed! We regret that it should be so ; but so it is. The public are ungrateful, and never will support "a class paper." We therefore do the very best we can under such discouraging circumstances. We are "losing" heavily as it is. We are indeed fighting a very desperate battle, with a very small supply of ammunition ; and whilst the enemy are pouring in grape-shot, we can only return the fire with rifle bullets.—FLORA.—PHILOS.—JANE W.—G. S. B. Many thanks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, October 2, 1852.

WE HAVE NOW ENTERED GENTLY UPON THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

The past month has been one of general rejoicing. It brought with it, at its opening, the loveliest of lovely weather ; and, barring some heavy storms of rain, mischievous in their effects, and which traversed the country throughout, it continued fine to its close. Thunder and lightning in all their splendor have visited us. The winds have howled in the majesty of their power. We have seen the hand of our Creator visibly at work around us, and we have gazed on the whole scene with wonder and admiration. The entire month of September was made up of consummations. The promises of the year were almost forgotten in the fulness of their performance. The season stood still, as it were, to enjoy itself ; and to let its admirers satiate themselves with the rich completeness of its charms.

We do not remember to have ever passed a happier September ; nor to have revelled more in the delights of nature. The dear and glorious sun never left us entirely for a single day ; and for no one day were we confined to the house without the power of getting abroad. Smiles and tears—wind and sun, all pleasingly alternated ; and we were assuredly "happy" in our varied pursuits. "A change has since come o'er" us :—

In dappled livery Nature now is clad,
Like Bonny Scot, in many-color'd plaid.

But this "coat of many colors" that her

ladyship now wears, oh, how lovely is it ! The country is more charming than ever, WE say ; and we look for enjoyments without end ere October shall have passed away. How it makes us long to have with us, and near us, those we love—that *they* too might share our delights !

The charms of a city life in which so very many rejoice, are to us, especially at this season, perfectly incomprehensible. Oh ! that smoking, drinking, and feasting could be laid altogether aside—at all events until Christmas ! Let us hear what CLARE says, when seeking to woo the girl of his heart from her love of the smoky city :—

Sweet Mary ! though no sighs nor pains

Impassion'd courtship prove ;

My simple song the truth ne'er feigns

To win thee to my love :

I ask thee from thy bustling life,

Where nought can pleasing prove,

From city noise, and care, and strife—

To come, and be my love !

If harmless mirth delight thine eyes,

Then make my cot thy home ;

The country life abounds with joys,

And whispers thee to come.

Here fiddles urge thy nimble feet

Adown the dance to move—

Here pleasures in continuance meet :

O come, and be my love !

If music's charm, that all delights,

Has witcheries for thee,

The country then, my love, invites,

In echoed melody.

Here thrushes chant their madrigals,

Here breathes the ringed dove,

Soft as day's closing murmur falls :

O come, and be my love !

If nature's prospects, wood and vale,

Thy visits can entice—

The country's scenes thy coming hail,

To meet a paradise.

Here pride can raise no barring wall

To hide the flower and grove—

Here fields are gardens, free for all :

O come, and be my love !

If music, mirth, and all combine

To make my cot thy home—

To tempt thee, Mary, to be mine—

Then why delay to come ?

Here night birds sing my love to sleep—

Here sweet thy dreams shall prove—

Here, in my arms shall Mary creep :

O come, and be my love !

If "our own poet," as we are proud to call him, cannot prevail, then must WE be silent. We would have men, women, and children—all to breathe the fresh air of Heaven, whilst yet it may be enjoyed.

As we wander abroad to make observations, we now find the groves parting with many of their leafy honors. Yet do they, before they are entirely tarnished, possess an adventitious beauty—arising from that

gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, and which gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendor, superior to the verdure of Spring or the verdure of Summer. The sensations we experience at this season, are different from those felt in the earlier months. They were joyous then—now they are holy:—

The autumnal blasts, which whirl while we listen;

The wan, sear leaf, like a floating toy;

The bright round drops of dew, which glisten

On the grass at morn; and the sunshine coy,

Which comes and goes like a smile when wooed;

The auburn meads, and the foamy flood,

Each sight and sound, in a musing mood,—

Give birth to sensations superior to joy.

We may rather call our feelings those of admiration, meditation, adoration, and praise. We love our Creator, at such times; and we want to love his creatures also—if they would let us.

Among those trees which retain their green hues, the firs are the principal; and these, spiring up among the deciduous trees, now differ from them no less in color than they do in form. The alders too (recently heavily over-laden with fruit), and the poplars, limes, and horse-chestnuts, are still green—the hues of their leaves not undergoing much change so long as they remain on the branches.

The other forest trees have, for the most part, put on each its peculiar livery—the Planes and Sycamores presenting every variety of tinge, from bright yellow to brilliant red. The Elms are of a rich sunny amber; varying according to the age of the tree and the nature of its soil. The Beeches have deepened into a warm glowing brown. This the young trees will retain all the winter, and till the new Spring leaves push the present ones off. The Oaks vary. Some are of a dull dusky green; others of a deep russet, according to their ages. The Spanish chestnuts, too, with their noble embowering heads, glow like clouds of gold.

The month of October is usually fine. The days, though short, are bright; and at mid-day the sun has great power. Walking, therefore, is a most delightful pastime, and should be encouraged. There is still very much out of doors to please the eye; and there will be constant changes in the scenery as the days get shorter. The hedge-rows, although they have nearly lost all their flowers, are still gay—hardly less so than in the spring and summer. They revel in the various fruits that are spread out upon them for the winter food of the birds. The most conspicuous are the red hips of the Wild-rose; the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the Night-shade; and the dark purple

bunches of the luxuriant Blackberry. These are now most abundant, and we often meet lots of lads and lassies busy in reducing their numbers. Then we have the wintry-looking fruit of the Hawthorn; the blue Sloes, covered with their soft tempting-looking bloom; the dull bunches of the Wood-bine; and the sparkling Holly-berries.

We might go on for ever, enumerating the beauties that are daily unfolding themselves to view. Every season has its peculiar attractions—and *all* are, without exception, worthy of our most patient regard.

Our watering-places are now becoming *non-conductors*. The winds blow keenly upon the thin skins of our Londoners; and they begin to shiver as the shades of evening draw on. They are now fast shifting their quarters, and travelling homewards. Let them not, however, crowd over a fire, or immerse themselves indoors. Having “purchased” a little health, let them “gratuitously” seek a little more. Spare bed-rooms, in country villages near London, are still obtainable for the asking; and a peep into a lovely garden from a chamber window is included in the grant. Only, good folks, *do* keep your tobacco at home—your pigtail, your birds'-eye, and your endless variety of curiously-twisted pipes; and try to leave off drinking “grog,” and indulging in ardent spirits. We cannot give you any promise of “renewed health,” or of a rosy countenance, unless you do as we do—viz. renounce all these “vulgar errors.” They can do you no good, and positively do you much harm; though you may not feel inclined to believe it.

We cannot, at this season, delight you with—

Those virgin leaves of purest vivid green,

Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees;

but the time *will* come round for this. Meantime, you can take a peep at those which now

Cheer the sober landscape in decay—

The lime fast fading, and the golden birch,

With bark of silver hue; the moss-grown oak,

Tenacious of its leaves of russet brown,

The ensanguined dogwood, and a thousand tints

Which FLORA, dress'd in all her pride of bloom,

Could scarcely equal.

And as for new-laid eggs—country butter—ham—bacon; thin, streaky, frizzly, crisp bacon—home-baked bread—and aromatic coffee—these, and what else? (fresh air included)—are they not “equivalents” for the sacrifice of clouds of filthy tobacco-smoke, and jorums of whisky-toddy?

“Ask your conscience,” say we.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Cuckoo and the Gossamer.—You said, some time since, you would reprint your "Notes on the Cuckoo," together with all the correspondence thereon that was made public—I wish you would do so. [We will redeem our promise by and by. We have not forgotten it. There will be plenty of time before he returns again to us. He is only heard in mild, warm weather. His song, though monotonous, is cheerful. The habits of this bird, so long doubtful, are now well understood. Nature is not quite so *un-natural* as some folk will have her to be.] Please also to tell us something about the gossamer. I take your Paper; and expect such little favors to be granted me. — W. Cox, *Bobbington, Bridg-north.*

[We will insert A Paper on the Gossamer next week.]

"*Our own Editor.*"—"The ladies of Nottingham," my dear Sir, have done well to compliment you, through their "*Donna Violante*," for your zeal in *their* particular service. But the ladies must not have it *all* their own way. OUR OWN JOURNAL is one of the most interesting of existing periodicals. Apart from all humbug and time-serving, it furnishes us from week to week with an immense variety of honestly-attested facts in almost every branch of Natural History. If perseverance, good sense, good tact, good taste, and a well-stored mind, deserve the patronage of the public—then surely our own Editor commands it. Let me therefore, on behalf of the Public generally as well as on my own behalf, most cordially unite with the fair *VIOLANTE* and her lovely sisterhood, in wishing prosperity to our excellent Editor. Every reader, let me hope, whether masculine or feminine, will assist in contributing to the JOURNAL on all interesting subjects that may happen to come under their own particular observation. We shall thus *all* contribute towards keeping up the well-earned renown of OUR OWN JOURNAL, and thereby be mutually benefited by its perusal. May you live, my dear Sir, for many years to come, to gladden our hearts weekly; and may we live for as many years, to assist in returning the *quid pro quo* in the shape of £ s. d. These mutual exchanges are "profitable investments," both for body and mind. — BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham.*

[Having given insertion to the kind offering of Friendship transmitted to us through Donna Violante (see p. 151), we cannot very well withhold that of our equally-valued friend and ally, BOMBYX ATLAS—the king of entomologists, and the model of disinterested noble generosity. May we all—as he wishes—live for ever!]

Curious Hybrid Grouse.—Dear Mr. Editor—The following appears in our *Manchester Guardian*:—"A remarkable specimen of a mixture of breeds, from two of the finest game birds of this country, has been received by Mr. Muirhead, the game-dealer, Victoria-street. It was shot in Perthshire. Upon examination, it is found to possess strong characteristics of its parental descent from the male of the black grouse (*Tetrao Tetrix*), and the female of the capercailzie (*Tetrao Urogallus*), bearing a greater resemblance to the black grouse than to the capercailzie. The head, neck, and breast are mottled and barred with brown and black; the throat, with black and white, the whole of the back and under the wings are freckled with dark brown and black, without any of the glossy blue-black feathers of the black grouse. The wings are black and brown, with small bars and spots of white. There is the white tuft at the shoulders, but not the broad white band which belongs to the black grouse. The belly is black, with spots of white tipping the feathers down the centre, as in the male capercailzie. The legs are marked like the black grouse, but are stronger, and claws with larger pectinations. The tail is not fully grown, but in its present aspect exhibits an anomalous mixture of the differently shaped tail of its parents. The feathers are glossy black; four of the centre feathers and the two outer feathers are two inches longer than the rest. The centre feathers are rounded and shaped as the tail of the capercailzie, but the outer feather has a tendency to curve, as on the tail of the black grouse. The under coverts to the tail, and those feathers covering the blanks, are barred with black and white, as in the capercailzie. In its proportions it exceeds the ordinary black grouse, and it is not so large as the female capercailzie. It is evidently a bird of the year, and had it been shot later in the season, would have been larger, and a more richly marked bird. It weighed 2lb. 12oz." Mr. Muirhead has presented the specimen to the Salford Royal Museum, where it is now placed in the British collection.—JOSEPH L., *Manchester.*

Remarkable Descent of Insects.—I have just read in No. 38 of OUR JOURNAL, an account of the very remarkable flight of ants, sent to you by "J. T.," Windsor. It brings forcibly to my remembrance a flight, or rather a descent of insects, which took place here a year or two since. I will describe them as well as I can, and then I know your most delightful correspondent, BOMBYX ATLAS, will tell us all about them. They were about twice the size of the common aphids; nearly of a similar form, but the wings were somewhat longer. Their color was a brownish black. Their arrival (in armies) was marked by one bright, lovely morning in June. How well do I remember it! At 11, A.M., the sky became suddenly overcast. Within one short quarter of an hour afterwards, everything was literally covered with the insects of which I have been speaking. They fell just like rain. Throughout the day, they betook themselves to trees, vegetables, flowers, and shrubs. Hereon they fixed themselves firmly, their heads being downwards, and their wings above. The feathery appearance thus imparted to the trees and flowers, was curious beyond description. Their tenacity was such, that it was a matter of real difficulty to remove them. So exceedingly numerous were they, that thousands were found *en masse* on one small bean-pod! Their sojourn lasted three days. Their exodus was then as sudden as their advent. They fled; and left behind no trace of their visit. Their quarters, let me add, had extended to the full distance of a mile!—FLORA G., *Worcester.*

Vinegar ; and the Penalty of Using it.—Do, Mr. Editor, call attention to the fact of almost all, if not quite all the vinegar now in use, being *poisonous*. The Analytical Sanatory Commission, by the aid of microscopical and chemical research, has just examined the vinegar of almost every maker of any note by whom the metropolis and its suburbs are supplied. *The results are perfectly frightful*. We appear to have given death a crystal sanctuary, and invited him to the centre of our table. "There is a skeleton," says an old writer, "present at every banquet," but here, *in the shape of sulphuric acid, or vitriol and acetic acid*, the unscrupulous manufacturers have provided us with the means of rapidly converting all assembled into grim anatomies. A word from you, Mr. Editor, will be a public benefit.—A HOUSEKEEPER.

[This is sent us just in time to form a part of "our Code of Health" (see page 210). We can readily believe, by our own daily experience, that the above are "real facts." Among things to be avoided, therefore, let us at once insert the word "vinegar." If, as in the case of ardent spirits, people *will* gratify their appetites (knowing the consequences), on themselves be the just punishment of drinking this "haunted" vinegar. Why, the very oysters, although so "used" to it, would recoil from imbibing it!]

Value of a Man when "Dead."—My dear Mr. Editor,—Whilst a man lives, his real value is not known. Let him die; and if he be a public man, his value is increased a thousand-fold! Strange, but true! The good old Duke of Wellington had not been "gathered to his fathers" *six hours*, before every book that contained one word about him in his early, middle, or later life (from 1*l.* to two guineas), was looked up, advertised, and paraded before the public as being "the *only authentic account* of this great man's life." The papers have, ever since Sept. 16, groaned with these advertisements." This suggests an idea to me. Suppose you let yourself some day be announced as "dead," for about a month. I imagine you would by this move find, on your coming to life, that the stock of OUR JOURNAL had been greedily bought up, and its "value" properly appreciated! It is really worth the trial. Do die, Mr. Editor,—pray do! —NANNETTE.

[Agreed, fair Syren. Will you, meantime, undertake to hold the reins for us, and see that our team is carefully driven? We will then "depart" before winter sets in; and, in a distant land, complacently read in the newspapers the account of our own "regretted death."]

Sagacity of the Dog.—Your love for the canine race, Mr. Editor, and the many delightful anecdotes you have so lovingly and graphically recorded of them, induce me to send you the following. The scene of action was Thames Ditton; the owner of the dog, Mr. Baker, of that village. The dog's name was "Brutus." Now Brutus, a black French poodle, was in the habit of going out with the horses; but when the distance to be travelled over was great, he was not allowed to accompany them, but was shut up. One day, the horses being got ready

for a journey, Brutus was sought for, to be "tied up;" but he was "*non est*." All search for him proved vain, and his master set out. Half a mile from home, however, *there* was Brutus, lying in ambush to join the cavalcade! His "leaps" up to the horses' heads were joyous beyond conception; and he seemed to revel in this little harmless act of deception. This was often repeated, until a final stop, as was supposed, had been put to the trick. One day, however, he heard the order given for—"the horses to be harnessed." The dog was off in a moment; and on this occasion he was observed and watched. He was traced warily jogging towards a builder's yard, and here he artfully secreted himself behind a quantity of timber, in a sly corner. His nose was then projected between the railings; and as there was a view from hence of the meeting of the three roads, and of a foot-path for pedestrians across a public field, all that passed *must* come under his eye. He knew this! No sooner was the chaise driven past on the road to which the footpath led, than out rushed Brutus. After crossing the field, he joined the party on the other side, as quietly as if he had started with them from home. Is this not "thought," Mr. Editor?—VERAX.

[It is very much like thought. We have witnessed many similar acts of prevision in the dog; which accounts for our always naming him among our earliest and very best of friends.]

Cochin China Fowl.—They should be either dark bay, light buff, cinnamon, or partridge color. However, uniform buff, *nankeen* colors, are difficult to be met with. Thighs very full fluffed, especially the hens. Legs heavily feathered, even to the toes. The comb small, upright, and serrated; rose comb decidedly bad. Wings well clipped, doubled up under the middle feather. Tail very short, quite a bob, and no sickle feathers in it. Five toes not admissible. Legs yellow. Double pendant ear—Lobe hackle, as evenly placed as if cut; and the crow of the cock "lengthened sweetness long drawn out."—C. P., Boston, Lincolnshire.

Singular Habits of a Dove-house Pigeon.—The delightful character of OUR JOURNAL, uniting as it does so many in one harmonious feeling of sympathy, and love for God's creation, induces me, without ceremony, to send you, *pro bono*, the following curious particulars of a pigeon. When at Cambridge in the early part of last year, I heard it mentioned that a common farm-house pigeon was every evening in the habit of entering the house of Mr. Tarrant, its owner. Mr. T. was landlord of a well-known inn on the Newmarket Road. Here would this singular creature roost; ensconcing itself very happily and cosily in one corner of a large kitchen. This said kitchen was also used as a common tap-room. Naturally interested in this curious statement, I walked over to Mr. Tarrant's, one afternoon in February; and having made known my wishes, Mr. T. at once gave me every facility for witnessing the truth of what I had heard. At the same time, he showed me his most extraordinary collection of animals. I here found dogs, rabbits, common and fancy pheasants,

foxes, wolves, monkeys, badgers—in fact, everything appertaining to the qualification of “Purveyor in General” to the sports and pastimes of the many “fast men” who there congregate; and who too often, even after they have “got through Little-go,” are not inaptly styled “Fresh men.” Having gratified my curiosity thus far, we entered the kitchen—a large, square, and rather lofty room. Here we found, quite at home, some guinea-pigs, which a monkey was then handling very affectionately; some pigeons brought up by hand, and several beautiful canaries. But what struck me as being very injurious to the feathered tribe, was—an immense fire of peat and coal. This, added to the loud laugh, and boisterous vociferations of half a dozen men who were blowing out such clouds of smoke from their pipes and mouths as would have suffocated a tyro, made me never forget “that kitchen.” How those men did drink too! They seemed to think that the smoke and liquors should be in equal proportions. In fact, “a real Cambridge man” seldom meets his equal—especially in ale drinking. Thus may we readily account for the innumerable blotchy and bloated countenances for which that town is so noted. The smoke to which I have alluded, and the frightful hubbub, did not at all deter the pigeon from frequenting its quaint and unnatural retreat. The only thing that could keep it out, was the shutting to of the door. Once, by way of experiment, several men stood in the passage leading to the kitchen, while a great many others stood outside. It was Fair time, and the men, of course, all “fresh” and noisy. If hideous sounds, and roystering revelry *could* frighten or annihilate a poor pigeon, here they were in excess. Still our winged friend appeared as usual. Fluttering gently over the heads of the revellers, it made its way direct to the canary cage in the corner, and here, as was its wont, it took up its abode for the night, unmoved by smoke, noise, and hubbub. Every morning on the early opening of the doors, out it flew, and joined the flock to which it belongs. When we arrived it was late; and the pigeon was expected every moment. Waiting outside for about ten minutes, I observed an immense flock of pigeons on the wing, rapidly flying homewards. On reaching within about fifty yards of the house, I saw one bird detach itself from the rest; and coming direct towards the door (after fluttering over our heads), it glided gently in through the door-way. On entering, there it sat on its accustomed seat,—pluming its feathers, and looking happily around, as if conscious it formed an important member of the assembled guests. This is, I believe, one of the most remarkable circumstances known of a common dove-house pigeon claiming the protection or shelter of a kitchen, in preference to its natural home. And what makes it more remarkable, is the fact that it never was trained to do so, or even brought up by hand; but came of its own accord. Whether it first sought that refuge in preference to being devoured by a hawk, and ever after retained it out of gratitude, is a matter of conjecture to myself as well as others. If not dead, I feel sure it may even now be seen, any evening a little before dusk, by such persons as will take the trouble to call at Mr. Tarrant’s.—WM. MOLYNEUX, *Ryde, I. W.*

[Your account of this pigeon is very interesting. WE are as much puzzled about two other pigeons, whose habits are equally singular. They will not sleep out of doors, unless driven out and locked out. They refuse to enter any dove-cot, and *will* make the dwelling-house of their owners their own home. We must confess there are good reasons for the attachment of *these* birds to the house, for they are “petted” exceedingly. Their lovely young mistress, LEONORA, as we have recorded (*ante* p. 170), has won all their affections to herself. They love her so tenderly, that where *she* is, there *they* will be. They are milk white, and certainly most loveable creatures. We went down expressly to see them a few weeks since, and were truly delighted to note the amiability of their disposition. They daily associate with their own tribes, as does the one you particularise; but they will have a “separate home” of their own. We again say, we cannot wonder at it. They have inducement of no common kind; and we can readily account for their attachment to one who so dearly loves them. They indeed set “an example” that ought to be generally followed. We wonder if it would be doing wrong, were we to wish to be a “milk-white pigeon!”]

Large Mushrooms.—Whilst on a recent visit to Derbyshire, I met with some very large mushrooms,—in every respect similar to our common ones, but very thick, and from three to four inches in diameter. The country people call them horse mushrooms, and deem them poisonous. However, passing subsequently through a well-known town in Staffordshire, I found a woman selling the very same kind of mushrooms. She demanded 2s. 6d. for a small-sized basket, and said they were excellent for making catsup. I found them growing in fairy rings, like fungi, but the smell and shape indicated what they were. As there are many conflicting opinions about these mushrooms, please let me ask, through the medium of OUR JOURNAL—first whether they are a distinct species from the ordinary mushroom; and secondly, are they wholesome and fit for food?—G. P., *Tipton.*

The Beneficence and Grandeur of Nature.—Who shall record, Mr. Editor, nay who can comprehend the mysteries of creation, and the invisible Power that moves and directs *all*? Ever attentive to her interests, nature replaces in one spot what she has displaced in another. Ever attentive to beauty, and desirous of resolving all things into their original dependence on herself, she permits moss to creep over the prostrate column, and ivy to wave upon the time-worn battlement. Time, with its gradual but incessant touch, withers the ivy, and pulverises the battlement. But Nature, ever magnificent in her designs!—who conceives and executes in one and the same moment; whose veil no one has been able to uplift; whose progress is more swift than time, and more subtle than motion; and whose theatre is an orbit of incalculable diameter, and of effect so instantaneous as to annihilate all idea of gradation; jealous of prerogative, and studious of her creations,—expands as it were with one hand what she compresses with another. Always

diligent—she loses nothing. For were any particle of matter absolutely to become lost, bodies would lose their connection with each other, and a link in the grand chain be dropped. Besides, so delicately is this globe balanced, that an annihilation of the smallest particle would throw it totally out of its sphere in the universe. From the beginning of time, not one atom in the infinite divisibility of matter has been lost; not the minutest particle of what we denominate element; nor one deed, word, or thought, of any of his creations have ever once escaped the knowledge, nor will ever escape the memory of the Eternal Mind—that exalted and electric Mind which knows no past, and calculates no future! We hear this, we read this, we *see* this, daily; yet, do we not all live as if we were blind and indifferent to its importance and sublimity?—MIRANDA.

Entomology; the late Mr. Kirby.—When a man excels in anything, Mr. Editor, it must always be of some consequence to know what were his habits; and what external means he employed, in connection with his particular gift. His friend, Mr. Spence, says—“There were two circumstances in Mr. Kirby’s study of insects, by which I was always forcibly struck on my visits to him at Barham. The first was, the little parade of apparatus with which his extensive and valuable acquisitions were made. If going to any distance, he would put into his pocket a forceps-net and small water-net, with which to catch bees, flies, and aquatic insects; but, in general, I do not remember to have seen him use a net of any other description. His numerous captures of rare and new Coleoptera were mostly made by carefully searching for them in their haunts, from which—if trees, shrubs, or long grass, &c., he would beat them with his walking stick into a newspaper; and, collected in this way, he would bring home in a few small phials in his waistcoat pockets, and in a moderate-sized collecting-box, after an afternoon’s excursion, a booty often much richer than his companions had secured with their more elaborate apparatus. The second circumstance in Mr. Kirby’s study of insects, to which I allude, was the deliberate and careful way in which he investigated the nomenclature of his species. Every author likely to have described them was consulted, ‘their descriptions duly estimated; and it was only after thus coming to the decision that the insect before him had not been previously described, that he placed it in his cabinet under a new name.’ It was owing to this cautious mode of proceeding—‘which young entomologists would do well to follow’—that he fell into so few errors, and rendered such solid service to the science, and a not less careful consideration was always exercised by him in the forming of new genera, and in his published description of new species, as his admirable papers in the ‘*Linnæan Transactions*’ amply testify.”—A LOVER OF NATURE.

Walnuts, preserved, an excellent Family Medicine.—It is stated, Mr. Editor, by one of your contemporaries—and I know it to be true—that walnuts form an excellent medicinal preserve, being an alterative. It is recommended that half a pound of moist sugar be put to a score of

walnuts, the jar put into a saucepan of boiling water, and kept simmering for three hours. The sugar, when dissolved, should cover the walnuts. If it does not, add sufficient to do this. Cover the jar properly, and in six months it will be fit for use. The older it is, the better. One walnut is a dose for a child of six years of age, as a purgative. While it is valuable as a medicine, it is also sure to be in high repute, for it is deemed a great treat by the young.—A YOUNG MOTHER.

THE CAPTURE OF THE PIKE,— A SONG.

BY PALMER HACKLE, ESQ.

THE greedy pike lies basking cool
Beneath the shade in yonder pool,
Alert to seize his food;
By skilful hand is hurled the bait
To lure the tyrant to his fate,
And drag him from the flood.

The shining tempter o’er him flies,
He glares around with hungry eyes,
And rushes on the prey;
Then moves along with lordly pace,
To seek some snug and lonely place,
Where he may dine to-day.

At last he stops, and sinking deep,
Seems for ten minutes fast asleep,
In sweet indulgence lost.
I’LL wake him soon, as you shall see,
And let him know that verily,
He’s dining to his cost!

The time is up! I turn my reel,
And wind my line until I feel
I’ve got my distance right;
Then, holding him firmly, let him dash,
And dive and plunge, and lash and splash,
And fight his bravest fight.

Hurrah, hurrah! he rushes on!
Pay out the line, or he’ll be gone!
There—check him smartly now!
Well done!—he turns upon his track,
And, plunging, dashes madly back—
By Jove—a glorious row!

Away, away; he’ll take his fling!
’Tis hard to snap a slackened string;
I’LL tease him when he blows!
See there, he stops to breathe—again
The strong stiff rod puts on the strain,
And leaves him no repose.

Another plunge! but feebler much;
I hold him with a firmer clutch;
And play him nearer shore;
The strong hook fixed with murderous grasp,
Lifts him in sight; and see—that gasp,
Till he can fight no more!

The struggle’s o’er; the work is done;
All bootless every frantic run,
In vain he strains the line:
Ah! Ah! I feel I have him fast;
And look—I’ve landed him at last;
HE’S MINE!—HE’S MINE!—HE’S MINE!!

SLOW PEOPLE.

BY ANOTHER "EMANCIPATED VISITOR."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

So said my friend, Mr. Slowboy, whilst enforcing his invitation for me to spend a few days with him, at his paternal residence in the neighborhood of the English Lakes; and quite overturning in his ardor all my asseverations of "engagements, want of time, short acquaintance," and a hundred other reasonable excuses—all tending to show why I should not forsake my many duties for a week's ramble in the country.

Mr. Slowboy was a naturalist; that is, he had a tolerable museum—unarranged however—and so passed for one. He was fond of the country, and would never tire of a day's excursion, be it never so long. He could talk about geology, press plants, sketch old churches, quote poetry, and do many other things to make himself pleasant and agreeable. And yet, with all this, my fortnight in the lake district—the fortnight which cost me so much extra work before starting, and so much more on my return—the fortnight in which I expected to regain twenty years' worth, at least, of health and vigor—the fortnight in which I expected to feel all the delights and joys of a free nigger, roaming far happier than a bee, or skimming o'er the clear lakes in the early dawn, or stillly even, like a very nautilus itself—was doomed to be one of the most miserable I ever spent. And why? Listen, and you shall hear.

Well; the books were brought up, the letters filed, and my little junior was installed sole master of the office, the messenger, and—himself. Then did I, armed with a carpet bag, top coat, fishing-rod, and umbrella, march forth for the railway station; and taking a late train, to save time and expense, in time got turned out of the second-class carriage at the lake end of the line. I had no alternative but to walk on, a distance of ten miles, hire a car, or put up at a first-class hotel. The first would look shabby; the second respectable, but it was dearer; and the third was out of the question. So a car I had, and most heartily did I grudge the fellow his seven-and-sixpenny fare. Most lustily, too, did he abuse me, when I absolutely refused him more than two and sixpence "for himself."

It was about eight, A.M., when I drove up the lawn in front of Slowboy Hall; and giving the genteeldest tap in the world, I inquired of the half-awakened servant if my friend was at home? "Master isn't up yet," yawned the rough-headed monster. I was expected to breakfast, which was to be "early;" and in I walked, thinking that the

lord of the house had been entertaining some friends over night, and would be down soon.

I am not a very impatient man, so I bore an hour's waiting with a truly martyr-like spirit; and even warded off my inclination to sleep till the clock struck ten. Nor did I once wish I had got my host by the ear; but when the monotonous "tick, tick," of the time-piece brought the long hand again slowly round to the top, and told on a silver bell that the hour of eleven had arrived, my impatience knew no bounds. I was about to leave the house, when the sound on the stair of a gracefully-carried pair of feet, done up in fur slippers, announced the arrival of Mr. Slowboy. Looking up, I endeavored to put a good face on it, when he "opened" thus:—

"My dear fellow, is this you? when did you come?—travelled all night, eh? Well, I'm glad you have come; we'll have such a time of it! I suppose you have planned out how you purpose to spend every quarter of a minute. You business people are *so* regular!"

I had indeed planned, at least, what I should do every *day*; for being a thorough business man, I like to make the most of my time, and even go about taking my pleasure in a "business-like manner."

"Only a fortnight to spend? Oh! nonsense. Going to try Helvellyn to-day? My dear Sir, impossible. In the first place we have a twelve miles' drive there, and the same back; and then your want of sleep! Oh! *that* would never do. In the first place we'll have breakfast; look at the pictures, gardens, grounds, and so forth; and to-morrow I'm with you for anything."

Breakfast *did* come, and not too soon; and then we adjourned to his picture-room, he to torture me with long accounts of each daub—(who it was painted by; who it was done for; who bought it; and a hundred other little marvels of intense interest to himself, but of none to me)—and I to play the hypocrite. Well was I punished for it!

Luncheon, at one, was neglected. He was too busy; and I was too patient under the infliction, to mind creature comforts. At length we did get down to it,—perhaps about half-past two; and then for a wade among his curiosities, which occupied us till an hour after dinner time. The rest of the evening was spent in the greatest of pain, over wine and fruit. Thus passed my first day among the Lakes.

Plague on his pictures! I have seen better in hundreds of the galleries. His curiosities,—what were they? a mass of endless confusion, which he was always "*going to put in order.*" His natural history specimens were as bad. And what was worse than all, they kept my longing heart more sensibly in chains than ever it had felt in my office in

the city. Only imagine—a bright day, a peep from this window of a heath or furze mountain; and from that, a silvery sheet of water! All these conspired to tantalise me. It was enough to try the patience of Job!

Next morning, breakfast was appointed at nine “to a minute;” and determined to have a good draught of nature, I started at five A.M., and walked nearly a dozen miles,—one of the happiest mortals alive,—and returned with an appetite as sharp as the air on the top of Scawfell Pikes. “Master isn’t up yet,” again drawled forth the servant, as he ushered me into the breakfast room. And much in the same manner as the day before, I waited until he made his appearance; suffering from hunger, and feeling very much inclined to commit an outrage upon the loaf on the breakfast table.

I am very fond of angling; and this day was to be devoted to pike fishing on one of the lakes. My friend assured me that he had everything “ready;” so I took little trouble, knowing that the afternoon is as good as any other time for the sport. A walk was proposed in the meantime; but, first, we must have luncheon; then take a little wine; then step over one of his fields to look at a pie-bald pony; and then, “just step in and take a glass of beer.” And so we got on our way just when we should have been returning. We *did* return too late for dinner, and, as it turned out, too late for pike! I certainly enjoyed the walk; but from a habit of always fulfilling punctually my most trivial engagements, I could not but think that the pike had the advantage of me; and I pictured them to my mind’s eye, poking about their sharp noses in a more insolent style than did ever Chartist Pike.

We dined hurriedly; and I absolutely refused a second glass of wine, urging the necessity of at once starting for the lake. A little more dilly-dallying, and off we marched; and at eight got into the boat to commence operations.

“Here are two good lines, and hooks strong enough for a twelve pounder,” said I, beginning to have a foretaste of the luxury of hauling a slimy monster over the boat’s bows. “But where?” added I, gazing wildly into the empty pan, “where are the bass?”

“Bass! eh? Oh, yes! the bass; we’ll soon get them.” And so we would, if we had brought a clasp-net. But Mr. Slowboy had put off getting *his* mended, and so we had to catch minnows to fish for them, which we set about in the shallows. After much trouble we got a few, and then spent some more time in bass fishing, till the shades of evening completely gathered o’er us, and saw us return with—I speak *positively* for myself—heavy hearts and light baskets, con-

taining three or four bass, about three inches long, and a dozen minnows. And this was “our day’s pike fishing!”

Mr. Slowboy was not lazy though! He could walk thirty miles at a stretch; that is, provided he had two days’ rest after it. We determined then to start at ten, next day, and visit the beautiful lake of Buttermere. The evening we were to spend in *trying* to fish char—by no means an easy task in the summer months. Ten o’clock came, and with it breakfast. For a wonder, my host was only an hour behind his time. Breakfast over, I proposed to start.

“Well, we’ll off directly; but my head’s rather bad.” And so, one way or another, he put it off till lunch; and then the bitter beer was bad, and quite unfitted him for starting, at least just yet. Nor was it till after dinner that we got off, for a walk of eight miles; reaching the inn about ten, tired and wet. The rain had come on about half-past eight, and had drenched us to the skin!

But why detail every day’s wrongs and disappointments? Each day brought forth fresh causes of grief; and I inwardly deplored my bad fortune, waiting anxiously for the time of my departure. It came at last, and Mr. Slowboy was to drive me to the station. Somehow or another, the pony, or himself, could not be got ready until it was too late! Thus I lost *that* day; and to my vexation, I broke several appointments at home. In the morning I determined “not to be done.” My exasperation had reached its fullest; and at an early hour, long before my host dreamed of daylight, I actually stole from the house without so much as saying “good bye” to him; walked to the railway station, and got back to town.

Most heartily was I out of humor with my journey; and I vow never again to accept an invitation, be it never so flattering, until I shall have satisfied myself that the host never uses such a phrase as

“WAIT A LITTLE!”

Should this meet the eye of Mr. Slowboy, I trust it will have the effect of curing him for ever of his habits of procrastination. When next I see him, may I find him—“a Specimen of Punctuality!”

TO MY LOVE!

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates on the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap’d for the beloved’s bed;—
So, dear! *thy* thoughts, when thou art “gone,”
LOVE ITSELF SHALL SLUMBER ON.

SELECT POETRY.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

WE'LL meet again: how sweet the word,—
How soothing is its sound!
Like strains of far-off music heard
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again,—thus friendship speaks
When those most dear depart,
And in the pleasing prospect seeks
Balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again, the lover cries;
And oh! what thought but this
Can e'er assuage the agonies
Of the last parting kiss?

We'll meet again, are accents heard
Beside the dying bed,
When all the soul by grief is stirr'd,
And bitter tears are shed.

We'll meet again, are words that cheer
While bending o'er the tomb;
For oh! that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deepest gloom.

We'll meet again, then cease to weep,
Whatever may divide;
Not time, nor death, can *always* keep
The loved ones from our side:

For in the mansions of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In Heaven's serene and endless rest
We'll surely meet again!

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Few things in this world are so delightful as keepsakes from those we love; nor do they ever, to our heart at least, or to our eyes, lose their tender, most tender and powerful charms. And of all keepsakes, memorials, relics—most dearly, most devotedly do we love a little lock of hair! Oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining lock! All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft smooth, burnished, and glorious fragment of the apparelling, that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow!

Aye, a lock of hair is far better than any picture—it is part of the beloved object herself. It belongs to the tresses that often, long ago, may have been dishevelled, like a shower of sunbeams over your beating breast! But now, solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so refulgent; the longer you gaze on it, the more and more it seems to say upbraidingly, "weep'st thou not more for me?"

But, indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affections in which all nature seems to rejoice, bears witness that the object to which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for many, many long weary days, months, years, than she was forgotten during one hour of absence that came like a passing cloud between us and the sunshine of her living—her loving smiles.

Oh, we *do* love a little lock of hair!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

THE pleasant prospect of some future joy
Is of itself a real happiness.

Expected joys our fears destroy;
Anticipated Pleasure smiles to bless.

Sorrow may sadden; but again the mind
Glow with some future scene of fond delight;
Dwells on a theme of happiness—resign'd
To Fortune's frowns, and Disappointment's blight.

Thus is the mind sustained through grief and care,
Supported in Affliction's trying hour;
Hope intercepts the visions of Despair,
And Faith proclaims its bright, all-conquering power.

Resting on Hope, unhappy thoughts are borne
To regions of unspeakable delight;
Imagination fondly hails the morn
Of that resplendent day that knows no night.

Bliss undefinable beams on the soul;
This anguish cannot dim, nor sorrow fade.
Now clings the heart to pleasures that console,
Beyond the cheerless world that Man has made!

MR. EDITOR,—In consequence of your not sending me a "proof" last week, a misprint has crept into my poetical article, at page 192. In the *fourth* stanza, *second line*, the word 'claims' should have been 'demands.' Please notice this; as the 'measure' is 'faulty' as it now stands.
—H. H.

TRY AGAIN!

"I TELL YOU, I CAN'T DO IT."—I tell you, you can. Try—try hard, try often—and you *must* accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I CAN'T," has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I WILL TRY" be your motto in whatever you undertake; and if you press onward, you will steadily and surely accomplish your object and come off victorious.—*Probatum est.*

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MEN,—AND BRUTES,— OR, THE HIGHER AND LOWER WORLDS.

I cannot but believe, that A VERY GOOD USE might be made of the FANCY which children NATURALLY have for Birds, Animals, and Insects. Yet one of the very first PLEASURES we allow them is,—the license of INFLECTING PAIN upon poor, innocent, INOFFENSIVE CREATURES. Almost as soon as we are ourselves sensible what LIFE is, we make it OUR SPORT to DESTROY or TRIFLE with that of the Brute Creation. Thus, are all our Children bred up!—MONTAIGNE.

SOME SURPRISE HAS BEEN EXPRESSED that we did not, whilst they were going forward, notice the disgraceful and disgusting acts of cruelty daily practised at Cremorne Gardens, and elsewhere.

We felt every disposition to raise our voice in this matter, but we well knew how vain would be the task. It is distressing to be obliged to record—but such is the fact—that we English are essentially a cruel people. We rejoice, aye revel in the sight of the horrible. We need not go far, we regret to say, to prove this. Indeed, two instances will be amply sufficient.

When was there an execution of any remarkably-atrocious criminal to take place, without *seats to witness it* having been disposed of at enormously high prices? These ranged from one guinea to five guineas each, and were all "taken" immediately! Were they occupied by the lower orders?—No. By people of uncivilised life, or the badly-educated? No. By whom then? By fashionably dressed people of the highest standing in society, and by *women* in particular. They slept not, by reason of anticipation of "the treat;" and armed with powerful magnifying glasses, they gazed with thrilling interest and delight upon the last convulsive throes of the poor wretches as they expiated their offences on the scaffold. This feeling is still lively; but we rejoice to say that very few "opportunities" are now afforded for its—gratification. The life of a fellow-creature, we have at last learnt (thanks to our blessed little Queen), mercifully to consider as something of

"consequence." Our fashionable ladies must now cease to anticipate amusement from the human scaffold, and seek "excitement" elsewhere. They have something though, let us tell them, to answer for, in having set such barbarous examples to the multitude. They have done mischief—mischief, the fruits of which will continue to be apparent while the world lasts. "One" act, sometimes involves in it consequences the most disastrous.

The second evidence we would adduce of the universal love for the barbarous—no doubt distantly emanating from the human scaffold—is the zeal shown by so many thousands in rushing to the "Chamber of Horrors," at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, in Baker-street. No sooner does a murderer of any note come before the public, than he or she is immediately "modelled" (by permission) in wax; "the exact size of life"—wearing perhaps "the identical clothes" in which they were "executed," and assigned a permanent place in this "chamber."

Every day, or nearly so, throughout the year, do the proprietors of this attractive lounge find it to their interest to advertise in *all* the newspapers. They know, as well as we do, the feelings of the public; and on their "weakness" they "live." The trap is daintily baited. The "real clothes," the "identical hat," and "walking stick" of the murderer, are all dwelt upon *con amore*; and, when it is added that the figure of the murderer is "the size of life"—who *could* resist giving his sixpence to see him? Let the very many thousands who pay this sixpence, answer the question.

Now, let us ask, how under such circumstances can we *expect* society to be better than it is? Do not our domestic servants, the governesses and teachers of our children—aye, and all our household dependents of whatever grade, regularly attend here and delight in it? How natural! More than this. Do not our children accompany them? Of course they do. Let the sceptical judge for them—

selves—by dropping in at this season, by candle-light. They will then find the place nightly thronged. A charming idea, say we, for a susceptible child to quit the "Chamber of Horrors," and retire for the night to its own little bed! We will not speak of the conversation that passes on the way home, about what has been seen. This, ere now, *we have had* to listen to, and to shudder at.

Have we not *all* some little moral responsibility attaching to us in these matters? Ought the mind of an innocent child to be thus habituated, or seasoned, to sights of horror? Is it not sad, to behold the pure mind of rising youth so dimmed in its lustre? Verily, these questions are worth attending to. Early impressions are never totally eradicated; and they certainly assist in forming a man or a woman's character through life.

The early education of children is a subject in which we especially delight. Infamously conducted, or rather neglected, as it now is—how much might be written about it! We shall never lose sight of it whilst we can hold a pen. Not a day passes over our heads, without affording us many sad opportunities for beholding what we now deplore.

We are, be it known, never so happy as when in the company of children,—that is, when they are well brought up. But we find in the present day, very few indeed that *are* well brought up. Artlessness, simplicity, and innocence, were "once upon a time" the characteristic charms of children. We recognise no such charms now. They eat of the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil" far too early. Their pure minds are tainted by foul examples, ere they quit the cradle (their parents love to have it so); and before they can run alone, they are, to mamma's delight, perfect little specimens of cunning and deception. How the little dears are dressed out! Oh, the disfigurements of our incipient men and women!

By the way, what a subject is here for our fair and able ally, FORESTIERA, to enter upon! *Her* observant eye, graphic pen, tender heart, love for the human race—would be irresistibly powerful in an appeal to the public feeling. Let us hope so. No stranger is she to the artificialities of life. That she is eager as ourselves to reform them, has been proved. And who so proper, let us ask, as a woman of such noble independent sentiments, to give utterance to honest thoughts touching the welfare and healthiness of society at large—her own sex in particular?

But let us now glance at the recent cases of "cruelty to animals" at Cremorne Gardens. The proprietor is not more to be blamed than other proprietors of similar exhibitions. He well knows what the "people" delight in. The greater the cruelty, the richer the "fun." The more danger to life and limb, the more

glorious the "lark." He attends the theatre, and sees how the public applaud *Jack Sheppard* in his house-breaking expeditions. He reads the "literature of the day," and finds what the "taste" is; he provides accordingly.

Mr. Simpson is summoned for "cruelty to animals." It is proved that certain poor brutes—heifers, bullocks, ponies, are daily decorating a balloon; that they are tightly girded, and afterwards sent up to a fearful height "suspended" in the air!! The blood spirts out from their nostrils. What of that? It is *only* caused by the heaviness of the air pressing unduly upon the animals' lungs. They are "used" to it. Besides, they are very well now. Indeed, they never were better. They quite "enjoy it."* Of course they do. They have been "up" before, "some fifty times;" and this "proves" the enjoyment. The magistrates confer together. They look doubtful; listen to Mr. Simpson's persuasive eloquence; and canvass his logic, although it is *not quite* in accordance with "Dr. Watts' Art of Logic." They say they will take some days to "consider." They *do* consider; and, odd enough, eventually agree among themselves that it is "cruel" to torture animals—by dragging them through the air, and over hedges, ditches, rivers, and seas; every moment appearing to them (happy creatures!) likely to be their last! The fine is £5. It is "paid" of course; the parties bow themselves out; and here the matter rests.

Is it not—or rather, ought it not to be, a national disgrace, let us ask, for public gardens to be thronged by well-dressed people,—men, women, and children—to behold a brazen female habited as *Europa*, seated on the back of a bull, and mounting high in the heavens to the terror of right-minded men? And yet, all London were poured out in the streets to see this filthy sight. Such shouting, such bellowing, such a noise, we never heard before. The bull was "supposed" to be Jupiter. By Jove! it *was* a droll conceit!

As for men hanging by their feet to the car of a balloon, and *so* going up—let *them*, if they will, commit suicide; but poor innocent animals were *not* made for such heathenish amusement.

There is a morbid craving amongst us for these cruel pastimes and delights; and so long as the "people" will encourage them, so long of course will the proprietors of public gardens continue to provide them. Gladly

* One of the magistrates, on hearing this remark of Mr. Simpson, elevated his spectacles and his eyebrows—the latter fearfully. He asked him "if he would be kind enough to repeat it?" Mr. Simpson took breath, and had time for "reflection." He did *not* repeat it: we respect him for it.—ED. K. J.

would we raise our pen by way of "argument," but we might as well argue with a drunkard.

We are compelled to acknowledge, that the English *are* at heart a very cruel, and worse than thoughtless people. They are condemned by their own acts.

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXX.—THE WHITE-THROAT.

WHILST WE NOW WRITE, the season is rapidly advancing. The winds are heard in all the majesty of their great power. The rains have been falling heavily. The clouds are full of fitful gusts, and the face of nature undergoes a hundred changes in as many hours. Still do we love to wander abroad between the showers; and we delight much in the month of OCTOBER.

The autumnal crops are now all housed, and the fields are beginning to show new signs of life in the return of their former inhabitants—the birds. It is a pretty sight, to view them in all the pride and dignity of their new and becoming plumage; and no less pleasant is it to listen to their song. It seems to savor, by its energy and sweetness, of gratitude and thankfulness to the Creator for this renewal of His great power. At all events, we may harmlessly imagine so.

It is with regret we have to record, as faithful historians of what is passing in the field, that with the advent of September, man's better nature gave way, as usual, to the overpowering seductions of the gun. It has ever since been, almost unceasingly, heard recording its wanton butcheries. Partridges which, until then, had been luxuriating with their happy families in the corn, and enjoying the prescriptive privileges of freedom unmolested, are now savagely and unceasingly hunted from morning till night; and their lives either taken by a well-aimed shot (merciful, this!), or their limbs are shattered by some cockney sportsman, who has accidentally contrived to bring some part of their extended person within the radius of his well-spreading and heavily-charged gun barrel.

"See! in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes; and, watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more;
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the
gun,
Glanced just, and sudden, from the fowler's
eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them, wide-
dispers'd,

Wounded, and wheeling various, down the
wind."

Manly sport this, truly! especially when we reflect upon the very many maimed sufferers which escape, and which groan out their final agonies under cover of the brush-wood. But, as our own THOMSON sweetly sings, when bewailing the ravages made by these boasting, blood-thirsty Cossacks—

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy.—

Let us then at once resume the thread of our discourse, and speak of our little hero the White-throat.

This bird, commonly known in our southern parts as the Peggy White-throat, somewhat resembles the black-cap in its appearance; but it has a longer tail and shorter wings. Its head, too, is dissimilar, being of an ashy grey color. Its throat and under parts are of a greyish white color (sometimes a clear white,) and its legs are pale brown. The hen differs little from the male; she is, however, of smaller proportions, less sprightly, and her colors are more dingy.

The white-throat (*Silvia cinerea*) visits us about the middle of April, and at once takes up his quarters in our hedges, fields, and coppices. He is a familiar little fellow, and very soon after his arrival he sets about the one great business of his life—the building of a house, and the rearing of a family. He generally selects, as the most convenient site for his nest, a quiet, lone, or unfrequented field. Here, in a thick low bush, he sets his architectural ingenuity to work, and constructs a local habitation—of the fibres of roots, goose-grass, and moss; the interior being lined with horse-hair. The nest, we should observe, is very slight, and rather useful than elegant. As regards the provision made for warmth—the architect seems to leave *this* to the sun. The eggs vary in number from four to six; they are of a whitish color, inclined to green, and are marked with delicate spots of olive green.

These birds are seen to far more advantage when at large, than when they are confined in a cage. They are of a lively, joyous disposition; and whilst singing, they rise on the wing, describe a circle in the air, and again resume their seat upon the bush from whence they started. Their notes, though of moderate compass, are very sweet, and rapidly uttered, and when you are near enough to them to judge of their vocal abilities, you will pronounce them first-rate. They seem quite aware of their excelling powers, and take a proud stand among the other orchestral performers of the grove.

We have had, from time to time, many of this tribe in confinement, and can give them good characters for temper, willingness to please, and sincere affection — this latter being always evidenced in a grateful, graceful song, for all favors conferred, and all attentions paid. We should recommend their being placed in a cage, similar in every respect to that of the black-cap; for they love plenty of room, and also to see what is going forward. Hang them moderately low, and feed them on CLIFFORD'S German paste, boiled egg, sweet bun, and bruised hemp-seed. Let their cages be kept particularly clean and sweet; and bear in active remembrance how they love a mealworm, spider, earwig, or woodlouse. All these luxuries you should, as occasion offers, bring mysteriously under their distant observation. You will be highly diverted to see how they will strain their little necks to keep the mealworms in view, while they are creeping along upon the table; nor will you be less pleased to note their affectionate gratitude, in return for any little favor you may confer in the way of such a treat.

Being a delicate bird, you must keep them snug and warm whilst moulting; and we should recommend their being fed during this ailment on liver gentles, of which they are very fond. Their time for leaving this country, is about the middle or end of September. They will, at this season, be found very restless in their cages; but a few weeks will restore them to their usual serenity, and before Christmas they will be in song.

The proper place to purchase these birds, is that great ornithological emporium which we have already immortalised—the Seven Dials. You must, whilst selecting your little prisoners, exercise the same discretion as we have before hinted at. Always choose leisurely, and never decide until you have had ample opportunities for forming a correct judgment. Whether you will procure old birds, or “branchers,” it is for yourself to determine. It must of course depend much upon circumstances.

As with the black-cap, you will find the “bath” a luxury looked for, and highly appreciated by the white-throat; nor are his gambols, whilst bathing, one whit less diverting. He must not, however, enjoy himself in this way oftener than twice daily in the summer; in the winter, *never*. Cramp would follow such an ill-judged indulgence, and his career would speedily terminate.

When we whisper that elder-berries, boiled milk and bread, soaked grocers' currants, a soft roasted apple, and occasionally a little piece of raw, scraped beef, are amongst the delicacies in which this bird delights—we feel sure he will be accommodated with each and all in turn. Then can we,

with the more pleasure, solace *ourselves* with the luxuries of the season—all so tempting to the appetite!

MORE WONDERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

THE GOSSAMER.

DURING THE MONTHS OF SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, every observant eye must have met with the silvery threads of Gossamer, which are so frequently seen extending from bush to bush, from furrow to furrow; and glancing with iridescent brightness in the morning sun.

The origin of the Gossamer was formerly unknown. SPENCER speaks of them as “scorched dew;” and THOMSON mentions, in his “Autumn,” “the filmy threads of dew evaporate;” which no doubt refers to the same object.

The Gossamer is now known to be the production of a minute spider. It is twice mentioned by Shakspeare; but not in connection with the little being from whom it originates, and with which he was most probably unacquainted. One of the passages is familiar to every one:—

“A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall—so light is vanity,”

Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. vi.

and the other is put into the mouth of Edgar, when he accosts his father, after his supposed leap from that

“Cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully on the confined deep.”—

“Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feather,
air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiverd like an egg.”

Learn, act iv. sc. vi.

In both instances, it is expressive of extreme lightness. In the same manner, it is used by Hogg, in the “Queen's Wake:”

“Light as the fumes of fervid wine,
Or foam belted floating on the brine,
The gossamers in air that sail,
Or down that dances in the gale.”

And the same poet has introduced it as a vehicle fit for the fairy bands, which he describes as

— “sailing 'mid the golden air
In skiffs of yielding gossamer.”

Thus, beautiful in its appearance, and rich in poetic associations, the “restless gossamer”* comes recommended to our notice and courting our inquiry. But the subject is still involved in obscurity. Two opposite opinions respecting it have been ably advo-

* Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner.”

cated by authors, both of whom are entitled to high respect and consideration. One of these gentlemen, Mr. John Murray, says—"The aeronautic spider can propel its threads both horizontally and vertically, and at all relative angles, in motionless air, and in an atmosphere agitated by winds; nay, more, the aerial traveller can even dart its thread, to use a nautical phrase, in the 'wind's eye.' My opinion and observation are based upon many hundred experiments. The entire phenomena are electrical."*

Mr. Blackwall, on the other hand, states, and I concur in his opinion, that the glutinous matter emitted from the abdomen is carried out into a line, only in those situations where the insects are exposed to a current of air. When a glass bell was placed over them, they "remained seventeen days, evidently unable to produce a single line by which they could quit the branch they occupied, without encountering the water" in which its base was immersed.† From this, and many subsequent experiments, Mr. Blackwall is "confident in affirming that, in motionless air, spiders have not the power of darting their threads even through the space of half an inch."‡

It is not a little singular, that many very accurate observations on this subject were made by President Edwards, when he was only twelve years of age. They are detailed by him in a letter written in 1715, and published in a New York edition of his works, in 1829. It is republished in Silliman's "Journal of Science," vol. xxi., with many interesting remarks from the learned editor of that periodical; and it countenances the opinion, that it is by the action of the "gently moving air," that the thread is drawn out to what length the spider pleases.

The threads of the Gossamer are more abundant in autumn than at any other period of the year. But I have seen them at all seasons, and never with greater pleasure than when crusted with hoar-frost, and glittering like little gardens of minute icicles. In fact, they delighted me so much in their new garb, that I took the earliest opportunity afterwards, of embodying in rhyme the ideas which they suggested:—

It was a pleasant winter morn;
Through all the silent night,
The skies had been of azure hue,
And countless stars were bright.

The sun in golden glories came,
And shot his glancing ray
Across the woods, and o'er the fields,
With hoar-frost glittering gay.

* Insect Architecture, p. 345.

† Linnæan Transactions, vol. xv. pt. ii. p. 456.

‡ Magazine of Natural History, vol. ii. p. 397.

That lovely, pearly, brilliant frost,
The landscape overspread,
Like cold and fleeting beauties, which
Adorn the youthful dead.

In every field each blade of grass,
On every tree each spray,
Was with fantastic garlands hung,
As for some festal day.

And yet as numberless and bright,
And beautifully placed,
As though Titania's fairy train
The fading leaves had graced.

What could they be? I paused to gaze;
And soon delighted found,
They were the gossamer's light threads,
With ice encrusted round.

That thread was like the poet's thought,
The child of sunny hours,
Which often is by ice conceal'd,
Or swept away by showers.

The icicles which clustered round
That graceful, fragile thread,
Were brilliant as an infant's dream—
Pure as the sainted dead.

They were like human loves, which hang
By links as frail and light,
A breath may rend them, and, alas!
They ne'er can reunite.

As dew they would have gaily shone,
Kiss'd by the morning breeze;
As icicles, how changed they are!
Yet not the less they please.

Thus, o'er all Nature's works, we see
That Beauty walks abroad;
And every change is lovely there,
Because ordain'd by God.

ROBERT PATTERSON.

THE LION ANT.

SOME years ago, Mr. Editor, on looking over a few cases of insects, my attention was directed to the *Fourmilion*; and I thought a short account, from actual observation, of this curious insect, would interest your entomological readers in no common degree. All I fear is, my not being able to describe what I would, and *what I think absolutely necessary*—viz. to give a correct idea of this creature, without transgressing the fair bounds of OUR JOURNAL. However, I am sure, if you will bear with me, you will be amused, and, may be, learn something new. You have created quite a new taste for the works of nature.

My attention was directed to this formidable creature, whilst strolling through the great forest of Suvabelin, Switzerland, with one of the greatest entomologists that ever existed. This is many years ago; and my companion has since been gathered to his fathers at the advanced age of fourscore.

The *Fourmilion*, *Myméléon des Fourmis*, *Formica Leo*, *Lion Ant*, *Ameisen-Lowe*, is a most singularly interesting insect, and well worthy the consideration of all lovers of entomology. I have watched them in their natural state in the forest, and closely observed them in

my own chamber. I believe this insect is unknown in our country. Should I have an erroneous impression in this matter, I shall be thankful to any of your readers to set me right; and at the same time to state in what locality in this country it has been taken. It is generally found in hollowed-out banks of sand, and sandy gravel, especially among the spreading roots of old trees; generally facing the south, and much protected from the rain by the over-spreading roots, turf, bits of sandy rock, &c. &c. Well, here you must look for the *Fourmilion*. He is a queer-shaped beast, Mr. Editor; but to know that, you must first secure him. He lies at the bottom of his cell, as wary as possible; yet, do but catch a view of his pincers, and make a sudden plunge, and he is your prisoner.

The *Fourmilion* is of a shape inclining to an oval; very much dilated in front, and sharply narrowed behind. Also singularly flattened above, with a few tufts of short, strong hair, along the sides and on the back; of an earth color all over; with a very little head, which has the power of moving in almost any direction with great facility. Then he has a pair of pincers that would do honor to a *Calosoma Sycophanta*. Please to observe, Mr. Editor, I am not going to give any minute description, either of the larva or the perfect insect. It would alone fill up completely a whole Number of OUR JOURNAL. Still I must trace a certain portrait of my friend.

From the peculiar construction of his legs, the *Fourmilion* walks slowly; and (in most species) backwards. They cannot therefore hunt their prey, and consequently have recourse to cunning and stratagem. I brought home a quantity of them. I put them in a box, some three feet and-a-half long by about eight inches wide. When my gentleman began to make his nest (a sort of funnel) in the sand, he started backwards and made his round. As he proceeded, by a peculiar movement of his hinder claw the sand was shovelled on his head, and by a jerk of the head, it was thrown to a considerable distance. He generally keeps on working, till he has quite completed his funnel-shaped trap, which is commonly from 2 inches and a quarter to 2 inches and a half in diameter at top; and from 1 inch and a quarter to 1 inch and a half deep. He then conceals himself—quite at the bottom; leaving nothing but the two dreadful jaws—always expanded. Woe be to the poor wretch that falls in! it is all over with him, Mr. Editor. “No go!” or “all go.” Once between those vice-like fangs, get away—if you can, and how you can. It does not follow absolutely, that every insect falling into these cunningly-made pits *must* be settled. I have seen flies thrown in and escape; but woe be to the poor ant or spider, or any insect not blessed with wings! If he should escape, the first time, the formidable jaw of his enemy—the latter, with wonderful dexterity and unerring aim, throws up with his singularly-constructed head such quantities of sand, and with such velocity, that the insect, whatever it may be, *cannot* withstand it, and escape. Down he falls, a prey to the voracious Lion, who sucks him as clean as a whistle; and not liking to have his home encumbered with the carcases of the dead,

with the accustomed jerk of the head, throws the remains quite at a distance from his funnel. He then returns to his place of curious concealment. If by the endeavor of his prey to escape, or from any other accidental cause, his funnel should be injured, he walks out and constructs a new one; and you may always trace his whereabouts by the singular path he leaves.

These creatures are for the most part in full size in July and August; and make their chrysalis with the sand and a kind of gummy silk. It is quite round; about the size of a little marble, only rough. The perfect insect appears in the beginning of September, and partakes much of the character and habits of the *Libellula*, but is neither so powerful, so voracious, nor so beautiful. But my object now, is not to describe either one or the other; simply to draw attention to the very singular habits of the larva of the *Fourmilion*.

Can any person, Mr. Editor, watch this singular insect, and not exclaim—“Almighty God! wonderful art thou in all thy works! even *this* small insect glorifies thee!”

Tottenham, Sept. 26.

BOMBYX ATLAS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXIII. PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 197.)

WE COME NOW to the important consideration—

Of the Functions of the Senses in general.

The impressions, whether they come from the external world through the senses, or from the internal by the general organs of sensations, must, then, be considered as indispensable conditions, without which no perception and no thought can take place. But, no impression from without, no irritation from within, can become a sensation or an idea, without the concurrence of the brain. The faculty of perceiving impressions, of retaining and comparing ideas, and making application of them, is by no means in proportion to the senses either in men or animals, as is proved by the example of idiots and simpletons. Thus, could we even have it demonstrated, that man, of all animals, has the most perfect senses, we should not thus obtain the explanation of his surpassing all others in intellectual faculties. Accordingly Condillac has been obliged to say, “that the senses do not suffice to obtain a knowledge of nature; for the same senses are common to us all, yet we have not all the same knowledge.”

The author of the treatise on the senses is, therefore, wrong in saying “all the senses have, likewise, produced the arts to satisfy, to perfect, and to guard themselves from painful impressions. What arts has not the sense of touch produced? These dresses, these palaces, these convenient carriages, are all the creations of its delicacy.”

We shall oppose to him an observation of Helvetius, much more judicious. “Experience,” says he, “does not show that the mind is always proportionate to the greater or less delicacy of

these same senses. Women for example, whose skin, more delicate than that of man, gives them greater acuteness in the sense of touch, have not more genius than a Voltaire, &c. Homer and Milton were blind at an early age; but what imagination can be stronger and more brilliant? Among those whose sense of hearing is most acute, are any superior to S. Lambert, Saurin, Nivernois? Those, whose senses of taste and smell are the most exquisite, have they more genius than Diderot, Rousseau, Marmontel, Duclos, &c.? In whatever manner we inquire of experience, she always answers, that the greater or less superiority of mind, is independent of the greater or less perfection of the organs of the senses."

To prove still more amply that all our ideas come from the senses, it is said, with Locke, that the very expressions for the peculiar functions of the understanding are borrowed from material objects. "The words imagine, comprehend, attach, conceive, instil, disgust, trouble, tranquillity, are all borrowed from the operations of sensible things, and applied to certain modes of thought." And with him it is asserted, that, in all languages, the words employed to express things not within the domain of sense, have derived their first origin from similar ideas. In this sense is continually repeated the maxim of Aristotle, *that nothing arrives at the mind without having passed through the senses.*

I am, myself, convinced, that many expressions which serve to designate internal acts, are borrowed from the external world. But, if we have established a comparison between two sensations, does it follow that it was external impressions which produced these similar internal sensations? It seems to us, rather, that, in a great number of cases, it is difficult to decide whether a certain expression has first been invented for an internal sensation, or for an external impression; for man is alive to himself, as early as he is to the external world, and acquires sensations and ideas from within and without at the same time. It was necessary to designate the motion and rest of the eyes, of the tongue, as well as the motion and rest of an animal; the heart beats as well as a hammer; a stone does not oppress us more than heavy undigested food weighs in the stomach; the painful feelings of distress, pricking, tearing, dragging, and distortion, may affect us from within as strongly as when they are the result of external impressions. Who, then, will dare assert that the expressions, *strain, cold, warm, chill, palpitation, trembling, &c.*, have been designed to designate rather the qualities of external things, than those of internal sensations?

There exists in every language, a number of expressions, which it would be difficult to derive from material objects. Whence come the words *hunger, thirst, truth, falsehood, error, friend, enemy, hatred, love, pride, honor, sin, evil, good, wish, think, joy, grief, fear, hope, &c.*? They serve to revive our internal sensations, and we employ them frequently to depict what passes in the external world. We say that a country is *sad*, that a house *threatens* to fall, that the excessive heat does *mischievous* to the trees, &c.

Whence come the words which do not pre-

cisely designate determinate ideas, but simply the mode of thinking; the prepositions, conjunctions, interjections, adverbs of interrogation and exclamation, &c., such as *but, and, yet, notwithstanding, for, if, nevertheless, consequently, also, then, thus, alas, yes, no, &c.*?

Do not the deaf and dumb, who possess reason, but who are deprived of the faculty of expressing themselves by articulate language, depict their internal sensations by gestures, which absolutely have nothing in common with the external world?

If all our ideas come from the senses, what becomes of the general and purely intellectual ideas, whose signification is wholly independent of the material world? For example, "there is no effect without a cause;" "nothing can spring from nothing;" "matter can neither be increased nor diminished;" "a quality, contrary to a subject, cannot belong to it;" "a thing cannot exist and not exist, at the same time."

In fine, I have already shown in my large work, in speaking of hearing, that the faculty of finding analogies between impressions from without and those from within, supposes a faculty of a degree superior to that of articulating words. Language, then, also proves, in all its relations, that it is not solely the work of the impressions on the senses; but that it supposes an internal and an external source of our sensations and our ideas, and, at the same time, an intellectual faculty much superior.

Some authors, persuaded that the impressions on the senses do not suffice to explain all the faculties of animals and of man, admit an internal and an external source of our ideas, and say, with Cabanis, Richerand, &c., that our ideas come to us from two very distinct sources—to wit, the external senses and the internal organs; that instinct arises from impressions received from the internal organs, while reason is the product of external sensations. They also add, that "in animals, the grosser external senses allow instinct to predominate, and that in man, the perfection of the senses gives to the reasoning a marked preponderance, at the same time that it weakens instinct."

But this mode of expression again supposes the error, that man has senses more perfect than animals; and, as, on the other hand, we generally attribute to savage nations the most delicate senses—it would be from them that we ought to expect the most profound philosophy and the feeblest instinct; which will hardly be admitted. But, we must first agree what instinct, properly speaking, is. If, moved by different principles, man is better able to govern his passions than the animals, it does not at all follow that those passions or instincts are more feeble. In fine, the propensities, the inclinations, the passions, are as much objects of consideration for reason, as the impressions made on the senses; these, also, have need of internal organs, when they do not remain simple material impressions, and must be employed by the understanding for higher functions. The eye and the touch, alone, no more form geometry, than the female creates in the male the instinct of generation, or, than the sheep is the cause of the carnivorous appetite of the wolf.

It is said to have been remarked in the man of Puiseaux, blind from his birth, "that the wonders of nature and the course of the stars, did not induce in him a belief in God, because he was unable to perceive them; that the same blind man had no aversion for theft, except for the facility with which others robbed him without his knowing it, and the difficulty he found in retaliating on others without being detected; that he cared not much for decency; and felt not much commiseration for a man whose blood was flowing." By such examples they would make it appear, that we are indebted to the senses even for our moral faculties.

But, have those animals who possess all the senses which we do, such as the baboon and ourang outang—have they more decency, and are they more moved in seeing blood flow, than other animals? Are idiots, who possess their five senses in perfection, more virtuous than the man born blind? Must not every reader perceive, that it is the interior alone which modifies the impressions on the senses, and thus leads us, by a precipitate and limited judgment, to believe their operation immediate? It is for this reason, that external objects act very differently on men and on animals; very differently on the hare and on the fox; on such or such an individual, &c.

The differences of seasons, ages and sexes, produce no essential difference in the number and nature of the senses; why, then, are the intellectual faculties and the passions so different in the child, and in the man, in the young man and in the young woman? How does it happen, that, in animals, it sometimes is the inclination to assemble in flocks and travel, and sometimes, the desire to propagate the species, that predominates? Why does the same bird feed on seeds, in one season, and on worms, in another?

All the functions of the senses are gradually weakened in old age. According to some physiologists, this is the consequence of the senses being habituated to external impressions, so that these successively produce feebler irritations. It is even attempted to explain on the principle of habit, why we have so little feeling of what passes within us in the organic or automatic life. It rather seems to me that nature has designedly taken from us the sense of automatic life; and she has probably attained this end by the tenuity of the threads of communication of the nervous systems of the chest and abdomen, with the nervous systems of the vertebral column, the senses, and the brain. But in old age, the functions of the senses are weakened, because the organs of sense themselves diminish. The nervous filaments and their nutritive substance waste, as well as the grey substance generally, and all the nerves begin to experience atrophy. This is the reason why Pinel did not find in the labyrinth of the ear of old men, who had become deaf, the pulpos substance, which exists in men who hear. This, too, is the reason why the nerves of aged persons are much smaller than those of persons in the prime of life. This diminution not taking place at the same time in all the nervous systems, it hence results that all the functions do not diminish equally at the same time; which must happen if they successively

become more feeble, only in consequence of the repetition of impressions.

The double nature of each sense does not prevent the sensations we have of objects from being simple; the consciousness of the soul is likewise simple, notwithstanding the five different functions of the senses.

Bacon, Locke, Hume, Helvetius, Condillac, have found themselves obliged, in order to comprehend in some way, the possibility of the functions of the understanding, to have recourse, not only to the senses which some of these authors had so highly elevated, but likewise to a knowledge of the relations of sensations, or sometimes to attention, experience, reflection, induction. Though they were sometimes greatly in contradiction with themselves, they perceived that none of the faculties which we have just enumerated, could pertain to any of the senses. But, if in this life, no faculty can be exercised without a material condition, as I shall show hereafter in an incontestible manner, we must necessarily suppose a material organisation for the exercise of the intellectual faculties.

A LAPLAND WITCH.

I LAY once more on the floor of a Lapland fisherman's hut on the way, and cooked some rein-deer tongues for supper. The owner was out, and the place was tenanted only by a hag that realised all my ideas of a sorceress, ready to raise a storm or sell a wind. Her face, dark brown and wrinkled, from the combined action of dirt, smoke, and hard weather, showed her to be of the genuine Sami breed. Her chin was peaky, and, with her sharp prominent cheek-bones, formed a well-defined triangle. Her hair was concealed beneath a red cloth cap, which terminated in what resembled a horse's hoof turned upwards; and a belt studded with silver stars confined round her waist a moudda, from which the hair was worn off in front, and which displayed a shining surface—polished by the frequent wiping of her hands. In the corner of the room something moved, but whether dogs or children, or both, the uncertain light from the hearth did not let me distinguish, and the smell that pervaded the whole place did not invite a closer inspection of that particular spot. Not speaking anything but her native language, she spared me the witchery of her tongue; but, seeing my raw victuals, she brought me a small frying-pan and wooden ladle, taking the precaution to lick the latter by way of ridding it of grease. As the savory smell of the thawing meat became perceptible, a dozen half-starved dogs, somewhat like those of the Esquimaux, crowded round me, and eyed me and my food alternately. A battle ensued for the remains; and each showed so much voracity, and seemed so unused to eating, that it became doubtful whether they would not devour one another by mistake. In the meantime, the deer were supplied with moss collected and stacked for winter use by the people. When they were refreshed I put a silver coin into the hand of the dame, which brought a horrible grin on her features. I bade her adieu.—*Dillon's Iceland and Lapland.*

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, Parts 1 to 9, price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—PHILOS.—BOMBYX ATLAS. J. M.—H. H.—J. M. J.—O.—VERAX.—J. C. E.—W. S.—GERALDINE.—DAHLIA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, October 9, 1852.

AS THE SEASONS ADVANCE, we find many new beauties brought under our view. The flowers have faded, truly; the leaves are changing their colors; the gardens are becoming ragged:—

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest."

But how wonderful the varieties of Nature! How does each several object she unfolds to the eye, win our heart! We gaze in mute wonder at our great Creator's power, and are lost in admiration and praise of his goodness to his creatures.

Just now, we could easily fill one entire number of our JOURNAL, by recording what we have lately noticed with reference to the insect world. Marvellous indeed are the instincts that guide some of these little creatures in their movements! We will not, however, encroach unduly on our columns, by dwelling on this at any length to-day. Still we must direct attention to the operations of the Garden Spider.

Our young friends will do well to rise betimes, all this month; and to go out early into the garden, if they have one—if not, into the garden of some friend. Here they will readily perceive very many webs suspended to the trees—not webs similar to those of the common house spider, but a wide-spread, noble domain, adapted for the habitation of its own clever architect. The mode of constructing these dwellings is such, that no words of ours could attempt to describe it in adequate terms of praise. Never did any man of science act upon more sure principles; never did he examine his work as it proceeded more carefully; never did he perfect his structure with more consummate skill and evident "design."

The morning sun, at this season, gives peculiar facilities for making careful exami-

nation of these wonderful structures. Its golden rays fall so as to throw up the workman's operations; bringing them into full relief. The mechanical precision with which every distance between the meshes is observed; the careful rivettings of each several joint, (what we should term "tying them in a knot"); the correct adjustment of every minute part of the building, (strength and solidity being carefully, sedulously studied throughout); and the situation selected for "transacting business"—all claim our unbounded admiration. Let us again say, that *everybody* who has a heart capable of feeling, and of loving God, should make a point of witnessing this, and other similar wonders of nature at this season.

We have given the barest outline of our thoughts on this subject. The little architect himself should be carefully, narrowly watched, for an entire day. His stratagems to secure his prey; his mode of conquering a powerful enemy; the concealment of his person; and his thorough knowledge of the "whole art of war"—in this closely resembling our own much-lamented Arthur, Duke of Wellington (who had no equal in the field)—these, we say—and how many hundred other skilful manœuvres of his?—are deserving of unremitting attention. The garden, during this month, is indeed a world of living wonders.

In another part of our JOURNAL will be found a very graphic and interesting account of the "Lion Ant." This, being from the pen of our noble ally, BOMBYX ATLAS, will be read with intense interest. He, like ourselves, loves to write about *what he has seen*. Therefore is it, that his remarks carry with them such a perpetual freshness.

We hardly need point out to our readers, the striking proof which this creature exhibits of its instinct arising from a Great First Cause, whose intelligence has foreseen and ordained everything that was necessary for the preservation and well-being of such an animal. The skill which it evinces, is *not* the fruit of experience and of exercise. It originated with its existence. Its instinct is proportioned to its wants and its requirements. Nature never errs.

Lovers of nature, who so dwell on these minute beauties of the insect world, may be derided by the silly and the ignorant; but we are proud to call the society of such men a little heaven upon earth. We are not a little pleased to have assisted in the creation of a better feeling in society connected with these matters. People who have hitherto boasted that they did not know a rose tree from a gooseberry bush, are beginning to grow ashamed of such a confession. They are gradually inclining to the belief, that there really is no great degradation in know-

ing "something" about the garden—the names, and qualities of flowers, &c. They also are becoming gradual converts to the opinion, that there is something loveable—even among the "lower order of animals." This is well.

Be it our unceasing, as it is our most pleasant duty, to foster the belief. Every successive week will we labor hard but kindly, to prove that the world is good, and that there is plenty of time for US ALL to become good—better—BEST.

Our time here is short. Let us then show, whilst we live, that we are indeed the NOBLEST of all God's works.

THE INSANE THIRST FOR GOLD that still continues, like a torrent, to bear down all before it—is a subject for painful comment.

We receive the Liverpool Papers regularly; and therein we note, week after week, how very many ships are daily departing, full of "adventurers," from this country. Our own "Times" newspaper, too, gives daily evidence of the insanity of our fellow men. So far as regards Mechanics—Shoemakers, Bricklayers, Carpenters, and such as are versed in the "useful arts," the move is in the right direction. Such trades can get full employment. They carry their fortune and means of livelihood with them. They land on a foreign shore, and can begin work next day. All hardworking laborers, too, will find their services immediately recognised and rewarded.

Nor do we see any valid reason to object to the many recent exports of young females—strong, able-bodied, and willing to work. Here they are starving, literally starving. Their hard-earned pittance for sewing and stitching, are insufficient for the claims of common hunger. Death, or the streets, is their *only* alternative. Both are too horrible to contemplate; yet is the former more endurable than the latter. We witness sights now and then, that would draw tears—almost from a stone. Yet is there no kind hand of pity ready to help; no good Samaritan who will rescue from the fangs of Satan, objects that *would* repent and lead a virtuous life, if the opportunity were afforded them.* Let such, if the helping hand should appear, take refuge in a foreign land. If they can

use their needle, and are industrious, there is in Australia good hope for the miserable. Here, body and soul MUST perish. Emigration, therefore, under such circumstances, is desirable.

The word "Gold," seems to have infected the whole race of man. So closely is it allied to imagined happiness, that when it is spoken of, "happiness" is necessarily associated with it—and yet *how* opposite the one to the other! Money as WE view it, is only good in so far as it provides us with the means of life. All superfluities, or excesses, are so many drawbacks to happiness. *Quo plus habet, eo plus cupit.* The more we have, the more we want.

We see this, daily, in fashionable life; and in all those who ape the airs and follies of fashionable life. One absurdity gives rise to another. Jealousy begets jealousy; envy follows of course; and all the better feelings of the heart are necessarily sacrificed. This ever has been the case, and ever will be so. One half, at least, of the evils of life are attributable to envy, and the insane wish to do as others do—simply "because" they do it. This leads us to the object of our present remarks—viz., to show the absurdity of so many of our young men quitting good situations to go abroad in search of GOLD.

We know it to be a fact—indeed everybody knows it to be a fact, that very many hundreds of clerks in merchants' counting-houses, private and public banks, and other mercantile establishments, have gone abroad to "dig" gold, when they were receiving here certainties of £150, £200, £250, and £300 per annum, each! They have gone out equipped with cradles, spades, mattocks, &c.—the uses of which they are ignorant of, and the ability to use which they never did and *never will possess!* When they land abroad, they will feel just as we should do here, if told there was gold to be found in Battersea Fields—twenty or even ten feet below the surface of the ground. *There it might be*, for aught WE could do to "dig" for it. We do work in our own garden, sometimes, at "digging." Three hours of hard work—and we are not "cowards"—makes our back ache! If it be thus in comparatively-light soil, what must it be in obstinate, hard, all-but-impenetrable earth, abroad? Our "navvys" might and would tackle it successfully. It is just the place for them; but our daintily-fed clerks rejoicing in kid gloves, and calling six hours a-day "hard work," will soon find that "all is not gold that glitters." A greater mistake was never made. And yet, these young clerks continue to go in multitudes! We have a friend residing in Sydney. From him we have learnt what we now record—viz. the abject state of wretchedness to which all

* We have before glanced (see page 97), at the worse than apathetic indifference that prevails among women towards the suffering members of *their own sex.* They would permit them to *die*, before relieving them—believing that, in so doing, "they did God service." How little can such people know of their own hearts! Good for them is it, that *they* never were led into temptation! They have thus (fortunately) escaped "the feeling" of what they inflict on others.—ED. K. J.

these insane, would-be-rich gentry, are exposed on landing. Their loose cash is soon expended, and they become — helpless vagrants! "Dig they cannot—to beg, they are ashamed."

A short time since, we went to view the *Panorama of the Australian Gold Mines*. Here we saw very accurately delineated, on canvass, the life and employment of a Gold-digger. Half his time is spent *in standing up to his middle in water* to wash the alloy from the gold; and the other half, *in digging to find the gold that is mixed with the alloy!* We asked Mr. Prout (the Lecturer), several pertinent questions about the prospects of our young clerks; and his remarks were quite in unison with what we have said. "Imagine them," said he, "if you can, thus employed." We could *not* imagine them so employed. One single week would make cripples of them all.

We have thus shown, how foolish it is to cherish the fond conceit of "happiness" being procurable by an excess of wealth. A contented man is necessarily a happy man. He wants nothing beyond what is within his reach, and enjoys what he earns. There is a very great pleasure in earning one's own livelihood. It creates a feeling of independence, and keeps the mind in a wholesome frame of undisturbed repose.

Our Poet Laureate has a nice idea of happiness; and beautifully she has expressed it. She drops the crown upon the head of "Contentment," which she justly places at the head of the Christian virtues. A mind like hers must, we will venture to say, be "happy" anywhere. Happy, too, must *they* all be, who live in the healthy atmosphere of her happy smiles!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Cat nursing three Rats and two Kittens.—There is now exhibiting here, a curious sextette—viz., a cat nursing three rats and two kittens. They are all "sweetly affectionate." The cat, a fine animal, was in the stables of the Shrewsbury and Birmingham Railway Station, Stafford-road, when (in May last) she gave birth to five kittens. Three of these were drowned. The disconsolate mother, finding her family reduced, discovered a rat's nest, killed the parent rats, and five of their young ones—appropriating to herself *the three* that were left. These she conveyed to her own bed, suckled them, and brought them up. All this "curious lot" is now to be seen in one cage, "happy and glorious." The cat, let me add, has *three* legs.—J. L., *Wolverhampton*.

Cruelty to Animals.—No one, my dear Mr. Editor, need ask you twice to raise your voice in behalf of ill-used animals. Your pen, like your heart, is ever "ready" in so good a cause. Horses, cats, and dogs, seem to have their natural protectors; but he for whom I now plead

seems to have "no friends." Therefore do they "hit him hard!" I speak of the meek, quiet, submissive donkey. Not long since I was at Gravesend. Here, as no doubt you are aware, donkeys abound—donkeys of *all* sorts. [You are right, Mademoiselle.] On the outskirts of the town, are a number of these poor animals, saddled and bridled—their drivers, bludgeon in hand, waiting for customers to mount. Now, Sir, would you believe it? I have seen people from London—really respectable-looking people, get upon the backs of these donkeys, and tell the drivers at starting, to "cut into them," and make them "go." The other day, two well-dressed girls, apparently quite respectable, took it into their heads they would have a ride. When seated, the first thing one of them said, was—"Do, boy, give my donkey a good knock, or he won't keep up with the other." The word was given, and the bludgeon fell heavily upon the hind legs of the doomed animal; which in the agony of its smart, reared furiously, to the intense delight of the "two respectable girls, and the passers-by!" "Ah, my man!" exclaimed I, "if you are so unmerciful to your poor, harmless beast—what mercy can you expect for yourself?" The idiotic look of the man, and the vacant silly looks of the riders, haunt me now. I might just as well have spoken to a stone! These barbarities, I am told, are practised daily. Whence comes this feeling? It seems all but universal. There must be something wrong somewhere. People are not cruel by chance, any more than others are honest by chance. I agree with you, that it is all the fault of a bad early education. If the tree is not properly planted, and if the boughs are not properly *trimmed*, the appearance is ever unsightly. We should never say of such—"Woodman! spare *that* tree." The sooner it is removed, the better. I told you, on a former occasion, that we could never get your Paper regularly. The same difficulty still continues. Tales of murder, seduction, suicide, and the like, are overflowing the town—you therefore are, of course, regarded as "an enemy" to society—for trying to establish a better order of things. Hence, your being so carefully excluded from our shops! I know, however, of one "honest" news-vendor down here, who supports you through thick and thin, and of whom OUR JOURNAL may be regularly obtained—his name is Caffin [We will immortalise him by printing it], Sidney Street, near Mile-end Gate.—JANE W., *Mile End*.

[JANE! you are a hearty, dear, kind soul. We know not how sufficiently to thank you, for all your zeal in behalf of OUR JOURNAL. Do not flag. We *are* going a-head, against wind and tide. The poor donkeys you speak of, are insolently called by the Londoners—the "Gravesend donkeys;" and are spoken of familiarly as being "used" to the barbarities you so feelingly deprecate! We marvel that, among the inhabitants of Gravesend, *not one* humane soul can be found to assist in punishing the offenders by bringing them before a magistrate!]

The Dahlia.—Having been a very successful cultivator and exhibitor of this fine autumn flower, for several years, and the size of my

blooms generally having attracted much notice, I beg, Mr. Editor, to offer, through you, a few brief remarks upon its culture, more especially as respects watering. I have tried all kinds of manure, likewise guano; but I have found nothing, as yet, equal to soot water and soap-suds. It is a general rule with most growers to place half-rotten manure round the roots, and then draw the earth up so as to form a basin, a practice which is greatly required; but there is an evil attending it, for oftentimes when the roots are taken up to be stored, they are found to be very much cankered or warty, and hundreds of worms are also discovered there; by watering with soot-water and soap-suds the roots will be perfectly clean and free from all insects, and much larger flowers may be expected. The most successful traps for earwigs, I have found to be the bloom stalks of hog-weed, or rhubarb, &c., dipped in milk, to soften the pith, which earwigs are particularly fond of; blowing them out of the stems into a bottle, and pouring scalding water on them, is the quickest way to dispose of so great an enemy.—E. BENNETT, *Perdiswell*.

A sagacious and cunning Dog.—All dogs are clever, Mr. Editor, but some are like certain specimens of the genus "homo," "cunning" to boot. The late Sir Richard Sullivan, of Thames Ditton, had one of these cunning dogs; and as I personally know his beginning and his end, you shall, in few words, learn his history. You insist, very properly, on the early education of every animal being carefully attended to. I fear *this* Newfoundland dog was educated in a bad school, or his "opportunities" were neglected. A charge was once brought against him of having "worried some sheep to death." As he was always kept chained up, his master indignantly replied that it was impossible. Still, however, repeated complaints of a similar kind continued to pour in. His fate was sealed. The farmer who owned the flock of sheep set a watch upon my gentleman. One moonlight night, when he thought all was quiet, he was observed to look warily round; and thinking the coast was clear, he proceeded to *slip his head through the collar* which was round his neck. Away he flew, with a light step, to the sheep-fold, singled out two sheep, and killed them *both*. He then returned home, and gently slipped on his collar—looking, in the morning, as demure as a Jesuit. His time was come. The executioner entered. A glance passed between the two; the blow fell—the dog was dead!—**VERAX.**

Vermin in Bird Cages.—I have derived so much valuable information, Mr. Editor, from **OUR JOURNAL**, that I feel it a pleasant duty to assist in extending its usefulness. This cannot be done better than by contributing to it the results of my experience. You have written powerfully about the *Thugs*, or minute vermin, that infest bird-cages. They are indeed formidable, deadly adversaries to our little "pets." I have found your remarks very just, and your remedy good; but I have found one remedy,—one cure, that is unfailing. I send it you, impressed with the firm conviction that "one trial will prove the fact." My cages have been full of vermin of late,

and one in particular I was about to burn. However, as it was a first-rate cage, I thought I would just try "once more." I procured some *rectified vegetable naphtha*, and with this I went carefully to work. I first poured some of the spirit into a small tin oil-can, and with a camel hair-brush dipped into it, I anointed every crack and every crevice in the cage. Subtle as the Prince of Darkness, every portion of the unction penetrated the innermost portions of the wood. The enemy fell like hail; in five minutes every one of them was slain. No need will there ever be for a second dose. Tell your subscribers this, and you and I shall descend to the grave as public benefactors.—G. S. B., *Burnley*.

[Very many thanks for this. It will be welcomed all over the world.]

Eggs carried away by Crows.—Some time ago, as I was riding in the country, I saw a carrion crow (*Corvus corone*) fly out of a barn with an egg in its beak. It flew about sixty yards into a field, laid down the egg, and went for another. I then disturbed it, when it flew three or four hundred yards, with the other egg, to its feast. I searched for the first, which I had great difficulty in finding. It was placed in the print of a horse's foot, and completely covered over with clods. It was perfectly uninjured. I was extremely surprised to find that it could carry so large a substance, notwithstanding the saw-like edge of the mandible. The general impression is, that it pierces the egg with one mandible. Such, however, appears not to be the case.—F. D., *Pershore*.

Average Speed of Camels.—Mr. Editor,—In Captain Peel's "Ride through the Nubian Desert," are some curious particulars of the camel. The following, referring to their speed, is interesting:—"In crossing the Nubian Desert, I paid considerable attention to the march of the camels, hoping it may be of some service hereafter in determining our position. The number of strides in a minute with the same foot, varied very little, only from thirty-seven to thirty-nine, and thirty-eight was the average; but the length of the stride was more uncertain, varying from six feet six inches to seven feet six. As we were always urging the camels, who seemed, like ourselves, to know the necessity of pushing on across that fearful tract, I took seven feet as the average. This gives a speed of 2.62 geographical miles per hour, or exactly three English miles, which may be considered as the highest speed that camels lightly loaded can keep up on a journey. In general, it will not be more than two-and-a-half English miles. My dromedary was one of the tallest, and the seat of the saddle was six feet six inches above the ground."—**ANNE D.**

The Gutta Percha Tree.—The Taban (*Isonandra gutta*), which was formerly so plentiful, has long since been extinct at Singapore. A few isolated trees may here and there occur; but they are very scarce, and I have not been able to obtain even the sight of one. It must ever be an object of regret, that on the first introduction of the Taban gum, its proper name was not pre-

served. Now everybody in Europe and America speaks of Gutta Percha, when in fact they mean all the time Gutta Taban. The substance termed by the Malays Gutta Percha, is not the produce of the Isonandra gutta, but of a botanically unknown tree, a species of Ficus, I am told. Though far from being extinct in the Indian Archipelago, Gutta Taban will be every year more difficult to obtain, as the coast region is said to be pretty well cleared, and a long transport from the interior must, by augmenting the labor, increase the value.—I have copied the above from Hooker's "Journal of Botany."—W. C.

Intensity of Cold.—It is droll, Mr. Editor, to observe what a poor, shivering race of folks we are, compared with some others. A slight frost here, sends coals up from 21s. to 30s. per ton; and we sit all day before the fire frying ourselves alive. Just listen to what Sutherland says, in his Voyage, about cold in the Arctic Regions:—"It was necessary to be very careful with our drinking cups. Tin never suited, for it always adhered to the lips, and took a portion of the skin along with it. A dog attempting to lick a little fat from an iron shovel, stuck fast to it, and dragged it by means of his tongue, until by a sudden effort, he got clear, leaving several inches of the skin and subjacent tissue on the cold metal. One of the seamen endeavoring to change the size of the eye of the splice of the track-rope, put the marling-spike, after the true sailor fashion, into his mouth; the result was that he lost a great portion of the skin of his lips and tongue."—I wonder what coals would be "done at" in those regions!—ALFRED T.

The Vespertilio Nocturna, or Great Vampyre Bat.—In an old magazine of Natural History, Mr. Editor, the following singular account of the above animal appears:—"In the year 1796, Doctor Von de Speigal, a native of Rotterdam, had been for some time settled professionally in the Island of Batavia. During the course of his practice it happened that the doctor was attacked with a malignant fever or cholera, at the time prevalent in the island. Having taken a narcotic and thrown himself on his couch, he fell into a sound sleep, and, as is common in those sultry climes, the blinds had been thrown open all around, to admit a free current of air, and which had been neglected to be closed at the usual time, when one of the family going into the chamber to see if the doctor required assistance, was alarmed at the appearance of an enormous winged monster (which in the dusk would appear much magnified) as it escaped from the yet open casement. It was presently found that the animal—by no means a stranger on the island—had introduced itself as *surgeon extraordinary*, and had most skilfully bled the still sleeping doctor almost to death; not only satiating its own greedy appetite, but also saturating the couch with blood. In most cases such visitations had proved fatal, whether to man or beast, but in the case of the Dutch doctor it proved eventually otherwise; for although his strength was reduced to the last extremity, the malady was thereby completely overcome, and by

strict attention and care, he, in the course of time, became perfectly convalescent, and has been frequently heard to declare that he felt convinced he owed his life to his extraordinary operator. Hence, we may naturally infer, followed the system of *copious bleeding* in all cases of cholera and black vomit. The tongue of the vampyre is furnished at the tip with a prickly substance of such exquisite sharpness, that it is introduced into the vein or artery of any sleeping animal without disturbing the slumber, and which it also provokes by keeping a fanning motion with its extended wings—generally from three to four feet in length.—JANE K.

[We insert the above as being very "curious;" but we do not vouch for the correctness of the inference drawn.]

"Despise not thou the day of small things."—

There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath *some* little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath *some* memory of the past
To love and call its own!—HOPEFUL.

To Nightingale Fanciers.—Will you let your readers know that I have a remarkably fine nightingale, for whom I am desirous of finding a good home? I would not let any dealer have him, nor would I on any account part from him, if my avocations would allow me to attend to him. I find, however, that I cannot leave him to the "tender mercies of a servant" while I am absent from home if you did, he would be "dead" in two days; and I will not let him be slighted. He has moulted clean, and is in rude health.—P.

[We commend you for the humanity you evince towards this King of Birds. His Majesty must *not* be slighted, nor his love held in small esteem. When he loves, he loves truly; and *how* he warbles his love-notes to the hand that feeds him! In another month he will be singing bravely. We will gladly negociate this matter for you. Such a prize will not long remain unappreciated.]

Harmony of Colors in a Flower-Garden.—What can look worse, Mr. Editor, than a large quantity of flowers in a garden, most of them *one* color, only, or so arranged as to appear perfectly monstrous? No taste have we here. It should be reformed. This is just the proper time to make notes of the effect of the colors of flowers in various situations, and to note down such alterations as appear desirable in their arrangement in another season. It is all very well to talk of harmony in arrangement as a very necessary thing to be attended to; but there are other considerations quite as important. Not one of the least is the nature of the boundary of a flower-garden, depending for its effect on bedded-out masses of plants. A little reflection will convince any one accustomed to these things, that a boundary of some kind is an indispensable necessary, in order that the eye may be confined to that particular part, and not, by an extensive

range of scenery, to be drawn away, and the attention so much distracted that the arrangement cannot be perceived. Let any one who doubts this, take a look at a bed of Verbenas, or any other gay-colored plants, backed by a dense mass of Rhododendrons or other evergreens, at a distance of eight or ten yards; and on another which has an extensive sweep of grass beyond it, with nothing to check the eye from ranging away; and he must at once see that in the former case the beauty of the colors will make a much greater impression than in the latter. The same will be the case in an arrangement of many beds; there should be a boundary, in many places high enough to produce shade, so that the attention may be concentrated on the flowers and their arrangement. White and light flowers should be furthest from the eye; scarlet and white look well in juxtaposition; but the scarlet should be nearest the spectator, and the white backed by something dark. We have still much to learn on this interesting subject. Scarlet and yellow also look well side by side, and a very fine effect is produced in certain situations by a large bed of scarlet geraniums, with a few plants of dwarf yellow dahlias intermixed at from four to five feet apart. A very little common sense exercised in this matter, would work quite a reformation in some of our so-called "flower-gardens."—AMELIA.

The Wedding Ring :—

Pretty, simple, shining thing,
Made for tiny finger fair,
How much sorrow dost thou bring,—
Sorrow which we all could spare!
In each maiden's ear I'll sing,
O! beware the wedding-ring!

Symbol of eternity!
Death alone should part thy tie;
Awful is that word to me;
From thy tempting let me fly—
For some spirit on the wing
Says, "Beware the wedding-ring!"
Many hearts this ring does bind,
That were bound by "Love" before;
Many hands by it are twined,
That its twining will deplore:
And from them I warning bring
To beware the wedding-ring.

Yet if heart and hand unite,
And if soul to soul be given,
Then the solemn nuptial rite
Is a sweet foretaste of heaven!
Then, *persuasively* I'll sing,
Maidens, TAKE the wedding-ring!

T. J. O.

Odors of Flowers.—The peculiar odors of plants depend on various secreted volatile matters, which are often so subtle as to be incapable of detection by the ordinary chemical means. Nothing is known of the causes which render one flower odoriferous and another scentless. In some cases the odors of plants remain after being dried, but in general they disappear. Some leaves, as Woodruff, become scented only after drying; and certain woods, as Teneriffe Rose-

wood, give out their odor only when heated by friction. Meteorological causes have a great influence on the odors of living plants. Dew or gentle rain, with intervals of sunshine, seems to be the circumstance best fitted for eliciting vegetable perfumes. Light has a powerful influence on the odor as well as the color of flowers. Plants when etiolated by keeping in darkness, generally lose their odor. In certain cases, the perfumes of plants are developed only in the evening. White flowers present the larger proportion of odoriferous species: the orange and brown flowers often giving a disagreeable odor.—J. B.

ANECDOTES OF GOLDSMITH—No. II.

(Continued from page 215.)

He sallies forth as a student of Medicine—
Hocus-pocus of a boarding-house—Transformation of a leg of mutton.

WHILE Oliver was thus piping and poetising at the parsonage, his uncle Contarine received a visit from Dean Goldsmith, of Cloyne, a kind of magnate in the wide, but improvident, family connection, throughout which his word was law, and almost gospel. This august dignitary was pleased to discover signs of talent in Oliver, and suggested that as he had attempted divinity and law without success, he should now try physic. The advice came from too important a source to be disregarded; and it was determined to send him to Edinburgh to commence his studies. The Dean having given the advice, added to it, we trust, his blessing, but no money. That was furnished from the scantier purses of Goldsmith's brother, his sister (Mrs. Hodson), and his ever-ready uncle Contarine.

It was in the autumn of 1752 that Goldsmith arrived in Edinburgh. His outset in that city came near adding to the list of his indiscretions and disasters. Having taken lodgings at hazard, he left his trunk there, containing all his worldly efforts, and sallied forth to see the town. After sauntering about the streets until a late hour, he thought of returning home; when, to his confusion, he found he had not acquainted himself with the name either of his landlady or of the street in which she lived. Fortunately, in the height of his whimsical perplexity, he met the cawdy, or porter, who had carried his trunk, and who now served him as a guide.

He did not remain long in the lodgings in which he had put up. The hostess was too adroit at that *hocus-pocus* of the table, which often is practised in cheap boarding-houses. No one could conjure a single joint through a greater variety of forms. A loin of mutton, according to Goldsmith's account, would serve him and two fellow-students a whole week. 'A brandered chop was served up one day, a fried steak another, collops with onion sauce a third, and so on, until the fleshy parts were quite consumed. Finally, a dish of broth was manufactured from the bones on the seventh day, and the landlady rested from her labors.' Goldsmith had a good-humored mode of taking things, and for a short time amused himself with the shifts and expedients of his landlady, which struck him in a

ludicrous manner. He soon, however, fell in with fellow-students from his own country, whom he joined at more eligible quarters.

Let us hope, Mr. Editor, seeing that such immense improvements have taken place between 1752 and 1852, that amongst them an improved race of landladies may have sprung up in the "modern Athens!"

Manchester, Sep. 25.

W. SMITH.

TIME.

TIME is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things. The past is gone, the future not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it; like a flash of lightning, it at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable. It is the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit; and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger. It advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain. It lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture; and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house. It is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood; but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all. Nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise—bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other. Yet like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it. He that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.—W. S.

SALT.

LIKE all that is necessary for our preservation, comfort, and enjoyment, salt has been bestowed by an unsparing Hand, that scatters its blessings far and wide—blessings that ought to be more gratefully acknowledged from their profusion, but which are, alas! from that very circumstance, taken *as matters of course*.

Culinary salt, or, as it is termed in chemistry, chloride of sodium, in a natural state, both in a solid form and dissolved in water, is in astonishing abundance. It is in solution, not only throughout the vast ocean, but in various lakes, rivers, and springs; and in a solid form, under the names of rock salt and fossil salt, it is found over a great extent of the globe. In Calabria,

Hungary, Muscovy, and Poland, it is in enormous quantities.

A bed of salt was discovered between Dienze and Marsal, 150 feet from the surface, and others lying below, to the depth of 300 feet, and of vast thickness. On the road from Paris to Strasbourg, by Metz, there is a stratum of salt, which was ascertained to extend over a rectangular space of twelve or fourteen square miles. In the province of Valencia, in Spain, there is a mountain of salt, called Cardoma, 500 feet high, and nearly three miles in circumference.

The salt mines which have been worked ever since the middle of the thirteenth century, near Cracow, in Poland, are calculated still to contain a sufficient supply of salt for the world for many thousand years. In these vast mines, chapels, crucifixes, and the images of saints, have been hewn out of the solid rock salt; lights are constantly burning before them, and the crystals reflect back the rays which illuminate the subterraneous passages and spacious galleries with the most brilliant lustre. Some hundreds of men are employed in working out these mines, and abide in them with their families, forming a community apart from other men, subject to laws and regulations of their own framing. Many among them have never emerged from the obscurity in which they were born, and can form no idea of the aspect of nature, beyond the aisles through which they wander.

THE INTELLECTS OF CHILDREN.

"Grown persons," says the Hon. Mrs. Norton, "are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understandings of children." She is right. It is so. They very foolishly rate them by what they know; and children know very little; but their capacity of comprehension is great. Hence the continual wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them, at the old-fashioned ways of some lone little one, who has no playfellows—and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in a child's mind, between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty, as neither to depress nor over-exert it. The matured mediocrity of many an infant prodigy, proves both the degree of expansion to which it is possible to force a child's intellect, and the boundary which nature has set to the success of such false culture. Most precocious children die early, or, if they grow up to maturity, they become little better than idiots. Gentleness will do much; coercion will make a child obstinate and dull. The world is full of examples of both.

ADVICE IN THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

In choice of wife, prefer the modest, chaste;

Lilies are fair in show, but not in smell;

The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced,

Then choose thy wife by wit and living well;

Who brings thee wealth and many faults withal,
Presents thee honey mixed with bitter gall.

SIR JOHN OF BOURDEAUX.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

SWEET Contentment! thou'rt a treasure;
 Yes,—the richest gem on earth!
 Secret spring of Joy and Pleasure,
 Happy they who know thy worth!

Peace attends thy lovely dwelling;
 Sweet indeed its homely fare!
 Hope a tale of bliss is telling,
 Smiles insure a welcome there!

Pleas'd with all that God has given,
 Blessing Him for health and peace;
 Trusting Him for joy in Heaven,
 Songs of praises never cease.

Whilst Ambition groans in anguish,
 Pierc'd by sorrow and despair,
 And the slaves of Fortune languish,
 Calm Contentment knows no care!

Covetousness dreads the morrow,
 Brooding o'er ill-gotten gain;
 Sown in misery and sorrow,
 Reap'd in bitterness and pain.

Pride and avarice rush on madly,
 Grasping GOLD with frantic joy;
 Base deception! oh! how sadly
 Do they Peace and Hope destroy!

GOLD they worship, love, and cherish,
 Dearer far than life or health;
 Thousands of its victims perish,
 In the base pursuit of WEALTH.

Money for our "use" is lent us,
 To sustain the "wants" of life;
 Oh, how many blessings sent us
 Have been made a source of strife!

Troubles rise as wealth increases,
 Care and sorrow ne'er depart;
 Disagreement never ceases
 Sad forebodings fill the heart.

Fawning sycophants! caressing,
 With the hope to gain the store!
 How much better is the blessing
 Of the helpless, needy poor!

Let the Miser hoard his treasure,
 Heaping GOLD with every breath;
 Sad delusion! short liv'd pleasure!
 ALL must be resigned at DEATH!

Envy, Murm'ring, fierce Resentment,
 Let us banish from our home;
 Whilst the Blessing of Contentment
 SHALL BE OURS WHERE'ER WE ROAM.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them.

SELECT POETRY.

WOMEN AND FLOWERS.

LET every lady cherish flowers:
 True fairy friends are they,
 On whom, of all your cloudless hours,
 Not one is thrown away.
 By them, unlike man's ruder race,
 No care conferr'd is spurn'd;
 But all a woman's fostering grace,
 A thousand-fold return'd.

The rose repays thee all thy smiles—
 The stainless lily rears
 Dew on the chalice of its wiles
 As sparkling as thy tears,
 The glances of thy gladden'd eyes
 Not thanklessly are pour'd;
 In the blue violet's tender dyes
 Behold them *all*—restor'd!

Yon bright carnation,—once thy cheek,
 Bent o'er it in the bud,
 And back it gives thy blushes meek,
 In one rejoicing flood!
 That balm has treasur'd all thy sighs,
 That snow-drop touch'd thy brow,—
 Thus not a charm of thine shall die,
 Thy painted people vow.

THE CHILD WE LIVE FOR.

It would be unwise in us to call that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, or pleasure denied, *has a child for whom he hopes*, and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust; obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him; the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling; his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow. Yet has he a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation—for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest wealth, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.—
 COLERIDGE.

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THE NATURE OF SOUND:—No. II.

(Continued from page 146.)

MANY EXPERIMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE ON the capability of water to transmit sound. The Abbe Nollet among others, took much pains to decide the question. By practice he acquired such management of himself under water, that he could hear the sound of the human voice, and even recognise airs of music. When he struck together two stones which he held in his hands, his ears were shocked almost beyond bearing; and he even felt a sensation on all the surface of his body, like that produced when a piece of metal held in the teeth is struck by another piece of metal. He observed also, that the more sonorous bodies, when struck under water, gave a less vivid impression than others less sonorous. These experiments were successfully repeated by the late Dr. Monro, of Edinburgh.

All bodies are not equally fitted for producing sound. Those which have the greatest degree of elasticity, appear to be the most sonorous. It is owing, indeed, to the great expansible force and elasticity of the air, that gunpowder and the electric flash, by rending it, and forming a vacuum, occasion the loud sounds which often strike us with terror. The cracking of a wagoner's whip affords a good illustration of the sound of thunder or any other explosion. The sudden jerk of the end of the whipcord displaces a portion of air, and forms an empty space into which the adjacent air violently rushes. The air which formed the several sides of this empty space, thus collapsing with a shock, produces the sound.

The changes which take place among the minute particles of bodies, in consequence of the vibrations from which sounds arise, are remarkably different in metals, in wood, and in musical strings. This can be illustrated in the case of metals, by repeating the experiments of Dr. Chladni, of Berlin, who took

plates of different metals, and having strewed them with fine sand, caused them to sound by drawing over their edge the bow of a violin. In these experiments, the sand is found to arrange itself according to the vibrations produced, and it is curious that the form which the sound takes is different in different metals. Anybody can easily repeat those experiments—with sheet lead, sheet iron, copper plates, &c.

In the case of musical strings, as in other sounding bodies, the quicker they vibrate the more sharp is the sound; and this does not depend at all on the slowness or quickness with which you strike them, but on the tension and thickness of the string. We are told, but on the authority of what experimental calculation we know not, that the gravest sound which the ear can perceive is formed of two thousand vibrations in a second; and the sharpest sound, of twelve thousand.

In the pianoforte and the harp, the high treble notes are produced by short, small, tight strings; and the deep low bass notes by strings which are long, thick, and little stretched.

On striking a bell, or a musical string once, we may hear by minute attention, first the fundamental sound or note; secondly, the octave, or eighth note above; thirdly, the twelfth; and, lastly, the seventeenth. These are called harmonic notes.

It is from the vibrations of several strings taking place in a certain order, that agreeable or disagreeable feelings are excited. The sounds producing these opposite feelings, are said to be harmonious or to be discordant. For example, if the vibrations of two strings are performed in equal times, the same tone is produced by both, and they are said to be in unison. Again, if one string vibrate in half the time of another, the *first* vibration of the latter will strike upon the ear at the very same instant as the *second* vibration of the former.

These will accordingly agree or harmonise;

and their concord is by musicians termed an octave or eighth, because there are eight distinct tones inclusive, between the tones of the two strings. If the *second* vibration of the first string strike the ear at the same instant with the *third* vibration of the second string, the compound sound or concord is termed a fifth, for a similar reason.

When the vibrations of two or more strings strike the ear at different instants, they are said to jar, or produce discord. To make this explanation of harmony and discord the more intelligible, the following simple experiment may be made:—

Suspend a ball of thread, and poise it in the air, giving it a push with your finger. If you wish to carry on the swinging motion, you must wait till the ball is on the point of turning before you give it another push. If you touch it in the middle of a swing, you will cause it to stop. This is exactly the case with the air, which is swung by a harp string, or put in motion by a flute; for in this respect, wind instruments are the same with the harp. The first case illustrates harmony—the last discord.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

THE FISHES OF CUMBERLAND.

"I in these flow'ry meads would be;
Those crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice."

So sang Izaak Walton, father of fishermen; but, unfortunately for my fame, I am by no means worthy to rank among his sons. The truth is, that I never used, or tried to use a line but once, on a fine summer's day in the Lammermuirs, and caught just *nothing*. But to my subject. Perhaps no county possesses more keen anglers than does Cumberland. Go into an inn, and the discourse, nine chances out of ten, turns upon fishing, and the comparative merits of different flies, grubs, roe, bracken clocks, and other adjuncts of the piscatorial science. The opportunities afforded by the lakes and becks of this county, tend in no small degree to foster "that solitary vice," and amply reward the sportsman. I can merely here enumerate a few of the different fishes found in the waters of the country.

To begin, then, with the sea-fisheries, by which not only is pleasure sought, but profit as well—the Irish Sea, a little below the mouth of the Solway Firth, is the scene of the fisherman's labors, and rewards his toil with all the ordinary fish of such localities, such as plaice, haddock, herring, &c. The latter are often very large; but though fat, are decidedly inferior in flavor to the produce of Loch Fyne, and bear a strong resemblance to the fish of the east coast of Scotland. Occasionally too an unwelcome visitor, in the shape of a shark, finds his way into the nets, and in his struggles to free himself, he emancipates not a few of his lesser brethren. A young one, measuring four and a-half feet, was lately

exposed for sale in Keswick market, and found its way to the collection of a gentleman in the neighborhood. It was a specimen of the white shark; and when opened, seemed, by its empty stomach, to have been about to catch when caught.

It is to the lakes or rivers, however, that the angler for pleasure betakes himself, when his day's toil is at an end, or perhaps before we well know it is daylight. The perch, or as it is usually called the bass, is one of the commonest fishes; delighting in the shallows—where it basks in the sun's rays, eludes the murderous attempts of its enemy the pike, feeds on worms, minnows, or even its own young. The perch (*Perca fluviatilis*) is the type of the first order of fishes, being the spine-finned: and is perhaps one of the prettiest of the whole order. It seldom attains to a large size, only now and then reaching half a pound weight. Its eyes are furnished with a beautiful bronze-colored iris; the body is banded with black; and the fins on its lower part and tail are of a rich vermilion tint. The back, however, is to my mind the most interesting, from the form of the dorsal fin. This is double, and covers two-thirds of the back. The first division is supported by about fourteen bony spines, most of which extend beyond the membrane, making it rather a dangerous task to extricate them from the clasp-net in which they are caught. The second, or lower dorsal, is smaller, and of a more delicate texture than the first, and is generally reddish. I have sat many a sunny day watching the sly motions of these little creatures, and felt all an angler's joy, without his bane. Perch are common in all the lakes, and are taken with either worm, minnow, or in a clasp net. They are seldom eaten, being employed as bait for pike.

The pike (*Esox lucius*) is very plentiful in most of the lakes; I may say, with the exception of Ullswater, in all of them. This is a pretty fish. Its weight often reaches as high as twenty pounds, or more. They have a long, drawn-out appearance; and from the back fin—I dislike technical terms—being placed so near the tail-fin, and right above the lower belly fin, it looks, when swimming, like a wooden cross tumbled into the water. Pike are sometimes caught by the rod; the more usual method, however, is by means of floats or trimmers. A cylinder of wood, about three inches long, is tied to the end of a line; and the hook is baited with a living perch, which swims about until seized, and hook and perch are both swallowed. The hook is inserted in the flesh, between the divisions of the dorsal or back fin. A party of three or four get on the lake about three o'clock in the morning, and set their floats. They then keep cruising about till afternoon, taking up the fish as they get struck. The quantity of floats employed by such a boat's crew is usually about forty: and sometimes as many as twenty pike are thus procured, varying from two pounds weight upwards. Should any floats be left on the water, the party who finds them returns them to the owner (his name is always branded on it), but retains the fish for himself. Eels are not unfrequently thus taken, but are less prized.

Rod-fishing is the most legitimate sport; but the aim is always some of the salmon tribe.

Trout (*Salmo fario*) are plentiful in most of the lakes and becks; those in the latter being generally smaller, and used for potting, when they are not unfrequently passed off for "potted char." Salmon trout (*Salmo trutta*) are not so plentiful, though by no means rare. In the autumnal season, large salmon pass through the rivers and lakes, for the purpose of depositing their spawn; and before the institution of the "Vale of Derwentwater Association," were speared and netted in quantities, to the no small diminution of the species, and annoyance of regular anglers.

Brandlings (pretty little fishes, about three inches long, with bright red spots) are the first year's produce. They are frequently caught in the becks, making their way to the lakes and larger streams. The year next following they become smelts, or fry; and from their increased size are more worthy of the angler's pains. The most valuable fish in the lakes' district, however, and one almost peculiar to it, is the famous "char," found in great plenty in the Lakes Crummock, Buttermere, Windermere, and met with as well in three others. In the summer season, they retire to the deepest parts of the lake, and are only taken with the net; and then, but sparingly. At this season, the great influx of visitors causes a demand for them, and they usually reach the exorbitant price of sixpence a piece. This for fish about six ounces in weight, is "tidy." In winter they come to the shallows to spawn; and it is then that the stores for "potting" are procured. This is the prettiest of the salmon family, having a bright metallic lustre, especially towards the belly, where there is a dash of rich golden hue. The flesh is as high in color as the finest salmon, and in my opinion, is far superior in flavor. A small pot of "char" fetches seven-and-sixpence; and is often nothing more than a few smelts, brandlings, or fell-bait trout. The color, however, betrays them to the connoisseur; and it is only on strangers that such tricks are tried. Other fishes, of no economical value, but of interest to the student, are to be met with; such the Loach (*Cobitis barbatula*), or "Gobbie," as it is here termed. This frequently affords rare sport to juveniles. Emancipated from school on Saturdays, these youngers may be seen standing up to the knees in streams, fork in hand, spearing the unoffending little creatures. Minnows, of course, are very plentiful, and are used as "bait" by the angler.

The Schelly—a silvery-coated fish, much resembling the Herring, with large *thick* scales—is abundant in Ullswater, and is usually procured in great quantities; but from the size of its bones, it seldom finds its way to table. The Chevin is mentioned by Wordsworth as inhabiting the north-end of the same lake. I have never seen it myself, nor have any of my angling acquaintance.

YARRELL gives some interesting particulars regarding the "Char" (*Salmo alpinus*), which I have had verified by an old brother of the rod. He states that the trout and Char both leave the lake Windermere about the same time, for the purpose of spawning. They enter the Rothay, where they continue their joint emigration till they come to the junction with the Brathay,

about half a mile up. Here the "Char" collect their new forces, and march up this new stream; while the Trout continue their course up the Rothay. D.

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXXI.—THE BABILLARD.

THIS IS JUST THE VERY SEASON for a lover of Nature to revel in delight. Every week, nay, every day, brings with it something new—something marvellous to behold; and whilst gazing on the works of Providence, as manifested in the Creation, in their daily progress, we are pleasingly constrained to say with the good, the amiable James Hervey—"Even inanimate Nature is all but vocal with the Creator's praise."

The glorious days of harvest are now quite over. The golden sheaves of corn have been carried to the barn, and safely housed; and all is joy and rejoicing with the farmers and their dependents:—

"There's merry laughter in the field,—
And harmless jest and frolic rout;
And the last harvest-wain goes by,
With its rustling load so pleasantly,
To the glad clamorous harvest-shout."

A right pleasant sight is this; and right welcome are such jocund sounds, as they are borne upon the breeze! And see—

There are the busy gleaners in the field—
The old, whose work is never done,
And eager, laughing, childish bands,
Rubbing the ears in their little hands,
And singing 'neath the autumn sun.

And what is better still, our little friends, the birds, are again abroad in their usual haunts; singing and making melody in their hearts, while the operations of the season are thus cheerfully going on.

'Tis now that the blooming "merrie maidens," and their loving swains, hie forth to the woods and thickets, to gather nuts from off the heavily-laden boughs:—

Come, virgins, come! For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clust'ring nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigor crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk.

Few pleasures are there greater than this. The remembrance of such sweet pastime carries us back to the "light of other days;"—but we pass on.

We now observe with sorrow, that our few remaining summer visitors, the "birds of passage," are become strangely fidgetty. They seem, one and all, to know that the time for their departure is at hand; and a well-practised eye can see, in their every movement, that they have just "resolved them-

selves into a committee of the whole House; reported progress, and asked leave to sit again." This final "sitting" will be to decide upon the "great question" of a departure from our shores. An attentive ear can recognise, in the voices of the migratory birds, a note altogether different from any hitherto uttered; nor is it unreasonable to imagine, that this "language" of theirs is universally understood by every member of their tribe. This restlessness will continue to increase, till, in a few weeks more, we shall most probably, so far as *they* are concerned, "be left alone in our glory."

To compensate for this great drawback to our pleasures—for we must ever avow our "undying" predilection for the vocal melody of these foreign choristers—many of our native birds come into full song immediately on the departure of the others. Nor is it at all difficult to get through the seasons of autumn and winter, while blessed with the harmony of such sweet voices. The robin, wren, and hedge-sparrow, are now distinguishing themselves to admiration. The young blackbirds and thrushes, too, are tuning up; and the chaffinch may be heard "pink"-ing merrily in our orchards, and in the fields. As for the tit-mouse—he is chanting *his* merry rigmarole from early morn, throughout the day. The sky-lark, linnet, goldfinch, and many others, are preparing to join the merry throng at a no distant period.

We will now discourse of the BABILLARD (*Curruca garrula*), a little bird of passage, who left us about a fortnight since. Many persons who have not gone closely into the study of natural history, have been in the habit of christening this little chorister, the *Lesser Whitethroat*. It is, however, altogether a distinct species, and takes its name from its garrulous propensities—Babillard being a French word, and its signification a "chatterer."

The babillard is in appearance very like the Peggy Whitethroat (*Curruca cinerea*), which it resembles both in color and in figure. It is, however, a much smaller and more compactly-formed bird. The bill, too, is shorter, the legs are darker, and, from the breast downwards, it is of a much whiter plumage. It is also free from the rusty color on the wings, which is so observable in the whitethroat. Nor does the babillard assimilate much in its habits with the whitethroat. The latter delights in green shady lanes, hedges, and copses, from which it seldom wanders. The former, like the garden warbler, rejoices in our orchards and gardens, where it gives unrestrained license to its appetite. We seldom pass our gooseberry and currant bushes (in the fruit season), without finding several of these little visitors helping the gar dener "to clear the branches

of their fruit. Some of our neighbors resent these familiarities by the introduction of a loaded gun. Such, therefore, of the poor little innocents as escape assassination from these churls, billet themselves upon *us*; so that we get a double benefit. In the fruit season, our grounds are regarded by our summer visitors as "the refuge for the destitute." We may lose something thereby, it is true; but we gain more.

The babillard arrives amongst us about the third week in April. He is rather a shy bird in the early part of the season, but he grows more familiar as the trees become covered with foliage. He is a cheerful, merry rogue,—never at rest, but incessantly flying from bush to bush, singing the whole time. His song is hurriedly given, nor can you enter into its merits unless you are close to the performer. It then falls sweetly and melodiously on the ear.

The affection of this bird for its young is very great, and if disturbed, it will very quickly entice its children to quit their nest. Sometimes they disappear long before they are fledged. It is really distressing to listen to the outcries of the parent birds, when they consider their family to be in danger of destruction. Their nest is built not far from the ground. It is slightly constructed, and consists externally of wool and blades of goose grass; being lined internally with the fibres of roots. It is mostly found in low bushes, or young fir trees. Their eggs vary in number, from four to six. They are of a blueish white color, with ashy and brown spots at the larger end.

In confinement, the babillard must be treated just like the black-cap, and will speedily become as tame. His food may, for the most part, consist of German paste, hard-boiled egg, and sponge cake; but being insectivorous, he must have his usual diet varied with a mealworm, some ants' eggs, a woodlouse, spider, and the like. Boiled milk poured over his sponge cake, and some grocers' currants, soaked, are amongst his choicest luxuries. He is also fond of the bath, which, in summer, he should have administered daily. In winter it must be altogether dispensed with, lest the cramp should make its appearance.

The proper cage adapted for this bird, is that already recommended for the canary; but it might be an inch larger every way. He must be kept in a warm, snug room, and allowed in winter to catch a glimpse of the fire. He will sing day and night, and come into song in October. He moults freely when kept warm; and during this season he should be treated to elder-berries and currants.

The babillard is one of those "warblers," whose powers of song can be fully appreciated in a room only. Here he gives "proofs"

of his excellence, and he will vie with any song bird twice his size. With crest erect, you will observe him bid defiance even to a nightingale. He soon ceases to regret the loss of his liberty, when he has a kind master or mistress; and you will find him quite "one of the family" in his expectations. He courts homage; and woe be to you, if you fall short in paying him due respect. He will resent it by "silent" contempt.

In purchasing your birds, select young "branchers," clean moulted, in preference to old birds. The latter are apt to be sulky, wild, and fractious. In August, you will procure them readily. The sooner they are caged, and domesticated, the better on every account.

We will only add, that if you woo these charming little rogues in the way they *ought* to be wooed, they will soon love you most tenderly. They will take their food from your hand most affectionately, at all times; and lavish on you those numerous unmis-takeable endearments in which we all so greatly delight.

RURAL NOTES—No. II.

MONTGOMERY—NORTH WALES.

By JOHN MATTHEW JONES.

(of the Middle Temple)

"Come now to the forest, for Autumn is there,
She is painting its millions of leaves—
With colors so varied, so rich, and so rare,
That the eye scarce her cunning believes:
She tinges and changes each leaf o'er and o'er,
Nor flings it to earth 'till 'twill vary no more."

SUMMER HAS LEFT US; the Autumn is fast passing away, and Winter is near at hand. The thermometer this morning stands at 52 degrees. The woods have begun to put on their autumnal tint. The poplar is already denuded of leaves; and the ash, elm, and sycamore, will soon follow.

In the "Butcher's Nursery" (a very large wood close to the town), the squirrels are daily amusing themselves on the pendant branches of the beech trees. It is a very pretty sight to sit and watch the manoeuvres of these interesting little animals. At times you may see one hanging at the very extremity of a twig, and busily occupied in procuring masts; and others again sitting upright on some of the topmost branches, holding beech masts in their fore paws, and munching away at a great rate; their little ears pricked up and their tails curling over their heads, presenting a sight—to an enthusiastic naturalist—delightful to behold.

In this part of England, the squirrel is seen to great advantage; the immense woods, which clothe the hill sides, offering him a safe and secure harbor. Here no idle men assemble to molest God's creatures; and save now and then some truant boys, the whole of this country is

left in repose for the different kinds of animals to continue their species. In the "Butcher's Nursery" may be seen many other kinds of animals; the hare, weasel, shrew, and field-mouse, abound; as do also the wood-pigeon, green woodpecker, thrush, blackbird, greater titmouse, tomtit, long-tailed tit, lesser titmouse, common, and golden-crested wren, and creeper; and they may be seen every day.

The titmice, golden-crested wrens, and creepers, always keep in company; and are generally to be found at the top of the wood among the larch trees, busily engaged searching about the branches for insects. The wood-pigeon frequents the large beech trees; and if you creep silently along, you may gain a sight of him sitting on one of the topmost branches, preening himself in the sunshine. This bird consumes an immense quantity of beech masts, and I am sorry to mention the fact (lest any morose old farmer should get hold of this number of "KIDD'S OWN"), that he also gets through a fair share of wheat. I very rarely kill one of these birds, without finding many wheat seeds in his crop; but, poor fellow! he amply repays the small injury he does by his evening "coo," and

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead"

who would not pause to listen to the sweet soft note of this pretty bird?

For two or three days last week not a martin was to be seen, and I really thought they had left us; but yesterday I saw a great number of them sailing about as usual. I was surprised the other morning upon waking, to hear a great fluttering in my bedroom-chimney; and presently down came a martin, and immediately flew on the top of a bookcase, where he stayed for some short time, putting his plumage to rights after his exploring expedition. He then began to fly about the room, every now and then picking a fly from the ceiling; he always returned to his post on the bookcase. The robin sings very loudly in the mornings and evenings; a sure indication that cold weather is at hand. We have a great quantity of wasps this Autumn, and it is impossible to pick up an apple or pear without finding two or three of these gentlemen inside; it therefore behoves people to look—not before they leap, but—before they take a bite. I never recollect a better year than this has been, for all kinds of fruit; the apple trees are literally groaning under their weighty burdens.

On frosty evenings the barn-owls may be heard in all directions: there are two or three about the "Treeth," a like number in the "Butcher's Nursery," and two about the "Old Castle." First one cries, then another will answer him; and so on. I was much pleased the other day upon paying a visit to Broadway Hall (about five miles from hence), to see this owl sailing round about the house without displaying the least fear. The kind owner of this pretty spot never allows the birds to be molested; and they plainly show the benefit of such protection, by coming upon the lawn close up to the windows, and feeding upon the worms and insects. Among the number, I noticed the black-bird, and the yellow wagtail; the latter in particular looked very pretty as he ran about the

green-sward after the flies; his taper legs scarcely exceeding a stocking needle in circumference.

There will be no lack of food for the poor birds this winter, as haw-berries are in great plenty; the wild rose-bushes are covered with ripening berries, and the holly and ivy present a good appearance, so that our friends, the little birds, may look for "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." I am glad to say I saw a kite on the "Town Hill" this week. So it appears they are not all destroyed. Poor solitary wanderer! I would advise thee to keep farther to the northward, among the mountains, as I am sadly afraid the farmers hereabouts will give thee but a cool reception. The old saying remains good, "Give a dog a bad name and he will for ever hereafter retain it."

The missel thrushes now congregate in flocks. The first assembly I saw was on the 1st of the month, and I took them for an early arrival of fieldfares. I was, however, convinced of my error upon a nearer approach. At the beginning of this month, while going through a grass field, I was astonished at the immense numbers of butterflies, which were apparently busily employed upon the blue flowers of a small plant, which grew in great quantities all over the field. The *Vanessa Io* in particular was very numerous; also *Vanessa Urticæ*, and a small blue species, were by no means rare. The large elder tree at the back of the house, is loaded with fruit, which will soon become ripe, and then be made into wine. Here let me impress upon those who never turn the produce of this prolific tree to advantage, that they little know what a treasure it is to have a dozen bottles of delicious elder wine ready for winter use. I know of no better cure for a cold than a little of this—mulled, and taken hot, just on retiring to bed. The effect is wonderful.

I often in my rambles stop to look at the pretty appearance the ivy presents, as it hangs in festoons from the trunks and branches of the trees in the woods and hedgerows; and I think what a blessing it must be to the smaller birds that inhabit this country, to have such a shelter during the inclement season of winter. Indeed, I always find that Nature ever adapts herself to circumstances—particularly in the present case, for our winters are dreadfully cold. She has planted the ivy in this country with an unsparing hand; and there is hardly a tree of the fir species, that is not embraced by this useful plant.

It is wrong to say that the ivy destroys the substances it embraces, for few trees about here grow to any size without their stems being clothed with it. Not that I would, for a moment, say the ivy was the sole cause of their large growth; but I only mention the fact, to show that this plant is not destructive in its properties. Witness again old churches, and ruined abbeys—Tintern and Furness to wit, on

"Whose aged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So, both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find."

WIT AND JUDGMENT.—Wit is brushwood, Judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

LION,—THE KING OF DOGS.

THE sagacity, fondness, and true devotion of that NOBLE animal the Dog, is too well known to require to be dwelt upon. He seems to have been assigned by Providence as the friend of man, to guard him, and watch over his interests. His master may sleep soundly while danger threatens,—but not so his Dog. No; he instinctively apprehends the coming danger, and vigilantly prepares to save his master's life. Let then this faithful animal be kindly treated, say we. The following narrative is given as a true statement of actual facts, by a Traveller. We therefore print it in full, as being worthy of record in OUR JOURNAL.

Some years ago, I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I went on foot, or rode; as best suited my purpose. I carried rich silks and jewellery, to sell to those disposed to buy. My only companion, during my journey, was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be king of his species. He was good-natured and quiet, and there was something almost human about his eyes. He attended to his own business, and never quarrelled with "curs of low degree." He would bear an insult from worthless puppies with a philosophy worthy of admiration. And I never knew him, save on a few occasions, to resent undue liberties of puppies of larger growth. When his ire, however, was thoroughly aroused, he made such offenders a terrible warning to "ill-doers."

One day in the summer of 1840, I found myself in a small settlement, on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next, which was about eighteen miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained without waiting till the next day, which I was not inclined to do, so I set out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forward briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedition would be by no means an agreeable one.

The road—if road it could be called—was very bad, and through the thickest forest in that part of the country. The night, too, crept on apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side. I was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over the ground fast; so I didn't mind it much.

The darkness was on me before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eighteen miles, but I could see no settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was used to travelling, and knew well my ability to calculate distances. But I kept up a good heart, and went on, until I was quite certain I had mistaken the way, or been misinformed in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road I was in, until I reached some habitation.

In a short time I was glad I had made the resolution, for I saw a light glimmering from a cabin. I approached as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I could be accommodated there very well. It had the appearance of being very comfortable within. I knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man.

Now I am not a person to believe in presentiments, misgivings, and all that sort of thing; but

I certainly saw something in that man's countenance that I did not like, the moment I set my eyes upon him. In a gruff voice he asked my business; I told him I believed I had lost my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodation. After hesitating a moment, he asked me to enter. A tall female was seated in the corner, near a large rock fireplace. She seemed busy in watching a piece of meat hissing over the fire. It struck me that I had never seen a more apathetic countenance than hers. She hardly noticed my entry. Her face was remarkably long, and wrinkled to a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was sharp and skinny, as was indeed her whole face. The head-gear was wholly indescribable, and beneath it grey hairs were visible. Her entire dress was unlike anything I had ever seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off her. She, as well as the man, glanced eagerly at my pack as I laid it down. The latter was a coarse-looking person, whose countenance appeared more indicative of apathy than villainy.

A kind of telegraphing took place between the two, after which I was informed I could stay. This did not appear to me a very great favor, since I had the chance to observe my host and hostess.

The meat upon the coals was set upon the table at length. I was invited to partake of it, which I did with my host, who had been absent, and returned a few minutes before my arrival. During my repast, Lion took his station by my side; receiving a portion, as he always did. When I had finished I drew away from the board, and taking a paper from my pocket, pretended to be busy reading. Presently, I nodded over my paper like a sleeping person. Instantly the manner of the two persons became more alarming. Finally, the tall hag lifted my pack and weighed it in her hands as well as she was able. Her eyes flashed like a serpent's, for it contained a large quantity of specie, besides valuable jewellery and costly silks. I always made a practice of putting my silver money in a bag, and depositing it in a belt which I wore next my skin.

After she had done this, she motioned him to come and lift it, which he did, with apparently as much satisfaction as his other half had experienced. He then opened the door softly, and motioned the dog to go out. Though I have no doubt Lion understood the pantomimes as well as anybody, he did not offer to stir, but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag got impatient, and shook the poker at him. Lion showed two rows of white teeth, and uttered a low growl. The pantomimes ceased in an instant. The poker returned to its place. I stirred a little. They were quick to observe me.

"A fine dog," said the man, thinking that probably I might hear the remark. "I reckon he wants to get out—he growls as though he did." A pause followed this remark. He thought I might order him out; but I did no such thing.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment, "nice dog;" and then she offered him a piece of meat and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectations, Lion utterly refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarity by showing his

teeth again in a very testy manner. I now thought it time to wake up, which I did with a preparatory yawn or two. I made them understand that I wished to retire. There were but two apartments in the cabin, and both left the one I was in to make arrangements in the other for my accommodation. They came out at length, and I was told that my bed was ready. I passed the first, and the woman attempted to shut the door on Lion; but the latter putting forth his strength, sprang after me in an instant, almost upsetting the hag in the operation. "I thought the creature would like to stay by the fire," said she, by the way of apology.

"Call the varmint out—'tain't likely the man wants to sleep in the room with the beast," said mine host, in a manner that expressed a great deal of Christian anxiety for my welfare. "I prefer to have him with me," I answered.

"He won't eat that quarter of meat in there, will he?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "You are quite right—he never takes anything that's not his." Saying this, I wished them a good night and closed the door.

They had provided me with a dim tallow candle, and the first thing I did was to examine everything in the room. It was pretty well lumbered up. Various kinds of vegetables occupied different corners, among which were pumpkins, potatoes, melons, &c., together with a quarter of venison, and some jerked beef and skins of animals. It was a poor concern, the frame being made of round poles in the same state that they were taken from the wood; and the clothing upon it was turned coarse enough for a hermit. But what struck me as being a little singular was, that the bed was turned towards the partition separating the two rooms, and right opposite the pillow was a wide crack, which had the appearance of being left open by design.

I began to feel queer (and that is not just the word to express what I mean). I had large sums of money about me, enough to tempt the cupidity of my entertainers at any rate, as their actions had already evinced. How easy it would be for them to shoot me through the crevice while I slept! The idea got possession of me fully, and I could not drive it from my mind. I would have fastened the door, but there was nothing to fasten it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would not come in that direction. If it should, Lion was there to apprise me of it. I laid off my coat, and bustled about as though I was undressing. I put my pistol under my pillow and laid down, but such an unaccountable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me that I could not sleep. Lion, too, appeared uneasy—he came and put his fore paws on the bed every few minutes; then went back to his post at the door, and laid down in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and snored most musically, but I did not fail to look through the crevice and see what my host and hostess were doing. They laid down upon the bed which stood in the room, and were quiet enough until I began to snore; then I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I saw them rise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the

bed. I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw out the charge of shot which was in the gun, and re-load it with a handful of slugs. I turned over heavily, and pretended to have awakened. My plan of action was arranged in a moment. I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I determined to make it of more use than it had ever been before. I lifted myself from the bed, and felt about in the dark; until I found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig, and it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed and placed it on my pillow; in the exact spot which my head had occupied. When it was thus adjusted, it was in juxtaposition with the long crevice, through which I took another look. The fiends were loading a brace of pistols with the same infernal slugs!

I can't say but I felt a little dry about the throat then. I looked towards old Lion. I could see his great eyes through the darkness. He was still upon the alert. The perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself I was no coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking my pistols in my hands, I bent over the bed, and commenced snoring again; at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every expulsion from my nose seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. They looked at each other, nodded, and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet, approached the crevice opposite my bed, followed by the hag with pistols and carving knife. Stooping, he peered into the room, and brought his ferocious-looking eyes to bear upon my wig. I knew it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I distinctly heard him fix the muzzle of his gun against the fissure opposite my wig, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of a creeping sensation all over me, I drew back, and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat and elevate his piece! A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat ran down my face in a stream. Thank Heaven, I was not long kept in suspense. A terrible explosion followed the pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating my wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He won't never tell no stories!" I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breach of the gun heavily to the floor. "Now for the dog."

During these operations, Lion had placed himself by my side, with his fore feet upon the bed; while to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. He knew what I meant, for I had kept him quiet so before. At the moment of the discharge, he gave a low growl. I pointed to the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed like balls of fire, while he waited for a moment to wreak his vengeance on the assassins.

"I will open the door a little, and when

the cretur sticks out his head shoot him," said the she-wolf.

The door was opened, but "the cretur" didn't stick his head out. Lion knew better than that, and waited his chance. Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrible howl, Lion leaped over the head of the woman, and seizing the ruffian by the throat, dragged him in an instant to the floor, where a great struggle took place. In another moment, the hag was writhing in my nervous grasp; her surprise was so great that she made but little resistance, and I quickly bound her hand and foot, with a cord she had procured for another use—perhaps to drag my body away into the woods.

The next thing to attend to was the man, and Lion. The struggle was still going on; but the latter had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all his efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hastened to save what little of life was left in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left his victim to punish another: for before I could prevent it he had set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn, but he got no pity from me. I bound her apron about his neck, which was all the surgical aid he had from me. Lion seemed very well satisfied with the arrangements, and laid down in the corner, and watched them with much calm philosophy.

We remained with them till morning. I cannot but say I enjoyed our triumph as much as Lion did, for they were certainly old offenders, as it was proved afterwards in a court of justice. As good fortune would have it, a man passed the next morning, by whom I sent word to the nearest settlement of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial, which took place about two months afterwards. They were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, which, all things considered, was not too much.

LET NO ONE DESPISE THE DOG; HE IS THE ONLY ANIMAL WHO, FORSAKING HIS OWN SPECIES, CULTIVATES THE FRIENDSHIP OF MAN.

"A SKETCH" FROM LIFE.

BEAUTIFUL? No, she is *not* that; although

There's something more than beauty, an expanse

Of intellectual grandeur on her brow,

And her full oval eye gives utterance

To feelings deep, for which the tongue of man

Hath never yet found fitting words; her mouth,

Which scorn can curl with bitterness, also can

Smile with such sweetness as the sun-fed south

Kindles on young love-roses; round her neck

Her long and thickly clustering ringlets rove,

Like tendrils which some faultless statue deck.

Her form is faultless. SUCH IS SHE I LOVE;

Lovely, although not beautiful, is she;

AY, LOVELIEST TO MINE EYES; FOR SHE LOVES

ME!

Q.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT ; and may be had from No. I. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 9, price 1s. 1d. each ; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED. — TYRO. Purchase the "NATURALIST," of which there are 20 Nos. already published, price 6d. each. Also MORRIS' "History of British Birds," of which 29 Nos., at 1s., are already published. These works are admirably adapted to your requirements. — J. L. — E. W. — BOMBIX ATLAS. — P. G. — HARRIET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, October 16, 1852.

WE HAVE BEEN MOST PLEASINGLY OCCUPIED during the last fortnight, in preparing an INDEX to the THIRD QUARTERLY VOLUME of OUR JOURNAL (for "AUTUMN") — now just published.

We were not wrong in predicting, that its VALUE would go on progressively increasing. The "contents" surprise even us, under whose hands all the *matériel* has passed from week to week. We could hardly have imagined that so many, and such curious matters, could have accumulated in so short a space of time ; but so it is.

When the FOURTH Quarterly Volume — "WINTER," is completed, we are inclined to think we shall be pardoned, even though we should feel a little "proud" of the year's performances — under such appalling discouragements as we have had to contend with.

WE ARE NOW IN THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER, not ten weeks removed from Christmas. We need not therefore feel surprised, that with the progress of time, things out of doors are undergoing some extraordinary changes.

We have had some heavy rains of late, and some cold nights. These have so acted on the foliage of the trees, that, under the influence of sun and wind, the trees are becoming gradually bare. Rain, sun, wind, and frost, combined, are irresistible adversaries to our orchards, our flower gardens, our woods, and our forests.

That there may be no possible mistake about the season, we now find ourselves surrounded by wrens, hedge sparrows, tit-mice,

and robins. All these are full of song, and constant inmates of the garden. The wren and robin, in particular, have taken full possession of our grounds, and they dodge us about wherever we go.

We are not aware of anything more delightful, than the many proofs of confidence and affection we receive from these little visitors. They so well know who loves them, and with whom they are in safeguard, that the joint intimacy soon becomes formed. The song of the robin is just now remarkably fine. One single pair of these lovely creatures has produced us this year no fewer than eighteen. Of these, the greater part remain in our vicinity, and the harmony of their voices is indescribably sweet. We shall have a jar of mealworms for them anon ; and when they have seen this jar ONCE, and know its contents — keep them out of your house, say we, *if you can*. The value of this bird is little estimated in England. It is a "common bird," and *therefore* has no beauty ! Were it foreign, it would rank among the rarest of the rare. So much for fashion !

Out-door amusements must not yet be relinquished. No crowding yet — if ever — round large fires ; and consuming away in shut-up rooms. Health is not thus to be had. Bound merrily away — over hill and over dale ; and conjure up, on your cheek, the ruddy tint that tells of your being hale and hearty : —

How fresh the air ! what fragrance from the ground

Steams upwards, as the cloudless orb of day
Sinks to the west, and all the landscape round
Basks in the splendor of his parting ray !

This is thy magic pencil, AUTUMN — thine
These deep'ning shadows, and that golden glow,

Rich as the gems which, in some Eastern mine,
Athwart the gloom their mingled radiance throw.

Remember, good people all, that this is the *very* season for you to re-fit. The general state of the weather, during the Autumn, has a direct tendency to revive the natural spirits of all whose constitutions have been debilitated by excessive summer heat.

There is plenty still, to engage us in the fields. We may see the husbandman busily occupied in ploughing up the arable land for next year's crops ; and also the sower scattering the seed for our future maintenance. We may also note the gradual approach of the feathered tribes to closer quarters with mankind ; and observe how their voices daily acquire strength. The linnet, goldfinch, and skylark, are becoming quite musical. The chaffinch too, and the young thrushes, make their notes heard. The swift has left us. Many too of the swallow tribe are gone ; and those which lag behind are about to follow. It is curious

now to watch them in their eddying flight. They are evidently uneasy, and have some "reason" for their prolonged stay which is not quite unknown to us.

It is curious, while strolling out at this season, to watch the singular effects produced on the face of all Nature by one of those sudden mists so peculiar to our climate. As it comes gradually on,—wrapping in its dusky cloak a whole landscape that was only the moment before clear and bright as a morning in Spring—we feel spell-bound. The vapor may be seen to rise (from the face perhaps of a distant river), like steam from a boiling caldron. It then climbs up into the blue air as it advances—rolling wreath over wreath until it reaches the spot where you are standing. Then, seeming to hurry past you, its edges, which have hitherto been distinctly defined, become no longer visible. The whole scene of beauty, by which only a few moments previously you were surrounded, is as it were wrapt from your sight like an unreal vision of the air, and you seem to be—indeed you *are*—transferred into the bosom of a cloud. We have witnessed these scenes frequently of late, and reckon them among the attractions of the country.

We might go on *ad infinitum*, detailing the attractions out-of-doors during this month; but we have perhaps said enough to create an appetite. The insect world is just now a study of itself. Every garden is a little world of living curiosities. We should never be weary of the investigations that woo us from day to day, as we pass and repass the threshold of our door.

Good folks—do come and see!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP, and the cause of Dreams, are subjects on which we have often pondered. As the winter advances, these and other matters (while nature is sleeping in the fields) may profitably engage our pen and exercise our thoughts. They afford food for much and curious reflection.

Some people are in the habit of "dreaming" more than others; and the impressions left on the mind on awakening, are occasionally very vivid. We have had some remarkable cases brought under our own notice, from time to time; and the fulfilment of certain dreams has in many instances been marvellously puzzling. The same with certain "fortunes," told of certain people, by certain Gipsies and "wise women." Their predictions have been ridiculed; nevertheless their prophecy, on more than one occasion, has come true. We will not now discuss the "why and because" of this; but admit the evidence of our senses as confirmation of the "fact."

Having ourself been the subject of one of

these "spells," we will recount as briefly as possible what we heard, saw, and experienced during sleep. We may observe *en passant*, that our mind was naturally pre-disposed to what came under our vision, as no doubt our waking thoughts were *en rapport* with those which were more ethereal, during the separation of mind and body.

We were wandering a few days since, whilst the sun shone brightly, in the neighborhood of Acton and Hanger Hill—exploring some of the most favorite spots of ours. We were observing with delight, the progress of the seasons; the movements of birds; the operations of certain workmen on the new line of railway (now forming); and were, in short, as "happy" as we well could be. Everything around us was quiet. Flocks of sheep were near us; and we heard the distant lowing of cattle. A wide landscape lay before us, of exceeding beauty, enhanced by the now varying shades of many-colored leaves. There was too a certain *haziness* in the distance, which threw some of the large objects into relief, imparting to the whole scene an air of grandeur inexpressible.

Suddenly a kind of torpor crept over us. We felt a strong inclination to doze. There was no valid objection to it. A gate was near; and on it, our head reclining against a post, did we court repose. Our senses gradually became dull, our eyes heavy. We were fast asleep.

By a rate of speed, inseparable from sleep, we were instantaneously at MANCHESTER. We found ourselves in the shop of a bookseller there, walking about (evidently invisible to the inmates), and making observations. It was just the hour of noon, and customers were beginning to drop in every moment. Among the latter was one gentleman, tall, of a graceful mien, and of an amiable presence. The expression of his countenance we shall never forget. He smiled sweetly, as he asked Mr. Meanwell, the assistant, if Mr. Playfair, the master, was at home? The answer was in the affirmative. Mr. Heartenall was asked into the back parlor; and Mr. Playfair was called down stairs.

We were so completely enslaved, if we may so speak,—so spell-bound at the sight of this gentleman, that we felt as if our life were at his disposal—at all events, our happiness. With the lightness of gossamer, we passed through the key-hole; and, unseen, we took a seat beside him. Just at that moment, Mr. Playfair entered. He, too, looked the very picture of cheerfulness; and benignity lighted up his countenance. We observed the meeting of the pair with surprise. They seemed actuated by one spirit, and shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

"Mr. Playfair," said Mr. Heartenall, "I

have called on you to ask you to do me and the public generally, a very great favor." "Tell me what it is, and how to do it," replied Mr. Playfair, "and consider it done." "Listen!" replied Mr. Heartenall (during this colloquy, we sat rivetted to our seat by an indescribable feeling of gratifying curiosity)—

"There is a periodical published in London, called KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL. It is a work devoted, not only to Natural History in all its branches, but it seeks, with unwearied assiduity, to work out a salutary reform in our social system—a reform much needed; as you, Mr. Playfair, must be well aware. The playful but energetic *manner* in which this reform is proposed to be, and *is* effected, is so popularly pleasing, that if the work be encouraged and fostered as it deserves to be, I feel sure the benefits that will be thereby conferred on society are *inappreciable*. Will you, my dear Sir, unite with me in giving the proprietor a helping hand? The bookselling trade, generally, *hate* the work, I observe, because of its moral and healthy tone. Hence they have, from its birth, opposed it tooth and nail; and the proprietor tells us candidly, week after week, that under *such* opposition, his vessel must 'sink.' No doubt it *will* sink, if the public do not take out 'a policy of insurance' to protect its interests. What say you to my proposition? I think I know the generosity of your heart."

Our eye was never once removed from the countenance of the speaker, as he delivered the foregoing pithy speech. We hung upon every word as it fell from his lips (and much more was said than we have reported); and we felt ready to embrace him. However, some hidden power paralysed all attempts of ours to move. Not long was Mr. Playfair in replying to the question. With equal ardor, and at much length, he seconded all Mr. Heartenall's wishes. We only wanted at that moment a daguerreotype! Two such expressions as lighted up these human countenances, were surely never before seen. Good-will to man, and to OUR JOURNAL in particular, irradiated every lineament in each one of their benign faces. We regret, we say, that *such* likenesses could not have been "fixed."

Mr. Playfair's speech we need not minutely detail, though every single word of it is indelibly graven on our memory. He told Mr. Heartenall, that "he was busy reading OUR JOURNAL at the very moment he entered the shop." He said, moreover, that he had been sitting up reading it the whole of the night previously, being absorbed with its interesting contents; nor should he rest until he had finished reading the last few

numbers (he had arrived thus far).* When we heard him inveigh against our oppressors, and, in his honest wrath, strike the table with the strength of a giant—WE too, actuated by a similar feeling, felt renewed vigor, and tried to shout "Hurrah!" Still was our voice chained; our tongue felt clammy.

For one entire hour at least, was the conversation kept up with undiminished zeal, for our particular benefit; although it was clear that neither of the speakers knew us personally. We heard them arrange their plans for introducing the JOURNAL into all the respectable families in the town—for calling on the different Editors of the newspapers, and soliciting their aid; and for making known the objects of the Journal far and near.

Mr. Playfair's final remarks delighted us. "Now, Mr. Heartenall," said he, "that worthy man shall find [our eyes started at this, like meteors, and our hair stood erect with emotion], that his appeal to true-hearted men has *not* been in vain. We *will* befriend him, as he deserves. His losses in a good cause have indeed been great. While you are introducing his JOURNAL among *your* acquaintances, I will make a direct set at every one of *my* customers. There are at least 100 families who frequent my establishment; and one word from me will cause every one of them to read the work. If once they can be prevailed upon to 'read' it, Mr. Heartenall, I need hardly tell *you* that they will at once become willing subscribers. If they want their children to love virtue and hate vice; to improve their minds, and cultivate a good understanding,—here are *all* the elements, I shall tell them, *at the nominal cost of three-pence per week*."

We listened thus far with tolerable forbearance; but on putting forth a super-human effort, to tell Mr. Playfair that "if every present subscriber to the JOURNAL would procure us *only one other*, we should be able to 'weather the storm,'"—we upset

* Mr. PLAYFAIR's features will never be effaced from our memory. We should know him again out of ten thousand. He was a fair specimen of what a bookseller ought to be—active in his business, beloved by his customers, and respected by all about him. We heard him say, that the inquiries for the JOURNAL had been very numerous, and that this caused him to read it very carefully. Before he had perused the three first Parts, he had actually seen reason to order half a dozen of the FIRST VOLUME, bound. To our amazement, we *saw* them—some on the counter, and others on the library-table. If the booksellers, generally, had only shown the *slightest* good feeling towards us—in what a flourishing state should we now be! However, we believe our dream augurs "something good," and in the near distance.—ED. K. J.

the table, chairs, and the whole economy of the room. Our brain reeled, and we felt dizzy. All was darkness visible.

At this moment, we awoke to consciousness. We found ourselves in a complete glow of perspiration. The kerchief, with which we had covered our face, had been blown away by a gentle breeze; and we were in the act of falling from the top of the gate on which we had courted repose. A lovely little robin was just above us, on a projecting branch, singing merrily; and some half-dozen sheep were quietly browsing by our side. Everything, on waking, we found to harmonise, quietly, with our late sleeping thoughts.

The effect produced on our mind by this singular DREAM was truly extraordinary. No doubt it formed a link in the chain of many of our passing thoughts from day to day; but we never imagined we should have lived to see them so vividly realised in sleep.

Infinitely more strange is it, that we have since dreamt that same dream over again—true in every particular. It has left a savor behind it, that delights us exceedingly. It has added wings to our Hope; energy to our Perseverance; and it induces to the belief—may our Faith be rewarded according to its intensity!—that we shall, after all, be enabled by our friends' help, to defeat the deep-laid schemes of our enemies, the Booksellers, to ruin us.

THEIR "vow" is a rash one—not founded in justice, nor in reason. OUR cause is a RIGHTEOUS ONE—it being no other than the welfare of the community at large.

"MAY HEAVEN DEFEND THE RIGHT!"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Rules for Health.—Mr. Editor,—I have you on "the hip." ["Hip, hip, hurrah!"—go on, Sir.] In your Code of Health—nicely prepared I grant—you denounce "beer" among other things. Now, have you not said thrice, whilst recording your interesting "Rambles" in the country, that you revelled in the enjoyment of a glass of ale? Did you not also say, on one occasion, that "the ale at Willesden was so good that you should write against your remembrance of the visit, 'to be continued occasionally?'" I ask you, Sir, how you can reconcile these facts?—AN ADVOCATE FOR CONSISTENCY, AND A TRUE FRIEND TO OUR JOURNAL.

[As you are "an advocate," Sir, listen to us quietly, whilst we "plead." We have ever said (see the JOURNAL—*passim*) that we were no advocates for "total abstinence." We ridicule the idea. Whatever we "fancy," in moderation, that we take. If we wander abroad, in the open air, and a glass of sparkling ale—we see it even now in the distance—comes before us, our appetite inclining thereto, why of course we take it. Why not? Exceptions to a general rule,

always letting moderation be the guide, are sometimes needful. But how seldom do we "offend" this way! We imagine one gallon of malt-liquor would far exceed our consumption for one year! Then again, a glass of wine occasionally—do we refuse it? Oh, no! Try us, Sir, if you have any "very curious old port" in any particular bin. We will sit in judgment on it any afternoon in any week—saving always, Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. Two glasses, at each sitting, are our *ne plus ultra*; and we bargain for a hard biscuit also. We have the pleasure of knowing one of the very first wine merchants in London, Mr. John AMOR, of New Bond-street. In his counting-house, you may get a glass of wine that would make a teetotalter forget and abjure his principles at the first sitting. Free from spirit of any kind, yet boasting the true flavor of the grape, here we confess we *do* now and then, with a glass of splendid old port and sherry, recruit exhausted strength. A hearty welcome awaits us, call when we may; and our friend being also a Philosopher, we seldom leave him without benefit both to mind and body.* Now, Sir, we think we have proved satisfactorily, that although our Rules for Health are nicely defined, yet we are no bigots. What may not be adopted as a general practice, may yet occasionally (with us it is *very* seldom) be profitably resorted to when "Health" demands it. It is "excess" that does all the moral mischief that both you and ourself must so greatly deplore. Are we not right? Respecting the ale at Willesden (see Vol. I. p. 276), did we not assign some second cause for the relish with which we "mended our draught?" Indeed did we! If you imagine us to be of the "namby-pamby" order, you wrong us exceedingly.]

Health and Ventilation Inseparable.—Now that gas stoves are getting into use, by which, as by the Arnott's stove, very little is carried up the chimney, ventilation, Mr. Editor, becomes quite essential to keep the air of the room in a wholesome respirable state. This may often, not always, be done by good management of the window; but the most effectual and constant means is Arnott's chimney-valve, which requires an opening in the chimney, near the ceiling. Let me propose a very simple method of making the opening, without defacing the front of the chimney. It is simply to build a round drain

* Mr. John AMOR's character as a wine-merchant, was stamped years ago by William JERDAN, Editor of the *Literary Gazette*—then in its palmy days. Speaking of Mr. AMOR and his wines, the Editor, in a foot-note, supplied him with a motto, which has figured on his Office-seal ever since:—

"Omnia vincit AMOR!"

This, JERDAN freely translated for him thus: "Mr. John AMOR is the best wine-merchant in London." Let us add,—he was—is—and ever will be so; "*et nos cedamus AMORI.*" This last we must translate, and as freely as the former: "As we cannot get such choice wines elsewhere, let us give all our orders to AMOR!"—ED. K. J.

tile (about 4 inches diameter) into the chimney, at the top of the room. This can be stopped, if not wanted; and when required, opened by merely cutting away the plastering, and the Arnot's valve fixed before it. The simplest form of this valve is a plate of metal, with a round (about 4 inches diameter for an ordinary room), crossed by a brass wire grating of half-inch squares, behind which hangs a little silk curtain, with a wire at bottom to keep it flat. So long as there is up-draught, the curtain is drawn in towards the chimney, and leaves the hole open; but on the slightest downward current, the curtain is pressed against the grating, and prevents the return of smoke or foul air into the room.—A.

Toads fond of Wasps.—About three weeks since, when the remains of some old crops were being removed from a border in the kitchen garden, a toad was disturbed in its shady bower, and had to take a walk in the sunshine when the thermometer was about 90°. In its mid-day walk, as it was passing along the sunny side of a plum tree, it came to a half-eaten plum, with a number of wasps feasting upon the remains of the injured fruit; here it made a stop. I wondered whether it was going to taste the fruit, or the wasps that were devouring it. I had not long to wait; in a moment it swallowed one of the wasps. I thought it had made a mistake for once; but no, it soon made a dart at another and took it in; a third came within its reach, and was soon out of sight. It appeared as if three wasps were sufficient for a meal; for it might have had more. When it found shelter from the sun, I took the part of an injured plum and bruised it a little, and put it near the toad; there were soon plenty of wasps on the plum, and within its reach.—P. M.

The Remarkable Flight of Insects at Worcester.—I have seen the appeal made to me, Mr. Editor, in No. 40 of OUR JOURNAL, by "Flora," your Worcester correspondent. I should be delighted to throw any light on the subject of her inquiry; but it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to speak with certainty as to the class of insects whose migration she witnessed. I will tell her what I think they must have been—not absolutely pledging myself to the fact of their having been so—no person, without the evidence of his eyes, could speak positively in a case like this. I imagine the insect to have been the *Aphis roboris*, by some also called the *Aphis quercus*; *Le Pucheron du Chêne*; the Aphis of the Oak. This is one of the largest of the family; the color also corresponds. In the autumn of 1834, there was a most remarkable flight of these creatures between Bruges and Gand. The sky was literally darkened by their innumerable legions; and it became necessary to cover one's face, as well as one could do so, to escape the irritation produced by coming in contact with the invaders. The appearance of this army of insects closely resembled that which has been so graphically described by FLORA, at Worcester.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

Ladies' "Shrouds;" or Uglies.—I cannot wonder, Mr. Editor, that in admiration of our sex

you should so boldly and uncompromisingly have denounced our bonnet "sun-shades." They are indeed hideously-ugly—modern deformities; and I agree with you, that they should not be worn abroad—only in the garden. *There*, they really do our faces good service, and shield us from much of the intensity of the sun's heat. Let us hope your just wrath will be appeased, by a better order of things *next* summer. The "shrouds" are *now* laid aside; being no longer required. But we have a "little crow to pick" with you, Sir, for not also denouncing those of your own sex who, both at our watering places and in the streets of London, wear those odious sugar-loaf, and dome-shaped brown hats. These you may indeed characterise as "disgusting." Their wearers resemble blackguards, properly so called; and I am sure, if you are a lover of justice, you will confirm the truth of my observation. Say, — do I err in believing that you will do us justice?—BEATRICE.

[Sweet BEATRICE! The *only* reason for our not denouncing the "enormities," to which you direct our attention, is, our pure contempt for the insane wearers of these diabolical cover-lids. "Gentlemen" they call themselves; but, as you say, thus attired, they have no possible pretensions to such a designation. They *are* veritable blackguards. Our public streets and watering places have been fearfully over-run with them. We are unable, positively unable, to speak of them in fitting terms of dispraise; but we imagine the word you have framed for them—*polisson*, or blackguard, carries with it all the force that our language can command. We are rejoiced to find that we have your sanction for our condemnation of the "shrouds." Had we not loved your sisterhood dearly, we never should have ventured to criticise what so detracts from their loveliness. Satan himself could have "invented" *nothing* more truly horrible than these "uglies." We hope, with you, that next year will usher in something *less* Satanic. By the way, *Punch* has "figured" one of these "shrouds" in the No. for Oct. 2nd. Do, pray, look at it! It ought to "settle the question" for ever.]

The Potatoe Disease.—The ravages of disease among this our most favorite vegetable are now fully confirmed. They are universally affected. In the last number of the "Comptes Rendus" is a singular project for arresting the progress of the disease—so singular is it, that we print it. The article we refer to, is headed "Rural Economy—on a method calculated to prevent the Potatoe disease." (Extract of a letter from M. BAYARD.) "In the property I possess in the north of the department of the Maine and Loire (the ancient Anjou) commune of Jaille-Yvon, the Potatoes of the crop of 1850 were almost all spotted and bad. Before planting in 1851, I cut a hectolitre into sets, and forced into each set, according to its size, one, two, or three dry Peas. The sets were planted, according to the custom of the country, in ridges. The rest of the ground (about a hectare) was set with Potatoes not charged with Peas. In spite of the dryness of the summer, the Peas grew strong and flowered, while the Potatoe stems pushed vigorously. The latter were neither withered nor diseased; the

tubers were all sound, but were small and numerous. They kept perfectly well, and some were used for setting in June last (1852). A part of the other Potatoes was diseased. While this experiment was going on in a field of heavy soil (*argilo-schisteuse*), hardened by the dryness of the season, similar trials were made in a kitchen garden, the soil of which was lighter, and brought to a good tilth by manuring; the seedlings were, moreover, watered. The result was the same. The tubers charged with Peas were preserved from disease, but the others planted in the same soil rapidly indicated signs of ill health. During the growth of the Pea stems and Potatoe shoots, I had some of them pulled up and examined. I observed that the early vegetation of the Pea had carried off from the tuber its excessive humidity, and favored the development of the Potatoe. Ashes, the use of which has been recommended, appear to me to act in the same way, but less completely. They absorb in part the excessive humidity by reason of the saline matters they contain, but there is no such rapidity of absorption, as follows the vegetation of the Peas."—As M. Bayard speaks so positively on the subject, we advise that his ideas should be universally adopted. No evil can result from it; and perhaps much good.

More Proofs of the Sagacity of the Dog.—I am induced by reading the delightful anecdote by VERAX, touching the sagacity of a dog, to tell you something equally wonderful that occurred in our own family. Some time since, my brother had a small terrier, Marcus by name; who always accompanied him on his journeys into the country. Sometimes he would run beside the carriage—sometimes, he would take his seat inside; and on such occasions his master felt as well-pleased as himself. This went on for years. At last, after travelling many hundreds of miles, old age rendered Marcus comparatively feeble, and he was ordered to be kept in. The dog knew well that such orders had been given, and he watched every movement of his master's mouth. Never was there any command given for the horses to be brought out, but Marcus knew all about it. The moment he perceived some preparatory movement taking place, he lost no time in trimming and "cleaning" himself, in readiness "to go out." His importance on such occasions, was ludicrously comic; but when the carriage drew up, he was always missing. Vainly was he whistled to. He was not to be found. He had in fact, set out first; and about a mile on the road, there he always was—waiting for the carriage. His place of concealment, nobody knew; for he appeared when and where he was least expected. His quiet manner of joining the horses I shall never forget. They knew him, and he knew them; and he ran in advance of them, with a perfectly good understanding among themselves. Wherever Marcus and his master went, a hearty welcome was theirs. Sometimes, Marcus contrived to lose his master. He would then go round carefully to every house, in turn, where his master was in the habit of visiting. If unsuccessful in his search, he immediately returned to the inn, and took up his quarters in the carriage. Sometimes,

he would make his way up stairs; and there would he be found, carefully curled upon his master's carpet-bag, or portmanteau. On one occasion, Marcus missed my brother, and was seeking for him, vainly, a whole week. He was on a long journey, and the dog must have travelled upwards of 100 miles in search of him! It appeared that Marcus had called in every town and at every house where his master usually stopped. Not finding him, he was off immediately, refusing food or shelter. These he obtained at the inns, where he had been in the habit of being fed. At the week's end, his master came home. The dog was there to receive him; and which of the twain felt happiest, I imagine it would be a difficult point to determine.—CHERUBINA, *Henley-on-Thames*.

Gardening and Civilisation in Australia.—The following, Mr. Editor, from the *Gardeners' Journal*, is worthy a place in "OUR OWN." It confirms what you have already said about the "Diggings," and who ought *not* to go there:—"The obvious arrangements of Providence, and the efforts and results of science, seem singularly united at the present moment in their tendency to promote and further the changes and extraordinary movements with which all persons are more or less familiar at the present time. By protracted processes and continued effort on the part of science, enterprise, and unparalleled wealth, means have been provided by which half the circuit of the globe can in various directions be traversed within a few months. Singular as it may seem, it is just at this remarkable juncture, and not before, that the dense population which crowds the soil of Europe find their ears tingle with the enchanting sound, 'Gold, gold! gold for the digging, at the antipodes!' The result we need hardly repeat—one third at least of the millions of Europe are gone, going, and to go to this new centre of attraction, and ultimately, of course, to populate and cultivate vast regions of the earth still unadorned by civilised man. In conformity, we suppose we must say, with the movements of the present period, we learn, from what seems credible authority, that one of the most enterprising builders of the age—we mean Thomas Cubitt—is about to carry out to Australia three thousand or more artisans, for the purpose of building near the gold diggings 'several large towns.' [Mr. Cubitt has just written to the *Times*, to say he is *not* going to take the men *out* with him at his own expense.] But two or three years ago, such a statement as this would have fallen on the ear, and produced no other effect than a smile of incredulity and ridicule. Be the report true or not true, it is now not only a possible, but a probable event. Should it be realised, we think a few gardeners might find a favorable opening here, either to join the expedition, to precede, or follow it. For, although ornamental gardening can receive but little attention at first from a new community in a new country, there must nevertheless be numerous wants there, which a gardener could supply better than any one else. Any one possessing the general education and intelligence of an ordinary gardener, must be infinitely better prepared than the bulk of common emigrants to

turn the cultivable resources of the country to account. If there are towns occupied with people possessing the habits of Europeans, they cannot think themselves healthy and happy unless they eat vegetables of some kind with their native beef and mutton. Let there be no mistake however; no gardener would think of going to such a country under such circumstances, with the notion of being a gardener in the sense in which we use the term at home. *He must be prepared to be a gardener, a farmer, a hewer of wood, or a carrier of water: in a word, he must be an adaptable being, ready to fall into any stream of human events the most likely to carry him safely in the direction which he desires to pursue.*—What think you of this, Mr. Editor?—ARVENSIS.

[We think there is some good sense in the drift of the article we have copied. We have printed the last sentence in italics, to mark our own view of the general question.]

Spangled Hamburgh Fowls.—Are these a good sort to keep, Mr. Editor, and can you tell me something about them? Are they good layers, and profitable for the table?—AMELIA P., *Reading.*

[The Spangled Hamburgh Fowl, Miss MINNY, is indeed a beautiful creature; the gold and silver are equally valuable. They lay a good-sized egg, but are certainly more kept for their beauty, than for profit. The bird is handsomely shaped. Above its crest, occupying the usual place of a comb, is a large brown or yellow tuft. Under the lower mandible, is another tuft, dark colored and somewhat resembling a beard. Its wattles are small. The hackles on the neck of the gold spangled, are of a bright orange or golden yellow. The body color is also of a similar cast, but darker. The thighs are usually of a dark brown, or blackish shade; and the legs and feet are of a blueish grey. It is singular to observe the freaks of nature with regard to these birds. We have known some of the pure breed to have green legs (this, in one and the same brood); some have been dark, some light, some of a diminutive size, and some unusually large. Still, these are far from being drawbacks to their beauty, or to their value, as "fancy birds." It makes a most pleasing variety. The silver differ little from the other; the only perceptible variation is in the ground color being of a silvery white. The extreme ends of the feathers are black, so also is a portion of the extreme end of each feather. The appearance of the bird, when standing quiet, is that of an animal marked with semi-circular spangles, all extremely regular and well defined. They are very healthy, if properly attended to; and very affectionate in their habits, well knowing and loving the hand that feeds them. Now, Miss MINNY, you can provide yourself with some of these "beauties" as soon as you think proper, and you may always seek refuge under our wing for aid and advice. However, you know this too well for us to have occasion to repeat it.]

TRUE GOODNESS is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes save those of Heaven are upon it.

THE AUTUMN ROBIN.

BY JOHN CLARE.

SWEET little bird in russet coat,
The livery of the closing year!
I love thy lonely plaintive note,
And tiny whispering song, to hear.
While on the stile, or garden-seat,
I sit to watch the falling leaves,
The song thy little joys repeat,
My loneliness relieves.

And many are the lonely minds
That hear, and welcome thee anew;
Not taste alone, but humble hinds,
Delight to praise and love thee too.
The veriest clown, beside his cart,
Turns from his song with many a smile,
To see thee from the hedgerow start,
To sing upon the stile.

The shepherd on the fallen tree
Drops down to listen to thy lay,
And chides his dog beside his knee,
Who barks and frightens thee away.
The hedger pauses, ere he knocks
The stake down in the meadow-gap—
The boy, who every songster mocks,
Forbears the gate to clap.

When in the hedge that hides the post,
Thy ruddy bosom he surveys,—
Pleased with thy song, in transport lost,
He pausing mutters scraps of praise.
The maiden marks, at day's decline,
Thee in the yard, on broken plough,
And stops her song, to listen thine,
Milking the brindled cow.

Thy simple faith in man's esteem,
From every heart hath favor won:
Dangers to thee no dangers seem—
Thou seem'st to court them more than shun.
The clown in winter takes his gun,
The barn-door flocking birds to slay,
Yet should'st thou in the danger run,
He turns the tube away.

The Gipsy boy, who seeks in glee
Blackberries for a dainty meal,
Laughs loud on first beholding thee,
When called, so near his presence steal.
He surely thinks thou knew'st the call;
And though his hunger ill can spare
The fruit, he will not pluck it all,
But leaves some to thy share.

Upon the ditcher's spade thou'lt hop,
For grubs and writhing worms to search;
Where woodmen in the forest chop,
Thou'lt fearless on their faggots perch;
Nay, by the Gipsies' camp I stop,
And mark thee well a moment there,
To prune thy wings awhile, then drop
The littered crumbs to share.

Domestic bird! thy pleasant face
Doth well thy common suit commend;
To meet thee in a stranger-place
Is meeting with an ancient friend.
I track the thicket's gloom around,
And there, as loth to leave, again
Thou comest, as if thou knew the sound,
AND LOVED THE SIGHT OF MEN.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DREAM.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

"I slept, I dreamt, I woke; I slept again, and dreamt."

I SLEPT, and dreamt a dream — e'en such a dream

As brings us happiness in waking hours.
Methought I wander'd far: a gentle beam
Of setting sun gilded the lofty tow'rs;
Danc'd on the water with the silv'ry spray,
Where Fairies gambol midnight hours away.

My path led through a grove of orange trees,
Where all was fair and beautifully bright;
The richest odors loaded every breeze,
Filling the heart with infinite delight.
Sweet sounds of distant music cheer'd the vale,
And Philomel pour'd forth her plaintive tale.

Onward I roamed; entranc'd. And now, the moon

Shone bright in all her glory; sweetest flowers,
Array'd in beauty, seem'd to claim the boon
Of being lov'd. From one of Nature's bowers
A lovely figure rose, and welcomed me
With gentle smiles and sweet simplicity:

A simple wreath of roses grac'd her brow;
Her voice was sweet; her countenance benign:
She leaning on an anchor, told me how
I might be happy—pray'd me to resign
My doubts and fears to her. She would defend
My cause; and be my dearest, fondest friend.

She led me to a spot, where I could see
The joys I thought neglected, wither'd—dead.
Bless'd with *her* smiles, they bloom'd triumphantly!

She smil'd at my surprise, and sweetly said—
"Brighter than these are thine!" and as she spoke,
I clasp'd her to my heart—and then awoke.

Again I slept—again I dreamt that dream,
And heard again that gentle, soothing voice!
Again the sunbeam floated on the stream,
And distant music made my heart rejoice!
Then I awoke, with thoughts of Happiness,
With Joy to cheer, and gentle Hope to bless.

Ever the fond remembrance of *that* dream
Pictures the future with a brighter hue,
Cheering the path of life with many a gleam
Of Faith—that such bright visions may prove
"true;"
That Hope may comfort when misfortune lowers,
AND LOVE MAY BLESS ME IN MY HAPPIER
HOURS!

FORGIVENESS.—Suffer not your thoughts to dwell on the injuries you have received, or the provoking words that have been spoken to you. Not only learn the art of neglecting injuries at the time you receive them, but let them grow less and less every moment—till they die out of your mind.

SELECT POETRY.

TO AN ABSENT GIRL

How fair imagination paints thee, girl!
And yet not fairer than thou art; for thou
Art fair!—but still the picturings of the mind
Portray thee, absent, in ten thousand lights,
And each of thine own loveliness!—thine eye,
That I have gazed on till methought thy soul
Held converse with me in mute eloquence,
(Soul eloquence that only love can teach),
Now speaks not to the sense: but still it speaks
As erst it did; 'tis but more richly dyed,
More deeply still of Heaven; more lustrous far
With bright intelligence; still beaming more
With fond affection; not the soft gazelle,
With its own liquid look of spirit-love,
The eagle when he views unblenched the sun,
The fabled thing that holds its victim bound
But by the magic of its gaze, can paint
Imagination's semblance of thine eye,
Thine all expressive, soul-subduing eye:—
Then fancy draws thy smile, irradiate, bright,
Beaming as that of Eve, when taught of Heaven
It called forth man's first passionate look of love.
Thy voice I hear, all harmony, as if
'Twere Zephyr's lutes attuned by angel lips:—
And thy fair form is present, present e'er,
In its own beauty, when I wake or sleep;
By night, by day, in reveries, in dreams,
Imagination still is picturing thee
All peerless—not more peerless than thou art!
THINK'ST THOU AS OFT OF ME?

THE PRESENT AGE.

THIS is not an age of principles. Men have keen and microscopic eyes to see a point here, and a point there; but the eagle-glance which sweeps over a whole, and takes it in at once—this is sadly lacking. They make capital use of their finger and thumb, pick up a pin cleverly, can take a pinch of snuff with an air; but it is not common to see a man who can manage a *handful* of anything. After all, few truisms are truer than the paradox of Aristotle—that to mankind in general "the parts are greater than the whole." Until we try to take in the particulars one after another, we do not discover how much is contained in the universal.

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THE "VALUE" OF REASON.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A VISIT
TO
HANWELL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

GOD, IN THY MERCY, KEEP US WITH THY HAND!
Dark are the thoughts that strive within the heart,
When evil passions rise like sudden storms,
Fearful and fierce! LET US NOT ACT THOSE THOUGHTS.
Leave not our course to our unguided will!
LEFT TO OURSELVES, ALL CRIME IS POSSIBLE,
And those who seemed the most removed from guilt,
Have sunk the deepest!—ETHEL CHURCHILL.

IT IS NO LESS SINGULAR THAN IT IS PAINFUL, to note the great unwillingness that exists among mankind generally, to enter into a consideration of the PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. It is this apathy, we imagine, that causes all our Public Journalists to keep silence on a subject so universally unpalatable. Still—there *are* moments, when men do "think," and cannot help "thinking." May such thoughts be frequent, and may they prove profitable!

When we say, that the idea which prevails touching the "WHOLE DUTY OF MAN," is—that his time should be unceasingly devoted to eating, drinking, sleeping, and the unrestrained enjoyment of pleasure—we speak a fact that no person will attempt to deny. We teach this lesson to our infants and children; and as adults, we practise it ourselves. To what extent the world is benefited in its social relations by this; or how much happier we are rendered thereby as a nation—may be seen from the existing state of society. We care not, on the present occasion, to do more than hint at it. "*Bad* is indeed the best!" We are counselled to "live together like brethren—to love one another—and in honor to prefer each before ourselves." We firmly believe, had the gentle command thus given, been affectionately responded to, the blessings consequent thereupon would have been great indeed: but as we have sought a course of action diametrically opposite to this; and as we live by preying on each other (from

the very highest to the very lowest)—*therefore* are we what we are. No man can safely trust his neighbor in the present day; and everybody lives for himself alone.

These remarks are incidental to the subject, on which we propose to offer a few observations. The human mind is a study—the pursuit of which, so as to thoroughly understand it, would occupy a century.* We were once in conversation with a very clever man, who inclined strongly to the belief that everybody in the world is "mad," in degree. He gave some very excellent reasons for this opinion, and adduced some very unanswerable proofs of the truth of what he said.

Let any of us look back to the days of our youth, and call to mind the many insane acts of folly we have committed (the bare remembrance of which now makes us blush). We cannot say they were "reasonable" acts, nor would we attempt to do so. Aye, and *since* the days of our youth—have we not all many similar acts of folly to deplore? Madness and folly are, no doubt, "hereditary." They were born, and will die with us. Still, they can be held in check; and Reason can set her foot upon their necks. How well can we verify this, from our own personal observation! It is only when people fly to the gin and the brandy bottle that Reason loses her sway. And hence the cause of so very many thousands of inmates in our public and private asylums.

Excess, our medical men tell us, is the proximate cause of insanity. There can be no doubt of this; and its *aides-de-camp* are Ignorance and Superstition. The neglect of early education, and unrestrained appetite, bring in their train all the moral evils which we see so faithfully chronicled, and in such

* The many *causes* of insanity—all traceable to our manner of life, education, and pursuits—will form subjects for future consideration. They will be both interesting and important.—ED. K. J.

numbers, in our Daily and Weekly newspapers; and some of which we recently witnessed, in their effects, at Hanwell. Here, alas! there is no *locus penitentie*.

We have been promising ourselves a visit to this noble establishment for the last three months. It is some two and-a-half years, since last we were there; and we have felt anxious to make certain inquiries about persons in whose fate we felt interested. We hardly need say that *all* here is conducted by kindness. No harsh words have we ringing in our ears; no coercion by cruel ligatures and iron bars; no blows dealt out upon a poor unconscious sufferer; no torture inflicted for offences, unwittingly committed by one no longer able to discriminate between right and wrong. The horrors of "Bethlem"—of which we heard so much in our youth, and of which so much that is horrible has been heard again *very recently*, are, at Hanwell, unknown.* One law prevails throughout. It is the law of mercy, kindness, gentleness, and forbearance. The results produced thereby, let all who love their fellow-creatures hasten to witness.

Shocked as we were to behold the moving wrecks of humanity around us, and to note the departed image of our Maker from the body of his creature—yet, we say, did our heart rejoice to observe how tenderly these decaying fragments of mortality were regarded and provided for. If "happiness," even in degree, *can* be theirs—it *is* theirs.

It was a brilliant morning (the 30th of September inst.), when we reached the gates of this fine structure. The sun shone brightly. The skylark was on the wing, carolling merrily; the robin and the wren, too, joined in chorus. All "without" was happy—free. We thought much of those "within," and wished inwardly, that *they* too were equally happy—equally free. A pull at the bell summoned the porter; we enrolled the names of ourself and fair partner, and we were in less than five minutes walking among "people devoid of reason!" If ever we felt "thankful" to the God of our mercies, it was *then*.

The people whom we found strolling about the pleasure-grounds, were comparatively harmless. They were talking bravely to themselves, and gesticulating; but they took little notice of us in our progress to the inner entrance. Here we were met by one

of the attendants, who at once conducted us to the Male Wards. Step by step, we were shown all the internal arrangements. We passed from passage to passage, from room to room. There were the refractory rooms,* the bath-rooms, the sleeping apartments, the dinner-rooms, the store-room (herein might be found everything in the world (almost) that *could be* wanted)—the infirmary, and other offices. We next visited the noble kitchen; and here we saw all the important preparations for dinner, going on upon a grand scale. It was Thursday (*Irish-stew* day), and savory indeed, *most* savory everything smelt! The cooks were in all their glory, and kindly answered the many curious inquiries we put to them. Bonnie lassies are they all; and well pleased do they seem with the office assigned to them. We saw quite enough to enable us to give them a good character. They are evidently well skilled in the culinary art, and know well what is "good."

We next visited the bake-house, and found all hands employed in setting the sponge, kneading the dough, and preparing a general batch. The poor creatures who officiated here, were apparently devoid of all excitement. They went passively on with their work—looking neither to the right nor left. Here we learnt the full meaning of the word "vacancy." Previous to entering the bake-house, and whilst passing through the yard, a poor wretched old man whispered in our ear—that we were "going in to be murdered." He said, "all who went in, never came out again alive." This man is of an unhappy temperament. He once escaped—fled to America for six months, returned of his own accord to the Asylum, and has remained there ever since! Time would fail us, to record one half of what we saw and heard, or to tell of the admirable arrangements for the comfort of the inmates.

In these our wanderings, we passed by a multitude of faces and human forms that we shall never forget—nor would we if we could. If we ever before prized our "reason" highly—at what rate do we value it now? Oh! the horrible grimaces, the idiotic stares, the puerile amusements, the frantic embodiments of despair and disappointment; the lost hopes, the pictures of revenge, the ravages of sorrow, the agony of remorse, the diseased imaginations, and the morbid expressions of indescribable doubts, fears,

* The cruelties and barbarities that prevail at Bethlem, have recently been brought to light by our Public Journals; and we rejoice in the fact, seeing that some improvement *must be* the inevitable consequence. "Nurses" at these public institutions are too frequently fiends in human form. What a contrast have we in the Asylum of Hanwell! The nurses and attendants, here, are more like ANGELS.—ED. K. J.

* The rooms where refractory patients are confined, are small apartments whose walls are padded. The time required to bring one of these patients to a sense of duty, rarely exceeds one day. He remembers "why" he was put in there, and the remembrance abides with him. He is put in gently; and as gently let out.—ED. K. J.

and misgivings! We did indeed here witness a sight—a sight that must make all right-minded folk tremble.

Some people, we are informed, attend this place as they would attend a show of wild beasts. They deride these poor sufferers—ridicule them, and call their calamities “good fun” to witness! The lives of these people are not yet run out; let them beware lest these acts of folly be visited on themselves by a like calamity. We say it in all kindness.

Before taking our leave of the male ward, we must acknowledge the great politeness shown us by the attendant who accompanied us throughout. Not a single question did we ask, without obtaining a ready, kind, and explicit answer. His open countenance witnesses for him, what we saw confirmed as we passed through the building—that he is just the very man to be a favorite with the poor creatures over whom he is appointed custodian. We do not know his name.

We must now take a cursory glance at the Female Ward. It is well for us, that we are not called upon to give any graphic description of the objects associated in the building. Our self-imposed task is general, not particular. Sights saw we here, of which even the remembrance makes the heart feel sick. To gaze on a male idiot, is fearful; but to witness the ravages made by lunacy on the fairer part of God's creation—oh! it is *too* terrible; too dreadful to attempt to describe.

Here we were equally fortunate in obtaining a kind, gentle, and most agreeable attendant—one whose natural bearing and courtesy cause her to be a general favorite in the ward she represents. We mean Mrs. LOUCH. By this lady's patient endurance with us (for we were as inquisitive as she was considerably condescending), we became possessed of a multitude of pleasing facts. We were told, on inquiring about certain people whom we saw on our former visit—whether they still lived, or whether they were dead. Alas! nearly all about whom we sought information, *were* dead, and buried. One woman, of a fine noble bearing, who fancied she was “Queen of England,” was, when last we visited Hanwell, strong and vigorous. *She* was no more. Another woman who had read in Scripture, “if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out” (and who *had* plucked it out), *she* was dead! The same fate had removed many others.

One interesting individual however, of great age, who had enlisted our sympathy from the intensity of her malady, still lived. We did not inquire for her. We saw her. On our former visit, we had given her some *barley-sugar*. It had awakened some strange chord in her memory. She had retired with

it into a corner; and, summoning the wreck of her mind, by a gigantic effort she had pronounced the words—“*BARL-ay THOOD-ar!*” We again tried the spell, on this second visit of ours. The poor idiot took the barley-sugar indeed, and tasted it; but alas! the short extent of time had obliterated what little “memory” formerly lingered in her withered brain. No answer got we. We gazed on vacancy. We uttered deliberately the word “sugar,” and we imagined—perhaps however incorrectly, that there was an echoing cadence on the last syllable; it might be so.

We took with us a goodly quantity of barley-sugar; for we love to alleviate human sorrow. How easily may it be done in *such* a case! The eyes of many glistened at it. Many readily accepted it, and called it by its own proper name. One only, hesitatingly took it; and when our backs were turned, she threw it after us. Her pride was offended. “Pride,” we may remark, is the prevailing demon among these poor suffering objects. They want to be thought “somebody;” and failing to be recognised as such, their violence knows no bounds.

We did not quit this department of the Asylum without carefully inspecting the laundries and other offices, wherein the services of the patients are all rendered available. They work when they like; as little as they like; and as hard as they like. It is quite voluntary. We saw them all at high dinner; and an interesting, though a melancholy scene it was. Everything is perfectly clean, sweet, and wholesome; and we told the good-tempered housekeepers (all “nice,” experienced women, and most excellent creatures), we only wished we might never be worse treated, and be as well “waited upon.” The wish continues.*

The allowance of edible food is liberal. Each man has too, his pint of beer daily; the women have one half-pint each. They rise at 6 A.M., and retire at about 8, P.M. They are noisy, more or less, according to the weather. In summer, the heat makes them obstreperous. On dark days, too, they are noisy. When the sun is out, they are comparatively quiet; and of course *the Moon* greatly rules their general deportment. On the day of our visit, they were very quiet. The sun shone brightly, and the atmosphere was clear. Before leaving, however, we heard certain outbreaks that made us shudder; and we witnessed in

* The young person (her name is unknown to us) who accompanied us over this ward, on the occasion of our visit in 1849, had left. We feel the more grateful to Mrs. LOUCH, for her kindness in assisting us in our inquiries. Nothing could exceed her attention—except perhaps *our* inquisitiveness.—ED. K. J.

one of the courts out of doors, several distressing scenes of mental alienation. These were going forward on one side, while some poor creatures were, on the other side, amusing themselves with a "rocking-horse!" They never seem to interfere with each other. One man, we observed, fighting with an invisible spirit. He evidently "saw" something; for he aimed at it with the air of desperation, as if it mocked him, and as if he wanted to be revenged on it. But we need not dwell any longer in detail upon these distressing matters. Our object has been accomplished.

This "humane system" of treatment in the case of lunatics, will never be mentioned unless in connection with the name of Dr. CONOLLY. What that worthy man has effected *here*, no tongue can speak; no pen can describe. But *the effects* are visible; the blessings continue. No longer does the whip crack through the vaulted halls; no longer do the piercing shrieks of suffering victims rend the air. The humanity of Messrs. POWNALL and ARMSTRONG, too—the visiting magistrates, needs no mention by us. It is in everybody's mouth. Hanwell is the "Lunatics' Paradise."

By the way—before taking our leave, we must just direct attention to that very eccentric character, Mr. CHISWICK. He has been an inmate here for many years. He has an apartment entirely to himself, and he has decorated it in a style which is perfectly *sui generis*. We know not *how many* curious hieroglyphics there are painted; aye, beautifully painted on the walls of his room; on his door, and on his window-sill. They are artistically interwoven with other subjects; and the whole require to be well looked-into to be properly appreciated. Mr. CHISWICK was brought here, on a charge of having thrown his hat at the Clergyman who officiated in *Chiswick* church. Hence his assumed name. He refuses to give his real name; and it is not known to this day. Neither is it known who are his friends, nor where they reside. He is quite a gentleman; discourses affably, and sensibly; and is at home on all general topics of discourse. On one point *only*, he is "loose."

Mr. CHISWICK has free run of the establishment; lives in his own room; and does as he pleases. More than this. He gets "out," on "a fortnight's leave of absence, signed by the magistrates." He departs by omnibus to London—occupies himself during the fourteen days as he thinks best—and *always* returns to his quarters within the time specified. He had been away about a week, when we were looking over his room; so that we have just lost a treat in not meeting with him. When he reads this—as he will do—our disappointment and regret

stand recorded. Nor will *his* regret be less felt than was *our* disappointment; for we had a very amiable lady with us, who was most anxious for an introduction to him. She "lives in hope" of seeing him shortly. Her promise is given—it will be redeemed. Mr. CHISWICK will recognise us again, the moment he sees us.

During the past year, as appears from the Report of the Visiting Justices of Hanwell, 190 patients have been received:—viz., 88 males and 102 females. The causes of lunacy in the males were moral—in 31 cases, and physical in 31 others, the rest being unascertained. In the females the moral causes were 5, the physical 19. The moral causes in the males are thus enumerated:—Poverty, 3; domestic unhappiness, 2; disappointed affection, 3; grief, 3; dissipated habits, 1; over study of religious subjects, 3; anxiety, 2; political excitement, 1; remorse, 1; disappointed expectations, 1. On the female side—disappointed affection, 1; fright, 1; poverty, 2; grief, 1. They were mainly divided as to religious principles as follow:—Church of England, males, 48—females, 68; Roman Catholic, males, 4—females, 4; not ascertained, males, 32—females, 23. As regards education, the following results were obtained:—Well-educated male, 1; females, 18; plainly educated, males, 15; read and write, males, 33—females, 33; read, males, 2—females, 11; not ascertained, males, 32—females, 43. At the present time, there are 414 male, and 556 female patients in the Asylum.

We purpose, at an early day, to pay a visit to the COLNEY-HATCH Lunatic Asylum. *Here* we shall find an awful amount of human suffering indeed! The numbers are alarmingly great—the causes of lunacy many. Among them THE LOVE OF DRINK, and *intemperance*, are of course prominent.

We have headed this Paper—"The 'Value' of Reason." Let any reflecting person do as we have done—pay a visit to a Lunatic Asylum; and he will be then able to estimate its "value." People in health, who never, as they say, "knew what it was to have a day's sickness," *cannot* feel for invalids. It is impossible. Neither can they who have plenty of this world's goods, and have need of nothing, feel for the unfortunate.

It would be contrary to our nature! How much less can they who *drink* and fritter away their lives—never once allowing themselves time for sober reflection, feel for those who become insane from pursuing the very same courses! The human brain is a wonderful structure. Its organisation is marvellously perfect. Yet do we all TRY to injure it daily. With what effect, is too plainly visible.

We entered the walls of Hanwell Asylum with a sigh. Our heart ached all the while

we were there. When we departed, deeply-fetched sighs still followed us.

Shall we confess it? tears flowed apace as we turned our back upon the building; and we blessed God, with an overflowing and grateful heart, that we *did* know some little of—

“THE ‘VALUE’ OF REASON.”

BIRDS OF SONG.

No. XXXII.—MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

AS THIS is the precise time for parting with the last of our summer visitors—almost all of them have already taken their leave*—we will devote our present thoughts to them *only*; and offer a few observations on their migratory feelings—whether inherent in such of the tribes as are at liberty, or in those which are in confinement. We propose also, to glance at the instinct which regulates all their motions and habits. First, of the Swallow.

Amongst these happy, social families, there appears to exist an understanding perfectly marvellous. With one accord they assemble, or at a given signal they disperse. Three weeks since, we saw them hovering over the osiers between Chiswick and Richmond in countless numbers, and they were evidently about to decamp to the palms of Africa, or the Orange groves of Italy:—

“——Toss'd wide around,

O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
'Ere to their winter slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering
banks,

And where, unpierced by frosts, the cavern
sweats,

Or rather,—into warmer climes convey'd
With other kindred birds of season; there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back.”

It has been imagined by some speculative minds, that all young birds are under the disposition and guidance of the older ones; and that if young birds *only* were living here, they would, for want of a conductor, perish!

* If we reason a little, it will not be difficult to imagine *why* some birds tarry here *later* than others. Whilst strolling through Ealing on the 30th of September instant, we observed a pair of house swallows busily feeding their young (a late brood) under the eaves of a house at the entrance to the village. These, of course, could not, at the earliest, be ready for departure until now. Hence, the reason of the later departures we hear so often spoken of; but which some of our *book-naturalists* (referring to their musty records) so stoutly deny.—Ed. K. J.

This view is absurdly incorrect. All persons who have given the subject anything like attention, must be aware that birds of passage in particular act from an irresistible impulse at certain seasons. Whether Nature operates upon their brain in any particular manner, or not, it is difficult to say; but true to their time, every bird, young or old, would decamp with unerring prescience to his change of quarters, however distant. It is a beautiful provision of Nature to endow all these little foreign visitors with such wonderful powers of locomotion, and to direct them so instinctively in their flights. We imagine there are very few indeed lost by the way, unless it be from illness or other natural causes; and as we see, year by year, the return of certain birds to their former haunts, the “principle” we advocate must be correct. As with the “passenger pigeon,” there would seem to exist in all migratory birds, the will and the power to travel to any particular part of the world; and where their *inclination leads them*, thither do they flock.

We have spoken as yet of the swallow tribe only—these, from their large multitudes, being so prominently before the eye. But the same unerring instinct, the same desire to depart, inhabits equally the breast of *every* migratory bird. The smaller and weaker tribes do not, like the swallow, disappear at once. The nightingale, black-cap, garden warbler, whitethroat, and others, travel through our gardens and orchards at an easy rate, until they reach the coast. Here they wait for a mild, quiet, day; and then cross the Channel at their leisure. Having thoroughly moulted in this country, and had plenty of time to renew their strength, their powers of locomotion are, at the time of their final departure, quite adequate for the effort. Once across, by easy stages they gain access to their new quarters. When the winds blow heavily, some of these little fellows are occasionally obliged to take refuge in the rigging of vessels at sea. Here they tarry until the weather moderates; they then renew their flight.

Connected with the subject of instinct, we have so many interesting investigations to make, so many novel observations to offer—that we feel our task, as we travel gently onwards, will be a most pleasing one. We are assured of the undivided attention of a large and daily increasing auditory. Thus encouraged, we will try to define the nice difference between “instinct” and “reason.” No easy matter this, truly; but an inquiring mind, though beset by difficulties, never recognises the ugly word “impossibility.” It unfortunately still holds a place in our modern dictionaries; but the sooner it is

expunged, the better will it be for the world at large.

Previously, however, to entering on this important Inquiry, we purpose (in compliance with the wishes of many of our readers) to treat of the "Aviary and its Occupants." The subject is as interesting, as our remarks connected with it will be useful.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXXIV. PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 232.)

MEN HAVE ALWAYS REGARDED AS VERY IMPORTANT, the researches which have for their object to determine the organs, by which animals and man receive the material impressions of the external world. Will it be less interesting, less noble, to try to discover the organs of the superior faculties of the mind?

In fine, I will ask, if the five senses, and the faculties of which we have spoken, can serve to explain the various inclinations, the different instinctive aptitudes of animals, as well as all the propensities and all the powers of man; how, by this means, will you explain why the seal, the chamois, and the wild-goose place sentinels? Why the bird, the beaver, the rabbit, the ant, construct their abodes with so much skill? Why the quail and the stork migrate and return to the same places? Who can explain to us the love of females for their young, and the indifference of the males of many sorts of animals, while in other species, the males share with their mates the care of the young? Who can explain to us the sociability of the rook, and the inclination of the pie to live in solitude? the exclusive jealousy of the cock and the bull, and the reciprocal compatibility of hens and cows? Who can explain to us what we call cunning, courage, boldness, rectitude, morality? Is it experience? But all these sentiments preceded experience. The spider weaves, the beaver builds, the nightingale migrates, *before having any experience*. Is it attention, reflection, induction? But why does each species of animal direct its attention to a different and peculiar object? Why do all individuals of the same species fix theirs *always* on the same object? Why, even, does it not depend on man to acquire a high degree of attention or faculty of induction for certain objects? Do we not see that it is in all nature, as in the example of the monkey, who has attention sufficient for filling his pouches with fruits, *but knows not how to keep up a fire*?

EDUCATION PERFECTS, DETERIORATES, RE-PRESSES, AND DIRECTS THE INNATE FACULTIES, BUT CAN NEITHER DESTROY NOR PRODUCE ANY.

Since we have ventured to regard animals no longer as mere machines, many philosophers maintain, that not only man, but animals also, are born without instincts, propensities, primitive determination, faculties; that they are in-

different, equally susceptible of everything; and, finally, that we must regard them as *tabulæ rasæ*. Their ingenious aptitudes, instincts, propensities, and faculties, it is pretended, are the result of accidental impressions, received by the five senses, or of those which education gives them. Even insects, say they, display their natural aptitudes only as an effect of instruction. The builder-wasp has already learned, while yet a larva, the masonry of his mother; the bird learns from those who have given him life, to build his nest, to sing, to migrate; the young fox is carried to school by his father; and man would not become man, would remain a savage and idiot, without the means furnished by education.

Let us first examine this hypothesis, so far as it concerns animals. It is true, and I shall give numerous proofs of it in this work, that the greater part of animals are not limited wholly to the means of their own preservation. They are susceptible of much more extended instruction, than their immediate wants require. We teach all sorts of tricks to birds, squirrels, cats, dogs, horses, monkeys, and even swine. They also modify their own mode of action with reference to the position in which they find themselves. But, this faculty of receiving education is always proportionate to their primitive faculties; and they cannot, any more than man, learn things, of which they have not received the first impress from nature. I admire the setter, couching in the pursuit of the pheasant; the falcon in chase of the heron; but the ox will never learn to run after mice, nor the cat to browse on grass; and we shall never teach the roe-buck and the pigeon to hunt.

If animals were susceptible of impressions from all that surrounds them, in a manner to derive lessons from them to the degree supposed, why does not the chicken learn to coo with the pigeon? Why does not the female nightingale imitate the song of her mate? How does each animal, notwithstanding the intercourse of other species, differing the most from his own, preserve his peculiar manners? Why do birds and mammifera, even when hatched or suckled by strange parents, always manifest the character of their species? Why does the cuckoo imitate neither the nest where he is hatched, nor the note of the bird who has reared him? How do we teach the squirrel which we have taken blind in his nest, and who has never seen another squirrel, to climb and leap from one branch to another? How do we inspire the ferret with the instinct of seeking the rabbit in his burrow? Who has taught ducks and beetles to counterfeit death, as soon as they are menaced by an enemy? Who has given lessons to the spider, which, hardly escaped from his egg, weaves a web and envelops the captive flies, that they may not dry up? Of whom has the ichneumon fly learned to attach with a thread to the branch of a tree, the caterpillar, in which she has deposited her eggs? And how do the caterpillars, as soon as they are hatched, roll themselves in a leaf to escape the cold and dampness of the winter? In fine, why do animals do things, which they have never seen done; and why do they almost always do them as well the first time, as their progenitors?

Without the innateness of the faculties of animals, how can we explain the differences of individuals, which have absolutely the same manner of living? When, in a forest, one nightingale sings better and more assiduously than the rest; when in a poultry yard one cock is more ardent in fight, and another more pacific; when one hen, one cow, are better mothers than the other hens and the other cows—can we attribute these phenomena to education?

How can we comprehend why certain individuals are raised above their fellows, and become, as it were, the geniuses of their species? Locke's translator, Coste, speaks of a dog, who, in winter, whenever his comrades were lying about the fire, so as to prevent his approach, set himself about making a noise in the court; and while his comrades ran thither, he hastened to enter into the house, took a good place near the fire, and let those bark whom he had cheated by this stratagem. He had frequent recourse to it, and yet he always gained his ends, because no one of the other dogs had sagacity enough to discover his trick. Dupont de Nemours had a cow, that, to procure the whole flock a more abundant supply of food, adopted the plan of throwing down, with her horns, the fence with which the field was surrounded. None of the other cows knew how to imitate her example; and when they were near the fence, waited impatiently the arrival of their conductress. I have sometimes met mocking-birds who perfectly imitated the birds of the neighborhood, even to the quail and the cuckoo; while the others surrounded by the same birds, could only imitate a small number, or were limited to their own peculiar song.

In fine, if the instincts, propensities, and faculties of animals, are not determined by their organisation, how can you explain the fact, that these instincts, propensities and faculties, are always found in harmony with their external organs? What chance should give to each animal, factitious instincts, faculties, always in harmony with their teeth, claws, horns, &c.? Will you maintain that nature acts without object, in giving to the beaver strong gnawing teeth and a flat tail; to the intelligent elephant his trunk; to the sanguinary tiger his terrible claws and teeth?

Or, will you tell me, with those who do not acknowledge final causes, that the bear, the tiger, and the elephant, employ their instruments for the sole reason that they find them fitted for certain purposes? the mole lives underground because her eyes are too small; the feet of the swan are natural oars, and therefore he chooses of necessity his abode in the water. Neither man nor animals have any limb, any instrument, in order to use it, but they use them because they have them.

Who does not see that, on this supposition, there would be no connection between the interior and exterior, between the instruments and the active force? And would you forget, that the boar strikes with his jaws before his tusks are formed? the young bull and the kid with their head, before their horns have appeared? that the bird shakes his wings before he has any feathers? Take from the lion his teeth and

claws, and give them to the sheep, and see if by this means you will change the lion into a sheep, and the sheep into a lion.

We must then admit, that each animal, in consequence of its organisation, has received from nature ingenious aptitudes, instincts, propensities, proper determinate talents; and that the power of things external, of instruction and education, is limited to giving it more or less modification.

The hypothesis of the *tabula rasa*, and of the creative power of education—is it more admissible for the human race?

To attempt to write in a satisfactory manner on the influence of institutions and of education, would be undertaking volumes. I must therefore confine myself to my object, and show, by some general considerations, how far the influence of human efforts extends over the moral and intellectual character of man.

The antagonists of innate dispositions persist in saying, that man, being from his birth surrounded by men, appropriates to himself their faculties and their character.

Might I not ask whence the first men, who were surrounded only by beasts, obtained the faculties, and how they created or invented them? Even at the present time, are not many men, in their infancy, more surrounded by animals than by men? Why do not these children receive the instincts and propensities of animals as well as the faculties of man? If children had not the same dispositions as their parents and instructors, how could they be capable of receiving their instruction and profiting by their example? In the first years, when children are almost solely in the hands of their mothers, of nurses, and of women, boys always distinguish themselves from girls, and one child is perfectly distinct from another. After this period nothing can give rise to a resemblance between the faculties of the man and the woman, nor between those of different individuals. In fine, do we know any art by which an instructor can create in children envy, love, attachment, anger, goodness or wickedness, ambition, pride, &c.? Do we know how to create any talent? This power so little belongs to man, that even when we are our own absolute masters, we cannot escape the changes which the succession of years produces in our moral and intellectual faculties. Everything confirms the truth of what Herder says, that education cannot take place except by imitation, and consequently by the passage from the original to the copy. The imitator must have the faculty of receiving what is communicated to him; and of transforming it into his nature, as he does the meats by which he is nourished. But the manner in which he receives it, the means by which he appropriates it to himself and employs it, can only be determined by the faculties of the receiver; whence it follows that the education of our species, is, in some sort, the result of a double action, to wit; of him who gives, and of him who receives it. Thus, when we see that men take the form which we wish to give them—is it not a legitimate inference, that these forms have been created in them? They have borrowed them from other men endowed with the same dispositions.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT ; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 10, price 1s. 1d. each ; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—D. F.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—H. H.—EBOR.—FRANCES.—JOHN.—ISABELLA.—WILLIAM W., Poplar. We have forwarded your letter to the owner of the Nightingale.—S. B. Many thanks.—ELIZA L. T. Separate the ailing birds from the others ; and give the former some boiled milk for two or three days. Read what we have already written about "the asthma" in Canaries (see Index to Vol. I.) ; and discontinue the bath *immediately*. If you cannot trust us with your name and address, we cannot give you *early* advice. Many people confess to us their losses,—all caused by their own faults!—FANNY. You are quite right. The account of the BLACK REDSTART building in the locomotive, and there rearing its young, is purely farcical. At *this* season, such remarkable things constantly get into the papers. These fictions are paid for, at per line.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, October 23, 1852.

THE LATE VERY HEAVY RAINS, TERRIFIC GALES, and a few sharp touches of Frost—have well nigh stripped our gardens of their autumnal liveries ; and we become forcibly reminded that *Old Winter* with his hoary locks, is not very far distant.

Fires, we observe, are now generally patronised ; and we confess that we are delighted on our return home to be welcomed by such a guest. There is an air of comfort about a fire-place, when the tea is made and the urn is heard hissing on the table, that is peculiarly English. The brilliant jet of gas issuing from a coal, the purring of a cat, and the joyous bark of a dog rushing out to greet you on your arrival—these are sights and enjoyments of which we hope always to be fond.

There is a great difference between our rural retreats in the Country, and the large houses which are found in London. The difference consists in the presence or absence of the word "comfort." In the Summer, large airy rooms are to be coveted ; in the winter give us, say we, moderate-sized rooms warmed with a small quantity of fuel. Large fires, and over-heated apartments destroy all the vitality of the air during the day ; when candles are introduced, in addition, what must be the consequence ! Perpetual illness, colds, &c. &c., follow as a matter of course. Plenty of exercise in the open air, and moderately - warm rooms when the

elements are unfavorable from without—these are the essentials of life in a well-regulated family.

Now that the evenings are getting long and the days are becoming short, we would recommend great personal attention to your canaries, linnets, goldfinches, robins, and other domesticated and "petted" songsters. Let their cages be suspended above and below each other—so that they can hear, but not see each other. This will keep up the necessary rivalry. These little fellows should be consigned to the apartment where tea is provided. The paraphernalia of the tea-table, and the preparations for operations thereat, will keep them in a state of delectable anxiety and enjoyment.

The bringing-in of candles and the family lamp ; the stirring of the fire and consequent blaze thereupon ; the rattling of tea spoons ; the salutation of saucers, and bread and butter plates ; added to the indescribable flutter and agreeable bustle so peculiar to this loveable meal ; these united, will soon call forth a song ; and such a song ! the harmony of which, by candle-light, is truly delightful. They begin to sing early : they sleep ; they wake and sing again ; and so on till the hour of separation arrives. Their song is soft ; not loud—mellow, but not overpowering.

We have some first-rate canaries, just "coming out" as winter vocalists. They are clean moulted ; in rude health ; and unmistakeably jolly. The invocation of "tea" drives them half crazy with delight. They watch every movement of Maria, as she siddles in and out ; and know better than we do what is in the back and foreground. Then comes the blaze of the family lamp ; then the stir of the fire ; then the urn ; then the toast ; and *then*, those nameless delectabilities that ever adorn a well-spread table. To see all this going forward ; and to hear the musicians aloft, playing and singing the delicacies in—are what we call pleasant things. We love so to pass an evening. Whilst we read ; whilst the Goddess of Home works ; and whilst the choristers are chanting—"old time" passes merrily away. But these joys are only just beginning.

There is yet much to do in the garden. The winds have committed sad havoc with the tender trees. These must be tied up. Most of the seeds are ripe ; and should, when the sun has dried the pods, be collected and stowed away against next season. Now too, is the time for propagating plants by means of suckers, offsets, cuttings, partings, &c. Our perennials are so lavish in their increase, that not one twentieth part of ground sufficient can be found to accommodate them. Our dahlias are still blooming ; the convolvulus too, golden rod, china aster, and mignonette, are saucily bidding defiance

to cold and frost. Equally reluctant is the nasturtium to bid us adieu. The ivy, and clematis, are also richly clad. The more tender flowers have dropped their little heads:—

Of the brightness and beauty of summer and spring,
There is little left, but the roses that blow
By this friendly wall. To its covert they cling,
And eagerly smile in each sunbeam's glow:
But when the warm beam is a moment withdrawn,
And the lov'd whistling breeze sweeps over the lawn,
Their beauteous blossoms, so fair and forlorn,
Seem to shrink from the wind which ruffles them so.

When the roses are gone, we shall have lost half our heart. Without them, the garden looks robbed of half its glory. The same with the hedges. When the *wild rose* meets our eye for the last time, we feel that their glory has departed. This last "pale promise of the waning year," will soon be gone. We make the most of them while they last. The watering places are now becoming deserted. The equinoctial gales have disturbed all the serenity of walks by moonlight, and rambles on the sands. "Home" now has charms beyond all other thoughts.

We are rather singular in our fancies. When others forsake the sea-side, we love to revel there—in the sublimity of the season. The ocean is a grand picture to gaze on. It wakens majestic thoughts, as in its fury it rolls fearfully onwards. We like to see it in its wildness:—

Terrible ocean! thou hast indeed a power,
A will, a voice; and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with Heaven!

Who would imagine, whilst surveying this mass of water, agitated to an extent almost overpowering to behold, that its gentleness is sometimes lamb-like! Whoever has seen the two extremes, has indeed seen a sight of wonder!

Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
Fearful to witness when on mischief bent,
Yet lovely in repose; thy summer form
Is beautiful; and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
We love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
ETERNITY, ETERNITY, AND POWER!

It is highly dangerous to indulge in a poetical strain; and we are really obliged to the printer, on the present occasion, for shouting out to us in perfectly intelligible prose,—that we must "hold hard." We know not *when* we should have stopped but for this!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Water for Ever!—All honor be to "Our Own Editor," and his admirable "Code of Health!" * * * Listen, my dear Sir, to what Cobbett says on the subject of Water, as a beverage. All who knew him can testify to the honesty of his remarks. "In the midst of a society where wine and spirits are considered as of little more value than water, *I have lived two years without either; and with no other drink but water: except when I have found it convenient to obtain milk. Not an hour's illness; not a headache for an hour; not the smallest ailment; not a restless night; not a drowsy morning have I known during these two famous years of my life.* The sun never rises before me; I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by, while my mind is in full vigor, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness." I hope your "Code of Health," Mr. Editor, will be adopted all over the world. It would make better hearts, and healthier bodies; better men, better women, and better children—and how many better Christians?—VIGIL.

Honors paid to the Rose.—The rose, Mr. Editor, is more esteemed, perhaps, than any one of our flowers. Its name is in everybody's mouth. And to what uses is it not put! First, we have rose-water. This is distilled from the petals of pale roses, in preference to deep red ones, mixed with a small quantity of water; and in France those of the musk-rose are preferred where they can be obtained. This product of the rose was known to the Greeks in the time of Homer, and to Avicenna among the Arabs, A.D. 980. It is more or less in use in every civilised country for the toilette, and on occasions of festivals and religious ceremonies. Vinegar of roses is made by simply infusing dried rose petals in the best distilled vinegar. It is used on the Continent for curing headaches, produced by the vapors of charcoal or the heat of the sun. For this purpose, clothes or linen rags, moistened with the vinegar, are applied to the head, and left there till they are dried by evaporation. Spirit of roses is procured by distilling rose petals with a small quantity of spirits of wine. This produces a very fragrant spirit, which, when mixed with sugar, makes the liqueur known in France by the name of *L'Huile de Rose*; it also forms the ground-work of the liqueur called *Parfait Amour*. Conserve of Roses is prepared by bruising in a mortar the petals with their weight of sugar, till the whole forms a homogeneous mass. In the earlier ages, according to Rosembourgh, in his "History of the Rose" (published in 1631), the rose was a specific against every disease. It was much in use in the time of Gerard, and is still employed in the composition of electuaries and many other medicines. Attar of

roses—essence, attar, otto, or, as it is sometimes called, butter of roses—is the most celebrated of all the different preparations from this flower, and forms an object of commerce on the coast of Barbary, in Syria, in Persia, in India, and in various parts of the East. In England it is usually called otto of roses, a corruption of the word “attar,” which, in Arabic, signifies perfume. This essence has the consistence of butter, and only becomes liquid in the warmest weather; it is preserved in small flasks, and is so powerful that touching it with the point of a pin will bring away enough to scent a pocket-handkerchief for two or three days. The essence is still procured almost in the same manner by which it was first discovered by the mother-in-law of the Great Mogul, in the year 1612, viz., by collecting the drops of oil which float on the surface of vessels filled with rose-water when exposed to a strong heat, and then congealing it by cold. Honey of roses is made by beating up fresh rose leaves with a small quantity of boiling water; and after filtering the mass, boiling the pure liquor with honey. This was formerly much in use for ulcers in the mouth, and for sore throats. Oil of roses is obtained by bruising fresh rose petals, mixing with them four times their weight of olive oil, and leaving them in a sand heat for two days. If the red *Rose de Provins* be used, the oil is said to imbibe no odor, but if the petals of pale roses be employed, it becomes perfumed. The oil is chiefly used for the hair, and is generally sold in perfumers’ shops, both in France and England, under the name of *L’Huile Antique de Rose*.—Such are *some few* of the honors accorded to one of our most cherished of flowers. I can hardly agree with those who say that “by any other name it would *smell as sweet*.”—JULIANA.

Milk; Cream; Cheese.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If milk is therefore desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish. If it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. In wet and cold weather, the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on that account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. Milk in the spring, is supposed to be the best for calves; in summer, it is best suited for cheese; and in autumn, the butter keeps better than that of summer. Cows less frequently milked than others, give rich milk, and consequently much better. The morning’s milk is richer than the evening’s. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.—DOROTHY.

Insects and Arachnids; or Spiders.—The difference between these two several tribes, is as follows:—In the insect, properly so called, the body is naturally divided into three principal portions, the head, the thorax, and the abdomen, all of which, especially the two former, are so connected as to permit them to move freely on each other; but in the Arachnidan the head is

firmly consolidated with the thoracic portion of the body, so that the two together constitute but one broad piece, named by entomological writers cephalo-thorax. Insects are, in their perfect state, for the most part provided with wings; but among the Arachnidans these organs are invariably deficient; the former, likewise, undergo, during their preparatory states, a series of metamorphoses by which their form is completely changed, whilst the latter simply moult their skins, remaining throughout their lives in pretty nearly the same condition. The organs of the senses are likewise very differently constructed in the two classes—the compound eyes of the insects, with their numerous facets, are replaced in the Arachnidans by a small number of simple ocelli, variously disposed, and the antennæ, which in insects are evidently the seat of such delicate sensations, are here doubtfully represented by two jointed organs, terminated by a pair of forceps of variable structure, to which the names chelicera and antennæ-pincers are applied by naturalists. The Arachnidans likewise differ from the insects in the structure of their mouths, in the arrangement of their respiratory and circulatory apparatus, and in the number of their legs.—RYMER JONES.

A “Settler” for Insects in Flower Gardens.—When plants or flowers, Mr. Editor, are attacked by insects, the following, which is in no respect injurious to any plant, will be found an effectual remedy:—To six quarts of soft water, add half a pound of black soap, and a quarter of a pint of turpentine. Apply this to the stems, with an ordinary paint-brush.—ANNA.

Curious Specimens of a Skeleton Cat and Rat.—There have just been found, Mr. Editor, by some men whilst working in Gerard’s-Hall-crypt (behind some brickwork), the skeletons of a cat and rat. They are now in the possession of Mr. Kent, landlord of the Old Red Lion tavern, Basing-lane, City. From the position in which they were found it is evident that the cat, which is of a very large species, had suffered the painful death of starvation in pursuing the rat, which is firmly held in its mouth. The frames of the cat and rat are most perfect, although supposed to have lain in their places of sepulture some four or five hundred years, the “smellers” being as complete as when living. Several antiquaries, who have viewed the skeleton of the cat, maintain it to be one of the Persian breed; others, of the old English tabby.—W. J.

On Fattening Animals with Tallow Greaves.—I would strongly recommend to your numerous subscribers, tallow greaves in feeding pigs. This description of food may appear objectionable on the ground of rendering the pork rank, but I have not found it to be so when a fair portion of corn food of some description has been used in conjunction. What the effect of greaves might be on the pork, if pigs were confined exclusively to them as an article of diet, I am not prepared to say. But we must not forget that nature uses her own chemistry in the process of assimilation, taking one body and rejecting the other. Moreover it is not to be

forgotten, that we are bound to prepare food for every class of consumers—Belgravia and Whitechapel, the dyspeptic and the peptic, and what would alarm the pyloric regions of the former would be cheerfully solicited by the latter. I can only add, that the effect of tallow greaves on chickens is marvellous, in egg-laying. Throughout the past winter, with a small brigade of poultry, we were never without eggs. As the greaves are prepared in very solid square cakes, the method of using them I adopt, is to break them into pieces; and then to steep them in cold water about thirty hours. The better plan of proceeding in pig-diet is to boil the greaves. In the cooked form, this food becomes a real palliative, and the whole duty of the pig is confined to overloading his stomach, and indulging in solid sleep. And that which the pig leaves behind as a legacy, would be regarded a treasure even in Lobos Island.—A. B.

[The above appears also in the *Agricultural Gazette*. As regards pigs, we care to offer no observations; but as regards poultry, fowls so fed will lay eggs *both strong and unpalatable*, quite unfit for the breakfast-table.]

To Rescue the Weak in Distress; Is it not a "noble" task?—

In yonder glass, behold a drowning fly!
Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
Its cries we hear not, yet it loudly cries;
And gentle hearts can feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim! and will no one save?
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning wave?

Is there no friendly hand, no helper nigh?
And must thou, little struggler, must thou die?
Thou shalt not, whilst this hand can set thee free—
Thou shalt not die; this hand shall rescue thee.

My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore:
There—trembler; all thy dangers now are o'er.
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear;
Go, join thy num'rous kindred in the air!
Away it flies, resumes its harmless play,
And lightly gambols in the golden ray.

Smile not, my readers, at this humble deed—
For YOU, perhaps, SOME NOELER TASK'S
DECREED!

ROSETTA.

The Wasp.—Will you please to tell us, Mr. Editor, what you promised about the contrivance of the Wasp, when in situations of difficulty with his prey? You intimated that Dr. Darwin had recorded a curious fact, connected with this subject, and that you would transcribe it. Will you do so? Do, please.—AGNES.

[Thank you, gentle Agnes, for your vigilance. You do well to keep us up to our promises. We never like to go from our word; but we need sometimes to be put in remembrance of what might possibly escape our recollection. If you saw the mass of correspondence now lying on our table, you would hardly wonder if we *were* occasionally forgetful. One head and one pen somehow or other, "contrive," like the Wasp, to get through

many "difficulties."—As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp, with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then another, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty. Here we have contrivance and re-contrivance; a resolution accommodated to the case, judiciously formed and executed, and, on the discovery of a new impediment, *a new plan adopted*, by which final success was obtained. There is, undoubtedly, a most remarkable "instinct" in all this.]

Toads and Frogs.—Being most anxious to get at the truth of the statement that has gone abroad, respecting toads and frogs casting their skins and swallowing them—I have just written to Mr. W. Marshall, of Ely, on the subject of his public statement, and entreating him to explain more fully what he has actually observed. He, like ourselves, seems desirous of ascertaining facts; and his letter in reply to mine, I now forward you. He says—"With respect to toads and frogs shedding their skins, and swallowing them—I am sorry you should doubt my operations; but I must repeat, that 'seeing is believing.' I have kept about twenty-five toads, for two years; during all which time I watched their habits and saw the operation performed at least forty times. The change takes place in the warm months; and occurs once in the course of a month or six weeks—not annually, as you seem to suppose. I have published a long account of my experiments in a Public Journal (Aug. 10, 1850), but it is not now to be had. [Will you be so kind, Sir, as to transcribe it? We will then re-print it for you, in OUR JOURNAL. It is a curious and interesting matter for inquiry.] So much for toads. I never saw a *frog* swallow its own skin; but in dissecting a frog, I found a perfect skin in its stomach, undigested, and complete to the very fingers. From this fact, I apprehend the inference is inevitable, that *frogs* do swallow their skins as well as toads. W. MARSHALL."—Now, Sir, allowing Mr. Marshall full credit for his statement (as I am in honor bound to do), it yet remains for me to discover, how this most extraordinary operation has escaped the eye of myself and family—some one of whom has always borne them company, and attended regularly to their wants and requirements. I say, there is a grand mystery "somewhere"—the more so, as Mr. Marshall has seen the operation performed so very many times. I hope Mr. M. will be able to send me the long article he refers to, as connected with his experiments. It will interest me; yourself; and the "curious" public generally. We must not let this subject drop.—J. LUSHER, 2, *Exeter Change*.

[We quite agree with our correspondent, that

the truth of this novel statement should be thoroughly investigated; and we will gladly assist the matter, by discussion in our columns.]

Wire Lace.—Let me direct your attention to a very pretty novelty just patented—Wire Lace. This, which is capable of being electro-plated, is attracting much attention, and is likely to lead to many new forms of ornament. It seems that Mr. Sturges, a well-known manufacturer of electro-plate, residing in Birmingham, was anxious to strike a lace pattern upon some of his goods. For this purpose, he procured some samples of ordinary bobbin-net, the patterns of which he was enabled to transfer, by electricity, to soft substances, *but could not imprint them upon hard metals*. As a substitute, he caused some crochet-work, in a pliable wire, to be made; which answered the purpose in one respect, but was not sufficiently delicate in fabric or elegant in design. He then thought it possible that the Nottingham lace-makers might, by using very fine-drawn, pliable wire, make a *metallic lace* to answer the purpose. With this view, he put himself in communication with Mr. Henry Carey, of Birmingham, who, having succeeded in making the article required, has patented it in Mr. Sturges' name. As much of the interior of the bobbin-net machine has to be reconstructed for the working of wire in the place of cotton, there may be some delay in making many varieties of pattern; but the multifarious uses to which it can be adapted, particularly by the Birmingham manufacturers, will, no doubt, ere long cause a large demand for it.—JAMES W., Leeds.

Honey Bees.—Seeing, in Part viii. of your excellent Periodical, some remarks on the impolicy and cruelty of destroying honey-bees—will you please tell me the best way of getting the honey without having recourse to the cruel practice referred to?—EBOR, Hayes.

[We beg to refer you to TAYLOR'S "Bee-Keeper's Manual"—a small volume published by Messrs. Groombridge and Sons. We extracted largely from it, in our early Nos.; and in it you will find *all* you require to know.]

How to keep Pigeons Healthy.—Will you oblige me by telling me how I can keep my pigeons well and hearty? Is there not some preparation used for them, to peek at? I have heard something about it, but forget the particulars. By the way, I have had rare difficulties to get your JOURNAL here! I ordered it through a stationer at Uxbridge, many times. He said he had ordered it of his bookseller in London; but it was of no use "ordering it," *for they would not send it*. The last part I have, is Part 8 [Part 10 is published]. This I was obliged to get *by post*. However, never fear; I *will* persevere till I get the whole.—EBOR, Hayes, *Middlesex*.

[The "composition" to which you allude, is called "salt-cat." Pigeons are not only fond of salt, but in order that they may be well, it is *essential* that they eat large quantities of it. Procure a large stone jar, or an earthen pipkin. If the former, let there be large holes in the sides. These are both sold by the dealers in

earthenware. In these, place the "salt-cat," which is to be made thus:—Take (say one quart of each) slaked lime; old mortar, well bruised; sifted gravel; and clay, as used by brick-makers. Add to these, a quarter of a pound of Carraway seeds, and half a pound of bay salt. Incorporate the whole, with a strong brine; and knead it into a stiff paste. Keep this near your dovecote, and your birds will never be ill. Be sure to keep them *always* well supplied with cold water, aye, with gallons of it. No bird requires so much water as a pigeon. With respect to the difficulty you have experienced in procuring OUR JOURNAL,—we receive similar complaints, by almost every post, from all parts of the country. We supply our JOURNAL on the most liberal terms to the trade; and have offered them advantages which they can get nowhere else. They acknowledge "they *hate* our Journal," and this is all "the explanation" they will condescend to give us for their attempts to burke it. However, we shall not make it "licentious" to please them; but let it stand or fall on its own merits. We are *much* obliged to you for your perseverance in obtaining it; and hope you will *continue* as one of our body-guard. We need it.]

London and its Public Conveyances.—You have already sounded the alarm in your "Code of Health," for people to take care of themselves. The cholera is *even now* amongst us; and your caution is well-timed. To strengthen your remarks, I forward you some valuable observations which appeared in the *London Medical Examiner* of January, 1851. They apply to the present times most forcibly, and are worthy of record in OUR OWN JOURNAL.—"More than twenty years ago, we were in the habit of riding frequently in the Paris omnibus; a nice, roomy, well-ventilated vehicle, with plenty of space for knees and elbows, where a duchess might sit at her ease, and the asthmatic patient breathe with the same freedom as in his own chamber. The conductors well-dressed and civil; the coachman going a steady pace, but though rather tortoise-like, he reached his destination without *loitering on the road*; he gave his passengers time to get fairly seated before he started; and did not endanger their lives and limbs by jolting them off the steps at their departure. *Drunken people, bundles of linen, sheep's-heads, baskets of fish*, and other offensive articles, were not permitted to annoy the eyes and noses of the travellers, and dirty straw did not encircle their feet. Moreover, for three pence, a person could be put down in any quarter of Paris. The above description will apply to the present mode of travelling in Paris, as well as to that of 1829. At the latter period there was not an omnibus in London. But why are our vehicles so badly regulated? Simply because government takes no concern about the matter, so long as it gets the *duty*; like the sale of quack medicines, the *money* is the *object*; the public welfare is a secondary condition. But what has this question to do with a Medical Journal, it will be asked? We have introduced the subject, because we believe it is one that materially concerns the public health. It is nothing to us, if people wish to be squeezed and

wedged together like the oxen at Smithfield; this and other matters, we could name, do not come within our province, but if we can show that many persons lose their lives by the bad arrangement of our public conveyances in London, our time will not have been unprofitably occupied. We need not inform medical readers, that a certain number of people require a given quantity of pure air, for proper respiration, and that, according to the present size and ventilation of the London omnibus, they cannot obtain this. That if a person pre-disposed to illness, breathe such an atmosphere, as he is frequently subjected to in one of these carriages, he must soon be on a sick bed. *That an individual, during the prevalence of cholera, or any other epidemic, when the tendency to disease, and the preservative powers of nature are nicely balanced, need only get into an omnibus to turn the scale.* If rheumatism should be his bane, he may obtain draughts without a doctor's prescription; or he may inhale the vapors from bundles of dirty linen, reeking from the bed of contagion. Let us now turn to another evil respecting the public health, that has been entirely overlooked. At the commencement of the present year, we attended a very beautiful woman, who fell a victim to that former scourge of the human race, *small-pox*. A few days before the eruption appeared, she was on board a steam-boat at Southampton. The man who gave the cheques, had his skin covered with small-pox pustules. This lady believed she had taken the disease, before it appeared, and thought that it would prove fatal. But who can get into a hired vehicle of *any* kind in London, and feel sure that the lining is not saturated with the miasms of small-pox, scarlatina, or typhus? There can be no reason why the conveyances of London should not be as comfortable and as salubrious as those of Paris. We would have vehicles in various districts, for the express purpose of carrying those affected with contagious diseases; and we would inflict a severe penalty upon those, who, by infringing this law, endanger the health of the community." I think, Mr. Editor, you will agree with me—that these matters are of weighty import. They concern us one and all.—PHILANTHROPOS.

[We are greatly indebted to you for this communication, and hope you will continue to aid us in our endeavors to be useful.]

THE FATAL GIFT.

IN the year —, about the end of October, as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the Chateau of Bardy, I beheld before me, on the high road, a regiment of Swiss Guards. I hastened forward to hear the military music, of which I am extremely fond; but before I had overtaken the regiment, the band had ceased playing; and the drum alone continued to mark the measured footsteps of the soldiers.

After marching for about half an hour, the regiment entered a small plain, surrounded by a wood of fir trees. I asked

one of the captains, if the regiment was going to perform evolutions?

"No, Sir," he replied "we are going to try, and probably to shoot, a soldier belonging to my company, for having robbed the citizen upon whom he was billeted."

"What!" I exclaimed, "is he to be tried, condemned, and executed all in an instant?"

"Yes," the captain replied; "such are the terms of our capitulations."* This to him was an unanswerable reason; as if all things had been in the capitulations; the fault and its penalty,—justice, and even humanity.

"If you have any curiosity to witness the proceedings," said the captain, politely, "I shall be happy to get you a place. They will soon be over."

I never avoid such scenes; for I imagine that I learn, from the countenance of a dying man, what death is. I therefore followed the captain.

The regiment formed into square. Behind the second rank, and on the borders of the wood, some of the soldiers began to dig a grave, under the command of a subaltern; for regimental duty is always performed with regularity, and a certain discipline maintained, even in the digging of a grave.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were seated on drums; on their right, and a little more in front, a ninth was writing upon his knees, but with apparent negligence, and simply to prevent a man from being put to death without some legal forms.

The accused was called forward. He was a fine, well-grown young fellow, with mild, yet noble features. By his side stood a woman, who was the only witness against him. The moment the colonel began to examine this woman, the prisoner interrupted him:

"It is useless, Colonel," he said, "I will confess everything; I stole this woman's handkerchief."

THE COLONEL. You, Piter! why you passed for an honorable man, and a good soldier.

PITER. It is true, Colonel, that I have always endeavored to satisfy my officers. I did not steal for myself; it was for Marie.

THE COLONEL. And who is this Marie?

PITER. Why Marie who lives—there—in our own country—near Areneberg—where the great apple-tree is—I shall, then, see her no more!

THE COLONEL. I do not understand you, Piter; explain yourself.

* By the *capitulations*, are to be understood, the treaties entered into between the Swiss Cantons and the foreign governments, under whom their soldiers served.

PITER. Well, Colonel, read this letter.

And he handed to the colonel a letter, every word of which is engraven on my memory.

"My dear friend Piter,—I seize the opportunity of sending you this letter by Arnold, a recruit who has enlisted in your regiment. I also send you a silk purse which I have made for you. I did not let my father see that I was making it, for he always scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will never return. But you surely will come back, won't you? But whether you come back or not, I shall always love you. I first consented to become yours on the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Areneberg dance, and brought it to me. When shall I see you again? What pleases me is—the information I have received, that the officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. But you have still two years to serve. *Get through them as fast as you can,* and then we will be married. Adieu, my good friend Piter! Your dear MARIE.

"P.S.—Try to send me something from France—not for fear I should forget you, but that I may always carry it about me. *Kiss what you send, and I am sure I shall soon find out the place of your kiss.*"*

When the colonel had finished reading the letter, Piter resumed: "Arnold," he said, "delivered me this letter last night when I received my billet. I could not sleep all night for thinking of Marie. In her letter, she asks me for something from France. I had no money,—I have mortgaged my pay for three months in order to help my brother and cousin, who set out on their return home, a few days since. This morning, on rising, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was drying upon a line, and it resembled the one belonging to Marie. The color and the blue stripes were actually the same. I was base enough to take it and put it into my knapsack. I went out into the street; my conscience smote me, and I was returning to the house to restore it to its owner, when this woman came up to me, with the guard, and the handkerchief was found in my possession. This is the whole truth. The capitulations require that I should be shot;—let me be shot instantly;—but do not despise me."

The judges were unable to conceal their emotion; nevertheless they unanimously

condemned Piter to death. He heard the sentence without emotion; then, advancing towards his captain, requested the loan of four francs. The captain gave him the money. He then approached the old woman from whom he had taken the handkerchief, and I heard him utter these words:

"Madame, here are four francs; I know not whether your handkerchief be worth more; but if it be, it costs me dear enough, and you may excuse me from paying the difference."

Then, taking the handkerchief, *he kissed it* and gave it to the captain. "Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains; if you go near Areneberg, do me the favor to ask for Marie, and give her this blue handkerchief; but do not tell her the price I paid for it." He then knelt, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, rose, and walked with a firm step to the place of execution.

I retired into the wood, that I might not witness the last scene of this tragedy. A few shots soon made known—that it was over.

Having returned to the little plain an hour after, I found the regiment gone, and all quiet; but as I followed the border of the wood, in order to reach the high road, I perceived traces of blood, and a mound of freshly-moved earth.

Cutting a branch of fir, I made a rude cross, which I placed upon the grave of one already forgotten—*by all save myself and Marie!*

OMEGA.

THE WORLD'S INHABITANTS,—

"A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL."

THERE IS NOTHING in the universe that stands alone—nothing solitary. No atom of matter, no drop of water, no vesicle of air, or ray of light, exists in a state of isolation. *Everything belongs to some system of society, of which it is a component and necessary part.* Just so it is in the moral world. No man stands alone—nor high angel, nor child. All the beings "lessening down from infinite perfection to the brink of dreary nothing," belong to a system of mutual dependencies. All and each constitute and enjoy a part of the world's sum of happiness. No one liveth to himself. *The destiny of the moral universe is affected by his existence and influence.* The most obscure individual exerts an influence, which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. Should the hand say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," the world would stand still.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness; not only of the present but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which

* What exquisite sentiment have we here! The sympathetic affection which exists between two fond hearts, *however distant*, travels far more rapidly than the electric fluid. We see with the brain; we feel with the heart. True love can make no mistakes. "One" spirit animates two bodies.—ED. K. J.

he can retreat from his relations to others—where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world : everywhere his presence or absence will be felt ; everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying ; and one of fearful and fathomless import, that *we are forming characters for eternity*.^{*} Forming characters!—whose? Our own? or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence.

Who is sufficient for the thought? thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity, with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their *primary formations*, and in their successive strata of thought and life. And they, too, will form other characters for eternity; until the influence of my existence shall be diffused through all future generations of the world, and through all that shall be future to a certain point in the world to come.

As a little silvery, circular ripple, set in motion by the falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius to the whole compass of the pool; so there is not a child—not an infant Moses—placed, however softly, in his bullrush ark upon the sea of time, whose existence does not stir a ripple, gyrating outward and on, until it shall have moved across and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity. "To be, or not to be"—is that the question?—No! we ARE; and whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. We belong to His eternity, and henceforth His moral universe will be filled with our existence.—E. B.

[These observations are from the pen of a true philosopher. Let them be read over some half dozen times; and they will be found to contain many very forcible, very solemn, very momentous truths.]

* We have recently shown this, in our remarks upon the "cheap Weekly Penny Press," whose baneful influence on the middle and lower ranks of society are fearfully developed in our social system day by day. The wretched men who conduct these periodicals, may not possibly be aware of the great moral evil they have a hand in; still are they contaminating the pure streams of knowledge; and so "ruling the destiny of the moral universe." It is a fearful thought!—Ed. K. J.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

THERE IS NOTHING that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. Our countryman, Dr. Baird, tells us he had no conception of the effect produced, before his arrival at Stockholm, 500 miles distant from Guttenberg. He arrived in the morning, and, in the afternoon, went to see some friends. He had not taken notes of time, and returned about midnight; *it was as light as it is here half an hour before sun-down*. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in

the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants were gone away, or were dead. No signs of life; stores closed.

The sun in June goes down at Stockholm at a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steam-boat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious, to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, latitude 72 degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. The way the people there know it is midnight, is—they see the sun rise. The changes in these high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time, the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends; and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked, how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they consider a day? He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The doctor did not know how they learnt the time, but they had; and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock, P.M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into this habit of late rising too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock! the next time he awoke, it was five o'clock; but there were no persons in the street. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing, probably, to the climate.

NEVER LESS ALONE, THAN WHEN ALONE.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

SELECT POETRY.

JOY IN HEAVEN AND JOY ON EARTH.

I HAVE come back through the twilight,
 Old home! to gaze on thee;
 The tall white well-known chimneys
 Through the laurel hedge I see,
 And thy rose-embowered windows
 With light in every pane;
 Ah! dark and heavy is her heart
 Who seeks thee once again!

Hark! what a peal of laughter,
 From the little ones at play;
 I've danced in yonder oriel
 As gleefully as they—
 Or listened there to goblin tales,
 Till I shook with creeping fear;
 That merry band would tremble too,
 If told that I was near!

Above, my mother's chamber!
 A lonely light is there;
 I know it is her wonted hour
 Of solitary prayer;
 Perchance she sits a-musing
 With "that Book" upon her knee,
 And her tears drop slowly on the page—
 Alas! they fall for ME!

Through me, those threads of silver
 Have streaked her tresses brown;
 Through me, her tall and comely form
 Bends faint and feeble down;
 O, might this dreadful anguish
 Her placid smile restore!—
 "Who's there?"—"Mother! THY CHILD'S
 COME HOME;
 BLESS HER,—SHE ASKS NO MORE!

THOUGHTS ON EATING.

EVERY animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and, not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats it o'er again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary-bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats five hundred times his weight before he lies down, to rise a butterfly. The mite and a maggot eat the very world in which they live; they nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyæna, for want of better fare, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor do we ever hear that an Esquimaux is troubled with the tooth-ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts so long as his meat.—WHO would be a "beast?"

VULGAR MINDS attempt to acquire factitious importance by an impudent assumption of familiarity with noble spirits. Genuine politeness is the first-born offspring of generosity and modesty; unauthorised freedoms are the trespasses of impudence on condescension.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MIND'S DISEASE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

NOTHING so truly breathes of Heaven
 As gentle words, in mercy given,
 And actions kindly done;
 The fiercest passions of the soul,
 E'en those which force could ne'er control,
 By KINDNESS may be won.

We do indeed rejoice to know
 We thus can Happiness bestow,
 And soothe the mourner's breast;
 Afford the healing balm of peace,
 And bid those angry passions cease
 Which rob the soul of rest.

Fully is its power made known,
 When REASON has resigned the throne,
 And God withholds the light;
 Light which illumines the human mind,
 Where Truth and Wisdom are combined
 With knowledge, pow'r, and might.

Its value then is manifest
 When MADNESS rages in the breast,
 And fiercely, force defies;
 The soothing voice of gentleness
 (Kind words that pity, love, and bless),
 A pleasing power supplies.

Oh, whilst with REASON we are blest,
 Let Kindness soothe the sufferer's breast,
 And Love all fears dispel;
 Our holy thanks are due to God,
 Who has not on us laid his rod,
 BUT "DOETH ALL THINGS WELL!"

DEATH,—AND SLEEP.

* How wonderful is DEATH!
 DEATH—and his brother SLEEP!
 One pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world;
 Yet, *both* so passing wonderful!

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NOTES ON BIRDS,—

The Siskin,—Bullfinch,—Nightingale,—Thrush,
—Robin.

BY A LOVER OF NATURE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The great interest you take in all matters connected with natural history, induces me to give you the result of my experience in a small way, with birds of which I was always fond—both wild and tame.

First let me speak of the Siskin, or Aberdevine. Of this little bird, you have not yet spoken at any length. This I think you ought to have done; for he is a noble little fellow, and deserves a long chapter to himself. I have had several of them, and have always found much pleasure in their company. They were cheerfulness itself, also very bold and familiar. No birds are more readily tamed, and none can give less trouble. They are strong and healthy, and sing their little merry, chattering song, from morning till night. A truly happy life is theirs. I once had a pair of these birds, which lived many years; however I did not succeed in getting them to breed.

A few years since, when at Dresden, I purchased half-a-dozen siskins for two shillings. Of these, three died on the following day, from over eating. They had previously been well-nigh starved. The others thrived famously. I gave one of them to a friend; the other two quickly made themselves free of the family, and several months afterwards accompanied me to England. They were assigned a place in front of the britzka; and as if conscious of their importance, they sang vigorously all day long. Not a little pleased were the drivers to listen to their song; and they rewarded them with a head of dandelion, or some equally choice morçeau that grew by the roadside. On my return home, I caged one of them, and kept him as a pet; the other was turned into the aviary with the canaries. They both lived for a number

of years. In London, I find these birds are expensive.* Abroad, they may be bought by the dozen at 1d. or 2d. each.

Now let me say a kind word for the Bullfinch. Talking of attachments, what can equal the attachment of one of those sweet little creatures to his master or mistress? One that lived with me a number of years, always had its liberty during spring and summer. It would follow me all about the house; and in the morning, perched upon my pillow, it would guard me with the fondest affection—flying at, fighting, and scolding any one who ventured into my apartment. My little champion was a bachelor. Wishing to please him, I procured him a mate: but thinking me perhaps over-officious, he declined making himself agreeable, and the match never came off. I must confess his principles were very orthodox, and very proper. It is *not* right, as a general rule, to interfere in matters of this kind; and when we lay any such "plans," we can hardly wonder if they fail of their intended aim. This by the way. Certain it is that he preferred a life of celibacy, and was happiest by himself. Yet was the partner I had assigned him a charming little creature, and very tame. Her temper, too, was excellent, and her disposition most amiable. In no way offended at the slight put upon her, she listened to the bachelor's song, and learned it perfectly. The only difference was, that she sang his note in a softer tone. I *ought* to have given him a "choice."

Now for the Nightingale. You have sung the praises of this King of birds at such length, that I need not enlarge much here upon his merits. The finest songster I ever had, lived with me happily for three years. He was quite tame, and I used to let him fly about the rooms in the summer, to regale himself on flies and other luxuries. He was a pet; and like most pets, he disappeared

* They are sold here at from 2s.6d. to 6s. each.
—ED. K. J.

when he was most loved. Ranging one day through the house, he passed into the room adjoining the conservatory; the window of the latter chanced to be open, and my pet chanced to fly out! In the dieting of this bird, I observed that he was most fond of raw scraped beef and egg made into a paste. Sheep's heart and egg (as recommended by some), he cared little about; mutton he would *not* eat.

Now let me tell you about my Thrush, which I rescued from some cruel boys, ere he was well fledged. This bird was of a singular habit, and by no means so tame as some of his tribe. Neither was he of a happy disposition. At night, in particular, he was very restless, very fidgetty. He would never sit quietly on his perch, but was incessantly hopping up and down his cage. Perhaps these bad habits were hereditary? [We think it more than likely; for we have known several birds from one particular nest, exhibit similar "hereditary" propensities. Some birds can never be tamed. They were born wild, they live wild, they die wild.] This bird lived many years with us, singing most beautifully all the autumn and winter. In the spring, however, he was overpoweringly loud; and we found it impossible to have him suspended in a room.

As you have borne with me politely thus far, I will now only draw on your patience for a few minutes longer, while I speak of your own pet—the Robin. These little darlings—are they not *most* loveable? [Indeed are they. When we are *chez nous*, we live with them, and they with us. We are never, scarcely, out of their society. They sing to us, walk with us, run with us, all but *talk* to us. Oh! we do love the rogues dearly!] And observe, Mr. Editor, they are not always invited guests. In the first instance, they invite themselves. Do they not seem intuitively to know that they are welcome? And do they not presume upon that knowledge, to come in and out of your house just when they will? [This is their true character, their invariable course of action where they find a welcome; but there are, even in our own neighborhood, many people who hate birds, and SHOOT robins! The gardens of these people are perfectly free from our little visitors. With us, they seem to take shelter in perfect confidence, and in large numbers.] Of these "voluntary" visitors, Mr. Editor, I have had no end. Winter brings them regularly to their old quarters, and very rarely do they desert a friend.

Even at the sea-side, where there is scarcely a bush to shelter them, a robin once found out our green-house, and used to come in, every evening, to roost. When the west wind blew so strong as to pre-

vent the green-house door being opened for him, he would fly round to the opposite side of the house, and attract attention by a peculiar twit, or rapid utterance of a short but loud song. This always caused the window to be opened; he would then fly in, pass through the drawing-room, and make his way direct to the green-house.

Last Spring we had a robin, which lived almost entirely in the house. Our window was usually left open at night for him, to enter. If, by chance, it was *not* left open, Mr. Bob would come and tap loudly on the glass with his beak, and flutter to get in, until some one of the family came to his friendly aid. How often have we all been amused to see him, on his entrance, fly direct to the chimney glass! Here he would sit, attitudinise, and fight his shadow—till he was tired out!

Once, after a short absence from home, we missed him. We took it for granted that he was killed, from the fact of our finding a dead robin in the garden. [There is no doubt this bird was the victim of jealousy. So jealous are these birds (one and all), that they live in constant fear of each other. We have been playing with certain tame robins in our own garden, when others were aloft on the trees, watching us. On several occasions, these last have darted suddenly down, and struck our pets violently on the head with their strong legs, to their great injury.] We sadly grieved about the loss of this dear little bird, as you may suppose.

Robins are so naturally tame and confiding, that I much prefer them to all other "wild" birds. They so soon make themselves at home with you, and so cheerfully enliven you with a song! The robins that visit us, regularly return to roost on a particular picture; and look for their little bit of sponge-cake and butter as regularly as possible, ever after their first visit.

Commend me to the company of these delightful little visitors, Mr. Editor, say I. Harmless themselves, they teach US many a lesson that we should all do well to profit by.

JANE M. S. J.

[Our fair correspondent is very right in directing attention to the Siskin. We shall have a good deal to say about this pretty little creature, at a fitting opportunity. In one of our early numbers (see Vol. I., p. 101), a correspondent gave a long and very interesting account of the Siskin in Scotland. It is well worth a perusal.

We shall be glad to receive more "Notes on Birds" from the same source as the foregoing. The writer evidently enjoys the society of her little friends; and her remarks about their winning ways have a freshness about them which is quite charming.]

THE SPIDER AND ITS HANDI-WORK.

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE TO SAY, but such is the fact—that the Spider, although called so, is *not* an Insect.

Spiders are not arranged by Naturalists with insects, properly so called, but occupy a place between crabs, lobsters, &c., or crustaceous animals, and those now designated as insects. The position thus allotted to them is just, from a consideration of their physical structure. They have no antennæ, those flexile appendages somewhat resembling horns, which may be observed in the butterfly; and which have been supposed, by various authors, to be organs of hearing, of smell, of feeling, or of some unknown sense, although the opinion that they are organs of touch, is that now generally received. Spiders, on their liberation from the egg, are perfectly formed, although very minute, and they do not, like insects, undergo transformations. Many of them breathe through lungs, and hence their respiratory apparatus forms another ground of distinction. Still, as we are, in common parlance, in the habit of speaking of them as insects, a slight notice of their habits cannot be altogether out of place.

They are all predaceous, and live upon small insects, which they are able to overcome. This is effected, however, in very different ways. Some spin the webs, which are the abhorrence of all tidy housekeepers; others construct those nets which, when, glittering in the morning sun, and bright as the dew-drops by which they are surrounded, every one has at some time or other regarded with admiration; others do not take the trouble of weaving, but, choosing a place of concealment, "in ambush wait" the approach of their unsuspecting prey. It is, probably, of this kind, that the Prisoner of Chillon speaks, when he says—

"With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade."

Another tribe, distinguished by the appropriate name of "Hunters," are for ever roaming about, "seeking whom they may devour." The singular habits of the *Arachnida*, but more especially of those which construct nets for the capture of their insect food, have in all ages attracted attention; and the natural sympathy we feel in seeing the weak overcome and destroyed by a foe too powerful for them to oppose, and which unites stratagem to strength, has caused the spider to be considered as

———"cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd."

I shall not lose time by endeavoring to vindicate its character, convinced that nobody will deem any animal cruel, which exercises

for its support those instincts with which it has been endowed by its Creator; but shall proceed to direct my readers' attention to some of those passages in which Shakspeare evinces his knowledge of the habits of spiders, and his cognisance of the general feeling of mankind concerning them.

When, in the "*Merchant of Venice*," Bassanio has opened the leaden casket containing "fair Portia's counterfeit," and is giving vent to the admiration which so excellent a delineation of her beauty excites, his words allude to the destruction which the spider's web promotes:—

—— "Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs."—Act iii. sc. 2.

To the same insect, Plantagenet compares the state of his own mind:—

"My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies."
Second Part King Henry VI., act iii. sc. 1.

The epithets "laboring" and "tedious," are applied with peculiar felicity, for they denote the protracted labors, the industry and perseverance, evinced in the fabrication of the snare.

When Queen Margaret is hurling imprecations on her enemies, she is turned from her encounter with Gloster, by a remark made by the Queen: and while a pitying spirit seems for a moment to supplant her rage, she addresses her successor in the words—

"Poor, painted Queen! vain flourish of my
fortune!
Why strewest thou sugar on that bottled
spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?"
Richard III., act i. sc. 3.

In another part of the same play, the epithet "bottled," is again applied in a similar manner:—

"That bottled spider, that foul hunchback'd
toad."—Act iv. sc. 4.

And in both instances we may suppose it is used on account of the peculiar shape of the spider's body.

The weakness of the web is almost proverbial: hence it is employed by Job, in speaking of the hypocrite—"Whose trust shall be a spider's web" (c. viii. v. 14).

In a similar signification it has been most appropriately employed by Young—

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze."
Night Thoughts, Night 1.

In foreign countries, instances very much the reverse of this might be brought forward; for the threads spun by spiders form

no inconsiderable obstacle to the progress of a man through the woods where they abound, as a friend of mine at Sierra Leone has not unfrequently experienced. In France, gloves and stockings have been fabricated of their silk, but in this country it is characterised by extreme fragility. Hence, the spider's web is mentioned by Falconbridge, when impressing on Hubert, after the death of Arthur, the conviction, that the slightest and most trifling thing would be sufficient for his destruction, if accessory "to this deed of death:"—

"If thou didst but consent,
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest
thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee."

King John, act iv. sc. 3.

Slight, and even simple as the threads of the spider may appear, they are not so in reality; and this forms one of the many examples in which the eye of the Naturalist discerns some concealed elegance or complex mechanism, in things which are daily before "the eyes of men," and yet are never seen as they are seen by him. The observations of Reaumur and Leuwenhoeck have incontestibly shown that a "spider's thread, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope composed of at least four thousand strands!"*

In the equipage of Queen Mab,

"The traces of the smallest spider's web,"

are in keeping with the rest of her appointments; and well were they adapted for her regal state, for no Eastern potentate ever harnessed his foaming steeds by traces of so complicated a structure.

The web of the common house-spider (*Epeira diadema*) has long been employed in stopping the effusion of blood. This has not escaped the all-pervading eye of Shakspeare; and hence, Bottom, in addressing one of his fairy attendants, says—

"I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you."

Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii. sc. 1.

Its medicinal virtues do not end here, for Professor Hentz states, that the web "is narcotic, and has been administered internally, in some cases of fever, with success."†

The threads composing the webs of the house-spider appear to be formed entirely

of one kind of silk, and flies are caught by their claws being entangled in the meshes. It is not so with those which are situated in the open air, and which exhibit so much regularity of structure, as to be termed Geometric. Mr. Blackwall, in the "Transactions of the Linnæan Society," states, that "they are composed of three kinds of silk; and that although the nets lose their viscosity when exposed to the influence of sun and weather, yet, when artificially protected from the effects of these, they retain it almost unimpaired for many months."* In these webs, the threads forming the circles are closely studded with minute dew-like globules, which, in fact, are composed of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain the insects which fly into the net. Those concentric circles lose their viscosity by exposure to the air, and in ordinary circumstances are renewed every twenty-four hours.†

Shakspeare seems, in my opinion, to have been aware that there are differences in the habits of spiders; some of them constructing nets, and others not doing so. I am led to form this belief, from a passage in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Titania is reclining on the bank "whereon the wild thyme blows," and her fairy attendants are obeying her commands. "Sing me now asleep:"—

"Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, ye long-legged spinners, hence."

Act ii. sc. 3.

By "weaving spiders," must of course be meant some of those which construct nets in the open air; but the words "long-legged spinners," do not seem to me to be a synonymous expression, but to denote an entirely different tribe. Of those long-legged, or shepherd spiders (*Phalangidæ*), which do not spin nets, but seize their prey by violence, Latreille says—"La plupart vivent à terre, sur les plantes, au bas des arbres, et sont tres-agiles; d'autres se cachent sous la pierre, dans la mousse."‡ They, of course, would naturally abound in situations similar to that in which Titania is placed. The word "spinner," may justly, I think, be considered as a generic term for spider, and not as indicating that the one to which it is applied actually spins. This inference does not appear to be unnatural or improbable;—

"The court awards it, and the law doth give it;"
Merchant of Venice, act iv. sc. 1.

and, if I am right in my conjecture, the passage furnishes another proof that what

* Kirby and Spence, vol. i. p. 405.

† Silliman's "Journal of Science," October, 1831, p. 103.

* "Entomological Magazine," No. v. p. 446.

† Kirby and Spence, vol. i. p. 419.

‡ Le Regne Animale, tome iii. p. 114. Paris, 1817.

Shakspeare describes is true and correct, for it is that which "he has seen with his own eyes."

All spiders are furnished with a poisonous fluid, conveyed in their fangs; but its effects seem to have been greatly over-rated. There is one species (*Theridium verecundum*) mentioned by Professor Hentz, in the paper already quoted, as being well known in the Southern States of America, the people there considering its bite to be very poisonous. A glass of brandy is stated, however, to produce instant relief, and to arrest the violent symptoms arising from its bite, by inducing a reaction in the system. I am not aware that any of our native *Arachnidae* have occasioned actual suffering to man; yet, that they are full of venom, is the universal belief; and in accordance with it, King Richard II., in saluting the "dear earth" on which he stands, after

— "late tossing on the breaking seas,"

accosts it thus:—

"Feed not thy sovereign's foes, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous
sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee."

Act iii. sc. 2.

From another passage, it is evident that Shakspeare believed that any injury a spider might occasion, arose more from the imagination of the sufferer than the venom of the spider:—

— "There may be in the cup,

A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye make
known,

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
sides,

With violent hefts."

Winter's Tale, act ii. sc. 1.

It is gratifying to the Naturalist, to find in a being regarded by the bulk of mankind as so obnoxious, the manifestations of parental attachment. On the genus *Lycosa*, Professor Hentz remarks—"We may witness astonishing instances of maternal tenderness and courage, and that, too, in the most cruel race of animals; a race, in which ferocity renders even the approach of the sexes a perilous act, and condemns every individual to perpetual solitude and apprehensions of its own kind. When a mother is found with the cocoon containing the progeny, if this be forcibly torn from her, she turns round and grasps it with her mandibulæ. All her limbs, one by one, may then be torn from her body, without forcing her

to abandon her hold. But if, without mangling the mother, the cocoon be skillfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralysed, and coils her tremulous limbs as if mortally wounded: if the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has any perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure to defend it to the last."*

The harmony which nature has established between the colors of these insects and the places which they inhabit, must not be passed in silence. The species of *Epeira*, which weave their webs in the air, the *Thomisæ*, which hide themselves in flowers, and the *Sparassæ*, which run over the green sward, have the body either of a uniform lively green, yellow, or purple color, or varied with handsome markings; whilst the *Mygale*, *Lycosæ*, and *Araneæ*, which conceal themselves under stones and in obscure situations, are of brown, black, or other obscure colors, like the places where they reside. —ROBERT PATTERSON.

* Silliman's "Journal of Science," Oct. 1831, p. 107.

BRITISH SONG BIRDS,—No. XXXIII.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS. No. I.

THE NEAR APPROACH OF WINTER, and the consequent departure of all our Summer visitors, induce us to halt for a season in writing further on their habits, manners, and the mode of treatment. We have devoted, already, no fewer than thirty-two successive weeks to them,—leaving more than double that number to follow; and we shall, after Christmas, be again ready with our pen to anticipate their return. Meantime, we will comply with the urgent request that has been made to us—to treat of the "Aviary and its Occupants."

A love for birds is now becoming very general; and we are willing to hope, that people are learning to be more humane towards their little prisoners. There was much room for improvement!

Presuming then, that all persons keeping birds are naturally and devotedly fond of them, and that they will ever make it their study to render them happy in a state of confinement, our early consideration will be how to build them a fitting Palace, and endow it with some of the sweets of freedom—a task not so difficult as might, by some, be imagined.

There are certain birds, to whom cages, when properly constructed, are more acceptable than the range of a large room; their

natural habits being reserved, and solitude their delight. These we shall speak of, at a more fitting season. However, the generality of birds prefer a commonwealth, and live in perfect amity when congregated—each individual being allowed, for the most part, to have his own way; though, by the bye, not always “his own way of having it;”—a distinction, reader, pr'ythee mark, with some considerable difference attached to it.

There can be no possible objection, under certain circumstances, for granivorous and insectivorous (hard-billed and soft-billed) birds being associated together in the same aviary. But as this, for certain reasons presently to be given, can only be during the summer months, or from May to August, it will be necessary so to construct an aviary as to make it available for two distinct habitations—a summer residence, and a home for the winter. The one will then be assigned, during the inclement season, to the hardy or seed birds; whilst the other will be appropriated solely to the more tender, or soft-billed birds. These last, without having their dwelling kept at a temperature of equable warmth, would infallibly perish. This is worthy of particular attention; for many a valuable bird has been lost in a single night by a sudden change in the temperature.

A due regard must be paid to the proper regulation of the fire. Excessive heat is perhaps as fatal in its consequences, as extreme cold; the lungs of these delicate creatures being sensitive to an extraordinary degree. Having little muscular strength in the winter, they are unable to fight against disease; and an attack of sudden sickness is beyond their power of mastery. When once a bird is “struck” in this way, nothing but a miracle can save him. If indeed he were to survive, he would never recover; and if he were valued only for his song, not another note would he be heard to utter! Soft-billed birds, the “warblers” especially, are difficult to rear through the winter. It requires many years' practice, and patience almost unheard of, to enable one to treat them successfully; and we much doubt whether, after all, they are, everything considered, worth the anxiety and trouble bestowed on them by amateurs. Regular “dealers” in these birds will have nothing to do with them in the winter. They are wise. Thus much however may be said—if you succeed in saving only two or three really fine birds, the recompense is great.

When we first stored our aviary, we placed in it an extraordinary number of small birds—including nearly every species, hard-billed as well as soft-billed. Being ignorant at the outset of the peculiar constitution of each, and their power to resist cold, we tried a rather hazardous experiment by allowing the

more tender to hybernate, or try to do so, with the more robust; carefully noting how long they would exist in a state of health, without the aid of artificial warmth. It is only by these practical experiments that one can arrive at a perfect knowledge of facts. This experiment was a costly one, but it afforded us an excellent insight into what we much desired to know. We observed, not only that the tender birds drooped as the weather became gradually colder, but that their tempers and dispositions were visibly affected thereby, undergoing a remarkable change. They were sulky, fractious, quarrelsome, and tyrannical, by turns; and many of them, even in the agonies of death, left traces of their malevolence behind them. Nor did any of the survivors, after we removed them into warmer quarters, ever recover their original sprightliness and vivacity. Their plumage, too, was neglected; their voices were “wiry” and inharmonious; and their *personnel* “shabby.” They lost all the trimness belonging to their natural state, and seemed, to speak expressively, ashamed of themselves. When the spring came round, we felt it no more than due to our poor invalids (on whom, by the way, we had lavished our fondest care and attention during their stay in the “sick ward”) to make them all the reparation in our power. We gave them their liberty. A flight across the waters of the Mediterranean in the ensuing autumn, and a six months' sojourn on the shores of Africa, would, we have little doubt, re-instate them fully in health; and it is more than probable, that the very same birds revisited our garden, and other their usual haunts before they originally took their leave—during the following spring.

Having thus accurately ascertained what might properly be termed “hardy,” and what “tender” birds, we at once and for ever settled in our own mind the proper course of action in these matters. At the latter end of August, there must be a complete change of inmates; and the second or inner aviary must be got ready for the special accommodation of the “warblers.” The room being warmed by a stove, can of course be kept at one regulated heat; and, with proper care and attention, very little loss of life may be anticipated through the winter. This, however, will mainly depend upon a strict attention being paid to proper diet, as we shall hereafter more particularly mention; for on migratory birds it is impossible to bestow too much care.*

* Of the various phenomena attending the “agitation” of these birds, when in confinement, and which takes place twice a-year—a most remarkable freak of Nature;—we have already treated in the JOURNAL.

The trouble these delicate little creatures occasion, is immense. It is therefore but little more expensive, and no more difficult, to keep a large than it would be to keep a small number of them. Moreover, by so doing, you have a good chance of rearing some first-rate birds. If well tended, they will sing both through the winter and the spring; and if you choose so far to humor their fancy as to light up their *salon* at night, as we did, and use yourself to sit with them,—they will amply repay you with a joyous, a “right merrie” song. Candle-light warblers are our especial fancy. We have had numbers of them; and such birds! Some amateurs would have walked a distance of ten miles to have listened to them. But their race, alas! is run; the memory of them alone remains!

These little fellows throw all the powers of their soul into their “evening performances;” rarely venturing beyond a certain key-note, which may be justly characterised as harmonious. It is worthy of remark, that their vocal efforts never clash. On the contrary, every chorister's voice blends with that of his brother musician, and produces the happiest effect—the accompaniments being at all times deliciously sweet.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. I.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In No. 38 of OUR JOURNAL, I have perceived with much surprise, not unmingled with some feelings of indignation, that yourself and my old master (Bombyx Atlas)—God bless the old boy! have been showing me up in rather a ridiculous position. But let me tell you, Sir, this was scarcely fair play without giving me due notice of your intention, so that I might have been enabled *instantly* to defend my character.

Now I do not mean to deny the rest of the statement; but as your words might be taken (yes, Mr. Editor, and it is quite evident they have been so taken by some of my neighbors), to insinuate that I was such a coward that I ran away from a swallow—it is a slur upon my character that I cannot stand. It is well known that neither cowardice nor fear ever entered into the noble race of the “Finos;” and had you thought for a moment, you must have known that had I only opened my jaw when the swallow was approaching me, he would have passed clean down my throat without being aware of where he was.—Had I even wagged my tail, I should have brushed all the swallows into the lake!

No,—Mr. Editor, it was a kind motive that induced me to retire. I did so that my master might enjoy the sport between puss

and *hirundo*. To be sure, I did give a growl; as I did not wish to be disturbed from my quarters for such nonsensical sport. But could I have foreseen that I should have been shown up in OUR JOURNAL, I would have swallowed up all the swallows in the *Bûcher*; and puss with them.

I have lived to a very respectable old age; and my faithful services (I believe I may say so without vanity) to one master, during a long career, entitle me to a certain degree of respect. I have seen many a curious sight, witnessed many a strange scene; and being naturally of an entomological turn, and a great admirer of nature and natural history, also a constant companion by day and by night of my jolly old master—I think I can recite some scenes that I have witnessed that will interest and amuse the readers of “OUR JOURNAL.” If I *should* show up “Bombyx Atlas,” it is his own fault; *he* began the attack.

I first drew breath in the country house of *Villamont*, near Lausanne, Switzerland, in the autumn of 1844. Before I could crack a bone, or even lap milk, I was taken to my present master (whom I have never left one minute); and joined my elder brother, who was already in his service. This said brother, to say the truth, was the most impudent dog in the whole canton; and excepting myself (of course) the boldest rascal that ever barked; he cared for nothing, and would attack anything that came in his way, from a butterfly to a parson. He was an out-and-out queer fellow; but he has finished his career, and I have mourned for him ever since.

For the first fifteen to eighteen months of my life, I was very much caressed and coaxed; and initiated into all the little tricks that endear a dog to his master: moreover, being rather a handsome-looking fellow, I was much petted (perhaps I am so now), but I am no “ladies’ pet.” I lived like a fighting-cock. So I do now.—All my amusements consist in catching cats, rats, hedge-hogs; in fact anything that comes in my way. I used every morning to do the work of a pony; for my master keeps such a quantity of insects, that I was harnessed to a little cart, and received the different leaves that he deposited in the cart. I knew perfectly well every tree where he had to stop, as well as he did himself. And how often have I seen occasion to remind him that he had a particular caterpillar, by stopping before the tree it fed upon, and wagging my tail till he had put the necessary leaves in the cart! whereas, without me, he would have gone on and returned home without them. I have often been out hunting insects with him; and in my next I shall describe some of these exciting scenes; for I can assure you a merry entomological

hunt is extremely exhilarating, as you shall see.

Wishing well to OUR JOURNAL—although you have shown me up—I am, dear Mr. Editor, your faithful friend

Tottenham, Oct. 18.

FINO.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 10, price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—J. M. S. J. Many thanks.—L. O.—FORESTIERA.—F. M. GOLDING. A very kind proposal. Thanks.—C. M. In our next.—A CONSTANT READER. Give your husky canary some boiled milk (fresh daily) instead of water. Continue this for two or three days; and keep him out of all draughts. Read our "Treatises on the Canary," in Vol. I. This matter is there discussed at much length.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, October 30, 1852.

THE CONTENTS OF OUR LETTER-BOX are again beginning to surprise us; and in some degree, to perplex us.

It would seem that the enlarged sphere of our usefulness is becoming appreciated in the highest quarters; and that the tone of our articles on the usages of society, is recognised and approved by individuals on whom we never could have hoped to make any impression.

The manner in which certain parties address us, is as creditable to their own feelings as it is delightful to us. They suggest that the size of our paper, as to quantity, should be increased at least one half; and that the subjects on which we love to treat, should have more space allotted them. These, and several other really valuable suggestions, have been made to us; and we listen to them with all due deference.

As regards the public benefits derivable from a Paper like ours, we have never had two opinions on the subject. We have in our desk letters out of number, which amply and most satisfactorily prove to us that we have been useful, and in no small degree. The writers, in the fulness of their confidence, have indeed nerved us up to persevere, with all our energies, to become increasingly use-

ful. We have "the will" to do wonders; it is "the power" alone that is wanting.

The year is fast running out, and Christmas will soon be upon us. We shall then have been fifty-two weeks buffeting the waves of a most cruel opposition. Till that time, we shall unflinchingly "hold out." No one can *then* say we have been fickle, unfaithful, or unmindful of any promise given.

If one or more of the parties who express themselves so interested in our progress, can offer proposals to us, or show us how our head and our pen can be made subservient to their views, the "sinews of war" being also forthcoming—most gladly will we enter into any arrangement that may tend to our own and the public good. No difficulties in such a matter *ought*, we imagine, to present themselves; but, as we have already frankly said, —*our own* powers are limited.

The first practical lesson we were taught at school, still lives in our memory—"Never venture out of your depth, unless you can swim." We have seen many—far too many, offend against this rule—and we have witnessed their death. They have been drowned before our very eyes, and have drowned many others with them.

We shall most assuredly take a warning from their fate!

SOME HUNDREDS OF LETTERS having passed through our hands, penned by "Correspondents" in communication with OUR JOURNAL—we have on several extraordinary occasions ventured to comment on the characters of the writers, and to express ourselves delighted with the "originals," whose thoughts, when committed to paper, did them so much honor.

When making these comments, *en passant*, we had little idea that we should ever be called upon to give our "reasons" for the inferences we have deduced. Much less did we expect, that we should be asked to say "how" this insight of character can be gained from the perusal of a letter!

However, seeing that the request *has* been urgently made, by some half-dozen individuals whom we hold in great reverence, why should we be backward in trying to please them? They are well aware that we cannot now recal our words—nor would we, if even it were possible. We have already spoken of them as being "amiable;" and every letter they send us, only tends to make us more confident in our own powers of divination and long-sight.

Let not our readers class us among the "advertising" *charlatans* who profess to tell character by handwriting, on the receipt of money or stamps; or on the receipt of a lock of hair, &c., &c. These wandering starvelings live on the credulity of John

Bull, to a pretty tune; and we hardly need say that they are ignorance personified. No! we leave *them* to prey as they list, upon their eager and easily-caught victims; nor do we see any reason to pity the latter. They *want* experience; and it is perhaps right that they should "pay" for it.

The power of arriving at people's characters by a perusal of their MSS., is most assuredly an intuitive gift. It is not merely the formation of each separate letter that would enable us to form a judgment. It is the mode of expression (crude or otherwise)—the style of composition, as well as the manner of tracing the writer's thoughts on paper. The re-perusal of a letter some half-dozen times, seems to bring you into sympathetic contact with the party who penned it. Every time you commence reading it anew, you seem to catch the feeling that directed the pen to the first word. As you proceed, the feeling becomes more intense; and eventually, you become "one" with your correspondent. We have "presumed" on this feeling, with very many of our correspondents; and in no one instance have we ever been mistaken in our judgment. We have indeed formed just estimates of each other.

When we first launched our literary bark; and at a price that placed us on a level with the, so-called, "cheap Periodicals"—a peep at our Letter-box was a curiosity truly. It was filled, daily, with communications from all sorts of people—cold, selfish, overbearing, opinionated, conceited, and impertinent. These good folk supplied us with fuel sufficient for many a blazing fire. We did not—we confess it—know how to deal with some of them. We had no wish to offend them, and yet we could not avail ourselves of their favors. However, they one and all took to flight the moment we began to talk about raising our price, with a view to secure ourselves from the very heavy loss we were sustaining from week to week. Theirs was evidently cupboard love. With them, Christian charity began "at home." They have fled—and left their characters in our hands!

We lost, be it known, when we raised our price, ONE-HALF "our supporters" at least—but do we not value those who remain behind, and those choice spirits who have since joined our standard? Indeed do we. Our present "body-guard," as we are pleased to call them, are the delight of our life. May the day *never* arrive, when aught but death shall separate us!

With regard to the inherent power of estimating characters by their letters of correspondence, is it not in accordance with other similar, though less sensitive, powers? If you meet a man in the street, with a remarkably-built hat on, and observe him narrowly in his gait, you shall soon fathom

his empty mind. The same with a man habited in a figured shirt, on which opera girls are vigorously dancing the *cachouca*. The man's mind, and thoughts, are here full-blown. Highly as he may extol the purity of his taste, yet you may write his daily life. Then again, gaze upon a young man with an open waistcoat, and wide expanse of curiously-worked linen shirt—illuminated in its centre with a pin somewhat less than the egg of a pheasant, and having globular pendants above and below "to match." *His* history is short but impressive. You know at once the depth (!) of his mind.

The same, with young men fond of an exuberance of rings, and an elaboration of ornamental jewellery; and the patrons of those gigantic heads of matted hair. More "examples," too, are to be seen, among people who ape *moustaches*, *imperials*, and any other vulgar assumption of dignity. Then look at our streets, filled with respectably-dressed men "ornamented" with cigars and cheroots in their mouths—poisoning the very air we breathe. Many of them have been "educated;" but their ideas of "refinement" are at least curious. Then look at the conceits of our "fine men," and our "fine women," whose tailors and dress-makers have hung upon them, as "pegs," the last new fashion. To see these devotees patiently writhing under the infliction—one does sometimes feel moved (*almost*) to pity them as they pass in their agonies. Fashion! thou art a tyrant.

Then again, how easy is it, by closely observing the human countenance, to get at the measure of a person's mind! Only try it for one single day; whilst walking from Regent-street to the bottom of Cheapside. We often thus employ ourself while threading the public thoroughfares. A philosopher never needs want food for thought, whilst he is in London. Every lane, alley, and bye-way, is a study for a twelvemonth. Where do those children come from? and those mere infants, whose faces already are become indices of what their future lives *must* be? Where do they all sleep? What is their occupation? What do they consider to be their "duty toward God and man?" Look at them, and read the "answer" plainly written on their frontispieces. So much for character. We might pursue the subject for ever.

The power of defining the natural disposition of persons from the character of their handwriting, and expressed ideas—is more subtle, we grant, than the power of drawing general inferences from the modes of dress, and outward bearing of such individuals as daily come under our eye in public. The latter speak for themselves. Although an *incubus* on society—yet are they links in the chain of humanity, by means of which, cer-

tain necessary events are brought about, to accomplish some grand final purpose. As butterflies they exist, flutter away their useless existence, and die. Their names are "Legion."

Let us cite one more instance only, of the power of reading a person's mind and character, by his expressed ideas, and *manner* of expressing them. We have now been before the Public many years; and with a very active pen and as active a mind, we have written on almost every popular topic connected with domestic life. This has caused us to be so well known in all parts of the world—that, when people address us, it is for the most part with all the pleasing familiarity of an old friend. They know us just as well, by that peculiar sympathetic chord and geniality of feeling, to which we have more than once before alluded, as if they had been personally intimate with us for years. *Ex. gr. :—*

Not long since, a gentleman residing in the Midland Counties, who had long corresponded with us by letter, had occasion to come to town. We made an appointment to meet. We had never seen each other. *How* did we meet? Just as two old and excellent friends would have met after fifty years living under one roof. Our letters had been duplicates of ourselves. We could have answered for each other with our lives.*

It is this subtle gift of character and thought-reading, fair ladies, that has caused us to make the comments on your communications, that have suggested the inquiry which we now bring to a close. We hope we have done your bidding satisfactorily.

We may add that, since we raised OUR JOURNAL to its present level, we have had ONLY ONE cold-hearted Correspondent—COCOA. That lady, however, has long since seceded from us; so that we and our readers are now—and, let us fondly hope, ever shall be,—

"A UNITED HAPPY FAMILY."

* Since penning this article, we have received a most pleasing evidence of the truth of our position. We were called upon, two days since, in the exercise of our vocation, to reply to a letter received from a lady residing some forty miles from London. We did so in our usual manner, the writer not being known to us. The result was, that by return of post we received a very kind invitation to visit the family (who are very fond of birds); and to tell them, when amongst them, how best to treat their pets, in the Aviary. As this high mark of consideration is *not* usual, we cannot help believing that the party to whom our letter was addressed, read somewhat of our disposition in the character of our expressed thoughts. We *wish* to believe it to be so.—ED. K. J.

IT HARDLY NEEDS BE A MATTER FOR ASTONISHMENT, that the remarks we made in our "Code of Health," (see p. 209, *et seq.*) have roused the public to a consideration of the danger they run, in the free use of London omnibuses, cabs, etc. We cannot too strongly urge upon the public, yet a second time, how many, and what dire diseases are disseminated, daily, by the close contact of the sound and healthy with the ailing and diseased.

Now that the Cholera has arrived amongst us, it has become a duty for us to dwell upon all that may assist in preventing its ravages from spreading, unnecessarily, wider. All who *can* walk, at this season, *should* do so; and no person ought needlessly to incur a risk, the danger arising from which it is too horrible to contemplate. The "cheap" omnibuses are little better than common locomotive pest-houses. If you enter them and escape "scot free," be thankful to PROVIDENCE; but say nothing about your own prudence and sagacity. "Penny wisdom" costs many "pounds," to set such "folly" right.

We have received a multitude of Communications, having reference to our "Code of Health,"—in all which the Public are greatly interested, and of which we shall take notice from time to time. For the present—we will content ourselves by printing a letter received from a gentleman, signing himself "A Guardian of the Poor for ten years, and a Reader of OUR JOURNAL from the commencement."

"Your remarks upon Cabs," says our correspondent, "must not be suffered to pass by unheeded. The Whitechapel Union, the Strand Union, and others, are fully alive to the frightful danger which all persons incur, who are daily in the habit of using cabs; seeing that the latter are constantly conveying people in the last state of fever, to the respective metropolitan hospitals. Woe be to the *next* man or woman that enters such cabs! If the father or mother of a family—of course they not only suffer themselves, but carry, locked up in their very garments, the insidious disease into the houses where their children live! Thus are lives daily sacrificed, and, by contagion, mischief follows mischief. These facts are too palpable for any one to attempt to gain-say them.

"The 'Fever' and 'Small-pox' hospitals, have expressed themselves most desirous of having *proper, easy conveyances*, provided on purpose for sufferers from these diseases. But sad to say, the Board of Guardians have no power to apply money to such purposes. Yet could this be easily remedied by the Poor Law Board issuing an order to that effect.

"Such a humane course of proceeding would speedily be estimated, and become general. And when we consider *how very much pain* would be spared the poor sufferers in their removal, it becomes—does it not?—criminal to be careless in the matter. If this be not so; yet, would there not be a great amount of evil prevented in removing the frightful sources of contagion, and so stopping the spreading ravages of disease?"

WE need offer no comment on the above. The suggestions are such as *ought* to meet with immediate attention in the proper quarter. Let us hope that they *will* do so; for—OUR MORTAL ENEMY IS ALREADY AMONGST US.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Frogs and their Skins.—I think, Mr. Editor, we may take it for granted that *toads* cast their skins; for we are told by Mr. Henslow, of Hitcham, that he has *two* Jersey toads which have "changed their skins." That the same practice exists with frogs, I have yet to learn; for though I have kept them for years, neither myself nor family have ever seen anything tending that way. Let me here mention a curious circumstance. Two of my frogs, which were caught in a garden and far from the reach of any water, have never taken to the water like the old ones. Whether there exists any difference in the nature of the two tribes, I cannot say. The two garden frogs always rest—one *on* and the other *under* the moss; this, both by day and by night. —J. LUSHER, 2, *Exeter Change*.

The Black-cap.—I have just purchased a fine black-cap; a brancher, clean moulted. He is fed off on Clifford's German-paste and bread; and has already begun to sing. You say these birds are imitative. Shall I do wrong in hanging him up with my larks, canaries, goldfinches, &c.? —J., *Stepney*.

[The Black-cap's voice is so sweet, that he can sing nothing badly. If you are not desirous of confining him to his own natural note exclusively, let him form a part of your orchestra by all means. He will copy from all, and be a host in himself; he will assist, too, in improving the rest. You must ever bear in mind, that real fanciers keep *all* birds that they wish to be *true* to their own song, in a room far away from the rest. In your case, there is no need for this. Stick to CLIFFORD'S German paste. We have given several receipts for making other pastes, but to his we give the preference.]

Remarkable Trait in a Cat's Character.—I know, Mr. Editor, you are not over-fond of cats. Nevertheless, your principle is one that approves of fair play. I have just seen the following in the "Fife Herald;" and I think if transferred to OUR OWN JOURNAL, it will not be out of place.—"A cowfeeder's wife in Union Lane, Perth, recently had four chickens hatched by a hen, which died in four days afterwards. The good woman, actuated doubtless by mixed

feelings of duty and interest, was anxious to protect the young chickens, and accordingly procured a box and placed them in it near to the fire, so as to make up for the want of the natural heat of their parent. Her favorite cat showed great anxiety to get into the box along with the chickens; but its mistress, imagining that the cat only wanted there to make a dinner of them, did all she could to prevent puss from getting near the box. All endeavors to keep off the cat, however, were unavailing. At length, the cow-feeder himself prevailed upon his wife to allow the cat to go into the box, and great was their surprise when puss, instead of destroying the birds, showed the greatest maternal care and solicitude for them. It lay down beside them, stretched its paw and purred over them, manifesting evident tokens that it sympathised with their forlorn situation. The chickens, in return for the kindness shown by one hitherto considered their natural enemy, crouched around the cat as if they had been under the wing of their mother. In the morning, when the birds went to feed, the cat went along with them, ate out of the same dish, and appeared more desirous to satisfy their wants than her own. Throughout the day, the cat and the chickens were inseparable companions. When they went to sleep for the night, the cat invariably went also along with them. Such conduct on the part of the cat, of course attracted numerous visitors; and Mr. Scott, of the White Horse Inn, North William Street, wishing to get possession of the cat and chickens, bought them for a considerable sum from the cowfeeder's wife on Saturday week. Under Mr. Scott's care, they are growing more fond of each other. They feed, and walk, and sleep together, and the chickens are thriving well under the motherly guardianship and protection of this, the kindest of all cats."—If this be true, Mr. Editor, it is curious—is it not?—M.

[We receive all these communications with extreme caution—knowing how, at *this* season of the year, they are "worked up" for the newspapers. Of some forty or fifty curious anecdotes of animals, that have recently gone the rounds, we have been able to use not more than one or two. Being very close observers of Nature, it is not difficult for us to single out these fabrications; but it is injurious to science, for such falsehoods to be so widely circulated. As the *names of parties* who can be referred to, are printed in the present instance, we see no harm whatever in recording this anecdote; we have given our authority, and thank our observant correspondent for directing our attention to so curious a narrative. Had the cat previously been deprived of her kittens, we could have given it more ready credence.]

Cruelty to Animals.—Having been a subscriber to OUR JOURNAL from its very first Number, it is only natural that I should watch over its interests with extreme jealousy. I have been so charmed with the amiable and humane tone that has pervaded it throughout, that I feel indeed privileged to speak when I see anything going wrong with my "pet" periodical. How could you, Mr. Editor, give insertion to that PAPER in No. 38, entitled "Notes by a Naturalist?"

The article itself is good; but how very cruel is the writer, "D.," so minutely to particularise and dwell upon the writhings of the poor impaled dragon-fly! It is the first blot I have seen on your fair pages; and let me hope it will be the last. I *do* imagine that the remarks I allude to, really escaped your usually vigilant eye—so decided an enemy are you to any the least act of wanton cruelty to animals. I will not offer any excuse for this communication—why should I?—E. J. M.

[We thank you, Mademoiselle, more than we can express, for the trouble you have taken to bring under our observation what indeed is "a blot on our fair pages." It did most assuredly escape our eye. The writer, who resides at a remote distance, is we feel sure the very last man that would willingly inflict pain upon any creature. In the enthusiasm of his glowing description of the animal's beauties, he has allowed his pen to belie his feelings. We readily offer this apology for him in his absence.]

"*Second*" *Appearance of Leaves on Apple-trees.*—I have just read, Mr. Editor, in a Hampshire paper, that the trees which were stripped of their verdure in the tremendous storm of the 11th of August, are now re-covered with a fresh succession of leaves. The apple-trees in the neighborhood of Carisbrooke, have just put out their spring shoots; the laburnums are showing their yellow pendulums; and the horse-chestnut exhibits evident symptoms of an intention to flower a second time in the same year.—How curious this sight must appear, so late in the autumn! The coming frosts, however, will soon put an end to all hopes that may have been entertained for a second benefit of flowers and blossoms.—MARY ANN E., *Andover.*

Bees.—The following circumstance connected with bees, occurred this season in the garden of the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Barnet Common, Hertfordshire. For several seasons past, I have had the management of a few hives which that gentleman keeps. This year he had two stock hives; and near the end of February, I went to see if they had survived the winter, and whether their winter stock of provisions was exhausted, and would require feeding or not. After I had done examining the two hives, Mrs. J. requested me to put a glass on the top of one of the hives for the bees to work in; for the purpose of obtaining a quantity of pure honey. I did so, and then covered the glass and left the bees to the freedom of their own wills. On the second of May, Mrs. J. called on me early in the forenoon, and requested me to come and look at one of the hives, as a great many bees were out in a cluster outside the hive, and she thought they were likely to swarm. As the morning was cloudy, and so early in the season, I thought that they might not swarm for a few days, although they were in a cluster outside the hive. I have had my own bees situated in the same way under the alighting board for a considerable time before swarming. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the same day, I went into the garden to see the state of the hives. I had not been there more than a few minutes, when, from the hive that the glass was

placed upon in the end of February, a fine swarm came off. No time was lost in putting them into a hive, and, strange to say, a few minutes only elapsed, when the other hive swarmed also. The bees had made no comb in the glass placed on the top. On the 15th day, after the two hives swarmed, I called at Mr. Jones's to see if there was any appearance of either of the two hives "throwing a cast," and seeing the bees of one of the hives rather in a state of agitation and apparently no working going on, I concluded that they might come off that day. In a short time they did come off; and I put them into a hive. I had just finished hiving the bees, when the other hive sent out a cast also. This is rather singular, considering that the gentleman had only the two stock hives. If he had been in possession of a considerable number, no notice might have been taken of this circumstance.—ROBERT DOWNIE, *Arkley-lane Cottage, Barnet Common, Herts.*

On Planting Bulbs.—The hyacinth, narcissus, &c., Mr. Editor, that make such fine ornaments for a greenhouse and drawing-room in winter, should now be potted immediately, in order that a fine display of bloom may be insured. I have found five-inch pots to be most suitable; and I would therefore recommend them. To manage these flowers well, it is essential that the pots be well drained; for although they will thrive in glasses of water, *they require sufficient drainage when potted.* I have found it an excellent plan to place about two inches of good rough rotten dung next the crocks. The soil best adapted for them, is, two parts good loam; one part well rotted cow-dung; and one part leaf-mould—with equal portions of peat and sand; all well mixed together. In potting, I have found filling the pots rather firmly (to within two inches of the top) placing the bulb in the centre, and afterwards filling up to the rim, better than the old practice of potting loosely and pressing the bulb into the soil. After potting, they may be removed to a spare frame or corner, and covered over with six or eight inches of old tan or ashes. Here, they may remain until the time arrives for placing them in a warm stove or pit to start them. By following the above directions, I imagine that few complaints will be heard respecting unripe or bad bulbs, and the grower will be well rewarded for his trouble by a fine display of bloom.—E. BENNETT, *Perdiswell.*

|| *Gardens should never be watered when the Sun shines*; it is very injurious, because it excites the roots to increase absorption, and consequently the leaves to increase transpiration of moisture. Immediately afterwards the surface of the earth becomes caked, and the root moisture is evaporated. Yet do the excited leaves go on with their increased transpiration, and flag and parch worse than before. Naturally, abundance of water in the form of rain never comes to the roots of plants, except when the air is saturated with moisture. So that, though there is an increase of water to the roots, *less is given off by the leaves.* To imitate this dictate of nature as nearly as possible, gardeners give water of an evening—just as they are closing their glass.

This secures a damp atmosphere at the same time. A little reflection would make practical gardeners of us all.—ALICIA.

"Revolutionary Principles;"—A new Reading—I am a determined supporter of yours, dear Mr. Editor; and I never fail in my walks and drives to make diligent inquiries for your noble little JOURNAL. When I can make personal application, I do so; if in my carriage, the servant makes known my wants. Do you know, Mr. Editor, that you stand charged by the whole fraternity of booksellers, with being a man of very horrible, very fearful principles? The bare mention of OUR JOURNAL seems to drive all the dealers mad. [You are perfectly correct, Madame. It is as you say.] Such shruggings of the shoulders—such mutterings—and such direful anathemas, are hurled at your poor devoted head, that I almost wonder you have not been assassinated on your way home! All this, no doubt, you are already pretty well aware of [But too well!], as you frequently hint at it; but I must beg room for the "very last" answer given me by an elderly and, apparently, respectable man—one who has evidently learnt to read. On asking for the last number of the JOURNAL, this worthy soul started up from his seat, as if I had insulted him. "No, Madam!" said he, with a giant's lungs. "I have not got it, and never shall have it. Its days are numbered. Its proprietor is a man of THE MOST HORRIBLE REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES, and we are determined to crush him."—*Can you laugh, Mr. Editor?* If so, have I not given you "cause" for some little merriment? Surely, the "veil of ignorance" does yet want removing in some quarters; nor did OUR OWN JOURNAL make its appearance one single hour too soon!—G. K. C., *Harley Street, Cavendish Square.*

[We can laugh, and often do laugh, Madame, at these little outpourings of brotherly love, kindness, and good-will. Still, while we feel "amused," we yet cannot but regret that so much of the "savage" defiles the fair form of man. Neither you nor ourself can ever hope to effect any good, on minds so constituted. We shall never again attempt such an impossibility. Many thanks for your note.]

Ladies and Monkeys; at Home and Abroad.—Some time since, Mr. Editor, you expressed some surprise at the excessive and most unaccountable affection lavished by the fair visitors to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, on the MONKEYS. You said, and with strict truth, that the "monkey-houses are filled with well-dressed women from morning till evening." It would seem by a statement I send you (annexed), that our English women are not "original" in their taste for monkeys. In Spain, the ladies of *haut ton* employ them as messengers *dans les affaires du cœur*, an honor to which "Jocks" never dare aspire, thank God! in this our "happy land." The following is from the "Times" of a recent date:—"The Madrid Journals contain an account of the arrest of a street organ-player of that city on a singular charge. This man, whose name is Juanito, had a monkey which he dressed in the uniform of a sailor, and sent up to the windows

of the houses before which he played his organ, to receive the money that was given. In this, the police saw no offence; but, it appears, that Juanito was in the habit of putting under the jacket of his monkey certain love letters, with which he was entrusted; and for delivering which, he was well paid. This was regarded as an offence against public morals and the honor of the married Senors of Madrid. The mode in which the letters were delivered, was as follows:—When the monkey ran up to the windows, Juanito kept pulling his cord, and caused him to shift from place to place until he arrived near the lady to whom the letter was addressed. He then ceased to pull the cord; and the monkey well knowing what he had to do, drew out and presented the letter. The latter was eagerly caught up by the expectant lady; and the monkey received from her fair hand a reward for the services he had so faithfully rendered."—So that, Mr. Editor, after all, our English ladies are only ape-ing the customs of Foreign ladies!—A LOVER OF ALL THINGS (IN THEIR PROPER PLACES), *St. John's Wood.*

Flies destroyed through the simple Agency of Flowers.—I send you the following very curious particulars, translated from *La Belge Horticole*. It is worthy of "OUR JOURNAL RECORDS," inasmuch as it may assist in preventing unnecessary "cruelty to animals." The "Fly Papers," which we now use in England, and whose horribly-barbarous properties you have so eloquently exposed (see Vol I., pp. 21 and 42), will, let us hope, henceforward be banished. They are modern atrocities of the most hideous character:—"The housefly is one of the greatest annoyances of domestic life, and numerous means have been proposed for its destruction. We beg to call attention to a novel and interesting method of accomplishing so desirable an end—namely, by the agency of a beautiful and fragrant flower. Every one has observed that the mission of certain plants appears to be the capture, torment, and death of insects; and particularly flies. The Nepenthes, the Sarracenas, the Dischidias, the Marcgravias, and other plants, secrete a sweet and odoriferous fluid, which allures the flies to destroy them. The *Dionæa muscipula* has its leaves armed with teeth and darts, and as soon as the fly comes within their grasp, it is squeezed and pierced as in a vice full of knives. Certain Droseras are covered at the extremity of their hairs with a viscous fluid, which entraps the unwary insects, and consigns them to a lingering death of hunger and fatigue. Nature abounds in similar examples, all of which point to living plants as a means to free ourselves from the nuisance of flies in our apartments. At the commencement of the last century, a man named William Hale emigrated to Halifax, in Nova Scotia. He found there a curious plant, which he sent to Europe. In 1731 Miller cultivated it, and mentioned it in his Dictionary. It was then popularly termed, 'Fly-catching Dogbane.' Linnæus perceived its affinity with the genus *Apocynum*, and called it *Apocynum Androsæmifolium*—an unhappy designation, and which would be well replaced by one indicating its curious property of catching and killing flies. The

plant grows a foot or two in height, and requires a light, dry, warm soil. Cold and heavy soil kills it; and it cannot endure any disturbance of its roots. It is propagated by division of the roots in autumn or spring, but rarely produces seed. It diffuses an aromatic odor, which being perceptible at a considerable distance, attracts the flies from all the surrounding spots. Darwin, in a note to his poem, 'The Botanic Garden,' published at the close of the last century, gave an explanation of the process by which the *Apocynum* catches and destroys the flies. He says it is the stamens that capture the insect; that it is attracted by the odors, and that in order to suck the sweet fluid contained in the flower, it is compelled to introduce its trunk between the filaments, when it cannot withdraw it. A better explanation was given in 1794, by William Curtis. He observed that the greatest number of victims which one flower can make, is five. He shows that the flies caught are of different species, but more particularly the *Musca pipiens*, the troublesome insect that so frequently attacks ourselves in order to suck the blood. He says the house-fly is never caught by the *Apocynum*, an error which may be contradicted by any one who has ever seen the plant growing in a room. It arose, no doubt, from the observation of Curtis being exclusively directed to plants in the open air, where the true housefly, *Musca domestica*, is never found. He has shown that the anthers are united into a cone in the centre of the flower, leaving between them five interstices, which are narrowed from the base to the summit. In the centre are two ovaries, surrounded by a glandulous substance which secretes a saccharine liquor. At the summit of the pistils are two urn-shaped stigmas; the middle of each of which is surrounded by a glandulous circle, also secreting honey. On this point the anthers adhere with tenacity, so that it requires some force to separate them. When the flies, attracted by the perfume of the flowers, come to settle on this part, they discover the interstices where they can introduce their trunk. Downwards, the entrance is easily made, and the insect at first contents itself with sipping from the interior disk; but it soon discovers a more inviting nectar towards the top of the passage; and, as it is obliged to re-ascend, in order to reach this with its trunk, it finds itself caught. A plant of the *Apocynum*, grown in a room, bears thousands of flowers, and will catch numbers of flies every day."—May we live to see this *in general use* amongst us!—*HUMANITAS, Overton, Hants.*

A Cheap and Novel Weather Glass.—There is, Mr. Editor, in "Hone's Every-day Book," page 491, a letter, giving an account of a weather-glass, used for several years by a gentleman on whose veracity the author could depend. This strange barometer consisted of a common eight-ounce phial, filled to within one-fourth of its space with water, and having therein a leech-worm; the water was changed once a week in fine or summer weather, and once a fortnight in cold or winter weather; the mouth of the phial was stopped with a piece of fine canvas, and hung near a window in the room where the gentleman dressed. In fine weather,

the leech-worm remained motionless at the bottom of the phial, rolled together in a spiral form; and as long as he saw him in that position in the morning, he was certain the day would be fine; if the day was to be wet or showery, he was sure to find him creep up to the top of his habitation, and he remained there till the weather cleared up. If wind or storms were near, it ran and galloped through the liquid, nor ever rested till the tempest began to blow violently. If thunder and rain were near, it generally kept out of the water for two or three days previous thereto, and discovered great uneasiness by throes and convulsions. In frost, as in fine weather, it kept its place at the bottom; before snow, it crept up to the very mouth of the phial. From these observations on the leech-worm, the owner was always able to foresee what sort of weather was likely to be expected; and as the cost or trouble of such a weather glass is so trifling, your readers can readily make a trial, and then they can judge from their own experience of the truth of the statement.—J. T. D.

Nightingales fed on German Paste.—Do you think it possible, Mr. Editor, to have *fine* nightingales, if they are fed upon German Paste?—J., *Stepney.*

[Certainly *not*. All old birds, caught on their arrival here, *must* be fed on raw beef and egg. If they chance to live on such food as German paste, &c., they will not sing, nor thrive. Take this for granted. "Branchers" and "nestlings" may be reared on it; but it is *not* their natural food; neither does it assimilate with their constitutions. Brancher nightingales are good imitative songsters, we admit; but of course not equal to the old birds. If you will have a first-rate bird, with purity of song, you *must* conform to the rules of nature.]

TOWN,—OR COUNTRY?

GIVE ME THE COUNTRY. Country! The very word has music in it, it brings up thoughts of the merry maypole; the freshness of the woods and fields, pansies and spring violets; shady lanes; and rose-embowered lattices; the hum of bees, and the music of birds; the bleating of sheep, and lowing of cattle at eventide. Clear skies, from which the sun shines down among green leaves, and upon grass land; mossy banks, and gurgling rills, while trout and minnow

Taste the luxury of glowing beams
Tempered with coolness.

Country, however, we cannot all have. We who live in towns and cities—the great accumulated deposits of civilisation, must ply away at our several tasks, some with the hammer, and others with the quill; shopmen at their counters; lawyers in their chambers; needlewomen in their attics; merchants in their counting-houses; laborers at their daily work. But even here the love of country shows itself as strikingly as ever. The

strong passion displays itself in a thousand forms.

We cannot all have the pleasures of a country life—true! But what remains? Why, we bring the country into our towns, into our rooms, into our windows! Here, in London, amid a population of some two million souls, we have struggled, generation after generation, and with no small success, to rescue and reserve green spots of turf and trees, every here and there, from the ever encroaching and extending demands of population and commerce. Leigh Hunt, that kindly and loving-hearted observer of nature in all its moods, tells us, in his interesting book on "The Town," that "there is scarcely a street in the *City* of London, perhaps not one, nor many out of the pale of it, from some part of which the passenger may not discern a *tree*. There is a little garden in Watling Street! It lies completely open to the eye, being divided from the footway by a railing only." In numerous places, even in the heart of the *City*, there are to be seen trees and green spots, that surprise the observer in the midst of the noise and smoke. Then there are the fine *old* parks—St. James's that emerald gem, set in the very midst of the bustle and business of the West End. There are the modern parks—the lungs of the metropolis, Hyde and Regent's, every year becoming more and more beautiful. And, finally, there are the new parks, at Battersea and the east end of London. Nothing but the strong love of *the green*, and the laudable desire on the part of the Government to gratify this excellent taste on the part of the people, could have led to the appropriation of such large tracts of valuable ground in and about London, for the purpose of public recreation and enjoyment.

Go to Covent Garden Market any morning in June, and you will there find the general love of flowers and green leaves displaying itself in another form. The stalls are filled with endless loads of *bouquets*; the tables are gaily set out with their tempting array of calceolarias, geraniums, fuschias, cactuses, roses, and heliotropes; all nicely potted and mossed. And few there are who can resist the pleasure of having one or more of these in possession, and bearing them off in triumph. Many a longing look is cast upon these stalls by those too poor to buy. What would not many a poor girl give to be the owner of one of these sweet plants; reminding them, as they do, of country, and gardens, and sunshine, and the fresh beauty of nature? How often have we been gladdened by the sight of a flower in a poor city dwelling; there it shines like a star in the dark, a light in the humblest house. The love of flowers is beautiful in the young; beautiful in the aged. It bespeaks simplicity, purity, deli-

cate taste, and innate love of nature. And long may flowers bloom in the homes of our people, in their parlor-windows, in their one-roomed cottages, in their attics, in their cellar dwellings even! We have hope for the hearts that love flowers, and the country of which they are born.

See, perched in that window-sill, high above the rushing tide of city life, a *lark* in its narrow cage. Its eyes upturned, and its feet planted on the bit of green turf, which its owner brought from under a great oak-tree in the forest, when on his last holiday ramble; it pours through its little throat a flood of melody and joy.*

Though confined, yet it sees the sun through its prison bars, looks up cheerfully, and sings! And its captive owner in that narrow room behind—captive by the necessity of laboring for his daily bread,—he too, as he hears the glad melody, and as his eyes glance at the bit of green turf, and then at the blue sky above, feels joy and love "shed abroad in his heart," and he labors on more hopefully, even though the carol of the lark has brought his childhood's home, the verdure of its fields, and the music of its words gushing into his memory. Sing on then, bird of heaven!

You see the love of country strongly display itself on all the holidays in the year. Then you find crowds of men, women, and children, pressing and panting out of the towns and cities in all directions, towards the fields and the fresh air. Steamers up, and steamers down, stage coaches, omnibuses, and cabs; and above all, railway trains are, on such days, packed tight with passengers, all bound for the "country," for a day on the hills, in the woods, or by the rivers—a long day of fresh breathing and of pure delight. In the larger towns in the manufacturing districts, you will find railway trips made in all directions—some towards the sea, to inhale the ocean breeze and gaze on the awful deep—some to old abbeys and old castles, full of historic interest—some to the moors, the rocks and fells, and some to the lakes; and thus tens of thousands of our artisan population now occupy their long summer holiday. A blessing on railways say we; which have thus been the means of bringing the enjoyment of this healthy and beautiful taste within the reach of so large a mass of our population.

S. S.

* We venture to doubt whether this note be a note of "joy." Indeed, we affirm the expression to be incorrect. The lark is as happy as he can be, under circumstances. That is as much as we may dare to say. A lark's happiness lies in the blue ether; and like ourselves, to be happy he must have a partner to share his joys.—Ed. K. J.

SELECT POETRY.

FAITH AND HOPE.

WE'LL be true to each other—though Faith has
now parted

Two spirits that yearn with devotion and love:
We will show the hard world that we both are
strong-hearted,
And the wings of the eagle shall nestle our
dove.

They say thou art young, and that I may be
fickle;

That time will cut down all our youth-tinted
flowers;

Let us prove that 'tis only old Death with his
sickle,

Can dare to destroy such pure blossoms as
ours.

Perhaps it is well that our faith and affection
Are tried by a cold and a lingering test;

But if thou art mine, by the soul's free election,
We'll be TRUE to each other, and HOPE for
the rest.

Let us chafe not unwisely, by rudely defying
The doubts and denials that echo in vain;

Like the ship in the stream, on her anchor
relying,

We'll live on our truth till the tide turns again.

I'll pray for thy welfare, right firm in believing
That knowledge and years will but help thee
to see,

That my spirit, too proud for a selfish de-
ceiving,

Is honest and ardent in cherishing thee.

We are parted—but trust me, it is *not* for ever;
We LOVE; and be certain *that* love will be
blest;

For we'll work, and we'll wait, with LOVE's
earnest endeavor,

BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER, AND HOPE FOR THE
REST!

TALKING,—AND THINKING.

THE difference between the man of words and
the man of ideas, is immense. The latter is a
creator of thoughts, the other an adapter of them.
The man of ideas thinks—the man of words
never does. The former may become great—the
latter never: there is a barrier between him and
greatness which he cannot pass—he cannot even
crawl over it. The man of ideas has generally a
large soul; he sees all the littlenesses of mankind
at a glance, and he respects them as he does his
own, by placing them in a corner for use when
wanted. The man of words, on the contrary,
having no taste for anything but littleness,
grasps at them eagerly; and so, what with his
own and his acquired ones, he is made of little-
ness—his brain is little, so is his heart. In
demeanor he is pompous, arrogant; ever spas-
modically striving to make himself look big. In
the end, he generally realises the fable of the frog
and the ox.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SHADES OF CHARACTER.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

CHOOSE not a friend by the stereotyp'd smile,

That incessantly beams on his face;

Too often it shelters a heart charged with guile;

Its aim is deception—beware of the wile

That will finally lead to disgrace.

Nor judge that man harshly, whose countenance
wears

An expression of anguish, or grief;

How often a rich store of mercy he bears!

The sorrows of others he cheerfully shares,

And affords to the needy relief.

Appearances thus may deceive us, but those

Who study our nature must own—

That the style, and the writing of letters, disclose

The power of judging their authors. This shows

How the mind of a man may be known.

The true disposition, unaided by art,

Is faithfully brought to the light,

By certain expressions the writers impart—

A key to the inmost recess of the heart,

That develops its power, and might.

The character, too, is with judgment defin'd,

By the subjects one's letters convey;

The pride of the haughty, the love of the kind,

The weakness or power, and bent of the mind,

THE PEN RARELY FAILS TO PORTRAY.

MORE RULES FOR HEALTH.

In the ever-memorable year of our Lord, 1604, a
Mrs. GRIMSTONE, (worthy soul!) thus wrote—"Let
thy WILL be thy FRIEND, thy MIND thy COMPANION,
and thy TONGUE thy SERVANT."—What a desirable
thing it would be for everybody to act upon this
principle in 1852! Mrs. GRIMSTONE's "charge"
has long since ceased to live in the memory of even
our "oldest inhabitant." The WILL is now our
Slave. We do as we like; and must not be
crossed. Our COMPANIONS, for the most part,
have little brains, and our TONGUE gets us into
endless trouble. We cannot help thinking, as
we have before said, that we are, as a nation, much
"too fast."

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AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. II.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I PROMISED, IN MY LAST, Mr. Editor, to give you a description of a merry entomological party; and although I have witnessed a vast many, I have seldom enjoyed myself more than when hunting *Aglia Tau*. I suppose you know what that creature is; but if you do not, I will just tell you. It is a large yellowish-brown bombyx, with four large blue eyes, one on each wing. I suppose he has these four eyes, to see us all the better with; for in all your life you never, never could conceive such a dodge! He is here, there, and everywhere, before you can get one look at him. Now on your nose, then on your tail, now up again; I never saw such a fellow.

But before I go any further, I must describe the party. Of course myself and my brother, Bombyx Atlas with his net and hunting box, three sons and I can't tell how many daughters, and then—a very old fellow, with only a *very* few straggling silvery hairs on his venerable cranium, and a keen blue eye; but *such* a merry old man! He went by the name of the "Grand Papa des Papillons," and, although nearly four score years had rolled over his head, he was the most active of the party, and carried an enormous net, large enough to catch myself. When the old man did get anything good, he stuck it in the crown of his hat, which he had purposely lined with cork. Deep old fellow! Then came a half-cracked German servant, laughing so loud at everything he saw, that you would have thought the poor fellow was "possessed." Oh, the row before they started! "Mend this hole in my net," cries one. "Where are my pincers?" roars Bombyx-Atlas. "I have not got my hunting boots," screams one of the young ones. "And the beetle bottle," cries another. "Now look sharp; is all right?" and then the old grandpapa puts on his large round spectacles; and breakfast being disposed of, we at length all

sallied forth to Sauvabelin. This is a noble forest, about half an hour's walk, north of Lausanne, going at an entomological pace—all the way up hill. So while our party were laughing and joking, I and my brother amused ourselves running after lizards, and when we could—I am half ashamed to confess it, but it was capital fun—we bit their tails off. I must not forget to say that a fine morning at the latter end of March was chosen. Well, we skipped by "Montmeilan," a little snug inn, where we never failed to dine on our return; took a peep at the "signal," a most lovely spot, from which, on a clear day, you might almost see both extremities of "Lac Lemman," and then made a plunge into the thick of the forest, to a place known to ourselves as the *Rendezvous des Taus*. Here we arrived about half past eight o'clock, A.M.; for observe, Mr. Editor, not a *Tau* is to be seen after midday, or at least very rarely so. Now the sport began. Bless me! how I laughed. Soon a *Tau* was seen, all in full chase. One lost his hat; another had his coverlid suspended to the branch of an oak tree.

Up jumps another *Tau*—all after him. One loses the tail of his coat amongst the briars. Half a dozen *Taus* at once come bolting close into Bombyx-Atlas's jocund phiz. He gets in a rage. Quick as a feather he is after them, catches his foot in a bit of underwood, and is soon sprawling in a bed of bilberries—a shout of joy from the *taus*, and a merry laugh from old grandpapa! Bombyx is soon up again. The *taus* come by hundreds. The slaughter is immense. The German servant fell over my brother into a bramble bush. Oh, Mr. Editor, if you *could* have heard him! It *was* rich! The old fellow was all this time taking it very coolly; he was quietly watching for the female *taus*, which seldom fly, but are generally found against the trunk of the beech tree, about three feet from the ground, and always to leeward. The game continued till past twelve o'clock; when my brother started a hedgehog. This we bag-

ged. Two or three snakes also afforded us famous sport. At one o'clock, all was calm in the *Rendezvous des Taus*. A stroll further on, was proposed; when suddenly a cry was heard that resounded through the whole forest. A *versicolora* had been taken. I mean the *endromis versicolora*, Mr. Editor. A whole host of *parthenias* were shaken off the birch trees. You would laugh to see these fellows. They sit across the branches just like a man on horseback! *Puella, rubricosa, stellatarum, metra, sabellica, antiopa*, and a whole army of others, were also prisoners. After this, an adjournment to the little inn before-mentioned, which I was not sorry for. To say the truth, I was getting hungry, as was also my brother. Capital *omelet, gruyère*, butter, wine, and good beer, were soon forthcoming; and here we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly till the cool of the evening. We then all returned home; Bombyx Atlas and his party delighted with their day's sport, and myself and my brother equally so with our day's fun.

I think you will confess this was an exhilarating scene, Mr. Editor. My next shall be an excursion in a contrary direction. Till then, believe me your faithful friend,

Tottenham, Oct. 25.

FINO.

ENGLISH BIRDS AND ENGLISH PLANTS,— ACCLIMATED IN THE UNITED STATES,—NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR,—I HAVE BEEN RESIDING, MY DEAR SIR, in the United States, for upwards of twenty years; and being a warm admirer of Nature's handiworks, have paid some little attention to the birds and plants of the State of New York. Whilst, however, admiring the fine plumage of the former, I have regretted the almost total absence of song; to remedy this, I and my associates have conceived the idea of introducing English Song Birds, and you will no doubt be pleased to learn that the *Sky-Lark* liberated in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, about eight years ago, has continued to frequent the same spot; and though persecuted almost beyond endurance by trappers and gunners, he still maintains his ground. A letter received by the last steamer, informs me that his song is still heard, and that *at least* one nest has escaped the spoiler.

We are now about to try the experiment on a more extended scale, and for this purpose we have the grounds of one of the most beautiful rural cemeteries in the world allotted us for the purpose. This consists of more than 300 acres of open and wooded land, enclosed in a good fence, and protected by keepers. We have a room in one of the buildings, in which we intend to keep the birds during the ensuing winter; so that we can liberate them the moment the season opens.

It is our intention to send, at once, the following birds: sky and woodlarks, thrushes, blackbirds, robins, black caps, and goldfinches; all these in

sufficient quantities to insure success. We have arranged to send them out by a steam ship, which will arrive there in about twelve days.

My object in writing to you is, to request that you will favor me with your advice as to the best means of keeping them in a healthy state, not only during the voyage, but during their captivity; as well as for any suggestions respecting other hardy birds. I have taken your excellent JOURNAL from the very commencement, and have derived much pleasure and profit from its perusal. I have noted well your remarks on "Canaries breeding in the open air," in England; and intend to try the experiment in America. [Do so, and write us full particulars of all your experiments. We will gladly publish them in full.]

As regards plants, we have succeeded in naturalising the fox-glove, which is now found growing amongst the rocks; but we have not been as successful with the daisy. The last hard winter left but *one* plant surviving, and we despair of success. We have seeded it down with grass; have protected plants during the winter, and planted them out in spring, but cannot succeed. Neither can we bloom the common gorze, or furze.

Whilst speaking of birds, I forgot to say that we have tried the eggs of the thrush; packing them carefully in pulverised charcoal, and when at their destination, putting them at once in the nest of the migratory thrush; these eggs, though apparently fresh, seemed to have lost their vitality. [You can never manage to export "fruitful" eggs. The embryo would be destroyed long ere their arrival.]

As I shall send the birds away in about a week, I shall feel obliged by your dropping me a line at your earliest convenience.*

Manchester.

T. S. W.

* We have replied to this letter by post, giving you all the information you require, in detail. Pray write us freely, from time to time, about your plants, as well as your birds. Our readers feel a lively interest in all such matters.—ED. K. J.

NOTES BY A NATURALIST.

PLOVERS' EGGS.

EVERY ONE who has been in London—and who has not?—must have noticed, as they fought their way through Hungerford Market, or passed some West-end poulterer's door, trays neatly lined with moss; and closely packed with eggs of a dusky-olive color, covered with little dark spots. Should curiosity prompt us to ask to what bird they belong?—we are told that they are Plovers'.

Of these, some hundreds are every week sold; and the question naturally arises—How are they procured in such quantities, seeing that the plover is a wild bird, and not at all likely to be taught to lay in straw? I often felt puzzled myself on this score; and it was not until May last, that I could get any light thrown on the subject. We had travelled far during the day, having crossed that region of heather and bog, Shap Fells; and from thence among dreary moors

to the town of Orton, but no shelter could be got there; and we had to walk a few miles further to a little inn at a place known as Tebay. Gladly did we sit down by the kitchen fire, and dry our soaked garments, while a delicious *fry* of ham and eggs cracked and sputtered on the fire.

It was while thus engaged, that I gleaned the following information from the conversation of two admiring rustics. Plovers, it may be premised, are very common on the fells in Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, especially such as partake of the moory cast: they are very striking objects in a landscape, from the graceful and unceasing undulatory motion of their flight, while their plaintive cry, "tewit, tewit!" falls with a half melancholy cadence on the ear. In the county of Cumberland, the common name of the bird is the Tewfit, and one little tarn on the edge of Naddle Fell, from being a common resort for them, is known as Tewfit Tarn. In Westmoreland, the dialect differs, and plovers become Tewit,—both names undoubtedly being derived from the cry of the bird itself.

The subject of conversation between the two rustics, was the wonderful dexterity and prowess of some egg-seeker. He is said to be a Norfolk man, and to have been driven from his own county by the hardness of the times, or the force of opposition in his employment. This individual has gained such a knowledge of the bird's habits, that he can tell by its flight whether it has left a nest, or when it passes over it; and so makes his way at once to the spot, securing his prize. The truth of this may be judged of, from the fact that on the day previous he had sent off thirty shillings' worth of eggs—which, at the rate of two shillings a dozen, would require fifteen dozen, and these were procured in two days. This says much for the abilities of the collector, and the quantity of birds. Nor are they easily procured. I thought once that I was sure of the spot from which a plover rose; and desiring not to rob it, but to examine the nest, I made for the place, and carefully searched for two hours, but I did not even then find one. The collector, or robber, has a regular system; moving over such a space of ground as will occupy his prowess for seven weeks; so that by the time he gets back to any spot in his circuit, the birds will have laid again. Thus for a second, third, ay even a fourth and fifth time in a season, the bereaved mothers are caused to utter their mournful wailings to the unheeding winds! Luckily he does not succeed in robbing every nest, or one of the most interesting of our fell birds would perhaps become exterminated.

This wholesale system of spoliation should not be tolerated; and I am happy to hear that more than one landed proprietor has determined to warn him off their grounds, and thus afford an asylum for persecuted birds. It indeed says little for the state of civilisation, or at least humanity, that to satisfy the pampered appetite of some gourmands, so many fond mothers should be robbed of their embryonic charge, and such a reduction made in the numbers of one of our most charming wild birds!

D.

ON ANGLING.

BY PALMER HACKLE, ESQ.

WE LOVE ANGLING, because it takes us from the confusion, the filth, and the social and moral degradation of large towns and cities. It places us in close contact with one of the most important divisions of human labor and skill—the cultivation of the soil, which is the real foundation of all national wealth and true social happiness, and which the ancients held in such high estimation, that they ascribed divine honors to those who were successful inventors of useful and practical modes of husbandry.

Everything connected with the land is calculated to foster the best and noblest feelings of the soul, and to give the mind the most lofty and sublime ideas of universal nature. To men of genius and contemplative habits, the roaming along river banks, and beside placid waters, gives rise to the most refined intellectual enjoyments. Such persons move in a world of their own, and experience joys and sorrows with which the world cannot intermeddle. How lively, then, how pure, how refined, how truly exquisite, must those delights be to the mind, which can penetrate into nature's works, and gaze with instructed eye on the woods, the rocks, and waterfalls! And how evanescent and worthless does everything appear, which such a one leaves behind him in the crowded and pent-up city!

It must, in short, be obvious to the most careless observer, apparent to the most prejudiced antagonist of the "gentle art," that the frequent opportunities afforded the angler, of contemplating the ever-varying aspect of nature, cannot fail to be attended with advantages of no mean order; inasmuch as such contemplations have a direct tendency to elevate the mind, and subdue and purify the heart. Under the influence of those awful sublimities which mountain, and rock, and tree, and torrent throw around their united presence, the mind imperceptibly assumes a tone which harmonises with these striking scenes; and as the giant shadows sweep across the broad brow of the majestic mountain, and the free breeze comes laden with mysterious music through the waving boughs, which sob and sigh in unison with the passing strain—the full heart gushes over in its deep delight, and the imagination teems with those shadowy phantoms of unseen glory, to which the poet's soul owes some of its loftiest aspirations.

Amidst the calmness and repose of more quiet and placid scenery, where the sublime gives place to the picturesque and beautiful; where the hills slope up from the rich green-sward, and the river murmurs through the verdant meadows, and the village spire peeps over the trees, and the tinkling-bell announces the hour of prayer; where the flocks whiten the tree-less front of some green promontory, and the distant mill-clack just makes itself heard above the hum of bees, and song of birds, and lowing of distant cattle, and the thousand soothing sounds which spring up from the ONGOINGS of the village day; the mind insensibly falls into a musing train of gentle thought, and images of peace and tranquillity, and gentleness, rise unbidden on the

soul, fill it with a calm and quiet joy—a sea of gentle hopes and benevolent projects—and banish all the sordid maxims and ungenerous principles which are engendered in the smoky town, amidst the scufflings of rival traffickers, or the heartlessnesses of the amassers of wealth. The heart becomes sensible of better influences than these, and the thoughts which owe their origin to the impressions which are derived from the contemplation of natural objects, are generally such as religion sanctifies, and reason approves. The stern and remorseless passions of our nature, yield to the genial suggestions; and there must indeed be an ineradicable root of bitterness, a tenacious germ of malignity, in that breast which is not softened by the calm silence of eternal nature, or filled with generous impulses of benevolence and good will, by the music of her persuasive voice. The patriarch of old “went out to meditate in the field, at the eventide;” the Saviour himself sought the sublime solitude of the still mountain, when he went forth to pray; and the early Christians reared their simple altars amidst the secret recesses of the sanctuaries of nature, where, free from the interruptions of relentless persecution, they might forget the surrounding world of temptation and hostility, and hold deep communion with their God.

The angler, although not actuated by such high motives, still perceives and acknowledges the influence of such scenes; and often—we confidently appeal to our brethren of the craft—often as his eye roams over the sweet scenery which surrounds him, the tear—holy type of penitence—rises almost spontaneously, the indescribable thought kindles in his heart, and the warm prayer gushes unpremeditated from his soul, sincere, heartfelt, true, because offered when none can hear, and none behold, but “He who neither slumbers nor sleeps.”

THE INVITATION.

The early sun is rising fair and bright;
And dancing lightly on each spangled spray,
The pearl-drops glisten in the dewy light
That bathes in fragrant balm the morn of May.
The thick white mists are springing far and fast,
Beneath the glowing orb's absorbing beam,
To swell with showers the light clouds floating
past,
Predicting glorious sport in pool and stream.
Oh! what a gush of joy o'erwhelms the soul,
When nature pours her matin song of praise!
What waves of sweet, sad visions round us roll!
What deep and thrilling dreams the mind
amaze!
The gladsome heart bounds joyous, warm, and
free,
And throbs with rapture in the morning
breeze,
Which, fraught with mild and mystic melody,
Comes fresh and frisking o'er the whispering
trees.
Arise, thou sluggard! Hark! the lark on high
His wild entrancing wood-note bravely rings;
He revels joyous in the morning sky,
And soars away, and still, in soaring, sings.

What frantic rapture does his strain prolong!
No chilling, passionless performer he!
His little soul is steeped in floods of song,
And pours its joy in that mad ecstasy.

Sleep on, sleep on; those notes are not for thee;
They cannot drown thy deep and drowsy snore,
No joy for thee, in mountain, stream, or lea;
Thou lov'st thy bed than morning ramble.
more!

For thee, the angler's is a vulgar art;
His simple pleasures earn thy ready sneer.
Well, well, in quiet peace at least we'll part—
My song affects not uncongenial ear.

But thou, my friend, with kindred feelings rife,
Wilt join the social converse grave or gay;
Laugh at the passing joke, or share the strife,
When smart discussions loftier themes display.

Come, haste away, and where the clear streams
glide,
Armed with the tapering line, and well-sprung
rod,
Muse on the moral of their lapsing tide,
Or hold dread converse with a present God.

Ah! who can tell the holy thoughts that crowd
Thick o'er the heart when all around is still,
When nothing moves but shade of passing cloud,
And nought is heard but hum of yonder mill!

Give me, Great Father, give me strength and
health,
A liberal heart, affections kind and free;
My rod—my line—be these my pride, my wealth,
They yield me present joys—they draw my
soul to Thee.

[The above is from an interesting work, entitled “Hints on Angling; with suggestions for Angling Excursions in France and Belgium,” &c. Published by W. Robinson, Fleet Street.]

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXXV. PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 263.)

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION, INSTRUCTION, EXAMPLE, AND OF SURROUNDING CIRCUMSTANCES, takes place principally when the innate dispositions are neither too feeble nor too energetic. Every sane man, having the essential organisation of his species, has, in virtue of “it, capacity for whatever is relative to the dispositions proper to man. It is owing to this, that nature bounds herself in the most part of individuals, with a mediocrity of moral and intellectual forces; it is, as it were, passive in relation to the impression of external objects; the internal faculties do not announce themselves; they are in a state of indifference; they seize nothing, and repulse nothing strongly; and as nothing draws these individuals towards a marked end, they have consequently no determinate vocation. Of this great majority of men it is said, with reason, that man is an imitative animal. Precepts, institutions, discussion, the severe ex-

position of the most interesting truths, have but little power over them. It is example and imitation which draw them, which give a grave air, and often a grave character to the son of a magistrate, and the bold countenance to the son of a warrior; which make the Frenchman, German, Italian, Englishman, Russian; which make slaves, freemen, republicans, &c.; but it will always be mediocrity which falls to their share. It is for these men that education is almost everything, at least in the relations of social life; it is for them that institutions must be calculated. Still, it is not admissible to conclude, that their dispositions for receiving this education are not innate. When Helvetius maintains, that if dispositions were innate in man, education would not be able to change anything in him, nor to give him anything—he takes from the nature of man and of animals all possibility of being modified, and confounds simple modifications with essential qualities and faculties.

Still, it must not be imagined, that even for this class, the impressions which come from without, have an influence exclusive, absolute, and always equal. If we succeed in introducing in a nation a certain uniformity in regard to customs, opinions, manners, professions, arts and sciences, laws and religion, it is because all these things are founded, not only on positive relations, but also, on natural dispositions. Without denying the influence of institutions, it is still evident that the general progress of civilisation is the result of the organisation proper to the human race.

In the midst of these positive things, which seem to have been introduced by institutions, by arbitrary inventions, each individual differs from another by a peculiar character, just as he differs by the external form of his body. Such a quality is given to one, and denied to another. Each has a predilection, or a more decided talent for such or such an object. There is, then, in each man, something which he does not derive from education, which even resists all education. Accordingly, all instructors have experienced, that it is necessary to observe peculiar rules for each pupil, if they would perfect the good qualities and correct the evil ones which belong to him, and put him in a state to employ his powers in a manner useful to society and himself.

This individuality, this character peculiar to each individual, shows itself in a thousand modes at all periods of life, without education having any part in it. From his infancy, man announces the character which will distinguish him in adult age. The moment you exalt his merit on account of some excellent quality, or censure him for a vicious one, he appears to be surprised himself, as by some new thing, of which he acquires a knowledge for the first time. Urge him still more, and he exclaims, "*Well, it is in my nature: I cannot do otherwise; it is too strong for me.*" Let us follow, then, the example of Marcus Aurelius, who holds it for a maxim,—that it is not in our power, nor in that of a sovereign, to make men such as they ought to be; but that it depends on us and on the prince, to employ men, such as they are—each according to his talent.

How can we attribute to education those most decided dispositions and faculties, which are sometimes observed, even in children, and which, consequently, are anterior to all sorts of instruction? Most great men have manifested their future greatness in their early years. Achilles, concealed under the robes of Pyrrha, seized a sword from among the gifts which Ulysses brought. Themistocles, when still a child, said, that if they would give him a small town to govern, he would know how to enlarge it and render it powerful. Alcibiades, seeing that a carman was going to disturb his game of cockles, throws himself across his path, in the middle of the street, and cries out to him, "*Come on, if you dare.*" Alexander would not contend for the prize in the Olympic games, unless kings were to be his rivals. It was at the age of fourteen years that Cato of Utica developed his great character, and his horror of tyranny; and Pascal, at twelve, gave evidence of his genius, by publishing his treatise on Conic Sections.

Experience proves the small power of education, when we have to deal with energetic dispositions. Men, endowed with striking characters and superior intellect, push on and raise themselves, notwithstanding the greatest obstacles. Moses, David, Tamerlane, Pope Sixtus Quintus, had been keepers of flocks; Gregory VII. was the son of a carpenter; Socrates, Pythagoras, Theophrastus, Demosthenes, Shakspeare, Moliere, J. J. Rousseau, were the sons of artisans. These examples, with which history abounds, refute Hobbes, who holds that the difference of talents, or of mental faculties, comes from wealth, power, and the condition in which one is born.

We even observe that, in spite of the most decided opposition and education, the most hostile to the innate character, nature, when endowed with energy, gains the victory both in the good and the bad. Tacitus justifies the instructors of Nero. This prince was cruel from infancy, and to all the lessons of humanity which his masters gave him, he only opposed a heart of brass. Philosophers and sages cultivated the heart and mind of Commodus; but nature triumphed over education, men saw in him a second Nero. The energy of the character of Peter the Great, could neither be enervated by the corrupt principles with which he was surrounded, nor by the pleasures by means of which, at a tender age, it was attempted to lead him into effeminate habits.

The greatest men, it is true, bear the impression of their age, and cannot entirely defend themselves from the impression of the objects which surround them; still we constantly see, that he who possesses a dominant energetic quality or faculty, pursues his route, and seizes with force the object which nature has pointed out to him. Thomas, in writing the *éloge* of Descartes, did well not to dwell much upon his education. "For," said he, "when the question relates to extraordinary men, we have to consider education much less than nature. There is an education for common men; the man of genius has the education which he gives himself, and which consists principally in destroying and effacing that which he has received." Fontenelle, in pro-

nouncing the eulogy of the Czar, said,—“Neither does good education make the great character, nor does bad education destroy it. Heroes, of all classes, come ready formed from the hands of nature, and with uncontrollable qualities.”

Almost all great men have either been educated by inferior masters, or have received no education whatever. Homer, Petrarch, Tasso, Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Racine, Moliere, Corneille, Titian, Rubens, Poussin. &c., are instances.

It is rare that great masters form great men. What, then, must we think of the public, that honestly consider it the best choice of a physician, when the individual selected is the pupil of some celebrated professor? But geniuses of all kinds, say the antagonists of innate propensities, make an exception, and form a separate class; we cannot from them conclude, that the qualities and faculties are innate.

I answer, that genius is only the energetic activity of some quality or some faculty. If, then, in cases where the faculties have the greatest energy, the cause which produces it, and which is most striking, is inherent in the organization, we must naturally conclude that the cause of their ordinary activity is equally founded in the organisation. Difference of more and less proves nothing against the common origin of obscure and decided faculties. Otherwise it would be correct to conclude, from the piercing sight of the eagle, and the delicate scent of the dog, that the sight of the mole, and the sense of smell in man, do not likewise depend on their organisation.

If by a concurrence of circumstances, a man endowed with certain very active faculties, has been prevented from following his inclination, this dominant faculty or propensity determines the enjoyments and the favorite occupations of his life. Kings devote themselves to the occupations of artists and of artisans; peasants, cordwainers, weavers, shepherds, become astronomers, poets, philosophers, actors, sculptors. The czar Peter I. exercised the mechanical arts from inclination. Louis XIV. turned locksmith for amusement. The shepherd Hahn made watches; and Haller, in the midst of his anatomical and physiological works, became likewise celebrated for poetry.

Will it be pretended, that precocious genius, or any other genius, is the result of education and of surrounding objects? I would then be informed why certain children, who, in regard to their faculties exhibit extraordinary genius, in other respects do not raise themselves above their companions? And why men who excel in one point, are so indifferent in everything else? The celebrated Betty, who at the age of thirteen, was already regarded a first-rate actor, used to play in the street with his companions, up to the moment of his appearance on the stage. William Crotch, celebrated at the age of six years, for his musical talents, was, in other respects, a child of only moderate abilities.

I have made the same observation on a boy of five years, who gave evidence of complete virility and the most decided affection for women; he had nothing to distinguish him from children

of his age, in all his other inclinations. The same contrast is remarkable in adults. The most extraordinary faculties prove nothing in favor of qualities of a different order. Nothing could have made a Horace of Cæsar, or a Homer of Alexander. Helvetius, himself, is forced to confess that education would never have changed Newton into a poet, or Milton into an astronomer. Michael Angelo would never have been able to compose the tables of Albanus, nor Albanus those of Julius Romanus. We can only explain these various phenomena by saying, that certain organs perfect themselves sooner, and others later; that, in certain individuals, some organs remain always in arrear, while others acquire the greatest energy. But this explanation shows again, that all the moral qualities and intellectual faculties are innate.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have at length, after an unwilling silence, the pleasure of acknowledging myself to be greatly your debtor. You have been *too* generous, in according me valuable space which might have been so much better filled; but finding that with regard to me, the old proverb stands in its full integrity—how can I regret it? Assuredly not!

The crowds of women round the Monkeys' summer habitation at the Zoological Gardens, (see vol. ii, page 168), *had* attracted my surprise, unmingled with sympathy. It now only remains for me to resign, with unquestioning faith, all offenders to their "*peine forte et dure*;" and to offer my excuses. One *moment's* reflection would have sufficed to convince me that you would not have been severe yourself, or approved of severity in others, *without just cause*; although at the time, this was not palpable to my near-sighted optics.

That was an excellent idea of your correspondent, "EMILY P.," to inquire the "secret of attaining the cheerfulness and uniformity of temper which shine with so conspicuous and steady a lustre in OUR JOURNAL." Yet, like the art of taming animals, I fear it is "a gift"—not in all cases to be acquired. Had your "Code of Health" appeared previously to October 2nd, its aid would have been invaluable to me, under the "trying" circumstances attending a trip to a watering place.

Finding "Bradshaw" about as serviceable to me as Euclid, and no information being obtainable from any official, the result was—*four hours' and a half* detention at an intermediate station—a charge of seven shillings for a *fly* (whence came *that* name?)—time, one hour and about three seconds—no change to be had at the hotel, for a sovereign—dignified independence of waiter, who did not even dream of sending for it elsewhere—*no shrimps!*—extortion on one side, expostulation on the other. On returning, all the passengers in a full carriage—most likely all in the train—had grounds of complaint. We instituted comparisons between the comfort of Continental railway-carriages, and fixed charges at hotels. These comparisons were not at all favorable to arrangements on *this* side the water. The con-

versation then turned upon railway accidents; one lady being thereby so impressed, as to exclaim that the railway signal was "a scream—a horrible scream." The consoling assurance of another passenger, that one never *hears* any scream in case of railway accident—"it is too quick, they have no breath,"—nearly brought us to the London Station. Here we found the usual confusion; loss of parcels, &c. Rushing bravely in the throng, to make (as I thought) a hopeless search after a missing parcel, I unexpectedly recovered it—but I received almost immediately, a polite intimation that my pocket was turned inside out! It really was so. I had ample leisure to indulge in melancholy reflection on the perversity of mankind and my own loss—the train having this time come in *an hour sooner* than it was announced as "due." More than this; the conveyance that was to meet me, had not, of course, arrived. This is "pleasant" on a cold day! Every one is unanimous, year by year, in condemning the fearful over-crowding of steamboats; also, the stoical indifference to the lives and comfort of passengers remarkable on *some* railways—yet, every succeeding year brings, not improvement, but a renewal of complaint.

I might, my dear Sir, deprecate the very flattering terms in which you have made mention of me—might object that the themes you have suggested, are quite unequal to my powers—but it is, I think, more in the spirit of "Our Journal" to make my acknowledgments for the former; and, trusting my inefficiency will be excused in consideration of the motive, to venture in my next a few observations on the all-important subject you pointed out in a recent number.

FORESTIERA.

[Most heartily do we welcome you amongst us again, kind FORESTIERA. Let all your waking and sleeping thoughts be towards us and OUR JOURNAL. We know the extent of your powers far better than you know them yourself. You cannot pass one single day, without making some profitable observation on men and manners. Write freely to us; we will as freely give utterance to your noble sentiments. We glory in having such an ally; and do hope, through your kind assistance, to work some real permanent good on society. We have already astonished the world with our boldness—but our Paper is yet in its infancy. If we live, we look forward to still greater things.]

THE EYES OF BIRDS.

ALL BIRDS HAVE THE POWER of altering the form or globularity of their eyes in a much greater degree than quadrupeds, Providence having furnished them with this power, in order that they may flatten the ball of the eye to protect it from injury, while flying among the leaves and branches of trees, and, on the other hand, that they may project the eye-ball to enable them to see seeds, flies, and small insects, upon which many of them subsist. For this purpose, there is a series of horny scales placed on the outer coating of the eye, around the spot where the light

enters, and over these are drawn the muscles or organs of motion, by moving which, the bird can either press the scales closer, and squeeze the eye into a more globular shape, when it wishes to look at any minute object; or it can relax this pressure, and by this means flatten the eye-ball when it wishes, to protect it from external injury, or to look at a distant object. In birds of prey, this mechanism is more obvious than in the non-predacious tribes.

Most people who have been on the sea-coast have witnessed the manner in which the osprey, the soland-geese, and other sea-birds, take their prey, by darting down with inconceivable rapidity from a considerable elevation, into the water. Now, these birds must see their prey at some depth in the water, from the height whence they dart; and the inference is, that their vision must be exceedingly acute for this purpose. An illustration of the same fact, with regard to land birds, may be derived from an amusement practised at Aleppo. The inhabitants, when they take the evening air on the house-tops, begin to make with their hand a motion of scattering grain; and, in a few minutes, clouds of birds, from a viewless height in the air, make their appearance, though not one was to be seen till the motion was made. They commonly reward their descent with a few handfuls of grain. The skylark soars, till it becomes to our eye first a speck, and then disappears; but, did it lose sight of the earth, it would not so soon find its way back; did it lose sight of the field where its nest is, it could not easily return. Many years since, when Messrs. Sadler and Beaufoy let fly from their balloon, at a considerable height, one of their pigeons, it made no use of its wings, but dropped down like a stone. Was it because it could not see the earth, to which it might direct its flight?

A very striking mechanical apparatus may also be remarked in the construction of the eye of birds, for keeping it clean, by wiping the lens and freeing it from particles of dust, which might lodge on its surface. The apparatus consists of an additional eyelid, composed of a very fine membrane, or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles, or fleshy ribbons, placed in the back of the eye. One of these ribbons or muscles ends in a loop, the other is a string or tendon, which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backwards and forwards.

We may remark, that this additional eyelid seems to be more under the command of the will, than the common eyelids of animals, which play incessantly during waking hours, and become, in a great measure, involuntary.

MEMORY,—AND THE “LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.”

WE all know what a power there is in memory; when made to array before the guilty, days and scenes of comparative innocence. It is with an absolutely crushing might that the remembrance of the years and home of his boyhood will come upon the criminal, when brought to a pause in his career of misdoing; and perhaps about to suffer its penalties. If we knew his early history, and it would bear us out in the attempt, we should make it our business to set before him the scenery of his native village, the cottage where he was born, the school to which he was sent, the church where he first heard the gospel preached; and we should call to his recollection the father and mother long since gathered to their rest, who warned him even with tears against evil ways and evil companions. We should remind him, how peacefully his days then glided away; with how much of happiness he was blessed in possession, how much of hope in prospect. And he may now be a hardened and desperate man; but we will never believe, that as his young days were thus passing before him, and the reverend forms of his parents came back from the grave, and the trees that grew round his birth-place waved over him their foliage, and he saw himself once more as he was in early life, when he knew crime but by name, and knew it only to abhor—we will never believe that he could be proof against invective, proof against reproach, proof against remonstrance. When we brought memory to bear upon him, and bade it people itself with all the imagery of youth, we believe that, for the moment at least, the obdurate being would be subdued; and a sudden gush of tears prove that we had opened a long sealed-up fountain.—MELVILLE.

[These are admirable sentiments; but we can never bring ourselves to believe that men *thus* educated, *could* turn out “criminals.” It is the *want* of due attention to a child's early education, either among the rich or the poor, that makes men criminals. They regard vice with a kindly eye when young, and grow up “confirmed” in loose habits, by practice. “*Train up* a child in the way he should go,” and he will *rarely* become desperately hardened. On *such* a man, memory might be brought to bear with telling effect. We shudder to observe how children are now brought up. Before they are eight years old, they smoke, swear, and ape all the manners of a grown-up person—aye, and know more at *that* tender age than we did when we were eighteen! The “consequences” are generally chronicled in the newspapers.]

IDIOSYNCRASY.—The following anecdote of a late President of Cambridge College, illustrates the peculiarity of his *mathematical* genius. When sailing one day with company for pleasure, he accidentally fell overboard. After sinking pretty deep, he at length came up; and, raising his head above the surface of the water, he gravely observed—“It is expected, gentlemen, that you will hand me a rope.”

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. I. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS I to 10, price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few “odd” numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—FORESTIERA.—FANNY A.—LEONORA.—VERAX.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—ROBERT S. writes us, with glee, that he has found an “honest bookseller,” who supplies OUR JOURNAL to him *regularly*. Our correspondent has not given his own name in full, nor the name of the bookseller; neither has he stated the name of the place whence he writes. The post mark, as usual, is a mere daub, illegible. How we should delight else, in recording the name and address of the bookseller; aye, in letters six inches deep!—AMELIA(?). The proper food for Thrushes has been repeatedly named in the JOURNAL. German paste and bun, bread and butter, snails, a morsel of cheese, and a meal-worm now and then, will keep your bird hearty.—J. C. E. You are a Trojan.—T. D. W. See answer to J. C. E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, November 6, 1852.

THE RAPID REVOLUTION OF THE WHEELS OF TIME has again reduced the year of our Lord, 1852. Only two short months now remain—we are in the first week of NOVEMBER.

We shall speak but the truth, when we say that we have parted from OCTOBER with regret. It has been to us a month pregnant with very considerable enjoyment. How many very beautiful days did it not number in its train! How charming the scenery in the woods, parks, fields, and forests, during the entire period. Up to the very last day, the trees in many neighborhoods were richly clad in the most beautiful variegated garments, and the whole face of Nature was indescribably lovely.

To mount the hills at this season, and look down upon the scene below, is our delight. The sun, now bright, anon becomes obscured with a partial mist. Distant objects are thereby veiled in some obscurity; so that the imagination gazes upon a scene of majestic grandeur, heightened in no small degree by the tops of the lofty trees, which are indistinctly visible in the remote distance. When the sun again peeps forth, and the mist gradually disperses, a vista presents itself that no pen can attempt to describe. We have revelled in these delights all through the month of October; and, we

repeat it, sorry are we to know that they must so soon become lost to sight.

We cannot help thinking, that Autumn is one of our loveliest seasons. We see, on every side, the very perfection of beauty. All the glories of the year seem collected together, and they appear to tarry as if reluctant to quit us. Nature gives us an extended holiday, in order that we may make merry to the last.

Well; we have lost an old friend, and must try to welcome his successor. November though rough, has yet some good points about him, and we will make the most of them.

The beauties of summer have vanished away,
Like volatile phantoms display'd in a dream,
And Phœbus diffuses an impotent ray,
Scarce yielding a smile to enliven the day,
Or brighten the breast of the stream.

And soon shall the forest its vesture bewail,
And valleys and hills wear an aspect forlorn;
No tremulous music shall sigh with the gale,
No flower its lustre disclose in the dale,
Nor blossom embellish the thorn.

The foliage of the trees is, this year, more abundant than usual—hence the cause for its being so long in taking its departure. Many leaves are still clinging to the branches, that only wait for a few sharp frosts to bring them to the ground. The ninth of this month, or Lord Mayor's Day, is the usual commencement of fog, mist, and damp. These visitors bring in their train, dulness and unmistakable gloom. The country, as Londoners tell us, looks dismal; and London, as we tell them, looks horrible—most horrible. The fog is so thick sometimes, as to be very injurious to the eyesight; and the streets are little better than swamps. These delights appear at intervals, throughout the month; and the apothecary and physician derive great benefit therefrom. Colds, coughs, catarrhs, rheumatisms, lumbago, gout, and chilblains—have it all their own way; and loud are the grumblings that greet us on every hand. Cabs fly about from morning till night; and omnibuses are closely packed with damp strangers. Such is London.

The Naturalist, nothing moved by these things, watches the glorious sun; who, though feeble, yet never deserts the earth long together. When HE shines, how delightful it is to walk abroad even now, and see what is going forward in the fields! What melody can equal the music of the wind heard among the rustling and departing leaves on the high trees? What is more beautiful to behold than the setting sun, sinking quietly to his rest amidst the gradual decay of nature!

Nor must we, "because it is November,"

keep in doors and huddle round a large fire. No. If it be cold, it is a duty to sally forth, warmly clad, to meet the clear claspings air—whose healthy influence makes the blood tingle in the veins, and creates a wholesome appetite for food.

In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

Every successive change in the seasons brings with it something pleasing as well as new; and if we cannot enjoy it, the fault is ours, most assuredly. We have, until now, been contemplating the trees and shrubs in all their beauty of outline, foliage, blossoms, colors, lights, and shadows. Henceforward, we must regard them in their ramifications, sprays, buds, and barks; and herein we shall find an abundance of beauty, and cause for wonder.

As in the human figure—the female figure in particular—we admire the symmetry of form, the sparkling eye, the blooming cheek, and the curling lock—so we must likewise admire the proportion and polish of the bones, and the admirable contrivance of the joints in the bare skeleton. It was the careful examination of a skeleton, that converted Galen from atheism. "Herein," cried he, with a loud voice, "is the finger of God." He was right.

There is also plenty of work to be gone on with, just now, in the garden. Nothing can be more healthy than to be employed in setting to rights what the winds, rains, and frost, have thrown into confusion. The leaves must be removed; the paths swept, the flowers taken in for the winter, &c., &c. Anything but sitting round the fire, and living in an over-heated room.

The month of November is said to be the month of suicides and dreadful fires; and we imagine there is but too much cause for it. However let us repeat, that *there is no need* to be gloomy. A happy mind may be happy anywhere, and at all seasons. Happiness is contentment; and it is only because we want more than we have, that we are not happy.

It is very distressing, and ought to be equally surprising, to observe how little regard is paid in this country to the welfare of dumb animals. The tender feeling that should inhabit our breast, seems strangely wanting. Years pass over, and yet there is little, very little improvement in the right direction. We speak of course generally. There are very many private individuals, whose hearts bleed at the record of the many acts of brutality that come under their eye.

We cannot at all understand our English laws. They are either very imperfect in their construction, or they are very badly

administered. We scarcely ever walk abroad, without beholding sights the most revolting. Let any one, for instance, watch the starting and progress of one of the "penny omnibuses," on the line of road between Oxford Street and Holborn Bridge. Some of the half-starved cattle (their bones all but through their skin), employed to drag these crazy and overladen machines to and fro, are totally unequal to the task. We have seen them, after once stopping, positively unable to make a fresh start. It has been a matter of physical impossibility. The whip has been actively used; and by aid of assistance behind, applied to the wheel, a start *has* been gained, we acknowledge. But is it not infamous that such gross brutality should be tolerated? Is it not disgraceful, we ask, that Englishmen should stand by, gazing on such a sight, and not take the law into their own hands—nor even cry out shame! We did, and got laughed at for our "softness!" What is the "Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals" about? Where are their emissaries? Have they no funds? or are they all sleeping? But we shall speak more of them, anon.

This is only one branch of cruelty to animals. On market-days, the sights that come under the eye are awful. A poor sheep, or a bullock panting for breath, stoops to allay its thirst by a little foul water found in a gutter. For this, it receives a blow across the nose or forehead that causes it to reel and stagger. It patiently passes on, at the bidding of the miscreant who drives it. The pangs of thirst are unheeded, and its sufferings continue till death comes to its aid. This is going on, "as regular as clock-work," three days a-week to our knowledge in London. And yet nobody interferes; nobody seems to think it is wrong!

We have recently called attention to the cruelty practised on animals—by attaching them to balloons, and subjecting them to a heavy pressure of the atmosphere, until the blood was forced from their nostrils. Even this, the law did not clearly define to be cruelty. It required a long consultation among the magistrates, to decide whether it was so or not. "Counsel" were very readily found to defend the practice; and assured the magistrates, with a gravity most unaccountable to us, *that the animals enjoyed it, because they were used to it!* To back them up in this argument, they referred to "the number of well-dressed and respectable persons who had frequented Cremorne Gardens to see the animals go up." It certainly does not require a very clever man to be a magistrate; but every magistrate ought to have a human heart; at least such is our opinion.

One thing is very clear: there is a prevailing opinion among high and low, rich

and poor, that animals were only made for use—not for the enjoyment of life. Look at our fashionable folk, who keep late hours while their poor animals are exposed to all kinds of rough weather in the streets. It may be said they are not worse treated than the coachmen and the footmen. That is no answer to our complaint. The two last can quit the service of their employer if they wish it. The poor animals cannot.

But we have not now to do with "fashionable" folk. We appeal to people with a *heart* that can feel, and a mind that can reason. To such we address the following remarks, penned by Mr. Sydney Whiting, who has come forth as a champion in behalf of a Society, which really deserves the most extensive support. He says in his printed pamphlet, page 12, &c. :—

Notwithstanding the great benefits to society which have been accomplished in the suppression of many ferocious and brutal pastimes, there yet remains much—very much—to accomplish, especially while whole masses of the people still remain in ignorance. Within the last year or so, legislation has increased our means of punishing delinquents by imprisonment or fine, according to the option of the magistrate; and consequently the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is armed with greater power than formerly. The good it has accomplished is immense, and the crime it suppresses is even more important; but it can only hope to be truly effectual by possessing the means of diving into those hidden places which are the foci for abominations of cruelty scarcely conceivable. This institution, to be efficient, must be ubiquitous, and its emissaries, on their sacred mission, spread all over this huge metropolis, so as, with more than Argus eye, to watch the knacker's yard, the slaughter-houses, and the cattle markets. London boasts of its charities and its institutions for the alleviation of almost every description of disease, misfortune, or suffering, and can it refuse to support, with the fullest and most bountiful means, the only society which exists for the benefit of those who have no voice to complain—no tribunal of appeal?

Again I repeat, there is much, very much to accomplish. Our public vehicles are at this moment a disgrace to our metropolis, to the times we live in. The law provides for the benefit of the passenger by allotting him sixteen inches of space in our omnibuses; but the law says nothing of *the proper weight for the poor beasts to draw*. Let any one who doubts the fact of overloading our public conveyances, station himself at the top of Hungerford Street, and he will often see, not only there, but all over the town, such loads of human beings piled outside, and packed in, as will assure him, with sickening evidence, that every strain up the steep hill is a strain of torture to the horses.

To the fair and more sensitive sex, I should scarcely venture to appeal in particular; but we all know the influence they exert upon society by their gentle, yet puissant might. Women, in a great degree, influence the tone of

all society,* and they have only to be made acquainted with the ills that surround the weak and dependent, to give them all their sweet and ennobling sympathy. I would ask them less to aid by the purse than by their counsel. I would ask of them an *individual* exertion in a holy cause, which will harmonise with their natures, and produce a greater effect than mere liberality founded upon principle, *without an accompanying feeling of the heart*. An immense moral edifice of utility may be erected, by remembering how much mankind is guided by gentle precepts from those he loves. And if he be reminded of the calls upon his common humanity in behalf of the brute creation, in the soft tones of affectionate expostulation, we may venture to predict not only a renewed support of this society, but a new-born perception of our responsibility, as rational creatures, in relation to the charge over the dumb creation which has been assigned us by an all-wise Creator, who showers down blessings upon the land to be shared by all.

Need we say how very cordially we respond to this appeal? Nay, it becomes almost criminal to remain passive, when so great a principle is at stake.

* Unfortunately, they do so. And hence the great danger to morality and good-feeling, when their hearts are *not* in their right places.—ED. K. J.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

An Amiable Cat.—Dear Mr. Editor,—let me say “my” dear Mr. Editor, because, in your leader of Oct. 23, you have said you love to hear the “purr” of a cat. [We are fairly caught, Fanny. *Litera scripta manet*. Our sign-manual stands against us.] Well, and why should you not like a cat? There *are* amiable cats, as I shall prove; so please to listen whilst I tell my little story. This cat, whose praises I sing, is of Persian extraction, and has always the good sense to appreciate kindness whenever and by whomsoever shown. She is now the happy mother of a wayward kitten, some nine weeks old. Well, this kitten, kitten-like, *would* persist in poking her little nose into the closet where the culinary *artiste* keeps her stores. To prevent this intrusion (you know, Mr. Editor, cats really have no business to interfere with cooks), the closet door was made fast by a peg. One day, however, Kitty (I call her “Kitty”) artfully contrived to remove the peg, and thus gained entrance to the closet, as *she* thought unnoticed. Not a bit of it. The cook indeed might have been deceived; but it was her own mother that detected her routing among the stores! Now for the “point” of my little story—true is it, to the very letter. No sooner did the discreet mother discover her child’s weakness, than she at once removed her from the house. To see her drive her erring child before her, was as good as—how much better than, a play! To use the expressive words of the cook, “One would almost imagine they heard the words ‘Come along! come along!’” Well, the kitten was, by its own

mother—excellent monitress!—forbidden to re-enter the house *for more than a week*. This is the more remarkable, seeing that “Kitty” was such a favorite with the domestics, who had vainly endeavored to have the offender brought back. No! no! Mr. Editor; the wise old mother insisted—and I say she was right—that her child should be punished for the offence she had knowingly committed. It is *not* the first time she has thus acted. Now, my dear Sir, may I (I *think* I may) ask you to pronounce MY CAT an “honorable exception” to the race against whom you sometimes appear so highly incensed? —FANNY A.

[Oh, Fanny! when argument and proof are so arranged before us, and urged by such a kind and affectionate advocate—what *can* we say! Yes! yes! Your cat is a prodigy. Have a seal engraved with her portrait on it, and the following motto:—

“*Mi-cat inter omnes!*”

This, whilst it astonishes the natives, will serve your cause nobly; for when your friends ask the meaning of it, you can refer them at once to the original. For your own private information, we will give you the free translation of it;—“MY cat ‘takes the shine’ out of all the rest.” It is classically neat in Latin, and being interpreted, it reads well in English.]

Curious Instance of Revenge exhibited by a Horse.—A very curious circumstance has just come to my memory, Mr. Editor, connected with the revengeful disposition of a horse. It occurred more than fifty years since, on the border of Ditton Marsh, opposite the Marquis of Granby. It was just where the road turns off to Claygate Well; here a man named Hitchiner, kept a farm. One day, he had occasion to send one of his men to Esher. The horse he rode was a fine, black, active animal, famous for lasting speed. This last is a very requisite qualification, when a heavy weight of anchors of smuggled spirits is behind, and when the dragoons are in pursuit! The rider wanted to go to Esher; the horse, however, had other views. A favorite “female friend” of his, to whom he had before paid a visit, lived at Claygate; and here *his* heart lay. However, though his horse reared and plunged, the rider whipped and spurred; and eventually triumphed. Well for him had it been otherwise! Several weeks after this, the same man entered the field, where the horse was feeding, with a view to catch him. He held in his hand a sieve filled with corn. The moment the horse recognised him, he rushed furiously at him; and seizing his arm between his teeth, carried him bodily to the hedge. On the other side, ran the river Rye; and at this point it was both wide and deep. Into this river did the infuriated animal drop his victim. He was not drowned, fortunately; but the arm was so severely bitten as to require surgical aid; and this, my father supplied.—VERAX.

Victoria Regia.—In the course of the present year, there were aquariums built for the Royal water lily, and the other kinds of aquatic plants, in the following places on the Continent: In the Royal Garden at Rosenthal, near Stockholm; in

the garden of the Horticultural Society at Gothenburg, in Sweden, Mr. Liepe, curator; in the garden of Mr. C. Kommer, nurseryman, in Bremen; at the country-seat of Herr Kammerrath Frege, near Leipzig; in the Royal Botanic Garden at Berlin. Dr. Heise, at Grevenhof, Steinwœrder, near Hamburg, had a *Victoria Regia* planted in a basin which is formed by a side branch of the River Elbe; the experiment was made for the purpose of trying to grow it out of doors. In a piece of water in the garden of Herr Kommerzienrath Bossig, at Moabit, near Berlin, there has been planted a *Victoria Regia*, which has attained a vigorous growth; and it is found to agree well with the climate. It was planted on the 2nd of January, and up to the 24th of July it developed nine leaves, the youngest of which measured two feet eight inches in diameter. In the same garden, there is also a fine structure built over a tank, in which, on the 9th of May, last, a *Victoria* was planted. The largest leaf of this was, at the time, seven inches in diameter; but up to the 19th of July it produced nineteen leaves, and its first flower, the diameter of which was one foot, when quite open. On the 22nd of July, the second flower expanded, emitting a delicious fragrance through the whole house.—*Gartenzeitung*.

The Gapes in Poultry.—I trouble you with a few lines, which I shall feel obliged by your inserting in your paper, as they may be useful to some of your readers, who are fond of poultry, and have been unfortunate in losing their chickens by a disease called the gapes, which I believe is generally very fatal. I heard a neighbor of mine had lost 100 by it this summer. The disease, when violent, prevents them eating; if they manage to pick up a corn, they gape, and before they are able to swallow, the grain has fallen out of their mouths, so that they are literally starved to death. Medicine is useless; and the only cure I have found, is to cram them three or four times a day, which keeps up their strength, and enables them, in a short time, to overcome the disease. This is the second summer I have tried the experiment, and with complete success. The person who feeds the chickens will soon find out, with a little attention, those that do not eat, as they generally creep away, and are frightened at their more sturdy companions, when the food is thrown them.—M. A. F., Winchester.

[This is very sensible advice. Chickens thus attacked by "gapes," seldom recover unless carefully tended. They are helplessness itself, and pine quickly away. Give them the run of a garden, or field, when you can. Confinement is against them, because they are ill-treated by their stronger companions.]

The Water Ermine, or Arctia Urtica.—The caterpillars of this moth should never be placed with those of another species. They will attack and devour even the larvæ of Sphinxes, leaving no traces behind to account for their disappearance. As an instance of this, a friend of mine having a number, placed them, as they fed on the same plant, with those of the Large Elephant. Day by day, these latter disappeared in a most unaccountable manner. The mystery was at last

solved, by one of these voracious gentlemen being caught in the fact. In this manner, many a good insect may be lost, if the carnivorous propensity of the caterpillar of the Water Ermine, &c., be not known to the rearer.—C. MILLER.

The Ailing Bullfinch.—I am delighted to tell you, Mr. Editor, that the inflamed leg of my darling bullfinch is very much better; and I do hope I shall be able to save his life. Thanks, many thanks, for writing to me so very promptly. I have followed your advice to the letter; and the result is most satisfactory. I wish some of your readers, who ask "how to tame birds," could see this "pet" of mine. I had him from the nest, and I let him fly about the room as he pleases. A single hemp-seed or a morsel of groundsel, when shown, bring him on my finger instantly. He never omits his note of grateful welcome, and shows his love for me whenever I enter the room. I give him, as a rule, not more than one hempseed a day. [You are quite to be commended for this. Never infringe upon the rule laid down.] He is uncommonly fond of maw-seed; and to this I sometimes treat him. Is this correct? [Quite so. A *bonne-bouche* of the kind cannot hurt him.] He rejects *flax* altogether. Between ourselves, however, he gets many a little occasional treat, that is not "defined in the bill;" hence, perhaps, his amiable love for his mistress. Oh, Mr. Editor, how I do love my "pet!" FANNY A.

[Continue, kind Fanny, to cultivate all these harmless fancies; and never hesitate to consult us when anything goes wrong with your "pets." We are quite as delighted to listen to your little sorrows, as you can be to pour them into our ear; aye, and we can sympathise with you. Try us often.]

The Cuckoo.—Will you be so kind as to tell me, Mr. Editor, whether the cuckoo can be kept for any length of time in a cage? A friend of mine reared one from the nest, but he died early in the Autumn. This she imagines may have resulted from her not perfectly understanding the nature and habits of the bird. The weather, too, was unusually severe. My friend is of a disposition to tame readily any bird. The cuckoo was very fond of her, and had his liberty in the house; ranging from room to room. He was seldom in his cage. He would follow his mistress about everywhere; but was shy of making any other acquaintances, even in the same family.—ARABELLA T.

[Tell your friend, fair maiden, for her consolation, that these birds seldom, if ever, live in confinement beyond the month of January. They pine away when the winter sets in; and all the love that a fond mistress could lavish on them would avail nothing. The cuckoo is a singular bird truly; very affectionate where his heart is given—but shy of the world generally. He is quite right. No doubt he has good reason for what he does!]

Nightingale for Sale.—I thank you for making known my wishes, with respect to the disposal of my nightingale—but how can I divide my bird among so many aspirants for the honor of pos-

sessing his lovely person? *One* only can have him; and the other kind hearts that desired to do him homage, (but did not apply in time to be first in their application) will, I know, allow me to thank them through you. Let me take this opportunity of telling you, that I have just had a very handsome pied fly-catcher sent me from Worthing. It is rather rare in the south; though common, I believe, about "the lakes."—P.

Vanessa Urticæ; Variety of the Chrysalids.—During the month of August last, I took a number of the larvæ of this insect. Among the chrysalids produced were two, the same in every respect as the others, except in being brilliant yellow. In fact, they resembled a piece of polished brass. They subsequently became of a reddish-brown color. The perfect insects never appeared. There was also another with but faint traces of the lustrous gilding of the rest, and nearly white.—C. MILLER, *Hackney*.

Habits of the Heron.—There is a heron, Mr. Editor, which regularly frequents the large wood above my house. He has been there for two years; and has invariably occupied the same bough of a tall oak. He is a confirmed old bachelor, and fond of being alone—a strange fancy you will say! [It is indeed. But perhaps, Sir, he has "reasons" for it; reasons unknown to you and to ourself. H-e-m!] My friend Mr. Waterton, of Walton Hall, has just given me such excellent advice, that I hope I shall be able to induce him to "breed," next spring. [Let us hope so. If anything "weighty" now lies heavy on his mind, time may obliterate the remembrance of it.] I will let you know if he does.—JOHN MATTHEW JONES, *Montgomery, N. W.*

A "funny" Dog, and "funny" Rabbits.—A short time since, Mr. Editor, I was walking with my sister, in a lane leading from our cottage to the station. (You well know the place.) A heavy storm of rain coming on at the time, we were compelled to take shelter in a most uninviting-looking cottage. On entering, there was a scene I shall never forget. Not the least curious part of it, was the variety of children of all ages and sizes—some dressed, some undressed. On a heap of clothes in one corner, lay a large cat, sleeping; and a thrush, suspended on the wall, made himself heard high above the rest. He was in his glory, and evidently, from his tameness, he ranked as one of the family. To complete the picture, a very handsome white terrier dog, sound asleep, decorated the hearth-rug. As the rain fell in torrents, to go out was impossible; we therefore determined to make the best of it. Little did we know what fun was in store for us! We had hardly time to let our imagination dwell upon the probable number of rats that had fallen a prey to the sleeping dog, before, to our great surprise, our little company received an addition. A rabbit had joined us, unperceived! Hopping up familiarly to the dog, Bunny's first feat was to jump clean over his back. She then alighted on his side; and this not rousing him, she besieged his nose. This

last effort woke Pincher up, and his natural good-temper caused him to wake pleasantly. (You know, Mr. Editor, we sometimes wake cross, when we are disturbed.) Bunny now set off at full speed, closely followed by Pincher; and away they flew, round and round and round; until at length Bunny fairly gave in from fatigue. The game over, she stopped to take breath; and having received a friendly poke on the nose from Pincher—*exit* Bunny. Pincher for a while seemed thoughtful, but his thoughts were soon set aside, and he again fell asleep—to wake in five minutes afterwards, to look for *another* rabbit. He had expected her it seems to come in, as usual; but not brooking the delay, he now went to fetch her. We followed him to the door; and inside, sure enough there was another rabbit. To give her a friendly scratch with his paw, to "start her off," was the work of an instant. Away flew Bunny; away dashed Pincher; and the game was repeated (as before); only with variations. The old woman at the cottage, told us this was a "regular game" here daily; and it was still "better fun" when the children joined in and ran with the animals. The cat all the while sat looking on, with the gravity of a judge. It was *such* fun, Mr. Editor! Although the animals ran over her several times, she was so used to it that she never moved!—By the way, those darling milk-white pigeons of mine, which you love so dearly, are as "strange" as ever. They will *not* sleep in the dovecote; but *will* be in the house where I am, day and night. How they *do* love me! [Why should you wish to get rid of anything that so loves you? We approve, vastly, of the steadfastness of these same pigeons. Would *we* were one of them!] Perhaps it is because I love *them*. You know well, Mr. Editor, what "sympathy" is; or you would never have penned *that* note to the tale called the "Fatal Gift."—LEONORA, *Leeds*.

[We will not attempt to contradict you, Miss Leonora. Your philosophy does you honor.]

An "ancient" Mule.—I send you, Mr. Editor, some very curious particulars of a mule, nearly a century old. They are copied from the *Manchester Guardian*—"We noticed some months ago, that an old mule, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, had been stolen from Worsley Village, and after a six weeks' absence, had been fortunately recovered. This aged creature, believed to be between 90 and 100 years old, has, after working almost a century, been at length 'turned out to grass' upon the moss, and is described by those who have seen it, to be 'as lively as a cricket.' The mule's great age is well authenticated; for Mr. Joseph Brotherton, M.P., can remember some fifty years ago, to have seen it on the Bridgewater estate, and it was *then* known as 'the old mule.' A carter who died some months ago, aged 80 years, could remember working the animal above 60 years since. It is of very diminutive size; and we hope it is now to enjoy green pastures and fresh water, freed from toil, for the remainder of its protracted existence."—Whatever doubts may arise about the "stupidity" of this mule, none surely can arise about his being an "aged" animal!—Query. After

having lived so long in this sharp part of the country, *ought* he not to have known better than to have allowed himself to be stolen?—WILLIAM SMITH, *Manchester*.

[Be merciful, my dear Sir. Consider his age! Perhaps his memory was at fault. As we get older, we do not *always* get wiser. *Certes*, this is a most remarkable animal. He deserves to be well taken care of, for the rest of his days.]

Horrible Death caused by the Bite of a Reptile.—One of the keepers, at the Zoological Gardens, has just lost his life, by foolishly playing with an Indian Cobra di Capello. It seems, he was possessed of a remedy or cure; but that he neglected to use it! Was this through fright, Mr. Editor, or superstition?—W. C. C., *Camden Town*.

[Through fright, doubtless.]

THE GREEN-SILK BONNET.

BY "MOTLEY."

"MARY," said Mrs. Lennox to her *soubrette*, "why has not Madame Crepon sent home my bonnet?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, Ma'am, I called there this morning, and Miss Smith promised it should be here by one or two at the latest."

"Very provoking," murmured the disappointed lady, commencing a fragment of *La Sonnambula*, after *Persiani*; "you needn't wait, Mary. Really," continued she, pirouetting before the glass, "I am *not* so bad looking; no wonder Charles is so fond of me! Well, he *is* a darling man, and I *do* love him. But it *is* very annoying, when I wished to surprise him. There is a ring, perhaps it is—no, it's my husband. Dear fellow!"

The countenance of Mr. Charles Lennox, as he wiped his shoes leisurely at the foot of the stair-case, and afterwards ascended slowly to the first floor, wore an expression of discontent, which by no means denoted "tranquillity within." Even the certainty that he should speedily behold her, the idol of his heart, after a trial of two hours' absence, did not appear in any way to soothe him; on the contrary, his brow assumed a blacker frown than before, as he entered the drawing-room.

"My dear Charles," said Mrs. Lennox, observing with alarm the obscurity which dimmed the "fair face" of him she loved, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Emily—a slight head-ache. Don't agitate yourself, I beg. 'Tis better now."

"You were not ill this morning, love," rejoined the anxious wife. "I'm afraid you have walked too far. Let *me* be your doctor. Yes," added she playfully, "I will prescribe for you."

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes,"

muttered Mr. Lennox, striding to the window, and gazing intently at an old clothesman, who was perambulating on the opposite side of the way, "if I hadn't seen it, I couldn't have believed it; but I'd swear to that bonnet."

"Come, sit down, Charles, and see what a little quiet will do. Don't walk about so, it'll make you worse. What! going out again? You never used to leave me alone so."

"Don't hinder me, Madam, Emily—I have business abroad. I shall be back to dinner, I dare say."

This was said with a firm, yet *nonchalant* air, and Mr. Lennox, without waiting for an answer, left the room, and descending the stairs, at a railroad pace, walked up one street and down another in a state of anything but pleasurable excitement.

* * * * *

We must now transport our readers to the dressing-room of Captain Arthur Lacy, located, "for the time being," in a handsome suite of apartments in Jermyn Street. It is now nearly three o'clock, and the gallant Captain, having just terminated a slight reflection of chocolate and a Naples biscuit, was engaged in scrutinising the make of a new pair of boots. A hasty ring at the street-door attracted his attention.

"Go down, Tom, do you hear?" said he to the servant, who was anxiously awaiting the sentence about to be pronounced respecting the newly-built "trotter-cases." "Never mind the boots, answer the bell. Who can it be?" soliloquised the Captain, when the door had closed on the retreating figure of the domestic, "duns never ring in that impatient way; haven't an idea, positively."

Again the door opened, and Mr. Charles Lennox appeared, having made good use of his legs during the last half-hour, as his red face and difficulty of respiration sufficiently testified. "Bless me, Lennox, what is the matter?" inquired Lacy. "Get out, you scoundrel," added he, despatching a boot-jack after the inquisitive Tom, whose desire for improvement and edification had induced him to station himself immediately behind the new arrival.

"Lacy, my dear fellow," said Mr. Lennox, "excuse my abruptness, but really I am so perplexed and annoyed, that I cannot do without your advice. Will you listen to me?"

"Proceed," ejaculated the Captain, disencumbering himself of one of the aforesaid boots, and a tremendous groan, "unfold thy tale."

"You must know, Lacy," continued Lennox, working his right arm up and down in the violence of his emotion, "I am a miserable jealous being."

"Is that all?" ejaculated his hearer.

"All! listen on, I entreat you. I believe

you know my wife, at least, I mean you have seen her." The Captain nodded an affirmative. "Well, if you have, you must be aware that a more lovely creature never trod the earth, a more delightful Houri never blessed mortal! I will not enlarge upon her perfections, 'tis enough to say, that until this day, I have been the happiest of the happy. Not a cloud has dimmed the bright sunshine of our loves, we have existed solely for each other."

"Don't hurry so, old fellow," suggested the Captain, "you're out of breath already."

"Do not interrupt me, I implore. This morning, actuated by a sudden impulse, I strolled towards Hyde Park. It might be twelve o'clock, perhaps a little later. Nearly opposite Grosvenor Gate, I saw—oh Lacy! too plainly—*her*, the idol of my soul, exchanging fond vows of affections with a common soldier."

"It is disagreeable, really!" exclaimed Captain Lacy. "But are you sure it was she?"

"Certain; the bonnet I could not mistake, 'twas my own present."

"The bonnet! why; didn't you see her face?"

"No, no! I could not meet her glance. But hear me out; enraged, and in a state of mind bordering on madness, I returned home; there she sat, Lacy, looking as innocent as a smiling infant. I did keep my temper, and forebore to tax her, but it was an effort. I replied coldly to her hypocritical inquiries after my health, complained of a slight headache, and left the house, ostensibly for the sake of a little fresh air, but really to consult you."

"Me, my dear fellow! I can give you no advice. If my services as a friend should be of any avail, the case would be different; but in this business, positively I am at a nonplus."

"I don't wish to expose my wife, of course," proceeded Mr. Lennox, "but as to living in the same house with her, I can't. Confusion seize all green silk bonnets! But I oughtn't to stay here, wasting your valuable time, Lacy."

"Valuable! gracious goodness, my dear friend, what do you mean? Never was there a being on the face of the earth so troubled with *ennui* as I am; I have seriously nothing to do, except lounging about the park, or looking in at the Opera now and then. 'Gad! I've lately had thoughts of taking a trip over to Spain, to start an Opposition Legion. But as to your affair; take my advice, and wait quietly for a day or two. I'll set my emissaries to work, and find out the companion of your faithless one. I'll lay any odds it's one of our fellows, they're such fine, well-made, strapping dogs."

"Let me but find him," exclaimed Mr.

Lennox, shaking his fist violently, "that's all I ask!"

"I wish you may," replied Captain Lacy. "Adieu!"

"What fools men are to marry!" soliloquised the young militaire, when the banging of the hall-door assured him of his visitor's departure. "I can't think what their object can be. Tying one-self up with a wife, indeed! I'd sooner be tied up to the halberts." And the Captain whistled "*Vive tu*."

"If you please Sir," ejaculated a timid voice at the door, behind which Mr. Thomas, afraid of another boot-jack, concealed himself, "Sergeant Jones is down stairs."

"Tell him to walk up, and hark ye, you rascal, don't stand lurking in the passage another time, or I'll stop your wages."

"Well, Jones," pursued Captain Lacy, as a red-faced, comfortable-looking individual appeared, "any news?"

"None, your honor; indeed, to tell your honor the truth, I have not been to barracks this morning. The fact is, Sir, I have a sweetheart, and I made an appointment in the Park with the young 'oman, a tarnation nice gal; and your honor knows it's next to impossible for a sergeant to disappoint the fair."

"Diable!" murmured the Captain. "Can it be? No, 'tis too absurd."

"Now, your honor," continued Sergeant Jones, looking as penitent as he could under any circumstances, "I hope you won't blab. The truth is, she don't like millintary men, but my rank and perspective promotion have overcome her screw-pills. 'Deed, as I said to her this blessed morning, why should a milliner militate against a militaire?"

"Milliner!"

"Yes, your honor, a nice young 'oman as ever breathed the fresh air; she belongs to a French Madam, who keeps a large magazine, as they call it. Her name's Louisa. Perhaps your honor would let me have the afternoon to myself, if convenient?"

"Yes—let me see. I don't think there's anything else, but call again at seven. Stay, what is the French woman's name?"

"Can't say, Sir; something very outlandish. But, Sir, Captain Lacy, you won't peach, will you?"

"Not I. There, get away, and console your *inamorata*."

"In—what your honor?"

"Your sweetheart."

"Yes, your honor, thank your honor."

* * * * *

(To be Concluded in our next.)

THE SCIENCE OF LOVE is the philosophy of the Heart.

SELECT POETRY.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

BY JOHN CLARE.

LIKE a thing of the desert, alone in its glee,
I make A SMALL HOME seem AN EMPIRE to me,
Like a bird in the forest, whose world is its nest,
My home is my ALL, and the centre of rest.
Let Ambition stretch over the world at a stride,
Let the restless go rolling away with the tide;
I look on life's pleasures as follies at best,
And, like sunset, feel calm when I'm going to rest.

I sit by the fire, in the dark winter's night,
While the cat cleans her face with her foot in delight;
And the winds all a-cold, with loud clatter and din,
Shake the windows,—like robbers who want to come in.
Or else, from the cold to be hid and away,
By the bright burning fire see my children at play,—
Making houses of cards, or a coach of a chair,
While I sit enjoying their happiness there.

I walk round the orchard, on sweet summer eves,
And rub the perfume from the black-currant leaves,
Which, like the geranium, when touched, leave a smell
That lad's-love and sweet-briar can hardly excel.
I watch the plants grow, all begemmed with the shower,
That glitters like pearls in a sun-shiny hour;
And hear the pert robin just whistle a tune,
To cheer the lone hedger when labor is done.

Joys come like the grass in the fields springing there,
Without the mere toil of attention or care;
They come of themselves, like a star in the sky,
And much brighter they shine when the cloud passes by.
I wish but for little; and find it all there,
Where peace gives its faith to the home of the hare,
Who would, else, overcome by her fears, run away
From the shade of the flower, and the breeze of the day.

O, the out-of-door blessings of leisure for me!
Health, riches, and joy!—it includes them all three.
There Peace comes to me—I have faith in her smile—
She's my playmate in leisure, my comfort in toil;
There the short pasture-grass hides the lark on its nest,
Though scarcely so high as the grasshopper's breast;
And there its moss-ball hides the wild honey-bee,
And there joy in plenty grows riches for me.
Far away from the world, its delusions, and snares—
Whose words are but breath, and its breathing but cares,—

Where trouble's sown thick as the dews of the morn,
One can scarce set a foot without meeting a thorn—
There are some view the world as a lightly-thrown ball,
There are some look on cities like stones in a wall—
Nothing more. There are others, Ambition's proud heirs,
Of whom I have neither the courage nor cares.
So I sit on my bench, or enjoy in the shade
My toil as a pastime, while using the spade;
My fancy is free in her pleasure to stray,
Making voyages round the whole world in a day.
I gather home comforts where cares never grew,
Like manna, the heavens rain down with the dew,
Till I see the tired hedger bend wearily by,
Then like a tired bird to my corner I fly.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE WINTER ROBIN.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

How sweet to dwell where the blushing rose
Peeps out from its modest bed—
The Woodbine, Myrtle, and Jasmin blows,
And the Blue-bell hangs its head !
How sweet to sit in the Hawthorn bow'r,
When the mind from care is free—
In the calm and peaceful ev'ning hour,
List'ning, sweet Robin, to thee !
When snow fills the vale, and frost less kind,
Nips the buds off thy fav'rite tree,
Come to my window, and thou shalt find
Home, and a shelter for thee.
Yes, I will give thee my fondest care,
And feed thee, my own sweet bird ;
And when Spring comes with its flow'rets fair,
Again make thy vespers heard !

HYPOCRISY AND TRUTH.

WHAT a vast, pompous pretension there is; what a deal of smoke and empty noise, about the farcical religions which MEN make for God! How generous, gentle, and blessed, is the religion which God makes for man !!

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THE COMING SEASON,— AND ITS CHARMING ASSOCIATIONS.

"LORD MAYOR'S DAY" HAS PASSED. This and fog seem to be the signals for grand preparations for CHRISTMAS. No sooner is this important day over, and the fog "on," than our shops and the whole character of our streets undergo a complete change. We revel in temptations. No greater change could have been effected by the magic wand of Harlequin.

It is "well" that these things should be forced upon us. Unless *so* reminded, we should be very apt to forget, as we grow older, that the joys which were once ours and have decayed, live in the YOUNG of the present days, just as they formerly did with us.

When we pass by the windows of our enterprising booksellers, and recognise our old friends—Jack the Giant Killer; Puss in Boots; Robinson Crusoe; Sandford and Merton; Little Red Riding Hood; "A. was an Archer," &c. &c, standing out in all their modern accession of beauty by the aid of colored illustrative engravings—when we see these, we ought not to turn up our noses, and "wonder at some people's folly." Once we loved these books, dearly. They have many a time served us in good stead. They have peopled our imagination with thoughts that have never left us; and we rejoice in looking back upon the "Light of other Days." We were indeed innocent then—and happy.

"I wonder—in such enlightened days as these, WHO *can* read these ridiculous books; these nonsensical productions!" So spake an elderly gentleman to us, one day. Now this worthy failed to remember, as doubtless do many others, that as fast as *we* are travelling *down* the hill of life, just so fast are infants and children scrambling *up* the hill we so long since topped. What therefore seems folly to us—now that we "have put away childish things," to them has charms

irresistible. Would we have it otherwise? Not for the sake of a kingdom! May God bless our promising blossoms; and as they go on growing up, we will try to grow young again (at Christmas) for their sakes!

We have used the word "folly;" but let it not be imagined that we are adverse to the enjoyments of life, or indifferent to the amusements of those crowds of merry faces which we so dearly love to behold—especially when they have returned home for the holidays. Too well can we remember the feelings peculiar to "breaking up," for us to speak of them slightly, or with disrespect. Happy school-boys; happy school-girls!—be merry as ye list; be jolly while ye may.

We feel whilst we write, a kind of growing inspiration coming over us; and our pen wants to travel out of its way, to enlarge upon the joys of youth. But this is not our present object.

We had occasion, a few days since, to pass through the City—that great emporium for all that is attractive in eating, drinking, pleasure, amusement, and *passe-temps*. Here we saw, in active preparation for the coming Christmas, novelties innumerable; but they were not meant exactly for the public eye at this somewhat early day. We forced ourselves in, with a friend who had a good excuse for his entrance; and *thus* we got "behind the scenes." The "scene" we speak of, was "laid" in Cornhill.

We will not be wearisome in detailing all we beheld—but our eye was positively riveted by a "German Tree." It was of a stately bearing, and seemed to come of a goodly family. Arms had it, out of number; and the ramifications of its branches appeared to have no end. Still, nothing was out of proportion. It was, let us believe, planted for some great purpose; and we imagined it would ere long cause some nobleman's mansion to ring with the sounds of merriment. But sounds of merriment, and exuberant joy, are not confined to a noble-

man's mansion. No! Thank God, in "merrie England," every man's house is his castle—mirth and jollity are open to all. So let every house have its "Christmas Tree;" and let the links in every family assemble together to make merry beneath its branches—which blossom "so freely" once a year!

Sorry should we be, if the *ré-unions* so peculiar to this season should ever be set aside. Coolness will, and does arise, sometimes, in *all* families. Whether from long absence, difference of sentiments, the want of more frequent communication, fancy, diffidence, apathy in letter-writing, or what not—it is not our province to inquire. We say—meet, good families; meet together. Embrace each other. Renew your annual vows, and let your affections be more closely united than ever. "Love one another" is a saying of the highest antiquity: and it has an undeniably good origin. Carry it out, as we shall do, to the very letter; and such of us as are now getting old, shall again feel younger than the youngest. Misseltoe! Holly, German-trees, Mince-pies, Plum-pudding, and Custards!—all hail! But we must not, in our enthusiasm, lose sight of

The Christmas Tree.

We hold these Christmas Trees in the very highest reverence. Of all toys—and by such a name we love to call them—they are the most harmless. They embody so much real fun, create such intense curiosity, keep up such a pleasing excitement (both by anticipation, and realisation); and concentrate so many delights in one grand focus—that we can never say enough in their praise. While officiating at the Christmas revels—where THIS tree presides as the "good genius of mankind," WE must be good also. Nature *will* overpower us, in spite of ourselves; and our selfishness *must* melt into human kindness. Little children, and great children—Love one another!

It appears to us, that the ceremonies and duties—duties indeed! inseparable from the preparations and decoration of a Christmas Tree, are what invest it with so much absorbing interest. All is veiled in unfathomable mystery. Nobody sees anything. Nobody knows anything. Still is the *magnum opus*—the "great work," steadily going on. Few can imagine when they gaze upon "that tree," rich in its abundant fruit, and luxuriant foliage; bearing on its branches "something" from every quarter of the globe—what care, what toil, what anxiety, what loving thoughts, what unceasing hunting after variety, novelty, and *fun*, have been expended for many weeks on its decoration. And who shall describe the triumphant joy, the "immense" feeling of justifiable importance, which animate the

young and happy beings who usher in their friends to see "that tree" for the first time! We behold it now—towering high above their heads, in all its glory!

And was there ever such an exhibition before! Look at that never-ending succession of lights, "taper"-ing one above the other. Why, the tree is one blaze of fire! And see! what extraordinary things lie hidden in ambush among those lights! Search for an hour if you will—two hours; yet will there remain a mine of treasures ("funny" to the last) still undiscovered.

Having been born under a "lucky planet," it has ever been our good fortune to be "great" with the fair purveyors of Christmas pleasures. They are never happy without us; nor are we ever happy without them. This is just as it should be. We have thus been made actively useful in scouring over London to furnish "foliage" for a Christmas Tree; and if our young friends will promise not to laugh, we will tell them what we have mustered up at *rendezvous*.*

Whilst emptying our pockets—we sometimes seemed to be "made up" of pockets—out came—

Fiddlers, some with one leg, and some with two; lusty beards, and rosy-cheeked romps; economical money-boxes; Chinese puzzles, and skipping hoydens; artificial fruits, and blushing milk-maids; knowing countrymen, and laughable expanding heads; smirking shepherds, and simpering shepherdesses; "young Norvals" by the dozen, with lay-down collars; ugly dogs, and pretty dogs; donkeys plain; *ditto* colored; *ditto*, saddled and bridled; *ditto*, quiet; *ditto*, frisky; men of war, with green eyes and curly heads; Adonises with eye-glasses, by the dozen; pedlars, with flowing beards (*of course*); scissors; mechanical mice; men with apple-dumping cheeks and lean legs; boys in pinafores; dolls dressed; *ditto*, half-dressed; *ditto*, full-dressed; *ditto*, undressed; *ditto*, timid; *ditto*, brazen; *ditto* tidy; *ditto*, slatterns; sham watches, clocks, dials; fiddles, drums, guitars, work-boxes, inkstands, whips, tops; magic lemons, resembling coachmen after dinner, *i. e.* "FULL *in-side*;" sandwich boxes, paint boxes; nurses "wet;" *ditto*, "dry;" ink-wipers, dolls' chairs, sachets, glass pens, jumping frogs, millers (and their men), razor-grinders, Italian organists; dogs, barking; dogs, squeaking; dogs, baying; some of them non-descripts, some mastiffs, some pugs, some poodles, and some "mixed;" monkeys, cats and kittens—some likenesses, some *not*; tablets, Black Jacks-in-the-Box, or concealed bandits; plump aldermen; the Lord Mayor's coach and coachman; gloves, silver toothpicks, mother o'pearl

* These "meetings" were held of an evening; and very delightful they were—and will again be, soon. Never, surely, were such groups of merry boys and merry girls (large and small) assembled together! What mirth! what shouts of laughter—as each drew forth "something," *funnier still than the last!*—ED. K. J.

book-knives; pen trays; fine military men, with stiff collars and gilt buttons; handsome naval officers with peculiar noses—very knowing; ducks, geese, pigeons, scent-bottles, pencil cases, egg-boilers, and baby tea-caddies; match-boxes, curiously-cut “Ladies’ *eau de vie* bottles” (in case of illness!); pocket-books, decorated bon-bons; many duplicates (with various colored eyes) from Noah’s Ark; pirouetting ballet-girls, with imploringly-bewitching looks; blushing Bloomers; thinbles; happy, care-for-nothing little men (with their hands in their pockets), standing on round balls. These last, “when put down,” refuse to remain down; but spring up again.* Lanterns, steam-engines, nutmeg-graters, fifers, *jarretières*, kerchiefs, knives, combs, trinkets—and, in short, nic-nacs *ad infinitum*.

All these, and many hundreds of others which our memory fails to record, adorn in greater or less number, and with mysterious but unmistakable grandeur and brilliancy, —the “Christmas Tree.”

It is not for us to dwell upon the thoughts, hopes, and thrilling expectations that fill the breasts of the army of rosy urchins, and their happy friends—papas, mammas, *et infra*. None of them are as yet in the secret; but cannot we see them “peeping” from the room up-stairs—over the banisters, big with imaginings of what is in store for them presently in the room below!

We can well conjure up the scene that offers itself, when the doors of “that room” are thrown open!—when that Fairy Tree, with all its blushing honors thick upon it, meets the “hundred pair of anxious eyes” for the first time! Was there ever a more exciting, a more pleasing scene?—We think not.

And when mamma—dear mamma, mysteriously entering, takes her seat; and places on her lap the lucky-bag, filled to the very top with prizes,—is not that moment one of the very happiest moments of *her* life, and of *our* lives? Look at those faces—those merry, arch, roguish, innocently-roguish faces! We see them now. Oh! might those happy faces never be dimmed by care,—those happy hearts never be made sad by the calamities and chances of life!

And now—the “prizes” are being drawn. Do watch the sparkling, speaking eyes, as each several allotment is called out to the fortunate owner in expectancy! Of inconsiderable value in themselves, yet what an

intrinsic value do they not inherit from having once grown upon “that tree!” But why should we forestall all these enjoyments? Will they not soon again be realised? Shall we not ALL soon be there to witness them? Of course we shall.

Let us add, there is much moral good effected by these annual; aye, and by semi-annual meetings. We would on no account whatever have them done away with. Human nature is frail—sadly frail. “Out of sight, out of mind;” is a proverb that may be frequently, too frequently adopted among us. Long absence, and interrupted friendships, make many people painfully indifferent towards each other—aye, callous. Matrimony, too, strangely changes some people’s hearts. We know some whom we dearly loved—and they seemingly loved us too. As brothers and sisters were we; played like children together; talked together; had but one interest in common. They are now married; and we are become aliens to them. *Much* colder are they than ice. We never meet!

We have yet to learn that Matrimony has any just right to such restrictive power over true friendship. Such at all events is not the principle that reigns in OUR royal heart. Whom once we love, we honestly and truly love for ever. In this matter, some may regard us as singular; but we were brought up in a very good school, and see no reason whatever to change our sentiments. Modern customs and habits *may be* different from those of the olden time,—we admit sorrowfully that they *are*. Simplicity has indeed left us; and the superficial has usurped its place. Are we any the better for it? “Question.”

Men and women “should be, doubtless, what they seem;” but they are not so. Hence, the distracted and “hollow” state of the world we live in. To see the human countenance veneered with a smile, while cold deceit lurks deep in the heart,—this liketh us not. No! Rigid “Old Honesty” for us, in defiance of fashion; and a heart capacious enough to contain *all* whom we hold dear! How very sweetly sings “OUR OWN” Poet Laureate on this subject!

So—let Christmas come; and with it, all the much-loved socialities of that happy season.

We shall begin to grow young again, from this very day.

READING.—I see you read, all very right. *We should begin life with books*; they multiply the sources of enjoyment; so does capital:—but capital is of no use, unless we live on the interest,—books are waste paper, unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought. Action, action; that is the life of us.—BULWER.

* We have often smiled, whilst regarding these knowing little men; and have taken a lesson out of their books. “Cast down” they may be; and they daily are; but they *always* “rise up,” and with a smile on their countenances. Their hands, too, are ever in their pockets, as if counting their money! We may learn a lesson even from a child’s toy!—ED. K. J.

BIRDS OF SONG,—No. XXXIV.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.
No. II.

THERE ARE MANY PERSONS, not absolutely fond of birds, who use them as mere stepping-stones to their amusements. When one bird dies, no regret is felt; his loss is replaced by another. This remark applies to the fanciful folk, who pride themselves upon their mechanical aviaries.

There have been, from time to time, a number of experiments made by the curious, to see if birds would live in mechanical aviaries. Many and various are, and have been, the cruelties practised in consequence. By mechanical aviaries, we mean an extensive space fitted up with fanciful *papier mache* ornaments, and erections of painted wood, in the form of artificial houses, cottages, &c.; with trees, wind-mills, water-mills, fountains of real water, flowing brooks, rivulets, and other similar adjuncts—the *ensemble* intended to convey to the beholder the idea of a rural landscape.

The arrangement and disposal of these objects has, to the eye, a very pictorial effect; and when the sails of the wind-mill are at work, and the water is seen flowing from the mill above—meandering in its progress through the valleys beneath, the effects are curious, the illusion is complete. When, however, “song birds” are introduced into the back-ground, to assist the artist in animating his landscape, and expected to be “happy” in a “Deserted Village” like this—where there is nothing to be found at all assimilating with their natural habits, the whole affair becomes farcical in the extreme, realising the old adage most felicitously—that “there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.” As well might the mighty King of Brobdingnag have laid himself down on a bed at Lilliput; stretched himself out at full length; and expected to have slept soundly without being comfortably “tucked up.” Strangely indeed must things be out of tune, when a carpenter usurps the place of a winged chorister, and plays “first fiddle” in an aviary!

These mechanical aviaries are, for the most part, attached to the rear of a room on the ground-floor of a house or mansion. They are viewed by throwing up a window, which, when raised, discloses the whole mimic scene. The space allotted to the unhappy feathered tribe doomed to inhabit these miniature villages, when beyond the limit of the spectator's observation, is cruelly small, and altogether ill-adapted for their comfort. Nor can their existence under such circumstances be of long duration. The whole disposition of the place and its objects is unnatural—Nature being

entirely sacrificed for (so called) effect. If such conceits as these must be perpetrated, be it so. But then, spare no expense in making the “acting” inhabitants comfortable and happy “behind the scenes,” as well as “before the curtain.” *Verbum sat.*

A very large picturesque aviary, precisely similar to the one we have been describing, was, some years since, to be seen, by favor, in the neighborhood of one of our fashionable squares at the West. It was erected by an aged, wealthy gentleman, since deceased. Fame, with her trumpet tongue, had brought our aviary under his notice; and inquiring the whereabouts of our house of business in town, he paid us a complimentary visit.

Some days subsequently, our new acquaintance called, by appointment, with an ample carriage-load of gay folk at our rural villa—to view what they termed “the Exhibition.” While walking through the rooms, the old gentleman and his retinue expressed, and we firmly believe experienced, the utmost astonishment and bewilderment at what they saw. They seemed indeed amazed at the cleanliness and method observable throughout the building.

Of course we talked to them, as is our wont when speaking about our pets, in a frank and most expressive manner—detailing the little endearments of our feathered family, and dwelling impressively on their attachments, recognitions, friendships, tricks, and little manoeuvres to win our favor; not failing to catalogue also their faults, jealousies, and tempers, &c.—dwelling on these latter, however, as lightly as might be.

All this was *de trop*; evidently quite beyond the comprehension of our visitors. The ladies in particular—with one memorable exception*—seemed to regard us as a remarkable phenomenon. Indeed, we confess we felt ourself such, while in their company. The lady however, we have just adverted to, deserves honorable mention. *She* evidently possessed a “soul,” for she listened attentively, patiently, we may add affectionately, to our little story throughout—becoming every moment more and more interested. Between ourselves, kind readers, we could have found it in our very heart to have given this fair specimen of humanity one of our choicest birds, had it been *comme il faut* on so short an acquaintance. But as it was not, we merely gave her an expres-

* On this particular occasion, was beautifully illustrated the remark of one of our good old writers—“As, by the friction of two pieces of ice, heat may be extracted; so, in the coldest bosom may dwell a warmth that only waits for some favorable circumstance to bring it into action.” We could but lament, to think how soon the bright spark kindled might be extinguished by “strange fire!”

sive look, signifying we would if we dared. This look was understood; our wish thoroughly comprehended. A sweet smile ratified that fact. Let us add—honor bright!—we have never seen that young lady since.

"Is it possible," mused we, after our visitors had departed, "that such people as these can be *fond of birds*? Or can they indeed be said to possess any of the finer feelings of our nature? If so, 'tis passing strange." But now for our return-visit to the West-end aviary.

We paid our visit late in the autumn. Sir John Shoulder-knot, in the absence of the family, ushered us into an elegantly-furnished chamber. On presenting our card of *entrée*, the window was thrown up, disclosing a very pretty romantic village, constructed just in the manner already detailed. Our remarks on what we saw shall be brief.

Observing only one or two very miserable-looking birds in the fore-ground of the picture, we anxiously turned round to inquire the cause. Sir John informed us, that since the inclement weather had set in, most of the birds, having no fire or artificial warmth near their habitation, had perished from the cold. He added, "I do not think, Sir, the few which are left will live long." Nor did we. The hand of death was visibly about to close their eyes for ever!

We hesitated not to speak our mind fully upon the cruelty of this neglect; and intimated to the man in plush, a desire to have our remarks faithfully reported at headquarters. The rejoinder was short and pithy: "Master says, Sir, *if they die, they die; if they live, they live.*"

Not long after this, we heard that the whole *had* perished; and that the wealthy owner of the romantic village had been recently seen in the classic neighborhood of the Seven Dials (preparatory, doubtless, to a re-fit), bargaining for a robin, a chaffinch, and a hedge-sparrow, whose fate, alas! might too surely be foretold.

We have introduced this episode, in connection with the general subject, in the hope that, when it meets the eye of other similar bird-fanciers—very many such we fear there are—it may carry conviction with it. Every man and every woman, no doubt, do "think" at some period of their lives. We have, therefore, merely supplied the materials for their meditation. *Qui capit ille facit*. Let those whom the cap fits, put it on!

MENTAL HEALTH.—Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body few. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more importance than the health of the body.—COLTON.

THE HYACINTH.

At the present moment, the following particulars in connection with this most lovely flower will be read with lively interest. They are the result of practical experience; and as such, doubly valuable.

There is scarcely a flower in cultivation which so gratefully repays the attention bestowed upon it, and which is so accommodating as the Hyacinth. It will thrive in almost any soil, or medium capable of retaining moisture, and will flower almost as finely when grown in water or moist sand as when planted in the richest compost. The Hyacinth has long been a favorite with lovers of flowers in all grades of society, and deservedly so; for there is not a habitation fit for man where it will not deign to grow and bloom. Its accommodating habits and easy culture bring its beautiful spikes of sweet-scented flowers within the reach of the inhabitant of a cottage, and, in beauty and fragrance, it is not surpassed by any plant with which the wealthy can grace their drawing-rooms or flower-houses at Christmas. Much has been written respecting the culture of this lovely plant, the greater portion of which has, unfortunately, been calculated to deter persons, dependent upon such sources of information, from attempting its growth. It is usual with writers on the culture of the Hyacinth to state that, to grow it successfully, a very rich soil is absolutely necessary. The following are the directions for the selection of proper soil, from a treatise recently published—viz., " $\frac{1}{4}$ turfy loam, $\frac{1}{4}$ decayed cow dung, $\frac{1}{4}$ sharp or clean river sand, and $\frac{1}{4}$ leaf soil, with which a bed of the necessary size and two feet deep must be formed, by those who would grow Hyacinths properly."

The removal of the natural soil, and procuring and replacing it with the above materials, in any case would be a work of considerable expense, and altogether beyond the means of many lovers of early flowers. But we know from experience, that any well-drained garden soil is easily rendered suitable for the growth of the Hyacinth. If the soil is of a strong adhesive nature, add two inches of sharp sand, and as much good well-decayed manure; then dig the soil two feet deep, taking care to nicely mix the sand and manure with the soil as the work proceeds. Friable loamy soils will require merely a liberal dressing of manure, and deep digging. And it will be found that the Hyacinth will produce equally fine spikes of blossom grown in soil prepared thus, as when planted in more expensive compost. The fact is, the secret of having first-rate spikes of flowers consists more in the selection of properly ripened bulbs than in the soil in which they may be grown. For, as in the case of other bulbous plants, there is stored in the Hyacinth the embryo of the blossom and a large amount of accumulated matter; and the production of splendid spikes of flowers is vastly more dependent upon the presence of these in perfection in the bulbs, than upon their being planted in expensive composts.

The best criterion which can be offered for the assistance of purchasers in the selection of proper bulbs is, that they should be proportionably

heavy for their size, firm, and plump; particularly about the crown. Size is of hardly any importance, as some varieties produce small bulbs, and others larger, and the varieties with the small bulbs produce equally fine spikes of flowers as those with the largest bulbs. The proper season for planting Hyacinths in beds, in the open air, is the last fortnight of October, and the first of November. Select a dry day for putting in the bulbs; and if the same can be chosen for the preparation of the soil, it will be in much better condition for the growth of the plant than if worked when wet. Plant in lines, nine inches by twelve inches apart. This will afford space between the plants when up, to work a hoe, for the destruction of weeds and keeping the surface friable, to prevent the escape of moisture in dry weather. The crowns of the bulbs should be three inches under the surface of the soil; and lest a severe winter should occur, it is well to cover the bed with a few inches of old tan, or any light substance, to exclude frost. This should be removed, however, when the plants begin to grow through it.

ITS CULTURE IN POTS.

The Hyacinth is remarkably well adapted for this purpose; and with the assistance of a garden frame, with some stable manure or tan, to furnish a gentle heat, it may be had in flower at Christmas, and, with a good stock of bulbs, the display may be kept up till April or May. For early flowering, the bulbs should be planted early in September; those to flower in spring need not be planted earlier than recommended for beds. The best pots are those known as "six-inch Hyacinth pots," which, being deeper than common, afford more space for the roots. But where these cannot be conveniently procured, use six or seven-inch pots, such as may be at hand, and these will answer perfectly. The soil used for potting should be as rich as possible. Such as one-half fresh loam, cut from a pasture, with the turf decayed in it; and well decomposed cow or horse manure, with a small portion of clean sand. Fill the pots lightly with the prepared soil, and place the bulb upon the surface, slightly pressing it into the soil. Set the pots on a dry surface, and cover with about three inches of old tan. After remaining here for a month or five weeks, the bulbs will be sufficiently rooted to render it safe to remove them to a gentle bottom heat of about 55°, and introducing a few pots at intervals of about a fortnight, a succession of flowers will be secured until those in the open air come into bloom. Persons possessing no better accommodation for growing plants than a room window will, with careful management, be able to grow and flower the Hyacinth well—if not to have it in bloom as early as those who can command a gentle heat. We need hardly observe that plants grown during the dark days of winter should be placed near the glass, and be freely supplied with air, when this can be given with safety; and those grown in windows will draw to the light, unless the pots are frequently turned. Most persons know that a sitting-room window forms a suitable situation for Hyacinths while in bloom, and that their beauty will be longer fading here, than in most situations; but many

remove them from a close atmosphere, and suddenly expose them to cold, drying currents in the sitting-room window, by which they are greatly injured. We warn the inexperienced to guard against this common error, and to avoid subjecting the plants to sudden changes at any period of their growth.

ITS CULTURE IN GLASSES.

Of all the plants with which we are acquainted, the Hyacinth is the most suitable for this elegant, although somewhat unnatural, system of culture. Its roots, like those of other plants, shun the light with instinctive care; therefore dark-colored glasses should be selected. Place the bulbs on the glasses, and fill with rain-water to within half an inch of the bulb; set them in a cellar, or any other dark, cool situation. When the glasses are moderately filled with roots, which will be the case in the course of three or four weeks, remove them to where the plants will receive a moderate light; and as soon as the leaves assume a healthy green color, to the lightest possible situation. When in actual growth, keep them as near the glass as convenient, and turn them occasionally, to prevent long, weakly, ill-shaped stems. The water should be changed at least every week, using pure rain-water, of about the same temperature as the bulbs may be growing in. For giving vigor to the plants and color to the flowers, we know of no better means than to dissolve in a quart of rain-water an ounce of guano and a quarter of an ounce of chloride of lime, and to pour two tea-spoonfuls of that into each bottle twice a week after the flowers begin to appear; this may also be given with advantage to those growing in pots. Bulbs grown in glasses, if to be of any use the following season, should, as soon as the beauty of the flowers is over, be removed to a bed of rich soil, in a frame, or very sheltered situation; being carefully planted and properly tended until the leaves die off. If bright sunshine or frost occur before they become accustomed to their fresh situation, afford them the protection of a slight covering. If well cared for till ripe, they will be worth planting in open beds the following season; but, with the best management, they will not bloom so finely as imported bulbs.*

* These particulars are from the printed catalogue, just issued by Messrs. Atkinson & Barr, which every lover of flowers ought to purchase.—
ED. K. J.

THE OMNIVOROUS CATERPILLAR.

MR. EDITOR,—In No. 29 of OUR JOURNAL (for the 17th July last), page 37, I gave you a description of an Omnivorous Caterpillar. I have been amusing myself this summer by still further testing their digestive organs; and have by me at this moment some seventy to eighty of them still feeding. But I expect that this, being a late brood, will take to their winter quarters before I can make any experiment with them.

The result of my operations with an earlier brood is, that they have no objection whatever to French beans, either the leaf or the bean. The wallflower they relish, but much prefer a ripe

plum. Nor do they object to the leaf of the plum tree, when hungry. The leaf of the Michaelmas daisy will also do, as well as thorn, in case of need. But they prefer a young carrot, both root and leaf, and do not refuse nasturtium. Mulberry and currant leaves are not disagreeable, any more than strawberry or potentilla. They like much, cold roast mutton; but will not touch the fat. They have no objection to a pear after it, or an apple, if a sweet one. They like *Budtea globosa* as well as thistle, and do not say no to willow. They are fond of both the leaf and the flower of the dahlia. They like horse-radish, and will nibble at carnation. They will eat dry bread, if not too stale, and will devour it when soaked in milk. They have no objection to rhubarb, beet-root, the white-berried honeysuckle, and convolvulus major. They enjoy jasmine parsley, *Oenothera Aescholtzia*, and even Great Jupiter's Beard. But I could never induce them to touch a piece of the common striped grass; nor would they taste lavender, thyme, sage, or mint.

BOMBYX ATLAS.

Tottenham, Nov. 2, 1852.

THE ICHNEUMON.

MR. EDITOR,—From a Report of the Proceedings of the "Society of British Entomologists" on the 7th of September ult., published in the "Zoologist" for October—it would seem a doubtful point among the members, whether or not the larva *Macroglossa Stellatarum* is liable to be infested by the Ichneumon. Now, Mr. Editor, although I cannot speak particularly as to *British* larvæ, yet (having brought up a considerable number abroad), I can assure the gentlemen forming the "Society of British Entomologists" of one thing,—viz: that on the Continent there is scarcely a larva more liable to be attacked.

Should this meet the eye of any of these gentlemen, it may be gratifying to them to learn this fact; it may lead to more intimate researches among their body. Some day, possibly, they may find out that they will not be more fortunate than I have been.

Tottenham, Nov. 2.

BOMBYX ATLAS.

ANECDOTES OF GOLDSMITH,—No. III.

How to procure a suit of clothes—Fresh disappointment—A tale of distress—The suit of clothes in pawn—Punishment for doing an act of charity.

(Concluded from page 239).

IN THE MEANTIME, cut down in his hopes, and humiliated in his pride by the failure of his Coromandel scheme, he sought, without consulting his friends, to be examined at the College of Physicians for the humble situation of hospital mate. Even here, poverty stood in his way. It was necessary to appear in a decent garb before the examining committee; but how was he to do so? He was literally out at elbows as well as cash. Here again the muse, so often

jilted and neglected by him, came to his aid. In consideration of four articles furnished to the "Monthly Review," Griffiths, his old taskmaster, was to become security to the tailor for a suit of clothes. Goldsmith said he wanted them but for a single occasion, on which depended his appointment to a situation in the army; as soon as that temporary purpose was served, they would either be returned or paid for. The books to be reviewed were accordingly lent to him; the muse was again set to his compulsory drudgery; the articles were scribbled off and sent to the bookseller, and the clothes came in due time from the tailor.

From the records of the College of Surgeons, it appears that Goldsmith underwent his examination at Surgeons' Hall on the 21st December, 1758. Either from a confusion of mind incident to sensitive and imaginative persons on such occasions, or from a real want of surgical science, which last is extremely probable—he failed in his examination, and was rejected as "unqualified." The effect of such rejection was to disqualify him for every branch of public service: though he might have claimed a re-examination after the interval of a few months devoted to further study. Such a re-examination he never attempted; nor did he ever communicate his discomfiture to any of his friends.

On Christmas-day, only four days after his rejection, while he was suffering under the mortification of defeat and disappointment, and hard pressed for means of subsistence, he was surprised by the entrance into his room of the poor woman of whom he hired his wretched apartment, and to whom he owed some small arrears of rent. She had a piteous tale of distress to tell; and was clamorous in her afflictions. Her husband had been arrested in the night for debt, and thrown into prison. This was too much for the quick feelings of Goldsmith. He was ready at any time to help the distressed; but in this instance he was himself in some measure a cause of distress. What was to be done? He had no money, it is true; but there hung the new suit of clothes in which he had stood his unlucky examination at Surgeons' Hall. Without giving himself time for reflection, he sent it off to the pawnbroker's, and raised thereon a sufficient sum to pay off his own debt, and to release his landlord from prison.

Under the same pressure of penury and despondency, he borrowed from a neighbor a pittance to relieve his immediate wants; leaving as a security, the books which he had recently reviewed. In the midst of these straits and harassments, he received a letter from Griffiths, demanding in peremptory terms the return of the clothes and books, or immediate payment for the same. It appears that he had discovered the identical suit at the pawnbroker's. The reply of Goldsmith is not known; it was out of his power to furnish either the clothes or the money; but he probably offered once more to make the muse stand his bail. His reply only increased the ire of the wealthy man of trade; and drew from him another letter, still more harsh than the first; using the epithets of "knave" and "sharper;" and containing threats of prosecution and a prison.

The following letter from poor Goldsmith, gives the most touching picture of an inconsiderate but sensitive man, harassed by care, stung by humiliations, and driven almost to despondency:—

"SIR—I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by Jove! request it as a favor—as a favor that may prevent something more fatal. I have been some years a struggling being—with all that contempt and indigence brings with it—with all those passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches; and such is to me true society. I tell you, again and again, that I am neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing; but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make. Thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since unable to pay my debts one way, I would generously give some security another. No, Sir; had I been a 'sharper'—had I been possessed of less good-nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

"I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it. My reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence; but not with any remorse for being a villain. That may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold; they are in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money. Whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible, that both the reports you have heard, and your own suggestions, may have brought you false information with respect to my character. It is very possible that the man you now regard with detestation, may inwardly burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I send you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published. Then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of my mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

"You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; yet he was a man I shall ever honor; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it any other professions than that I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P.S. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions."

The dispute between the Poet and the Publisher was afterwards imperfectly adjusted, and it would appear that the clothes were paid for by a short compilation advertised by Griffiths in the course of the following month.

We have given the preceding anecdote in detail, as furnishing one of the many instances in which Goldsmith's prompt and benevolent impulses outran all prudent forecast, and involved him in difficulties and disgraces which a more

selfish man would have avoided. The pawning of the clothes, charged upon him as a crime by the grinding bookseller, and apparently admitted by him as one of the "meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it," resulted as we have shown, from a tenderness of heart and generosity of hand, in which another man would have gloried. But these were such natural elements with Goldsmith, that he was unconscious of their merit. It is a pity that wealth does not oftener bring such "meannesses" in its train!

Manchester, Oct. 26, WILLIAM SMITH.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS 1 to 10, price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—H. N. Give your rabbits oats, barley, and clover-chaff; mixed. Also some "parings" of apples and turnip.—EMILY B.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—C. W. R. Thanks.—P. D., Bedford. We have replied by post.—H. H.—D.—J. C. E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, November 13, 1852.

WE HAVE NOT, IT SEEMS, GONE "quite deep enough" in our article on Character-reading,* with respect to our belief in Physiognomy. We are cited to speak more intelligibly on that particular head.

We had imagined, that no person could suspect us of not being well-versed in reading the character by the countenance. How much easier this than the other! And yet, both are the result of habit.

No disciple of Gall or Spurzheim—no humble follower in their train, *could* think disrespectfully of the science of physiognomy. Why a man's face, properly read, is the very index of his mind. See him twice, and converse with him, and his natural disposition might be written out at once. A single interview—sometimes a single glance, is all-sufficient to decide if he be "good" or otherwise. There are some few people, whose countenances will obtain them ready access anywhere and everywhere. They only "look" their wish, and it is granted. They ask a favor, and it is anticipated. On the

* See No. 44, page 280.

contrary, the multitude are viewed with suspicion. A crafty eye peeps out, *nolens volens*; and a sinister countenance shuts up every heart against its owner.

Most people can judge of a man's physiognomy in degree: but, for want of a subtle judgment, and from a too gentle heart, they are more frequently in error than in the right. Hence the many dupes we see in the world of commerce. Our power of discernment is the result of very long experience. Formerly no person was, or could be, more easily deceived than we. Meaning well ourselves, we thought others meant also well; and instead of imagining them to be rogues (as we ought to have done), we imagined them to be honest men, and treated them as such. A mistake this, which sealed our commercial ruin.*

To pay dearly for experience is the lot—perhaps the happy lot—of some men. It has been ours. We do not regret it, because it has opened our eyes to the knowledge of facts that must otherwise have remained concealed—perhaps for ever. We will now trust no man till we have “proved” him honest. Those who have with well-feigned sincerity professed most for us—promised what they would do for us (unsolicited)—and talked much about true brotherly regard; these have been the very first to annihilate the hopes, towards which we, in our simplicity, had so fondly clung. *Ainsi va le monde!* Yet did this unkindness come upon us like a dream—lasted somewhat longer than a dream. We awoke, a better and a wiser man. But we digress.

Long intercourse with mankind, and a constant association with people of the world, enable a person of observation to judge readily of character by the human face. For the last twelve months, in particular, we have been in great practice this way. So very many persons, indeed, have been associated with us—and we with them, during that period, that we now feel *quite* at home on the subject of “physiognomy.”

It must ever be remembered, that the eye is a very powerful agent in this matter. If your eye meets that of another, with whom there is no sympathy—a single glance, or at all events a second, will determine what you want to know. How often have we been in a room full of company, and made our election of “favorites” in a few short minutes! In some instances, we have found positive sympathy with none; though we have been induced to believe that, on a further acquaint-

ance, sympathy might be established with one or two. This is perfectly intelligible. The “perception” we allude to, is a kind of gift. In the dog it is innate; *he* never errs. We would willingly be guided by his judgment in nineteen cases out of twenty.

Acting on this principle, by some we are regarded as proud; by others as supercilious and unsociable. This is not a fair character of us; nevertheless, we can well understand *how* we have gained it. Where, however, our heart lies—*there* we are “at home” in an instant. We can prattle away for an hour, and imagine the time but a minute. So much for the “nice distinctions” made by a careful reading of the human countenance.

We have been frequently asked in a mixed company, to exhibit some proofs of our power in this matter. Of course, for the satisfaction of private inquirers, we have given them readily; and with the most perfect ease to ourself. It has become habitual with us. Equally well can we tell, even in a public vehicle, whom we *may* address in conversation, or whom we *may not* address. We are therefore conversational or otherwise *pro re natâ*. If we like our company, we converse; if they be doubtful, we keep silence.

From these few hints, it will be clearly seen that we consider it not only possible, but easy by practice, to judge of persons' characters by their countenances and external bearing. Good-temper and ill-temper, good-breeding and ill-breeding, pride, suavity, amiability, and all the virtues—these, and their opposites, are all plainly discoverable by a man or woman of observation.

It may be asked, “Which preponderate—the good qualities or the bad ones?” *That* is a question to which the present inquiry does not extend. If we see what we do not like, we can readily avoid it; and as readily can we make the most of what is amiable.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Cobra-di-Capello.—I have just been discussing with some friends, Mr. Editor, the cause and consequences of the man's death at the Zoological Gardens. We none of us can come to a point, as to the way in which *the poison* was conveyed to the wound. Has the *Cobra-di-Capello* teeth, through which the poison flows, or is the tongue able to inflict a wound and insert the poison at the same time? Please enlighten us fully on this matter.—H. C.

[All these venomous serpents, Madame, have teeth; and MR. JOHNSON, in his “India Field Sports,” tells us a good deal about them. Speaking of the Indians who hunt them, he says, “They discover the hole of the reptile with great ease and certainty; and digging into it, they seize the animal by the tail. This they do with

* We have yet to learn that it is any “disgrace” for a man to have an honest heart, and not to be able to overreach an accomplished rogue. That “he is not fit for the world,” we readily grant.—ED. K. J.

the left hand; with the right hand, they draw the body through with extreme rapidity, till the finger and thumb are brought up to the head. *The poisonous fangs* are then removed, and the creature has to commence its mysterious course of instruction. . . . The following anecdote, given by Mr. Johnson, proves that *danger is not completely avoided, even when the venomous fangs are removed*. "A man exhibited one of his dancing *Cobra-di-Capellos* before a large party. A boy, about sixteen years old, was teasing the animal to make it bite him. It actually did so; and in an hour he was *dead*. The father of the boy was astonished, and protested it could not be from the bite—for *the snake had no venomous teeth*. He vowed that he and the boy had often been bitten by it before, and without any bad effect. On examining the snake, *it was found that the former fangs were replaced by new ones, not then far out of the jaw, but sufficient to bite the boy*."—This, Madame, proves to you that the venom is deposited in the fang, from which it passes into the wound. The bite and poison are one operation and effect combined.]

The Vocative of "Cat."—I rejoice to see, Mr. Editor, that the name of "Cat" is *not* to be altogether banished from OUR JOURNAL. [Certainly not—"Pussy." Many of our fair readers have cats which they dearly love; and we, of course, love them also,—for *their sakes*. If cats *have* good qualities, pray let us record them. We pride ourselves on acting with fairness.] Such being the case, I send you an anecdote of the Archbishop of Dublin, who, you know, is dearly fond of a joke. He "cracks," I cannot say how many of them, daily. Well; being recently worried by some pedantic grammarian, he challenged his tormentor to decline the commonest noun—"cat," for example. The pedant contemptuously proceeded thus:—

- "Nominative—a cat, or, the cat.
- Genitive—of a cat, or, &c.
- Dative—to or for a cat, or, &c.
- Accusative—a cat, or, &c.
- Vocative—O cat."

"Wrong! (shouted the Archbishop) *Puss* is the vocative of cat, all through the United Kingdom; and wherever else the *Teutonic dialects* are spoken." The pedant slunk out, dumb-founded; and the archbishop felt fully justified in emptying the bottle of old port, whose cork had just been drawn.—Puss.

An ailing Grey Parrot.—My parrot, which used to be always talking,—and talking to the purpose too—is very ill. For the last six months, his feathers have been falling off in quantities, and he is all but silent. His diet is hemp-seed; and occasionally soaked bread. Help me, dear Sir, do.—EMILY B., *Biggleswade*.

[Give your bird canary-seed; and some fine plain bread once a-day; and be sure to change his water every morning. Keep him out of the reach of draughts, and "pet" him as you would a sick child. Discontinue his hemp-seed as soon as possible, and read our article on "Parrots," Vol. I., page 153. The beginning and ending of your letter (slightly altered by us) have won us quite over. Write when you will,—freely and

fully. We will cure your bird for you. Rely on this, Emily, and your faith will be honored.]

Cheap Glass, in connection with Window Gardening; a novel and pleasing Application.—"All hail!" Mr. Editor, to cheap glass! Ever since its introduction, I have seen the possibility of cheaply applying it for various economic purposes, such as glass walls, lining to common walls, &c., &c. At the present time, I propose to construct the lower panes of windows, whether in shops, chambers, or other places—double; somewhat on the principle of a Ward's case. I would therein introduce Ferns, bulbs, and what not, calculated to realise a pretty, living, vegetable screen. Such an arrangement would constitute a pretty blind. I would also furnish a most extensive, and at the same time, varied addition to the great pleasures derivable from the kingdom of flowers. That, too, under circumstances in which *nothing of the kind has been hitherto accomplished or contemplated*. The plants I insert in a little zinc pan, containing earth; and I make the pane moveable, with a view to introduce water.—HENRY M'CORMAC, M.D., *Belfast*.

Who can say,—What shall be done "to-morrow?"—SIR,—When on a visit to Whitby, Yorkshire, during my annual week's holiday, I wound my way up the 194 steps that lead to the church, and entered the churchyard, where the following verse, on a gravestone, attracted my attention, and found its way into my memorandum book,—it conveys a deep lesson.—W. SMITH.

"To-morrow I will better live,"
Is not for man to say;
To-morrow can no surety give,
The wise make sure *to-day*!

Ostriches.—Their Nests, Eggs, and Mode of Hatching, &c.—Some time since, Mr. Editor, you, and the world at large, were debating—whether the Ostrich sat upon her eggs, or not, or whether they were hatched by the sun. A gentleman just arrived from Northern Africa, speaks very strongly upon the matter in his published Travels. His remarks refer principally to hunting and shooting the Ostrich; but they describe incidentally what we are all so anxious to know; viz. the making of the nest and the incubation of the Ostrich. The subject is truly interesting. Ostrich shooting, he says, is practised only, or chiefly, during the period of incubation; it is to it we are principally indebted for the acquaintance which the Arabs have gained with the habits of these singular birds. The pairing-season is the month of August. The *reumda* (female) is generally shy, and the *delim* has often to pursue the object of his choice at full speed for four or five days, during which he neither eats nor drinks. When, however, she has consented to be his, she never again quits him till the young ones are reared; and the bond between them is equally respected by all their companions: there is no fighting about mates, as among some other gregarious species. The period of incubation begins in the month of November, and presents the best opportunity for shooting the ostrich. At this season, also, the feathers are in the finest condition, though the

fat is much less abundant. Five or six sportsmen set out together on horseback, taking with them two camels laden with provisions for a month, besides an abundant supply of powder and ball. They search for places where rain has lately fallen, or where pools of water occur; for in such localities there is likely to be that plentiful herbage which never fails to attract the ostrich. Having discovered its footprints, the sportsmen examine them with care. If they appear only here and there on the bare spots, they indicate that the bird has been here to graze; but if they cross each other in various directions, and the grass is rather trampled down than eaten, *the ostrich has certainly made her nest in the neighborhood*; and an active but cautious search for it is commenced. *If she is only making her nest*, the operation may be detected at a great distance, as it consists simply of pushing out the sand from the centre to the circumference of a circle, so as to form a large hole. The sand rises in dense clouds round the spot, and the bird utters a pining cry all day long. When the nest is finished, she cries only towards three in the afternoon. *The female sits on the eggs from morning till noon*, while her mate is grazing; at noon, he takes her place, and she goes to the pasture in her turn. When she returns, she places herself facing her mate, and at the distance of five or six paces from the nest, which he occupies all night, in order to defend it from enemies, especially from the jackals, which often lie in ambush, ready to take advantage of an unguarded moment. Hunters often find the carcasses of these animals near ostriches' nests. In the morning, *while the reumda is sitting*, the sportsmen dig on each side of the nest, and at about twenty paces from it, a hole deep enough to contain a man. In each of these they lodge one of their best marksmen, and cover him up with long grass, allowing only the gun to protrude. One of these is to shoot the male, the other the female. The reumda, seeing this operation going forward, becomes terrified, and runs off to join her mate; but he does not believe there is any ground for her terror, and with somewhat ungallant chastisement, forces her to return. If these preparations were made while the delim was sitting, he would go after her, and neither would return. The reumda having resumed her place, the sportsmen take care not to disturb her; it is the rule to shoot the delim first, and they patiently wait his return from the pasture. At noon he takes his place as usual, *sitting with his wings outspread, so as to cover all the eggs*. In this position the thighs are extremely prominent, and the appointed marksman takes aim at them; because, if he succeeds in breaking them, there is no chance of escape, which there would be, if almost any other part were wounded. As soon as he falls, the other sportsmen, attracted by the report, run up and bleed him, according to the laws of the Koran. They hide the carcass, and cover with sand every trace of blood that has been shed. When the reumda comes home at night, she appears uneasy at the absence of her mate, but probably concluding that he was hungry, and has gone for some supper, *she takes his place on the eggs*, and is killed by the second

marksman in the same way as the delim. The ostrich is often way-laid, in a similar manner, at its usual drinking place; a good shot being concealed in a hole whence he fires on it. The ostrich drinks nearly every five days, when there is water; otherwise, it can do without it for a much longer time. Nothing but excessive thirst induces it ever to approach a human habitation, and then it flies as soon as it is satisfied. It has been observed, that whenever the flashing lightning announces an approaching storm, it hastens towards the water. Though single birds may often be shot on these occasions, it is a much less certain sport than killing them on the nest, and less profitable, as, in the latter case, the eggs form no contemptible part of the spoil. The nest of an ordinary pair contains from twenty-five to thirty eggs. But it often happens that several couples unite to hatch together; in this case they form a great circular cavity, the eldest couple lay their eggs in the centre, and the others make a regular disposition of theirs around them. Thus, if there are four younger couples, they occupy the four angles of a square. When the laying is finished, the eggs are pushed towards the centre, but not mixed; and when the eldest delim begins to sit, all the rest take their places where their eggs have been laid, the females observing similar order. These associations are found only where the herbage is very plentiful, and they are understood always to be family groups, the centre couple being the parents of the rest. The younger birds lay fewer and smaller eggs—those of one year old, for instance, have only four or five. *The period of incubation is ninety days*.—These particulars cannot be perused without exciting great interest. I have abridged them considerably,—my object being to settle a point which has ever occasioned so much disparity of opinion.—NANNETTE.

[Thank you, dear Nannette. We are under a heavy weight of obligation to you, for so continually watching over the interests of OUR JOURNAL.]

Toads Eating their Skins.—My remark that "toads eat their skins," Mr. Editor, is not a novel assertion; inasmuch as Bell, in his "British Reptiles," published in 1839, corroborates a similar fact. Indeed, at page 110 of that work, he describes minutely the toad's behavior while shedding his skin. Your correspondent, J. Lusher, who is so very enthusiastic in his endeavor to solve the "grand mystery" relating to the same operation with Frogs, says—I seem anxious to ascertain facts. I not only seem to be so, but *am* so.—WILLIAM MARSHALL, *Ely*.

[The fact of *Toads* eating their skins, is quite set at rest. Mr. Lusher's remark has reference to *Frogs* eating their skins. He has kept these animals so long, and watched their movements so very narrowly, that we can hardly feel surprised at his incredulity. You remark, Sir, in your former letter, that you never observed a frog cast its skin and swallow it; but that you had once dissected a frog, and found a skin in its stomach. It is this remark that so puzzles our Correspondent. He says—"If one frog does this, why do not all frogs do it?" We cannot blame him for trying to solve the doubt.]

Roach and Dace; their Mode of Spawning in Ponds.—The very delightful account you have given in former numbers, of the artificial mode of impregnating the ova of fish, has brought to my recollection a curious circumstance that I witnessed some years ago, in or about the month of May. I was staying at Kilbourn House; and one fine sunny morning, I strolled out in the grounds for a walk. Feeling tired, I lay down on the side of the fish-pond; and almost immediately afterwards my eye was arrested by a violent agitation observable among the weeds, on the top of the water. I at once attributed this to frogs; but on closer examination, I found it proceeded from fish. The surface of the pond was alive with roach and dace, averaging in length from six to eight inches each. They were spawning. I eagerly watched this most interesting process, and can tell you how it was managed. The male fish, in every instance seized the female by the gill fin; which caused her to move rapidly among the weeds. By the violence of her motion, the ova were ejected; and this accomplished, the latter were immediately taken charge of and rendered fruitful by the male. There were many hundreds of fish, in pairs; and I observed for three successive days the same things I have now recorded. I imagine that three days *only* were thus occupied, assuming that the operations commenced when I first saw them. Paying a visit here daily, I think we may take this for granted.—VERAX.

The Camel's Voice to Man.—It is not needful, Mr. Editor, that the inferior creatures should be able to speak, in order to teach us wisdom. Their patience we witness; and does not *that* speak? The following "Lines" on a Camel kneeling down to receive its burden, are worthy a place in OUR OWN JOURNAL:—

Emblem of what my soul would be,
When called my lot to bear;
My "duty" in thy act I see,
Unconscious monitor!

Resigned like thee, oh, may I stoop,
With unresisting will;
Ready to take the burden up,
And all my task fulfil!

M.

American Aloe.—A fine specimen of this Aloe (*Agave Americana*) is now in bloom, at Moreby Hall, York, where it forms a very stately and conspicuous object. It is grown in a box nearly 3 feet square, plunged centrally on the ground level of the spacious gravel-terrace on the east wing of the mansion, in which position it has stood about ten years. It has been protected during the winter season by moveable glass frame-lights, within which a small stove has been placed during severe weather, to exclude frost. Previous to the formation of the flower stem, the leaves extended between 40 and 50 feet in circumference, the heart or central part of the plant being up to the above period 2½ feet in diameter. The length of the leaves averaged from 6 to 10 feet; and they were from 12 to 16 inches wide at their lowest part, in connection with the stem. The flower scape is 20

feet in height; and at the elevation of about 10 feet, the side flower branches, which are 28 in number, commence diverging horizontally from the main column. These lateral flower-stems are about 18 inches in length, progressively shortening towards the top, thus forming an elegant candelabra-like pyramid or outline. Each of the side branches again branch off into three smaller ones; these immediately converge into one large, flat, umbel-like cluster of densely crowded floral envelopes. Hence issue numerous projecting yellow stamens, or male organs, surrounded by imperfectly developed floral leaves or sepals. It is calculated, that the aggregate number of blossoms contained in the 28 fascicles is between 4000 and 5000. The excellent preservation of the plant for such a period, through all the vicissitudes of weather incident to such a situation, reflect much credit upon the management.—W. WOOD, *Fishergate Nursery, York.*

Effects of the Mild Autumn, in Ireland.—The present autumn, in the north of Ireland, has been unusually mild, and several of our oldest and scarcest plants have come into bloom. In the garden of the Marquis of Londonderry, at Mount Stewart, in the county Down, a beautiful specimen of *Littæa geminiflora* has flowered, and with a flower-stem of some sixteen feet high. In the garden of the Earl of Caledon, county of Tyrone, there is a magnificent specimen of *Agave Americana*, var. *variegata*, in full bloom. The stem is about sixteen feet in height; and at the present time, the plant is an object of much interest. It has been in the garden more than a hundred years. In the same place, is a remarkably fine specimen of *Doryanthes excelsa*, now in bloom. The stem is about nine feet high, and very strong, having made rapid growth for some months. In the Belfast Botanic Garden, the *Victoria Regia* has flowered for the first time; and a beautiful plant of *Zamia integrifolia* has also flowered very recently. The trunk of this plant is about nine inches in height, and twelve inches in diameter, on which two or three rows of leaves are produced from the centre of the leaves. The plant, in its present state, is a very curious and interesting object. The flower is about twelve inches in length, and twenty-four inches in circumference. It is very like a pineapple in form; but it is of a brown-green color, and a large quantity of gum exudes from its surface.—S. S. S., *Lisburne, Antrim.*

To the Lovers of Mushrooms.—Among the few fungi that are fit for food, there are very many fine-looking ones that dare not be tampered with; and no amount of colored plates or letter-press will ever render it safe for a person to cull and eat fungi unless a living guide guarantee the true characters of the species. There are really no bounds to the variations of fungi affected by local circumstances. The lower orders of (cryptogamic) vegetation, have their generation hidden; consequently, we find well-educated people puzzled with them. Newman, author of "British Ferns," acknowledges that without living guides, he could not make sure of more than two species of ferns, after consulting authors without end. This was when he first commenced

his investigations. I would just remark, in passing, that that valuable article of food—the puffball, is getting vastly into favor for other purposes than stupifying bees when burnt under them. The time may not be far distant, when these dry fungi may adorn the kitchen roof, as legitimately as flitches of bacon; and for the same service of savory food. But to the point, and that is, to the cases of poison occurring from the use of common mushrooms. When mushrooms are subjected to the action of fire, their juices become black; and this inky envelope effectually hides all shades of distinction in the mess. Now, although a little of the juice runs from each fruit, and more or less pervades all, still the true character of each individual remains unaltered; and that for the following reasons:—A fine fresh mushroom is a mass of cells or bladders, full almost to bursting with watery juices; and such yield little else but liquid. A stale mushroom may have all his beans unshorn, and look a stately production; and even when his skin is peeled off, his carcase cast into the pan, and the butter on his gills, it is not surmised that he is not what he appears to be. He is frequently only a whitened sepulchre! Instead of the juicy cells, the whole mass is spongy and dry, and more or less worm-eaten. And any one that has studied the disgusting details of the decay and transformation of vegetable substances (rich in their feeding properties) into insect animal life, will remember the inflammatory character of the process. The healthy state of true mushrooms is, therefore, of the highest importance. If frosted cabbage be unwholesome, who can guarantee fungi from the same fault? They are equally exposed. Nothing is more common than to hear of one person being a sufferer from eating mushrooms, whilst all his messmates escaped with impunity. I have not the least doubt that a single grub-eaten mushroom would be sufficient to account for this. Whilst we blame the state of the stomach, as being pre-disposed to violent action from eating fungi, the real cause, if we may reason from similar cases, would appear to be a chemical change in the character of the food. That change is concealed by the high seasoning and inky color of the article used. So that neither the sight, nor the smell, nor the palate, could detect the poison; which, although in minute quantity, cannot fail to be present if any of the changes I have described have taken place. By the way, it is well known that, in hot weather, it is quite as difficult to keep mushrooms from maggots as to keep fresh meat from being “fly-blown.”—DAVID SANGSTER.

The Virginian Creeper.—Of all the beautiful hard creeping plants which we remember, nothing is comparable to the foliage of the Virginian Creeper (*Ampelopsis hederacea*) about the present time. This elegant though common plant is not half so much known and cultivated as it ought to be. The following notice of it, which appears in a contemporary, will be read with real interest—“Every one knows this plant; for although a native of North America, it is now one of the commonest coverings of our walls, as well as one of the prettiest we see. Its beautifully-cut leaves are divided into five lobes, which when

first developed are of a bright light-green, while the whole of the young stem and shoot is red; these take, by degrees, a deeper hue of green, and early in the autumn assume a brilliant scarlet tint, at which time they are very lovely. The means by which this plant takes so firm a hold of whatever supports it, is highly curious. From the stem of the tree is sent out on one side a leaf, and exactly opposite to it a shining thread-like tendril, tinged with red, from one to one and a-half inch long, dividing into five branches, and each terminating in a little hook. When one of these little hooks touches a wall, or comes in contact with anything it is able to cling to, it begins to thicken—expands into a granulated mass of a bright red hue, loses the form of a hook and assumes that of a club, from the edges of which club a thin membrane extends, and attaches itself firmly to the wall after the manner of a sucker. If all five of the extremities happen to touch, they all go through the same process; and when all are spread out on the wall, each with its extension complete, the tendril looks much like the foot of a bird; but none of the hooks change in this way unless they are so situated as to be able to fix on the wall. One of these strong holdfasts occur, at about every two inches, on every stem and branch; and as a very large proportion of them get hold of some substance or other, the vine becomes more strongly fixed in its place than those which have been nailed or otherwise artificially fastened; and if the wall on which it climbs is at all rough, it must be very boisterous weather indeed that can dislodge its pretty covering. If by any means a branch is forced away from the wall, you will generally find either that it has brought away a portion of the stucco with it, or else that the stems of the tendril have broken, and left the sucker-like extremities still adhering. The appearance of one of these tendrils when young, is beautiful; and if you place it under a microscope while it is assuming its knobby form, you will admire its exquisite texture and covering. This, like the ivy, when it rises above the wall, becomes arborescent, and ceases to throw out tendrils.”—Let us hope that this beautiful little creeper will become more patronised when it is better known!—LOUISA A., *Norwood*.

The Harvest Moon.—Much ignorance prevails, Mr. Editor, about what is called the “Harvest Moon.” In northern latitudes, such as England, the moon we call the harvest moon is the full moon nearest to the autumnal equinox. The orbit of the moon is then nearly parallel to the plane of the horizon; her time of rising differs but little for several following nights, in consequence of *this* parallelism. Now, this position of the moon’s orbit with the plane of the earth’s horizon, can only take place when the moon is in Pisces, or Aries; the sun must be at that time in Virgo, or Libra. When the sun is in Virgo or Libra, the months *will* be September or October. The inhabitants of northern latitudes, struck by the appearance at the time of their harvest, concluded the beneficence of the Creator had for this purpose ordained this matter. In southern latitudes, this had not been observed; for not occurring at the time of their harvest, it had at-

tracted no particular observation.—O. A., *East Grinstead*.

The Scarlet Runner.—As the frosts have already destroyed, in many places, the tops of the scarlet runners, I would recommend the roots to be immediately taken up, and carefully stored away in damp sand or mould, in a dark cellar or shed, where they may remain until the first week in April. They should then be planted one foot apart. By this arrangement, you will pick beans nearly a month sooner than by sowing seed. —E. BENNETT, *Perdiswell*.

[This is a suggestion that should be universally attended to. The produce will be finer, as well as earlier; and disappointment will not attend the sowing of seed.]

True Charity.—True charity, Mr. Editor, is that which would,—

“Do good by stealth,
And blush to find it fame.”

As there does not exist very much of this charity amongst us, let me send you a little “Impromptu” that may serve to call it into more active exercise. The lines were suggested by one of those inconsiderable springs, whose source is imperceptible:—

Gentle Pilgrim! See in me
An emblem of TRUE CHARITY!
For whilst my bounties I bestow,
I am not *heard* nor *seen* to flow:
All my supplies are fresh from Heaven,
For every drop of water given.

M.

The Lily.—The Lily, Mr. Editor, is expressed by the term *Shushan* in Hebrew, which denotes light; and is said to have its name from the property it possesses of reflecting light. One of the capital cities in Persia is named Shushan, from the abundance of lilies of a beautiful kind which grow in its neighborhood. They were common in Judea, and grew there in the open fields. Hence, the allusion to them in the passage—“And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field.”—AGNES P.

THE GREEN-SILK BONNET.

BY “MOTLEY.”

(Concluded from page 303.)

“WHAT shall I do?” sobbed the deserted Mrs. Lennox, about half an hour after her husband's departure. “Miserable woman! What can have changed him so?”

Ring a ting-ring-ting.

“I can't see anybody,” pursued the afflicted lady. “Mary—not at home, mind.”

“It's Miss Smith, Ma'am, called about the bonnet. Shall I show her up?”

“No—yes—she may come.”

A little bustling woman appeared, in obedience to the summons, and curtsying, humbly wished Mrs. Lennox a good afternoon.

“Very sorry indeed, Ma'am, but it really was *not* our fault. I assure you the bonnet would have been home yesterday, if it had depended on *us*.”

“Have you brought it now?” inquired Mrs. Lennox.

“I assure you, Ma'am, we are not to blame; but the new trimming has not been begun.”

“Not begun! and when I particularly told you, Miss Smith, that I must have it home to day, when I wish to surprise my husband. Oh, it's too bad!”

“It is too bad, Ma'am,” chimed in the imperturbable forewoman, “but it is a lesson to us not to give work to young, flighty girls. But in a day or two—”

“A day or two, indeed! no, I must beg of you to send it home this very evening. Why do you stand there? Don't you hear me?”

“Yes, Ma'am, I hear, but it can't be sent to-night.”

“Why not?”

“Because—to tell the whole truth, Ma'am, we haven't got it.”

“Not got it? Who has then?”

“Miss Baffin had it to make up, Ma'am, and it is supposed that she made off with it, for neither she nor your bonnet are to be found. But I'll try, Ma'am,” added she, seeing a storm was brewing, “I'll try what can be done. Perhaps our people may have heard something of it. Good afternoon, Ma'am.”

And before Mrs. Lennox could get a word out, Miss Smith was half-way down stairs, congratulating herself on her lucky escape.

Time wore on, and no Mr. Lennox returned; the dinner hour arrived, and the unfortunate wife sat down alone, with as little appetite as possible. Not even her favorite dish, a sweetbread, beautifully dressed, could tempt her; she motioned everything away, and returned to the drawing-room even more cheerless and dispirited than when she entered it,

Meanwhile, her husband, after leaving his friend Lacy, strode through the streets, uncertain whither to bend his steps; he turned up St. James's Street, and thence into Piccadilly, half doubting whether to return home or not, when his wandering thoughts were collected by a glimpse of the identical green silk bonnet at a little distance before him. Could his eye deceive him? Impossible! It *must* be her, his false, fickle Emily. Should he overtake her, and satisfy himself? No; he decided on following her, and tracking her slowly, but surely, wherever she went: in pursuance of which plan, he accommodated his pace to hers, and after about ten minutes' walk through back streets and bye-lanes, emerged at a little distance behind her into Regent Street. Crossing over the way, she

paused at a fashionable-looking shop, no other than that of Madame Crepon, which Lennox well knew; but after a momentary delay, she rang sharply at a side door close by, which being immediately opened, she entered hastily. This, more than anything else, confirmed Mr. Lennox's suspicions, yet this was no time for deliberation; he therefore presented himself at the same door, after touching the bell, and was informed that no one (work-women excepted) was permitted to enter there. Disappointed at the failure of his design, he retraced his steps, and after a hasty demolition of some lamb-cutlets at a dining establishment in Oxford Street, betook himself home, where to his surprise he found his wife seated in her own place by the little work-table surrounded by her accustomed *paraphernalia* of frame, lambs' wool, patterns, and scissors. She was however, engaged in reading a note, which, on her husband's arrival, she handed over to him. After a glance round the room, during which his quick eye discovered the cause of all his misery, the green silk bonnet peeping out of a band-box, he commenced a perusal of the epistle, which ran thus:—

"MADAM,—I hope you will not be very hankry with me on account of my neglect and remissness in not putting the Linin as desired in your bonnet, but perhaps your good nature will pardon me, and make my excuses with Miss Smith, who is very strict with us gals. I took the liberty of warin your bonnet this mornin when I went into hide park to meet a military Gentleman who has a partiality for me, and I was detained longer than I expected. As the Old linin was to be Rimoved, and New put in, akordin to your Orders, I thought it wouldnt mattir. Prayin you to Forgiv me, I transcribe myself, madam,

"Your most obedient Humbel Sirvant,
"LOUISA BAFFIN."

"Why, what *is* the meaning of all this?" inquired Mr. Lennox.

"That's just what I am going to tell you," replied his wife; "you must know that I and Mary thought my bonnet looked rather shabby, and we had fixed to surprise you with a new lining and fresh ribbon, instead of which as you see, nothing has been done. But, now Sir, I am going to lecture you. Why have you,—

"A note for you, Sir, if you please," interrupted Mary, delivering a small triangular epistle to Mr. Lennox.

"From Lacy, I declare. What does he say?"

"Dear Len,—There's some mystery about that bonnet I can't fathom, but I have my suspicions. Sergeant Jones, of our corps, met to my knowledge a girl in the park, this morning, by name Louisa. I have just

seen him, for the second time to-day, and have discovered, by pumping, that his sweetheart wore a green silk bonnet, which tallies with your description. I only mention this that you may not make a fool of yourself. Adieu!

"ARTHUR LACY."

"Well, Sir, what do you think of your conduct?" inquired the fair Emily, trying in vain to muster a judicial frown. "I see you can't speak, so I must answer for you; I allow it did look strange, but then you know husbands ought never to be suspicious; come, I don't think you will ever treat me so again,—will you, Charlie?"

A kiss was the only answer.

* * * * *

Let our readers take a lesson if they will, from the foregoing tale, the moral of which alone we have now to lay before them:—"Let jealousy and suspicion be ever banished, by mutual consent of husband and wife; for SERIOUS DISAGREEMENTS may often arise from MORE TRIFLING CAUSES THAN THE—'GREEN SILK BONNET.'"

BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

EVERY individual, more or less, has a favorite season of the year. Some greatly prefer the summer, others the spring, others the winter, and others, the golden autumn. The zest of our pleasures is heightened by an infusion of melancholy. Few things are more melancholy than music—none so melancholy as love, which is, in fact, nothing but the consciousness of a desire never to be wholly gratified here below.

Love is the eager yearning of the soul after the beautiful, which is but another expression for the infinite. Doubtless the fresh green of spring, when the trees stand in genteel half-dress before the modest sun, is highly refreshing to the mind as well as to the eye. But autumn comes to us decked in a thousand colors, painted partly by the hand of decay. It is beauty on the threshold of the tomb, rendered more beautiful and fascinating by the air breathing upon it from beyond. We fancy we never discovered all its loveliness till then.

Death itself is marvellously beautiful, in its eternal silence and composure; it hints the mystery it dares not speak; it seems to have closed its eyes, only that it may indulge in delicious dreams for ever. All realities seem nothing, compared with the ideal creation which throngs upon the soul in death. An autumn is the threshold of death—nature, soft, balmy, like the thoughts of old age, illuminated by the light of heaven. For this reason we love the autumn, and appear to think and feel in it with the greatest ease and delight.

FRIENDSHIP AND ITS SYMPATHIES.

KIND hearts there are; and melting eyes;
BOTH with "a suffering friend" do sympathise.
Who from "a friend in trouble" would escape,
Is but a brute at best,—in human shape.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SOCIAL HARMONY.

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."—*Old Ballad.*

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

THE SUMMER is over; its joys have all fled:
Its beautiful flowers are wither'd,—or dead!
The bright sun that blessed us no longer imparts,
Its grandeur and glory to gladden our hearts:

Yes; Summer is over! but let us not mourn;
HOPE tells us its beauty again will return:
Again merry hearts will respond with delight,
To the Nightingale's song by the moon's gentle light.

Cold Winter advances,—and has it no joy,—
No prospect of pleasure our thoughts to employ?
Oh—yes; countless blessings unceasingly flow,
Our "guardian star" points the way we should go.

It brings a fair season of joy to the mind,
Of peace upon Earth, and good-will to mankind;
That union of Friendship, Affection, and Love,
Which dwells with the bright, "happy spirits" above.

Let our hearts wander back to the scenes of our youth,
To the dawn of Sincerity, Friendship, and Truth;
They still ardently glow with affection and pride,
At the thoughts of "DEAR HOME AND ITS BRIGHT FIRESIDE."

What a rich fund of merriment, laughter and glee,
Was ours when we furnished THAT famed
"Christmas Tree!"

Aye, for many long weeks, ere it brightly shone forth,
In the blaze of its ornaments, beauty, and worth!

How many kind hearts shared our joy and delight;
And joined in the sport on that grand festive night!

Sweet INNOCENCE sat upon every brow,
Whilst the laugh echo'd under the Misseltoe bough.

Oh! NE'ER may the pleasures that happily chime,
With the heart's kindest feelings, be silenc'd by time;

Shall Absence or Distance annihilate TRUTH,—
Or the vows which we pledged in the bright days of youth?

Oh—no! then let Envy for ever depart,
Whilst the chord of AFFECTION responds in each heart;

Let old and young meet ONCE A YEAR, and so prove,

The TRAMMELS of "HABIT" are OUT-WEIGHED BY LOVE!

FIRST LOVE.—Scarcely one person out of twenty marries his first love; and scarcely one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days, is generally rather a *fanciful creation of our own*, than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt.

DOMESTIC LAYS,—No. I.

THE HUSBAND'S PRAYER.

Oh! THOU whose merciful decree
Hath knit our hearts in bonds of love,
Our sure defence and safeguard be,
Whate'er our wedded lot may prove.

Without THY blessing, *love* is vain
The varied ills of life to bear;
But when bestowed, few griefs remain
Beyond *affection's* healing care.

Avert from us the spirit's chill,
Each wandering thought and fickle mood;
Mould every feeling to *thy* will,
Incline our hearts to every good,—

Implanting deep that perfect trust,
Of LOVE's rich soil the flower most dear;
Turn all our promised joys to dust,
But leave *that root* unwithered here.

Blend with our LOVE that gentleness
Which turns each angry word aside,
Which stifles wrath with tenderness,
And melts away the frost of Pride.

Nor let unkindness ever reach,
Nor harsh unfeeling thoughts impair,
The tenderness of years; but teach
Our hearts to bear and to forbear.

Be ours a unity of mind,
A unity of sweetest love;
A unity of "faith," entwined
With the dear "hope" of joys above.

We know that in our hearts there lies,
With all their LOVE, the germ of change;
The world can break the holiest ties,
A breath the tenderest thoughts estrange.

We pray, O God! that grief like this,
OUR earthly course may never see;
We'll make OUR LOVE a lasting bliss
BY RESTING ALL ITS "HOPES" ON THEE!

[We are in possession of a series of these beautiful "Lays," whose amiable author is personally unknown to us. We should indeed be proud of his acquaintance; and trust that if this "note" should attract his attention, he will not hesitate to communicate with us.]

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AIR AND ATMOSPHERE.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A COPY OF A VERY EXCELLENT BOOK for "review;" and we imagine we cannot do better than permit it to speak for itself.* It wants no recommendation from us, beyond the announcement of its existence. It will soon make its own way. The article we have selected from many hundred others, equally interesting, refers to what we are so often harping upon—the necessity for understanding the nature and value of air and atmosphere.

The *air* in which we live and breathe (says the writer), consists simply of a mechanical mixture of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of twenty-three parts of the former to seventy-seven parts of the latter—by weight—in every hundred. The *atmosphere* not only consists of this air, but also includes various other substances; of these, the principal are watery vapor and carbonic acid; ammonia and nitric acid exist in minute proportions, and exhalations of various kinds and amount, according to situation and circumstance.

The weight of our atmosphere, amounting to fifteen pounds upon every square inch of surface exposed to it at ordinary levels, exerts a pressure of nearly fourteen tons distributed over the surface of every grown man; we do not feel this, because it is counteracted by the *aëriform* elasticity of the fluids contained within our bodies: but when the pressure of the atmosphere is taken off any portion of the surface, as by an exhausted cupping-glass, it is the elastic counteracting force within the body which pushes up the covered portion of the skin. The prime, essential constituent of the atmosphere, is oxygen—the sustainer of animal life; its dilution with four parts of nitrogen,

exactly adapts it to our requirements. The proportions of oxygen and nitrogen in the atmosphere do not vary; its quality is chiefly altered by the amount of watery vapor, carbonic acid and other gases, and exhalations, and by the rarefying or condensing effects of heat or cold. The importance to health of a due supply of pure air, and the knowledge of the principal sources of its vitiation, are becoming every day better understood and acted upon.

The most constant and extensive source of impurity is animal respiration. Every breathing animal, man included, is continually drawing into the lungs air, and the next moment giving out, instead of the life-sustaining oxygen, poisonous carbonic acid. It is evident from this, that if an individual or individuals are enclosed in a room which possesses no means of ventilation—in other words, which has not its air continually changed, the air contained in that space must become unfit to be breathed; health will suffer, life may be extinguished. The head-aches and uneasy sensations caused by close crowded rooms, are familiar to all; the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and that of the Irish steamer a few summers ago, are notorious. In the latter, sixty persons fastened down in a close small cabin, perished in less than six hours. These individuals were actually poisoned by the carbonic acid gas they had themselves expired.

Such effects are too obvious to require comment; it is the gradual undermining of health, the slow poisoning of those who habitually breathe a vitiated air, to which attention requires to be drawn; and more particularly in the case of sleeping apartments. When it is considered that one per cent. of carbonic acid in the air will cause uneasiness, that ten per cent. is the probable limit where immediate danger to life commences, and that every adult man vitiates at least two hundred and sixteen cubic feet per hour of the pure element—it is needless to say more upon the necessity for proper venti-

* *The Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery.* By Spencer Thomson, M.D., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh and London: Groombridge and Sons.

lation; moreover, exhalations from the surface of the bodies even of the healthy, is constantly adding a considerable proportion to the other sources of atmospheric impurity. Notwithstanding facts like the above, people lie, singly or in numbers, for six or eight hours every night, breathing over and over again the same contaminated atmosphere; they sleep heavily, and rise in the morning, wondering perhaps that they feel even more languid than when they lay down at night!

The notorious cases of low lodging-houses, and other such resorts, are not now alluded to; *but the less-suspected nurseries and well-furnished apartments even of the higher classes—many of which, with door, window, and chimney closed, and heavy curtains drawn round heavy sleepers, are perfect hot-beds of disease.* It is time such ignorant, culpable disregard of all the principles of health should cease. We spend on an average one-third of our lives in our bed-rooms, for the purpose of refreshing the body; how important then to have them as airy as possible, with free entrance for the good air, free exit for the deteriorated! If the door of a room *must* be fastened at night, let it be by a chain-bolt; or if it must be locked, let the upper panels be perforated, or the window fitted with a pane of perforated glass or zinc—at all events let air in somehow. Keep the chimney open, that it may carry off the impure; this it will do, particularly if fitted with an Arnott's ventilator. Breathing the air in crowded assemblies of people is only occasional, and generally for a short time; it can do comparatively slight mischief. The air we breathe for one-third of our lives, cannot be vitiated without the most serious injury to health, and curtailment of life. Many a mother has mourned over the untimely grave of a child; little suspecting how the close hot nursery had undermined the young constitution, before the fatal cold or epidemic snatched her treasure away.

Diet, clothing, exercise—all claim serious attention; still more, for old or young, the purity and ventilation of the sleeping apartment.

Burning candles, or lamps, vitiate air in the same manner as the respiratory process of animals. They consume oxygen, and form carbonic acid; consequently they are undesirable in close rooms at night, or indeed at any time, if there is insufficient renewal of the air. A fire in the bed-room is recommended as a means of ventilation, and it undoubtedly is so as long as it is burning briskly—if kept well replenished, and if the chimney draws well; but when, during the hours of sleep, the fire gets low, and the draught up the chimney is diminished, the

air vitiated by the burning embers is very apt to become diffused through the apartment; and with it, sulphurous and other fumes. This point is one frequently overlooked; and from the very injurious consequences which may result, requires strict attention. Plants or flowers, kept in a sleeping apartment, are another not unfrequent source of impure air; for although living vegetation, under the influence of sunlight, has the power of abstracting carbonic acid from the atmosphere, which in fact it continually purifies from the effects of animal respiration—in darkness, the case is reversed. Not only do leaves cease to absorb carbonic acid, but they give it out. When it is remembered, that in a school in which pupils had been taking lessons for three hours, with doors and windows closed, the amount of carbonic acid has been found to be eight times the average; that much less than this causes uneasiness, that a little more may cause death—enough has been said to prove the necessity for preserving the air we breathe in a state of the highest possible purity, and of avoiding every known source of deterioration. In the room of sickness, the necessity is increased tenfold; both for the sake of the patient, and of those around, the air must be kept pure. In the few cases in which ventilation cannot be had recourse to, Liebig recommends the use of slack lime spread on a board. This quickly absorbs the carbonic acid of any closed space in which it may be placed, and fresh air must rush in through the crevices, to supply the place of the former gas. It scarcely requires mention, that all decomposing substances, in whatever situation, cannot fail to render the air impure—moist vegetable matter particularly; damp decaying wood, sawdust, straw, &c.—all exhale carbonic acid, and in close places may also originate serious disease. It is worthy of note, that whilst decomposing *dead* animal matter does not seem so materially to affect health, the morbid exhalations from living animal bodies poison the atmosphere to such an extent as to occasion the most malignant fevers.

Locality, it is well known, exerts much influence over the purity of the atmosphere. The air of towns must of course be less pure; principally from admixture of sulphurous vapor, the product of combustion. The air of the coast is stimulating and strengthening; probably in some measure owing to its containing minute portions of the sea constituents. The air of all damp, low situations, is particularly unhealthy; doubly so if the situation is surrounded by elevations which prevent atmospheric changes. Intermittent fevers, and diseases of a neuralgic character, prevail in these places; the noxious influence is generally

more potent near the ground, and those who are compelled to reside in such localities, may escape much evil by occupying rooms as elevated above the soil as possible.

Dry air is generally good; but it may be too dry, and produce disagreeable effects upon the skin, chapped hands, &c. Moist air, when combined with cold, is worst of all. The state of the atmosphere varies much in the twenty-four hours. The fresh air of early morning, salubrious to the strong and healthy, requires to be dried and warmed by the sun before it is suitable for the invalid. Even in summer, in this climate, this is scarcely the case before eight o'clock. Exposure to the damp air of evening and night, must always be shunned by the weak in health: so noxious is it in some tropical or marshy regions, that one night's sleep within its influence is certain to be followed by an attack of illness. That a uniform temperature or unchanging climate is not so well adapted to maintain health as a variable one, is admitted on the authority and experience of Sir James Clark, Dr. Combe, and others.

Here we will break off, merely adding that this book is produced at so small a cost—twelve numbers at sixpence each—as to bring it readily within the means of all. We again give it our best word.

NATURE'S CARE FOR HER CHILDREN.

THROUGHOUT the animal creation, the adaptation of the color of the creature to its haunts, is worthy of admiration, as tending to its preservation. The colors of insects, and of a multitude of the smaller animals, contribute to their concealment. Caterpillars which feed on leaves, are generally either green, or have a large proportion of that hue in the color of their coats. As long as they remain still, how difficult it is to distinguish a grasshopper, or young locust, from the herbage or leaf on which it rests! The butterflies that flit about among flowers, are colored like them. The small birds which frequent hedges, have backs of a greenish or brownish-green hue, and their bellies are generally whitish, or light-colored, so as to harmonise with the sky. Thus they become less visible to the hawk or cat that passes above or below them. The wayfarer across the fields almost treads upon the sky-lark before he sees it rise warbling to heaven's gate. The goldfinch, or thistledfinch, passes much of its time among flowers, and is vividly colored, accordingly. The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the fallow or stubble, upon or among which it crouches; and it is considered an accomplishment among sportsmen, to have a good eye for finding a

hare sitting. In northern countries, the winter dress of the hares and ptarmigans is white, to prevent detection among the snows of those inclement regions. If we turn to the waters, the same design is evident. Frogs even vary their color according to that of the mud, or sand, that forms the bottom of the ponds or streams which they frequent—nay, the tree-frog (*Hyla viridis*) takes its specific name from the color, which renders it so difficult to see it among the leaves, where it adheres by the cupping-glass-like processes, at the end of its toes. It is the same with fish, especially those which inhabit the fresh waters. Their backs, with the exception of gold and silver fish, and a few others, are comparatively dark; and some practice is required, before they are satisfactorily made out, as they come like shadows, and so depart, under the eye of the spectator. A little boy once called out to a friend to "come and see, for the bottom of the brook was moving along." The friend came, and saw that a thick shoal of gudgeons, and roach, and dace, was passing. It is difficult to detect the "ravenous luce," as old Izaak calls the pike, with its dark green, and mottled back and sides, from the similarly-tinted weeds, among which that fresh-water shark lies at the watch, as motionless as they. Even when a tearing old trout, a six or seven pounder, sails, in his wantonness, leisurely upstream, with his back-fin partly above the surface, on the look-out for a fly, few, except a well-entered fisherman, can tell what shadowy form it is that ripples the wimpling water. But the bellies of fish are white, or nearly so; thus imitating, in a degree, the color of the sky, to deceive the otter, which generally takes its prey from below, swimming under the intended victim. Nor is this design less manifest in the color and appearance of some of the largest terrestrial animals; for the same principle seems to be kept in view, whether regard be had to the smallest insects, or the quadrupedal giant of the land.

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.

THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF FLOODS.

SO GREAT, MR EDITOR, IS THE INJURY done in this country by Floods,—more particularly those visiting the valleys of our southern counties, that one feels naturally inclined to inquire the *reason* of these devastations.

In most of the valleys of our southern counties the rivers are sluggish, and, in consequence of the little fall in them, alluvial soil of the richest description has been deposited upon their banks. Population has been gradually drawn to the neighbor-

hood of such rich land ; and in course of time, bridges, mills, and a canal navigation communicating with the sea, or with some centre of commerce, have become indispensable. Bridges, very generally, are scarcely half high enough, or wide enough in the arch, to admit an increase above an ordinary flood of heavy rain ; therefore, bridges which impede the water in its way to the plane of the sea by its natural channel, the river, are obstructions.

Mills and a canal navigation are the other obstructions ; for as the gradual fall of water in a river sufficient to turn a mill is made available at one spot, by making a dam—and as the river is turned into a canal by dissecting the general fall of the water into levels supported by locks—so, in both cases the desired effect is produced by creating an obstruction to the flow of water. Hence, then, when a great fall of rain occurs, such as that at Lewes a few weeks since, the damage inflicted is often immense.

The damage from a flood is palpable. One sees gardens and fields laid waste, dwellings on the ground-floor inundated, stock swept away, and sometimes human life destroyed. But no one can calculate the annual loss to the country, in a variety of other ways than from floods arising from obstructions in rivers.

The prime loss arises, from the rich marsh land adjoining the rivers being constantly saturated with water ; and therefore never able to give forth its increase, except when the atmosphere is in such a state as to cause immense evaporation. Even in spring and summer, the quality of the grass is inferior, as it is deficient in quality to what it would be were the water away. Let any one observe the Thames and the Lea rivers in their whole course, where badly-constructed bridges, numerous mills, and a canal navigation interfere with the outflow of their waters ; and he will see thousands of acres of the finest land in England condemned to comparative sterility from this cause alone.

The next loss to the community, is the deterioration of climate wherever the damming up large bodies of water occurs. The river, being full to the banks, needs but a heavy fall of rain to cause a flood over all the adjacent level land. The soil, being naturally retentive, only loses this surplus water by evaporation ; hence malaria and its consequences. It is well known, that thorough drainage has in many parts of England materially altered the climate for the better. This is of consequence to stock of all kinds, and particularly to human life, where the bridge, or the mill, or some incidental crossing of a road and a canal have brought a population to a centre. The Stour River, at Canterbury, is a good instance of

this ; where it is obvious that the mill-dams, and the locks of the navigation, keep up a head of water entirely preventing the natural drainage of the lower parts of the city and the rich marsh land of the adjoining country. The Board of Health might spend thousands in the most ingeniously contrived drains and traps ; and yet not effect a tithe of the good that the buying up the mill and navigation rights (with a view to throwing down the dams and locks), would do like a touch of magic. Canterbury is only one of hundreds of towns to which the same remark applies.

The third loss, is the misapplication of the rivers. Now, they are applied to mill and navigation purposes ; when coals and railways produce the same effect away from river banks in a far cheaper and more expeditious manner. Under these altered circumstances, they should be applied to the supply of water to neighborhoods below the level of certain spots convenient for putting the water into pipes for distribution—either by gravity or by steam-pumping, and to what has been almost entirely neglected in this country, irrigation. The Thames, the Lea, Colne, the Wandle, and other streams adjacent to London, would amply supply the whole city and neighborhood with water. The Stour would supply Canterbury ; the Itchen, Winchester and Southampton ; and so on with half the towns in the kingdom. Besides this draught upon the volume of water contained in each valley, there would still be sufficient *vis a tergo* to irrigate all available land for such a purpose. The loss to the country in the valley of the Thames alone, in its present state—and what it would produce if thoroughly drained and irrigated, might be estimated at millions. Any one who has seen the Duke of Portland's Clipstone meadows, Mr. Pusey's at Pusey, and the Hon. Francis Baring's at Buckenham—would only wonder at our having so long neglected such sources of wealth ; when those of a similar nature were mainly instrumental in raising the Moorish empire in Spain to its palmy state of magnificence.

To effect such benefits, an arrangement of interests is requisite. On the one hand, are water companies within towns or deriving their supply other than from a high level, the trustees of river navigations, and mill-owners. On the other, are the owners of land affected by water ; and all populations suffering from inefficient drainage and malaria arising from pent-up water.

"Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished ;" and he would deserve well of his generation who could forward it. A.

TIME obliterates the fictions of speculative opinions, and confirms the decisions of nature.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. III.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN MY LAST, Mr. Editor, I gave you an account of a trip to Sauvabelin. I shall now speak of a trip to the Tour de Gourzes; and this being a favorite spot with my old master, I shall have occasion to recur to it more than once. *Entre nous*, many a curious thing has occurred during our excursions in this direction! Let me begin, with a nocturnal promenade;—a queer fancy this, of the old Bombyx! I am sure both my brother and myself thought we had quite enough to do in the day-time, without being obliged to turn out of a snug bed to take a midnight walk. However, so it was; and I recollect, quite well, that the two young masters went to bed soon after they had swallowed their dinner. Bombyx was to arouse them about eleven o'clock. This party consisted of Bombyx Atlas, his two elder sons, and, instead of the old gentleman mentioned in my last, a tall, lanky German music-master—a thorough merry companion by-the-bye. There was also a fine Swiss, who acted as guide. A genuine descendant was he of Guillaume Tell, a thoroughly fine-hearted "Vaudois." Aye, he was a noble fellow, Mr. Editor, and he went by the name of "Frère Jean."

The implements of hunting were all prepared early, and all was quiet in the house till about half-past ten o'clock. Just then I fancied I smelt bacon; and I went into the kitchen, where I perceived sundry roastings and grillings going forward. What's all this about? thought I; so I called my brother, who was just coming down stairs with "Frère Jean." Presently down comes the cracked German servant, grinning like a Cheshire cat.—"What does all this mean?" said I to Carlo. "Hold your stupid tongue, Fino; don't you know we are all going to the 'Tour de Gourzes?'" responded he gruffly. "A pretty idea this, certainly!" quoth I. "Is master mad? starting for the 'Tour de Gourzes' at midnight! I won't go." "But you *shall* though," said Carlo,—at the same time seizing me rather unceremoniously by the ear.

"Now, can't you two brothers just be quiet?" says "Frère Jean," in his usual cool way. Just then, the music-master appeared, followed by Bombyx Atlas and his two sons. A tremendous breakfast was despatched; and at half-past eleven o'clock, we all started from our house at Cour, near Lausanne. The clock indexed a quarter to twelve, as we passed the English church at "Ouchy." Another quarter of an hour brought us to Pully. Although this was the middle of June it was rather chilly, and too dark for us to see much. It was very curious to hear midnight sounded by the different church clocks in the distant villages.

On we trudged, singing merrily to beguile the time, till we reached "Lutry." Next "Cully" came in sight; and as we passed the little village of "Villette," its celebrated "clochette" chimed two o'clock. There the fatiguing part of our journey commenced. All was up hill now, and no mistake, till we reached "Grand Vaux;" when the matin bells were sounded from its ancient tower, and the first grey glimmering

of morn broke forth. It was glorious, Mr. Editor—passing glorious. There was just sufficient light for Bombyx Atlas and his party to perceive and lay hold of a number of the caterpillars of *Bryophila glandifera*, which were thus early feeding on the lichen that grew upon the antique wall, and here I and my brother got some capital cat-hunting, a favorite amusement of ours.

By and bye, the road got more even; but we were delayed a short time. The cold and the unaccustomed hour caused a kind of drowsiness to overtake one of the youngsters. This was soon brought round by a dram of "Kirschenwasser," administered by "Frère Jean," and we shortly arrived at the "Chalet du Chasseur," at the foot of the mountain. Here, naturally, we halted. Coffee, eggs (such eggs, Mr. Editor!), and bacon, sausages, butter (by Jupiter! it *was* butter), toast; home-baked brown bread, and a fire fit for our most gracious little Majesty. The old-fashioned fire-place had a seat for three or four on each side, under the chimney. Then the blazing logs, and the crackling fagots! Oh, what a warming, singing, laughing, barking, cackling of ducks, crowing of cocks, grunting of pigs, bleating of sheep, cooing of pigeons, purring of cats! I was really quite bewildered. Breakfast, number two, was despatched, and a good glass of "Kirschenwasser" after it; and dinner was ordered to be ready at four o'clock. And now the party being well refreshed, most vigorously pushed forward to the top of the mountain.

And here let me observe, that though this is not a very high mountain, parts of it are very steep and awkward. Whenever I saw Bombyx Atlas slip, I felt a kind of thrill; but trusty Jean was ever behind him. There was evidently a sympathetic friendship between Jean and Bombyx, which was terminated only by the death of the former. Somewhere about six o'clock, the long-legged music-master was seen waving his handkerchief from the "Tour de Gourzes"—a very old ruin, the remains of a square watch tower which is said to be extremely ancient. All having at length reached this spot, reposed for a short time. It will not do for me to attempt to describe the view from thence, Mr. Editor. It is quite beyond my powers to think of it; it must be seen and felt, as we felt it. Oh, how transcendently beautiful was this wild Swiss scenery!

Having each disposed of a glass of old "La Vaud," which a *paysan* from the "Chasseur" brought up in "la Hotta," and having cut their names on the ruined tower, the entomological sport "came off." This I shall describe in my next. Adieu, *au revoir*! Your affectionate friend,

FINO.

CONTENTMENT, A BLESSING.

MAN's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.
Those few wants answered, bring sincere delight,
But FOOLS create themselves NEW APPETITES.

YOUNG.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXXVI. PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 294.)

PHILOSOPHERS HAVE RECOURSE to small subterfuges, to prove that our propensities and our talents are the result of chance. It is, they say, by insignificant impressions on the infant at the breast, by peculiar examples and events, that sometimes one faculty is determined and sometimes another. If Demosthenes became eloquent, it is because he was attracted by the eloquence of Callisthenes. If Vaucanson became celebrated in mechanics, it was because he had seen, while a child, a clock in the antechamber of his mother's confessor; he examined its wheels, made a similar machine with a bad knife, and, his taste developing itself, he soon constructed an automaton flute-player, and the most astonishing machines. Milton would not have written his poem, had he not lost his place of secretary to Cromwell. Shakspeare made tragedies in consequence of being an actor; in place of being an actor, he would have remained a wool-dealer, like his father, had not some youthful follies compelled him to quit the place of his birth. Corneille falls in love, and writes verses to the object of his affection; it is to this circumstance that we owe this great dramatic poet. Newton sees an apple fall; what more was wanting to enable him to divine the laws of gravitation?

I admit these facts. All that can be concluded from them is, that our propensities and our talents do not always put themselves in activity. It is often necessary, that the impulse be given them by an external impression, or that the material object, on which they are to exercise themselves, be offered them. The cock will not fight, unless he finds a rival to thwart him in his love; the beaver does not build, if he has no branches of trees; no animal can generate without a female; without obstacle, there can be no firmness; without an enemy, no generous pardon. In all ages, great events have given rise to great men; not that the circumstances produce their intellectual faculties, but because they furnish an ample field for the free exercise of their faculties. Many men, without doubt, acquire only by this means, a knowledge of their own genius; but if, sometimes, certain qualities remain at first inactive, for want of circumstances, the force and solidity which these faculties afterwards display, fully satisfy us that their existence had preceded their action. Is it not evident, that, in the very examples opposed to me, the objects offered by chance would not, without the peculiar disposition in question, have been seized as they were, nor with the same energy? How many are the children on whom works of art make little impression, or whom the view of these works does not render artists?

Vaucanson directs a fixed attention to the arrangement of the clock; he examines it with much care. The first trials he makes to imitate it, with bad tools, prove successful. Now, this attention and this rapid success prove that there

existed a relation between his faculties and the mechanical arts. Thucydides shed tears of envy at the reading which Herodotus gave of his history to the Greeks. It certainly was not this perusal which created in him a concise, close, lively style, strong and rich in thoughts. Neither was it the reading of the poem on the Death of Henry IV. which inspired Fontaine with his peculiar talent for poetry. How many secretaries lose their places without becoming Miltons! How many are in love, and write verses, like Corneille and Racine! Yet these poets have found no equals among their successors.

If the most frivolous accessory circumstances produce striking differences in propensities and talents, why does not education, which can produce circumstances at will, seize this new means of forming great men? And why have we, and why shall we always have reason to complain that, notwithstanding so many establishments for education, great men are so rare a phenomenon?

I certainly do not deny, that good models are of great utility, and that the study of these models ought to constitute an essential part of education; but, if it be necessary, or sufficient, to have excellent subjects of imitation, whence have Homer, Petrarch, Dante, drawn their divine art? Why do not the talents of Tacitus, Cicero, and Livy, find their inheritors, though so many scholars know these authors by heart? The Raphaels, Mozarts, Haydns, why do they produce so few disciples? And why do we always need to wait a lapse of several ages, before we can see any great men shine in the annals of history?

Again, an objection is drawn from the uniformity which is found among men, on a hasty survey of all the individuals of a nation; and from this, it is concluded that the faculties of mankind are only a result of social institutions.

But this uniformity proves precisely the reverse; for, we find it in essential things, not only in a single nation, but in all people, in all ages, however different may be the external influences of climate, of nourishment, laws, customs, religion, and education. It even preserves itself in all the individuals of the same species of animals, under whatever climate, and whatever external influence. This uniformity is, consequently, the strongest proof that nothing can derange the plan which nature has prescribed by means of organisation. For the rest, these panegyrists of the creative power of education, are in direct contradiction with themselves. At one time, the uniformity observed among men serves to prove that education does everything; at another, in order to explain the difference in characters, they allege the impossibility of the greater part of individuals receiving a uniform education.

In fine, let us consult persons who devote their whole life to the education of men; such as Campé, Niemeyer, Pestalozzi, Salzmann, Gediké, May, Eschké, Phingsten, the Abbé Sicard, &c. Every day furnishes them occasion to remark, that in each individual, dispositions differ from birth; and that education can have no effect, except in proportion to the innate qualities. If it were otherwise, how could these benevolent men be pardoned, and how pardon

themselves, for not rooting out in their pupils all the faults, vices, all their fatal passions, and their base inclinations? How should satirical authors, moralists, and preachers have had so little success against absurdities and crimes? Why have not the great and the rich purchased the art of giving a great capacity to their children? Believe then, that such an act is not entirely in the power of men. It is nature herself, who, by means of the immutable laws of organisation, has reserved to herself not the only, but the first right, over every exercise of the faculties of man and animals.

CONTINUATION OF THE EXPOSITION AND OF THE
REFUTATION OF DIFFERENT OPINIONS, ON THE
ORIGIN OF OUR MORAL QUALITIES AND
INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

*Influence of Climate and Food on the Moral and
Intellectual Forces of Man.*

Some naturalists would derive certain qualities from the influence of climate; from food, drink, and even from the milk furnished to the infant.

This is to confess, that our qualities and faculties are inherent in our organisation; for, the milk of the nurse, food, drink, climate, act only on man's physical system. It is incontestible, that all these circumstances act with marked influence on our physical and moral nature; but again, do we not confound the power of *modifying* with the power of *producing*? The varieties of food and drink excite or weaken the action of the organs, but can neither produce them, nor cause their disappearance. The nurse's milk, like any other aliment, may be the cause of a physical constitution more or less healthy, and thus influence the character and the mind; but it can neither give nor take away determinate inclinations or qualities. If parents have a right to impute to nurses the malpractices of their children, why do not we, who feed on beef, pork, mutton, &c, render these animals responsible for our good and bad qualities?

It is equally notorious, that climate does not influence the whole constitution and the form of certain parts of the body only; but likewise the different development of different parts of the brain, and, consequently, the different configuration of the head; and, lastly, the modifications of the moral and intellectual character of different nations. But, however different, and however powerful local circumstances may be, they never have changed, and never will change the essence of an animal of any variety of the human species.

INSECTS,—THEIR WONDERFUL STRENGTH.

THE COMMON BEETLE, *Geotrupes stercorarius*, can, without injury, support and even raise very great weights, and make its way beneath almost any amount of pressure. In order to put the strength of this insect-Atlas to the test, experiments have been made which prove that it is able to sustain and escape from beneath a load of from 20 to 30 ounces, a prodigious burden when it is remembered that the insect itself does not weigh as many grains; in fact, if we take man as a standard of comparison, it is as though

a person of ordinary size should raise and get from under a weight of between forty and fifty tons. This amount of strength is not, however, confined to the short thick-limbed beetles. Mr. Newport once fastened a small carabus—one of the most active and elegantly-formed of the beetle tribe—which weighed only three grains and a half, by means of a silk thread, to a small piece of paper, upon which the weight to be moved was placed. At a distance of 10 inches from its load, the insect was able to drag after it, up an inclined plane of 25 degrees, very nearly 85 grains; but when placed on a plane of five degrees' inclination, it drew after it 125 grains, exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load—as though a man was to drag up a hill of similar inclination, a wagon weighing two tons and a half, having first taken the wheels off.

Such being the strength of insects, as tested by their powers of leaping, running, tearing, carrying, and drawing, let us briefly advert to their capabilities in the way of flying, a mode of locomotion in which they likewise are unrivalled in the whole range of animated nature. In order to prove this, we need not search far. The common house-fly (*Musca domestica*) will answer our purpose as well as more striking examples. This familiar inmate of our dwellings has been calculated by a writer in "Nicholson's Journal" to fly, when engaged upon ordinary business, at the rate of 5 feet in a second; but upon an emergency it will clear 30 to 35 feet in the same period. "In this space of time," to use the illustration adopted by Kirby and Spence, "a race-horse could clear only 90 feet, which is at the rate of more than a mile in a minute. Our little fly, in her swiftest flight, will in the same space of time go more than one-third of a mile. Now compare the infinite difference of the size of the two animals (10 millions of the fly would hardly counterpoise one racer), and how wonderful will the velocity of this minute creature appear! Did the fly equal the race-horse in size, and retain its present powers in the ratio of its magnitude, it would traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning.

INFIDELITY.

WHAT is an infidel? A fool; an arrant fool. Infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away. What then is it worth? Everything to be valued, has a compensating power. Not a blade of grass that withers, not the ugliest weed that is flung away to rot and to die, but reproduces *something*. Nothing in nature is barren. Therefore, everything that is or seems to be opposed to nature cannot be true. It can only exist in the shape that a diseased mind imparts to one of its coinages. Infidelity is one of those coinages—a mass of base money, that won't pass current with any heart that loves truly, or any head that thinks correctly. And infidels are poor, sad creatures; they carry about them a load of dejection and desolation, not the less heavy because it is invisible. To look an honest man in the face is, with them, an utter impossibility.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS I. to XI., price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—F. M. G.—J. M. S. J.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—FORESTIERA. Many thanks.—J. C. E.—Jos. S.—JOHN T.—C. W. R.—W. C. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, November 20, 1852.

WE HAVE PERHAPS BEEN WANTING IN OUR DUTY—seeing that we have not specially directed attention as we go on, to the series of articles we are reprinting, in an English dress, of the WORKS of the IMMORTAL GALL.

Let not one of our readers fail to read, and to read most carefully, every remark made by this Great Man. OUR articles have their very origin in his ideas. He leads; we follow in his footsteps. The subjects that are now weekly developing themselves, are of the last importance. Once reading them, is insufficient. They must be graven on the memory. The "value" of such a teacher is inappreciable.

"The proper study of man-kind is—Man."

GALL's knowledge of human nature was great. It did not extend merely to the *genus Homo*, but it embraced the whole creation. His arguments are as overpowering, as the proofs he gives are undeniably true. One cannot reasonably gainsay any of his inferences, for his insatiable love of truth stands out in every sentence. Hence our conviction of the lamentable ignorance that has so long veiled the world—ignorance, to be delivered from which, demands all the gratitude that a finite creature can pay to an Infinite Being.

We think it right to mention, that we are only—as yet, getting into "first principles." Every subsequent discussion will now assume a degree of importance that must rivet our attention. Our time in this lower world is necessarily so short, that to remain any longer wilfully ignorant of what so very nearly concerns our vital interests, would, to say the least of it, argue a want of sense.

We feel sure that these few remarks will be received in the spirit with which we offer them. The oldest of us know nothing; yet is it never too late to learn. The young have time to learn what we neglected to learn in our youth—and how much more!

"*Nulla dies sine lineâ.*"

Every day we live, brings with it "something" new in the way of instruction; and we never ought to close our eyes without being a degree at least wiser than we were on waking.

This is a dogma of ours, which we hold in the utmost reverence; and as we practise what we preach (in this matter perhaps we are an oddity), sleep sits lightly on us, and we are, as times go, a fair specimen of—a happy man.

WE HAVE NOW ARRIVED AT WITHIN FIVE SHORT WEEKS OF CHRISTMAS—a season to which young and old are used to look forward with delight, and some of whose joys we have already sung.*

Those who live in cities and towns, lead a life so very different from that of dwellers in country villages and rustic cottages, that we can hardly hope to succeed in convincing them that even now the country is "beautiful."

"The country beautiful in November!" Yes, truly is it; at least to a contemplative mind. We have very recently wandered abroad—invited by a glorious sun, to view the face of nature; and see what have been the effects produced by the heavy rains, winds, and frosts. We have sought the hills and the valleys, the uplands and woodlands. And what pictures of loveliness—what fanciful and magnificently varied landscapes, have presented themselves on every side!

Not only are the trees just now bewitchingly beautiful in their half-dress; but you may really *hear* them making melody in their branches, by way of praise. See how their lofty heads bashfully bend to the wind—whose voice, mingling with the accompaniment of their fluttering drapery, discourses music the most harmonious. These sounds of the departing year, heard murmuring in the trembling foliage of the trees, to us are indescribably sweet. The disrobing of the forest, too; what a ceremony to witness!

Nor must we fail to record, among the lingering beauties of this delightful season, the singularly-lovely aspect of the passing clouds. Early and late they are full of beauty.

* See our article on "THE CHRISTMAS TREE" (No. 46, page 305).

Soft floats the moon amid the lingering fogs—
Till the sun's ray, that gilds their fleecy robes,
Dissolves them, opening wide the prospect
round.

And as they pass in all their variety of
light and shade, what wonderful effects are
produced on the scenery below!

Then is it charming to behold
The forests shine in vegetable gold!
How mixed the many chequer'd shades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and gay and vivid
green!

The "vivid green" is now very sparingly
seen; hence the heightened contrast. But
to the clouds. Now a large impending rock
towers above us, fringed all round with the
purest silver. Now a whole chain of moun-
tains stretches far away to the right and
left—the sea apparently rolling onwards
beneath.

Then comes the sun, peeping from behind
a lofty tower; and gradually rising with a
smile on his lovely countenance, to dispel
the chilling mists, and gild all nature with
richly-glowing tints. Anon the whole are
rolled up like a scroll. The face of the
heavens becomes changed, the winds howl,
the rain descends, the birds seek safety in
the hedges. We are left alone to our medi-
tations.

These are scenes, amidst which we fondly
delight to revel. In every season, our
element is the fields. When the weather per-
mits, Nature is our study; Nature's God the
object of our adoration and praise. In these
pursuits we feel "happy." We envy no
man; nor do we covet more than we possess.
'This is the true test of happiness.

It must be confessed that we have very
imperfectly hinted at the beauties of Autumn;
but such are the feelings engendered by the
season, that it is not in the power of language
to set them properly forth. All we behold
out of doors—insects, trees, flowers, animals,
all have a speaking voice. The universal
law of nature, in all her beautiful provisions,
and providential care for creation, is un-
folded at every step. We care not for the
company of ANY one who can behold these
things unmoved.

It is whilst thus far removed from the
noisy, giddy, and superficial world, that we
feel as we wish to feel—in love with the God
of nature. We seem to be made "willing"
to play out the remainder of the part as-
signed us in the drama of life; whilst we yet
pant for a release from the routine of daily
duties, and aspire to know more of what
awaits us hereafter. How *very* insignificant,
at such times, appears this little round ball
of earth; and how very little care we for it!
Still, there are many living on it who are very
dear to us: and for *their* sakes we are
passive.

But let us quit the regions of poetry, and
descend to something nearer home—our
gardens to wit. Amidst all the falling
leaves, and in spite of all the denuded
branches (how lovely some of the trees do
look in their *deshabille*!), we can always have
something attractive near the house; aye,
and something *green* too! We have winter-
blowing Laurustinus, trim Holly-bushes,
bedight with scarlet berries; and tall Spruce
Firs, shooting up their pyramid of feathery
branches beside the low ivy-grown porch.
Then we have the ivy in elegant profusion,
and a variety of other ever-greens and
winter flowers, which remind us that we are
surrounded by "life."

Lastly—for the printer has commanded us
to "halt," our winter joys are rendered com-
plete by the company of our beautiful fancy
poultry, as well as by numerous songsters—
all *so* tame! Thrushes have we in plenty;
wrens, titmice, chaffinches, robins, hedge-
sparrows, &c. &c. These merry rogues are
singing perpetually; most of them under our
very window. Indeed several of them have
formed an intimacy with our "pet" canaries,
and have entered themselves as parlor-
boarders. The window, or the house door,
is never closed against them; never will be.
We dearly love such company.

In the garden, our little friends and we
trot about together. While we use the spade,
they sing us a song. Sometimes they perch
upon a branch just over our heads, looking
affectionately on at "the works." We next
find them dodging our footsteps. Anon,
they perch themselves upon our shoulder;
and presently they are prepared, with ex-
tended wings, to give us (a playful) battle.

Such are the innocent charms of a country
life. Herein lies all our "happiness."

GREAT INDEED HAVE BEEN THE PRE-
PARATIONS, unceasing the toil, for giving all
due effect to the funeral ceremonies of His
Grace the Duke of Wellington. Both by
day and by night, thousands of men have
been employed, for many weeks past; and
regardless of cost, an imposing sight has
been got up, to witness which one half of the
world, at least, seem to have left their homes.
Trade is looking up!

John Bull rejoices in all these empty
displays. He would give his very last shil-
ling to be found in a crowd, gazing on tinsel.
He loves to talk about it, and boast of it.
His weak point costs him dear—but what of
that? "He saw the whole with his own
eyes;" and he sits down abundantly satisfied.
Ought any one to call him to task? As-
suredly not. Gewgaws are the very life of
his spirit.

The sums that have been realised in the
matter of "seats to view," would almost

exceed belief. They are so large, that we will not dare even to hint at their supposed aggregate amount, lest we be charged with drawing the long bow. Many weeks since, small rooms with two windows (a second floor) produced from sixty to eighty guineas each.* This will afford *some* clue for arriving at correct data. In our article on "Human Reason, and Sanity" (see p. 257), we expressed our willingness to believe the assertion of a certain clever medical man, who says that "everybody in the world is 'mad' in degree; and at certain seasons more particularly so." If any clear evidence of this could be needed, behold it in the "Funeral of the Duke of Wellington." High and low, rich and poor, Englishmen and Foreigners, young and old, healthy and feeble, —all are influenced by one feeling. They will be there at any cost. If they can see anything, they will; if seeing be impossible, they can *hear* the noise at all events. If they can't get a seat, they can stand. If they can't ride, they can walk. And as for being crushed in the crowd—what is that, in comparison with the pleasure of being there, and talking of it afterwards?

Such are the elements of which our world is composed. Can it be a matter for wonder if its machinery be now and then out of order? We think not.

* Tradesmen, not a few, in the line of route, would, ere Christmas, have become "insolvent." This pageant, we hear, has saved them! Men who a very few weeks since would have given both their ears for £20, have since insolently demanded from £250—and have clutched it! Facts are stubborn things. "Fortune favors the BOLD!"—ED. K. J.

THE INTIMATION WE GAVE IN OUR FORTY-FOURTH NUMBER of our labors being under the necessity of terminating at Christmas—unless some extraordinary exertions were made by our friends to keep the "Good Ship 'Honesty'" under a heavier strain of canvas, is already having its effect.

A friend of ours in Liverpool, unknown save by his constant acts of true brotherly kindness, is again agitating that part of the country; and in a manner that proves the sincerity of his heart to be commensurate with his energies. These last were indeed worthy of Hercules. He says—"he has done nothing yet!" Among the agents he has ferreted out for us, is one—ALEXANDER DEWAR by name, residing at 35, Dale Street, Liverpool. This gentleman is a philosophical bookseller, and a *rara avis*—i.e. "an honest bookseller." As such, we delight to do him honor, and are proud to have such an agent.

MR. DEWAR, unlike his brethren generally, positively *refuses to sell* the cheap immoral weekly periodicals. No prospect of gain

from such polluted streams (and the profit *is* enormous), can tempt him to swerve from his duty to GOD and man. In him, therefore, we have an ally on whom we can depend. With the others we must take our chance; for we cannot and will not sacrifice our conscience, to please their corrupt taste. We owe a duty to society whilst we hold the pen, which we shall unflinchingly perform.

To the honor of this worthy bookseller, we print a part of his "address," prefixed to his general Catalogue of Books. It will be seen that he stands "alone" among his order. He says—

HISTORY informs us that the first general library in the world had placed over its entrance the appropriate motto, "*Medicine for the Mind.*" How important for the everlasting well-being of mankind, had nothing else ever been published in books but what might truly be designated *mental medicine*! But believing as I do, that a large number of books are full of *mental poison*, I have been careful, whilst arranging the following catalogue, not to admit (so far as I can judge) *any book that will have an immoral tendency.*

I believe in the *growing power* of books. They are "half-almighty things," containing "the *might and moral of mankind.*" Books are made up of thoughts, which are the fruit and wealth of mighty minds:—

"Forth to its work the printed *thought* proceeds,
And who shall track it as it rounds the world?
Who can imagine, when 'tis once abroad,
(However humble was its natal home,)
The *work* it dares, the *wonder* it achieves!
——like an angel bright,
That *thought* in action may itself approve:
For printing, like an *omnipresence* gives
Its power expansion; far and wide it moves;
Reaches all hearts; a host of minds affects,—
AND EXECUTES WHAT NONE BUT GOD
CONTROLS."

Books are far mightier than armies; and are destined, let us hope, to supersede the sword, and usher in the smiling morn of the "good time coming."

If our booksellers generally, could disabuse their minds of the idea that money and gain are the *only* objects we ought to live for, how happy might we not all yet be! But while they so delight in contaminating the human mind, we can hope for no better state of things than at present exists.

A fearful responsibility attaches to *all* persons who assist in debasing the human mind. They laugh at us for saying so; but we nevertheless emphatically repeat it. Punishment, too, awaits them—if not here, hereafter.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

To bid some people not to love,
Is to forbid their pulse to move.

BUTLER.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Russian Violet.—The Russian Violet, in many parts of the country, is not known; and perhaps never heard of. These violets are very beautiful, and gifted with a very fragrant perfume, which is not usual in the "common spring violet," which can only be called "pretty and sweet." Its color and size are superior, the one being darker, and the other larger. These violets thrive on a border having a western aspect. I have one so situated, measuring eighteen feet in length and two in breadth. It is entirely covered with these violets. They are planted at the distance of a foot apart. The soil is a very light mould, in which they succeed best. All who would have a bed of these violets in October (which is rather rare), must procure healthy single roots in May. Water them during the hot months, and transplant them every other season. They will realise their object. Now that my summer pets are departing, in these violets I find a treasure.—MYLES GOLDING.

Mode of Hunting the Wild Bee, in Canada.—Your readers will, doubtless, be pleased by a perusal of the following curious particulars connected with the wild bee, and its capture, in America. It seems that the Canadians adopt an ingenious plan for discovering the trees that are stored with honey. They collect a number of bees off the flowers in the forest, and confine them in a small box, at the bottom of which is a piece of honeycomb; and in the lid, a square of glass large enough to admit the light into every part. When the bees seem satisfied with honey, two or three are allowed to escape; and the direction in which they fly is attentively watched until they become lost in the distance. The hunter then proceeds towards the spot where they disappear, and, liberating one or two more of the little captives, he also marks *their* course. This process is repeated, until the other bees, instead of following the same direction as their predecessors, take the direct opposite course; by which the hunter is convinced he has overshot the object of his pursuit. It is a well-known fact, that if you take a bee from a flower situated at any given distance *south* of the tree to which the bee belongs, and carry it in the closest confinement to an equal distance on the *north* side of the tree—he will, when liberated, fly in a circle for a moment, and then to his sweet home—without deviating in the least to the right or the left! Thus, the hunter is very soon able to detect the tree which contains the honey. Then, by placing on a heated brick a piece of honeycomb, the odor, when melting, is so strong and alluring as to entice the bees to come down from their citadel. When the tree is cut down, the quantity of honey found in its excavated trunk seldom fails to compensate the hunter for his perseverance. This confirms to the letter, Virgil's well-known lines—"Sic vos non vobis," &c. We all seem to prey upon each other!—JOHN P., *Highgate*.

Love—General and Particular.—Tell me, dear Mr. Editor, for you appear to know everything—whether love ought to be general or particular? I confess when I read *OUR JOURNAL*, whose prin-

ciples I "love," that I am puzzled to observe how *very* singular you are in your sentiments. You seem to "love" us *ALL*, dearly; and grumble that there should be *ANY* that will not allow themselves to be beloved! Where were you born? where have you lived? how have you lived? and whence your great love for the human race? Upon my word you are "a character!"—JULIANA.

[Yes, dear Julie, we *are* "a character;" and we *have* a character that we are not ashamed of. We quite differ from those whose love is so selfish that it centres only in "No. 1.;" and who, if they extend a little of their affection towards a certain "No. 2," think they are mightily condescending, and truly affectionate. Out upon all such! say we. Our heart is very large,—our affections uncontrollable. We love, most truly,—how many think you? We will not give the sum total. It is not needful. *All*, whose sentiments are congenial with our own, find a warm place in our heart; and once there,—get out if you can, say we. What we are to-day,—that we are to-morrow. We have not two faces; and never mean to have two. The world has two,—but that is nothing to us. Peruse our articles on "Character-Reading, both by Correspondence and Physiognomy." You will therein see, that we "study" people—*before* we love them. None of your icicles for us. We would rivet them with a frown,—not encourage them by a smile. But then, Julie, you must remember it is not everybody that you can love. Deception, hypocrisy, and *finesse*, are the "first principles" of modern education; and if these inhabit the human breast, farewell to love! "Evil communications" fan these unholy fires; and it is only where natural purity of mind exists, and an innate love for truth, that one can fraternise and "love" truly. It is possible to perceive the latent germs of virtue and goodness even on the face of a letter; and many of our fair correspondents already share our love, "because" of what has fallen from their pen. Does our continued love for them diminish? So far from it, that our pen is never quiet. It works for the improvement of their minds, both by day and by night; and so long as they will read, just so long will *WE* continue to write for their instruction. Whilst we live—life at best is short—let us be useful. The reward is a rich one. Now, Julie,—as you say you love our principles, take your place at once at the bottom of our heart. When you are tired of us, say so. You ask us some close questions—such as where and when we were born? &c. We were born in London,—never mind "when." We have lived long in the world; and studied its inhabitants. Your other questions are solved in our general explanation.]

Facts in Natural History.—I have long noted, my dear Mr. Editor, the great care you exercise, in keeping out of *OUR JOURNAL* matters which are at all apocryphal. By so doing, you elevate the science and study of Natural History, and graft a "value" upon your periodical as a "work of reference." Some time since, you strongly recommended me to take in the "Naturalist," conducted by Dr. MORRIS, of York. I have done so; and observe with pleasure that the Editor, like yourself, requires names and re-

ferences from all contributors. Hence, the value of that delightful periodical, which should be placed side by side with "OUR OWN." In the "Naturalist," No. 21, are three records that I should like to see transferred to OUR pages. I have copied them, and send them to you for insertion. They have reference to the Nuthatch and its nest; a curiously-marked Yellow-hammer; and the instinct of a Toad. This last article shows the toad to be a sensible animal.—LOUISA C., *Tonbridge Wells*.

[Many thanks, kind Louisa, for your vigilance, friendship, and good-will. These little offices of love are not lost upon us, as you well know. We subjoin the three "extracts," in the order you have sent them.]

*Nesting of the Nuthatch, (Sitta Europæa).—*Whilst walking through a wood in this neighborhood on the 18th of April last, I saw a pair of these birds building. They had fixed upon a hole in an ash tree, about twenty feet from the ground, and were contracting it with a plastering of mud. For this they flew to a small pool about fifty yards distant from the tree, and took pieces in their beaks about as big as a bean. This they laid on, and smoothed with their chin. Sometimes, one of them would go inside and remain for a short time. I suppose for the purpose of smoothing the mud there. They would every now and then leave their task, and chase one another up the trunk and round the branches of the tree with amazing rapidity; uttering all the while their flute-like whistle. They both seemed to take an equal share of the labor; and had, like the House Martin, small pieces of straw mixed with the mud, for the purpose of making it bind better. They seemed to be quite at ease on the ground, and hopped about much after the same manner as the Sparrow. The male bird was easily distinguishable by his brighter plumage.—C. STUBBS, *Henley-upon-Thames*.

[The Nuthatch is a most interesting bird. Some very pleasing facts connected with his natural history, and domestication in a gentleman's grounds, are given in our First Volume, pages 169, 170.]

*Curious Variety of the Yellow-hammer (Emberiza citrinella).—*As I frequently observe in "The Naturalist," that you record any unusual variety of plumage in which birds occasionally appear, I have much pleasure in communicating a remarkable change of costume in which I discovered the Yellow-hammer on the 11th of August, in the island of Gometra, which lies about six miles to the north of Staffa. I visited that district exclusively for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the birds which might be found there; and while standing at the door of Mr. McLean's house, a gentleman whom I am much indebted to for his kindness during my visit, my attention was directed to a bright yellow bird attempting to alight within eighty yards of me, but was so much beset by a flock of Linnets, (*Linaria montana*), that he flew off to some distance. I immediately called the attention of my young friend Mr. Sinclair, who accompanied me on the excursion; and requested him to mark well

till I got my gun, which was the work of a second. I very soon got up to within twenty yards of it, and upon such close examination I was convinced that it was a *Canary*, which had escaped from Miss McLean, and rather than risk my reputation in bagging *such* a bird, I requested Mr. Sinclair, in the distance, to make inquiry, who assured me it was not. It was with considerable difficulty that I could again get within shot, as some Whinchats (*Saxicola rubetra*) were now in full pursuit; and just as he was descending a rocky eminence I shot him, and have preserved the skin to establish the fact of the "Jackdaw in the Peacock's feathers." The following forenoon another was discovered, which Mr. Sinclair and I immediately gave chase to, but, like the former, he appeared to have no friends. The Whinchats were again in full cry, and, after following him over some rocky precipices, he escaped—to die however, the following evening, as Mr. Sinclair had the good fortune to shoot him.—GEORGE DONALDSON, *Glenersdale, Loch Sunart*.

[We really must enter our protest here, against the cruelty of shooting every bird that may happen to be "remarkable," either for plumage or singularity of color. The "fortunate holders" of these specimens, relate their butcheries with a degree of *gusto* that is anything but fascinating. If every one of us who happen to be "remarkable" were thus "bagged," perhaps there would be some reform worked as regards the poor harmless birds. The poor yellow-hammer resembled a Canary, — *ergo*, he must be shot and "bagged!"]

Instinct of the Toad.—In a small bed of radishes, closely covered by a Herring-net to keep off the Sparrows, a large Toad was seated upon its form several days. The Toad changed its position on the bed sometimes, and had two or three forms, like a Hare. It was frequently removed from under the net to distant parts of the garden, but invariably returned to the radish bed; and though twice as large as the meshes of the net, it was seen on one occasion in the act of creeping through one of the meshes. Having heard a surprising account of the difficulty of banishing a toad from the place of its choice, the observation of these facts seemed confirmatory of it; and it was resolved by myself and my friends, in whose garden the remarks were made, to put the matter to a severe trial. The garden, which was large, was entirely walled round, excepting a small gate leading into another garden. This garden was also walled round; but there was a single small hole under the outer door into a field. Behind the inner garden wall was a shrubbery; and into this, we took the toad, little expecting to see it again. But to our surprise, it was seated the next day beneath the net on one of its forms. To reach that place, it must have gone through the fence of the shrubbery into a field, then through another fence into a second field; next through the hole under the outer garden door, and lastly through the gate into the inner garden. This well-authenticated fact, so fully confirms a curious story related to me by an elderly relative many years ago, that I would suggest this habit of the toad as an interesting subject for further

observation.—WILLIAM WHYTEHEAD, *Risley, Suffolk*.

[We have lately drawn public attention to the curious habits of the Toad and Frog; and we trust we shall be able to elicit many interesting particulars connected with their natural history, which are as yet imperfectly known.]

Californian Onions.—The Madeira onion, which never weighs more than a pound in any country, except Spain and Portugal—and which in the last-mentioned country never exceeds six pounds, acquires, it is said, in the gold soil of California, as many as twenty-one pounds.—W.

Ants and Fairy Rings.—In answer to your correspondent "F. G." (at page 58.), I would observe, that the ants no doubt obtain some provisions either from the fungi or its seed. There are some wild animals particularly partial to fungi, as food. The cells of some ants are constructed in a different mode to those of others, having a roof of rushes; and over that, a coat of cement, which probably they may derive from the fungi.—MYLES GOLDING.

Curious "Bill of Costs."—The Rev. Augustus Toplady mentions in his collected Works, Mr. Editor, that the churchwardens of a parish near Cirencester received a bill, made out as follows:—

To mending the commandments, obtaining the belief, and making a new Lord's prayer £1 1 0

One item in the above, I should say, is a "moderate charge." It is alone worth the whole cost. To "mend" what are being hourly "broken," for twenty-one shillings—is surely an unheard-of achievement!—M.

A Cure for Corns.—Everybody, Mr. Editor, that will have a pretty foot, must have corns. For this army of martyrs then, I send the following, taken from Cooper's "Dictionary of Surgery." Take two ounces of gum-ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the composition on soft leather; cut away as much of the corn as you can, then apply the plaster, and renew it every fortnight till the corn is away.—MARTHA F.

Curious Fact connected with the Color of the Cocoon of the Silkworm.—If silkworms be fed upon lettuce or mulberry leaves powdered with madder, they will, it is said, produce rose-colored cocoons; whilst those fed upon leaves sprinkled with indigo, produce blue cocoons. About a fortnight before they begin to spin, is the best time to try the experiment.—A. L., *Manchester*.

Walls covered with Paper, etc.—I have read the article headed as above, in your JOURNAL; and as the guilty party is not, in my opinion, the man of Paper, but the man of Color, I should like to be heard at the bar of public opinion as evidence on the question of Paste—and in favor of Paper. What a man seeth he may vouch for. Consequently, I would beg leave to call attention

to the *modus operandi* of paper hanging. The paper whether lining or colored, is clean; and Mr Dickens allows this by having the rooms papered at last, and not colored. In this I agree with him. But on the score of paste we differ; and that, for the following reasons:—A first-rate upholsterer and paper hanger commenced operations in a new house, where I found it necessary to be present; and after procuring some very fine flour, and very clean water, he had the same mixed and boiled. To this gruel, paste, or batter, he added some finely-powdered resin, and fined down his paste for use. With this, the clean paper was attached to a clean lime-washed wall; and if he had laid on fifty folds of paper, there could not have been any putrid animal matter present—unless a house-fly, or a gaffer long-legs had got entangled in the folds, and been pasted up. Here closes the case for the culprit, Paper. It is a well-known fact, that house coloring is held in its place by size, and this size is made of animal matter. Consequently, the man who will have his house colored, and not oil-painted, must have every room coated with leather, jelly, size, glue, etc., to keep the color from coming off. Therefore, I claim a verdict in favor of paper-hanging, and should hang the color-man for the silent slaughter of his sleeping neighbor.—W. X.

Food for the Silkworm.—On a recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier to Venice, the Royal and Imperial Commissioner of Agriculture presented to them Teresa Tamor, who had produced silk from silkworms in sixteen days, by feeding them with the leaves of the centinode. This is identical with the common *Polygonum aviculare*; called in England knot-grass. These leaves are stated to be preferred by silkworms, to those of the mulberry.—JANE E.

Utility of Blue Glass for Hot-Houses.—In vegetable growth, the blue rays are the most active, the red ones the least so. Hence the benefit of employing glass stained blue or green, for the roofs of houses.—J.

The Nettle converted into Cloth.—A coarse but durable cloth has been produced from the stalk of the common nettle. This use of a seemingly insignificant and valueless plant, has been long known to the Japanese. Thunberg informs us that from two species of nettles, *Urtica japonica* and *Ur. nivea*, which grew wild upon the hills, they spin threads so fine that even linen is made from them. "As materials for cordage and lines, even of the thicker kinds, which may serve on board of vessels," he says, "these nettles are still more valuable." Mr. Smith, of Brentwood in Essex, has made many experiments to ascertain the relative merits of the fibres of the nettle compared with those of flax and hemp. We learn, as the result of this gentleman's observations and experiments, that those nettles which produced the longest, finest fibres, and are obtained with least waste, are commonly found growing in the bottom of ditches, among briars, and in shady valleys, where the soil consists of blue clay or strong loam.—E. JOHNSON.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

NOBODY LIKES TO BE NOBODY, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; and everybody is somebody. But the worst of the matter is, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody.

Kings, queens, and critics speak of themselves in the plural number; and do you know why, gentle reader? I dare say you think it a piece of arrogance and pomposity in all. It is no such thing; it is rather a mark of humility. A king, or a queen, may issue a proclamation, a critic may pronounce an opinion, but not one of them think themselves persons of sufficient importance to give the proclamation or the judgment as their own individual act and deed; in every case, the plural pronoun is used to signify, that the king or queen is acting by the advice of council; and that the critic is giving the opinion of others as well as his own. Kings, queens, and critics then, who are really important persons, are the only people who make no arrogant claim to be so considered, but modestly conceal themselves in multitude.

There is scarcely any one else, who does not regard himself as a person of some importance. I recollect, many years ago, hearing an amiable barrister, who had been just appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts, say, "There cannot be imagined three greater men in their own eyes, than the driver of a cab on a rainy day; a book-keeper at a coach office; and a young commissioner of bankrupts." But not one of these ever thinks of speaking of himself in the plural number—he could not bear such a dilution of his dignity, such an absorption of individuality. None of my readers, I trust, are so shamefully ignorant of Joe Miller, as not to know the story of the bellows-blower at church. But lest any one *should be* ignorant, I will relate it. Service was over, and the voluntary was finished; and as the organist and the bellows-blower were descending together, the latter said to the former—"We played very well to-day." "WE!" said the organist contemptuously. Next Sunday when the organist put his fingers on the keys, they were speechless. "Blow," said he to the man at the bellows. "Shall it be WE?"—said the blower. Here, gentle reader, you see that the organist was too conscious of his own importance to tolerate the use of the plural pronoun. Had it been a king, a queen, or a critic—the humble "we" would have been used readily and without solicitation. In the above anecdote, the bellows-blower seems to have considered himself as a person of some importance, and to have felt his dignity hurt by the exclusive

arrogance of the organist. He therefore had recourse to the only means whereby he could demonstrate his importance—viz., withholding the supplies.

It must be mortifying to human vanity, to observe how strangely—and yet how surely—the world goes on in spite of its losses. Down drops bubble after bubble on this our summer stream of life; and other bubbles start up to supply their place. These as soon give way to their successors; so that one bubble seems of no more importance than another. Still, while the bubbles last, they shine gaily, and are full of their own emptiness; but if they be proud of their emptiness, they are happy that they are so full of it. It is only when a man is in very low spirits, and almost sinking into despair, that he can really think himself a being of no importance; he then feels like a balloon when all the gas is out.

I wonder who is the most important person in the Lord Mayor's Show! One would naturally say, the Lord Mayor himself. I do not think that; unless he is a very great goose indeed. He has had his dignity in view some years before; he has rehearsed it all in his mind; so that imagination has stripped some of the gilding off his gingerbread. I remember *one* Lord Mayor, who was mightily distended with a sense of his own importance, even before he ascended the civic throne. His dwelling was near Queenhithe, and approachable only through very narrow streets. In one of these, his carriage came to a sudden stop. "Drive on," said he to the coachman. "There's a cart in the way, Sir." "Cart in the way! What business, Sirrah, has a cart to stand in *my* way? *I am the Lord Mayor elect!*"

For a man to have a true sense of his own importance, he must feel that things cannot go on without him. He must feel himself to be a centre—a main-spring. In this point of view, I do not know whether the City Marshal be not as great a man as any in a Lord Mayor's Show. He rides generally on a bouncing fat horse; which horse has also a consciousness of its own dignity. So there seems to be a sympathy of majesty between man and horse; and they two form one civic centaur. Moreover, the City Marshal carries a truncheon; so did Cæsar and Alexander, according to their pictures—and they were very great men. But they did not wear so fine a coat as the City Marshal; and though they were covered or crowned with laurel, yet the City Marshal has a comfortable and smart cocked-hat, which is far more convenient covering on the 9th of November, especially if it happens to be a wet day, as is too often the case.

But after all that may be said for the City Marshal, I have my doubts whether the man

in armor is not a personage of *quite* as much importance. He is a kind of living historical romance, a mummy of chivalry. Contrasted with him, how insignificant and effeminate the moderns look! All eyes are upon him, especially the eyes of those who now see the "Lord Mayor's Show" for the first time; and he can easily persuade himself that the sight would be worth nothing were it not for the man in armor. Again,—there is another important personage in the procession, who must not be overlooked or passed lightly by—and that is, the Lord Mayor's coachman. There is nothing in the whole procession to match the neatness of the little curls on *his* wig. And what a great broad seat he has to sit upon! How elevated his position! He looks down on the rest of the show, and even turns his back on the Lord Mayor himself.

The late Mrs. Hamilton, in her *Popular Essays*, speaks of the propensity to magnify the idea of self. Now, this propensity may be amply indulged in by the Lord Mayor's coachman, who takes into the comprehensive and complex idea of self,—all that fine big coach behind him, and all those fine horses before him, with their red morocco harness and brass buckles. Abstraction is an exceedingly difficult philosophical operation, which the Lord Mayor's coachman cannot easily manage; and therefore he attempts to abstract from the idea of self, the coach and horses by which he is accompanied. But we might examine the case and feelings of every individual connected with that imposing and anti-utilitarian spectacle; and find in the bosom of every one some sweet consoling sense of his own importance—or, should there be some solitary cynic, whose heart swells not with the pomp and majesty of the scene, he makes up for it by thinking that he is an individual of too much mind to be pleased with such trifles. A voluntary nothingness, is altogether beyond the fortitude of humanity.

Reader, did you ever pay much attention to general elections? Because, if you ever did, you must have observed how much the importance of men is developed on such occasions. To be one of Mr. Tomkins' committee—to receive communications—to draw up advertisements—to ride post-haste all over the county—to look as wise as Solomon, as courteous as Lord Chesterfield, as deep as Garrick—to whisper mysteriously to the candidate, to neglect one's business, to forget dinner time—and all that to bring in Mr. Tomkins, and to establish the independence of the county, is altogether such a wonderful achievement, that if a man, under such circumstances, should be tempted to think himself for once a nonpareil of dignity and importance—is it not pardonable?

There is something so delightful in being able to say, "Mr. Tomkins owed his election to me!" And the beauty of the matter is, that there are so many such kind of "me's" in every county, borough, and city, in the kingdom. Poor Mr. Tomkins! he is himself hardly aware how many "best friends" he has. He is in a very ticklish situation, and must take care that he does not say, do, or think anything to offend any one of these his best friends. If by chance his memory *should* fail him, and he should pass one of them without a smile, a bow, or a squeeze of the hand, woe betide him! It would be a shocking thing that it should be said, "Mr. Tomkins passed me in the street without taking the slightest notice of me; he forgets that if it had not been for me he would have lost his election."

In fact, all the world is a kind of Lord Mayor's show; and we are all, somehow or other, people of importance. He who wrote that facetious paper, called "*Memoirs of P. P., clerk of this Parish*," thought that he was merely satirising one individual, whereas, in good truth, he was delineating a prominent trait of humanity; and the very success of the portraiture, the popularity of the sketch, was owing to the fact of its general, and not of its particular applicability alone. Indeed, I believe, if it were possible to find a character in the compass of nature's actuality, perfectly unique, and altogether unlike the rest of the world; and if that character so found were delineated with the utmost fidelity and spirit, it would meet with but little popular acceptance. Some few individuals philosophically disposed, and habituated to reflection, might examine it as a psychological curiosity, but the multitude would have no appetite for it. We all like the delineation of people of importance, especially if the importance be assumed; for by laughing at the pretensions of others, we seem to establish our own.

The world, notwithstanding all the fault that has been found with it, by those who never made a world themselves, is exquisitely well-arranged, so that every one may, from some cause or other, feel himself to be of some importance, even as the physical constitution of the material globe is such, that each individual feels himself to be on the top of it, and no one seems to be sticking to its sides, or hanging head downwards from its bottom—like a fly walking upon a ceiling.

LYNX.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is like the flowery blossoms; it soon fades. But the excellencies of the mind, like the medical virtues of the plant, remain in it, unimpaired when all the external charms have withered away.

SELECT POETRY.

"HOW" WILT THOU LOVE ME?

IN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WILT THOU LOVE ME AS A STAR?

No, dearest! be not to me as a star;
'Tis one of millions, and the hurrying cloud
Oft wraps the glimmering splendor in its
shroud;
Morn pales its lustre and it shines afar—
Dearest, be NOT a star!

WILT THOU LOVE ME AS A FLOWER?

No, loveliest! be not to me as a flower;
Th' uncertain sun calls forth its odorous breath,
The sweeter perfume gives the speedier death,
The sport and victim of a summer hour—
Loveliest, be NOT a flower!

WILT THOU LOVE ME AS A DOVE?

No, purest! be not to me as a dove;
The spoiler oft intrudes upon its rest,
Robbing the downy joys of its warm nest,
And flinging silence o'er its native grove—
Purest, be NOT a dove!

WILT THOU LOVE ME FOR MYSELF?

My soul's best idol! BE BUT AS THYSELF—
Brighter than star and fairer than the flower,
Purer than dove, and in thy spirit dower
Steadier than rock—yes, dearest, BE THYSELF—
THYSELF,—I'LL LOVE THYSELF!
P.U.S.S.

A SONG.

TO VIOLET.

IF *thou'rt* a "violet," may I be
The leaf that holds thee round;
To shade thee from the scorching sun,
And e'er with thee be found!
And while thou'rt breathing o'er my heart
Thy freshest, sweetest sighs,
I'll only live to clasp thee thus,
And gaze into thine eyes.

Oh! happy sentinel, to guard
Thy sleep the live-long night,
And see thee wakening with the day,
To breathe out fresh delight!
I'd grow so close, no cruel hand
Should pluck thee without me—
For rather than live there alone,
I'd die again with thee!

DAISY.

TEMPERANCE AND EXCESS.

A TEMPERATE man is a happy man. A drunkard is a beast. A temperate man "thinks," thus improving both himself and others; a drunkard never thinks of anything but *poison*. This he daily drinks, till it kills him. He commits *suicide*! Tobacco and strong liquors, are little better than Asiatic Cholera; more slow, perhaps, in their progress, but equally fatal in their effects.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JOYOUS INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

I LOVE to hear the merry laugh
Of Childhood's happy hours;
To watch their tiny fingers weave
Wreaths of Spring's fairest flow'rs.
Their lisping voices bring to me
The sweetest tones of melody.

I love to see their pretty feet
Trip lightly on the mead;
With arms around each others' waists,
A fairy dance they lead;
They strew the path of life with flow'rs,
And cheer us in our loneliest hours.

I love to see them neatly dress'd
(In sweet simplicity);
It is not right to mar such grace
With foolish finery.
Let them with FASHION'S arts dispense,—
THEIR brightest gem be "INNOCENCE!"

I love to have their little arms
Thrown fondly round my neck;
The kind emotion of their hearts,
For worlds I would not check!
Our fondest love they well repay,—
Chasing unhappy thoughts away.

I love to see their pretty hands
Clasp'd in the act of prayer;
To hear their voices raised to God,
Acknowledging His care,—
Begging protection through the night,
AND BLESSINGS WITH THE MORNING LIGHT.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Two excellent friends are these to the human race. They visit most of us in turn, to keep our minds even. But, as there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity to a good person, without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful if they do not feel the pangs and envy of ambition. Inquire of the poor if they have not felt the sweets of peace and contentment.

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THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

PICTURES OF SOCIETY,—No. I.

EARLY EDUCATION.

FIRST Childhood comes, with all to learn;
And even more than all, to bear,—
Restraint, reproof, and punishment,
And pleasures seen, but not to share.

L. E. L.

YOU HAVE BROUGHT UNDER MY NOTICE, MR. EDITOR, a subject with which you are pleased to say I am familiar,—nay more, a subject you say I am competent to discuss. It is at all events an interesting one.

As regards education generally—opinions vary so much, that I approach the matter in hand with some little diffidence. On one point however (you have yourself spoken of it as "disgusting," in a former number), there can be little variance. I mean the prevailing fashion in children's dress. So ingeniously are their garments contrived, that they at once combine hideous ugliness and indelicacy, with positive injury to health. With respect to this latter, all medical men are agreed; and the "other advantages" are so palpably evident, that any argument thereon would be idle.

It required no inconsiderable skill, to transform such beautiful creatures as English children are universally admitted to be, into the accomplished "nondescripts" they now appear. We readily admit that the Mamma should hold undisputed sway in the regions of the nursery, for the most part; but it becomes a positive duty for the "Papa" to exercise his authority in preventing his children being "deformed." He has also a just right, to forbid their being habited as if in training for acrobats and ballerine.

Nor is the disregard paid to the physical condition of children the only prevailing crime. What about the early dawn of the mind? the awakening intelligence of expanding ideas? Are these any more closely

watched over? Among those to whose care children are usually confided, how very few are worthy of the charge—how very few merit the loveable designation of *bonnes*, as they are so happily and properly designated in France!

Admitting that my opportunities for observation have been comparatively limited, yet have I nowhere seen the vicious slaps, violent shakings, and horrible frowns so peculiar to the nurse-maids in this country. Nor have I ever seen the cruel habit practised of placing children on the grass, wet or dry; while the nurse is amusing herself in some other way. These habits are so universally common in England, that a gentle walk in the parks, or in Kensington Gardens, on any fine day, would bring them at once under the eye, and fill an observant spectator with horror.

It would be unfeeling, were I to adduce particular instances of victims crippled in limbs, injured in health, ruined in temper, perverted in mind, through the agency of unworthy attendants; you will therefore, Mr. Editor, excuse the egotistical appearance of commenting on individual experience. The well-recommended (of course!) young person to whose care I was entrusted, considered her own gratification and personal comfort of infinitely more importance than the discharge of her duty. She therefore exercised my juvenile limbs by *carrying* me in her arms to the trysting place, where, by appointment, she was to meet the gamekeeper of a neighboring property. Here I was laid down upon the ground in a Scotch winter: and carried back, cold as I was, to the place whence I came! The exquisite pain I suffered, when the circulation was restored by means of friction, warmth, and whiskey, I shall never forget. Too indelibly is it graven on my memory for the recollection of it to be effaced.

Ere I knew that grown-up persons become old; and that both old and young must die, I was simply taught that children become

grown-up people. This made me long for the time when *I* should be "grown-up;" for then, thought I, I will have my full revenge! Many a distressed parent watches the rose fade from the cheeks of their heart's darling—its caressing affection change to fractious peevishness. How little do they guess the cause of this sad alteration! This "cause" is going on every day in the year now; aye, and with far greater opportunities for the avoidance of detection. One lady takes any character given her of a nurse or servant; and the other lady who gives it, gives it knowing it to be false. But then—"it at once rids *her* of a plague. Other people must find out what *she* has found out, and be hoaxed as *she* has been hoaxed." Life is made up of this variety.*

Now, Mr Editor, if instances of neglect be frequent; and the influence of fear, not love, be exercised over children, the position of whose parents might seem an effectual protection to them,—what is the fate of the children of the lower classes? By this term, I do not mean those who earn their bread by labor and industry (the monastic maxim "to labor is to pray," was a noble one)—I apply it only to those individuals who are degraded by habitual depravity. On behalf of their children, I would, could it avail, appeal for sympathy. I never read without a thrill of horror, the oft-recurring accounts in our public journals of savage cruelty to children; and I must express my surprise at the little punishment, if such it can be called, that is awarded the delinquents. They are for the most part dismissed with a remonstrance, and with a "hope" on the part of the "worthy magistrate," that it may prove a warning. The helpless victim is then again given up to its tormentor! What *must* be the result? Can there be any reasonable ground for "hope" that those who were brutal without cause, will be less so when the very punishment they have received—trifling as it may be, will, to such individuals, appear a justification of their vindictive malice! That they will be "warned," I implicitly believe; but it will be to be more careful, to *escape detection* for the future.

In Germany, parents are compelled to send their children to school. Whether in after-life, education is then applied to its best purposes, is not the question. If too poor to pay, the Government pays for them. The children may and possibly do, learn little; as their parents claim them just when they might begin to profit. But, they learn no evil. They escape being run-over, burnt, or

scalded to death. Such calamities frequently occur here, where the poor are obliged to leave their children to themselves; they are not early perverted; compelled to earn their bread by thieving, and hardened by ill-usage. If they learnt but the One Prayer, so sublime in its trust, in its submission, in its forgiveness—but the one maxim, "Do not unto others that which you would not they should do unto you"—if they were not, parrot-like, taught to repeat the words, *but to feel the spirit of them*, to apply their meaning; the lesson would not be without its fruit in after-life.

The teaching of a child consists not so much in the lessons it is taught, as in the objects around it—the example of those with whom it lives—its habitual associations. If it sees habits of order, of obedience, and usefulness, it will in most instances fall into them naturally. Unhappily, in the other case it acquires, in a manner unconsciously, the reverse of these qualities. It may not be altogether irrelevant, to inquire how far the habitual and early indifference to the suffering of animals,—the making the torture of them a sport, injuriously influences the character. In the fearful reports of the Journals, it will generally be found that the delinquency which brings the criminal to the tribunal of justice, is *not* the unhappy result of a moment's blind anger,—not committed under the maddening influence of revenge for injury—but is merely one act of a long series of cruelty.

This cruelty has for the most part been exercised upon the weak and unoffending,—upon those who have the strongest claim to their affection and support,—upon even the most devoted and uncomplaining. How often does one see the passive victim endeavor to avert punishment from her tyrant, while still bearing in her own person evident proofs of his savage treatment! It has been said, it is not crime which constitutes the criminal; it only reveals him! To this I answer:—

"Nemo repenté fuit turpissimus."

People do not, cannot arrive at this last stage of cruelty all at once. The cruelty practised at first upon the poor dumb animal, reaches its full development upon the human victim. It is a natural progression. Nothing, whether for good or evil, remains at the same point. The young ruffian who, when we were driving out some time since, carried a little puppy and laid it down in the road in a direct line to the horse's head, with the unmistakeable intention of its being run-over and crushed—will, in all probability, progress in ferocity until human life falls a sacrifice. Until then, he will perhaps enjoy impunity!

Should not the law protect, ere it punishes? Is not the "protection" afforded to the un-

* It is indeed! And it is this artificial state of existence that we want to assist in demolishing. If we can do no more, we will fully expose it. Sometimes ridicule has its effects, when common sense is fast asleep.—ED. K. J.

happy children I allude to, such as must inevitably bring them, if they survive, in their turn to the criminal dock? Many high-sounding phrases have been objected to me, against severing parent and child. In this instance, they appear to me to come under the apt denomination of *cant*. Is it not rather a fearful responsibility on the part of society? Does it not almost make one question the justice, of punishing those who from childhood have been hopelessly abandoned to the teaching and example of the lowest demoralisation, without an effort being made to save them? It were idle to say that parents, however degraded, will not teach evil to their children. There are but too many proofs of the contrary. Still, even were it so, of what avail would be the purest teaching under the contaminating influence of evil example?

To educate the vicious child, and neglect the honest poor, would, it is objected, be unjust. The child of honest parents does not stand in need of such protection and interference in his behalf. Facilities for giving him education, might be afforded without severing him from his parents; which, in the case of the others, is indispensably necessary to any reformation. Were all objections to be previously overcome, nothing would ever be attempted; and one which has been made to some reformatory schools, does not appear to me very well founded—viz., that all the inmates are subjected to the same rule. To attain a high degree of moral and mental culture, no doubt individual idiosyncrasy should be studied; but for the education of the masses, this would surely be as impracticable as undesirable. Indeed, such distinctions can scarcely be required, for the mere teaching necessary to enable them to fulfil worthily the duties of their station.

It seems to me, that an institution having for its aim the training of such children, might also be made subservient to other objects. How many are there reduced in circumstances, pining in cheerless poverty, and dragging a useless existence, who might find in it a noble occupation and an honorable independence! To how many would such employment be more congenial, than the ill-defined position and ill-requited labors of a governess! Would it not, in another point of view, be more desirable to train up industrious, well-conducted artisans, than to provide prisons for criminals, and workhouses for paupers?*

It would be in vain to attempt too much. To reduce all at once to order a number of undisciplined children, would be hopeless;

* What very gloomy reflections arise in the mind, when passing some of these imposing structures! I shall have some few observations to offer upon them at an early day.

but small beginnings might, I think, have great results. And even this difficulty might not in reality prove so great as it is in anticipation. In one of the French prisons, a large number (sixty or eighty) of the worst class of female prisoners are kept in subjection by the presence of one *surveillante* (Moreau Christophe). The same writer observes, "that the love of justice and the instinct of probity are never utterly extinguished;" and he gives the following anecdote:—Two liberated felons met, after having some months left the prison. The one had returned to his former life—thieving, the other had refrained from evil courses; but the want of the means of existence had begun to shake his good resolutions. The thief not only encouraged him to persevere in the paths of rectitude, but supported him for three months by the produce of his robberies—*pour qu'il ne fit pas de bassesses*. Yet he had cause of complaint against him when in prison, and had more than once sworn to be revenged on him!

There are in Paris self-devoted, exemplary women, who shrink from no scene of human suffering; who visit the sick on their fevered couch, the poor in their wretched hovel; who do not even desert those who are undergoing the penalty of crime within the cheerless walls of a prison. How much less distressing, how much more hopeful the endeavor, to reclaim the young—the worse than orphaned children of degraded parents! How much better to prevent than to punish crime! The best-paid artisan is not necessarily in the best circumstances. It will frequently be found that the higher the rate of wages, the more idle, improvident, and demoralised the workman. The absence of religious feeling, which no cold, gloomy, or joyless observance of the Sabbath can replace—the want of intellectual and healthful sources of relaxation, alike contribute to this hopeless state. To the children of such as these, the mere change from the squalor, and darkness, and want—from the scenes of violence, and profligacy, and cruelty, amid which they have been brought up—to cheerful, airy apartments, well-ordered habits, occupations varied by exercise and recreation; would of itself act beneficially, and aid the superintendents in their philanthropic task.

Now that the colonies protest so strongly (in one instance successfully they have done so) against receiving criminals from this country (an example which there is little doubt will be followed up with equal success), it will become necessary to provide for them at home. The urgency, therefore, of doing away with those causes which it has been proved tend to foster crime, must be evident; but this can scarcely be hoped for, from mere individual exertion.

FORESTIERA.

BIRDS OF SONG,—No. XXXV.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.
No. III.

HAVING GIVEN GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASONS WHY WE DO NOT ADVOCATE "Mechanical Aviaries," which at best, are but toys; we will now turn our attention to the erection of a substantial and proper Palatial residence—fit, in every respect, for the reception of Birds of Song.

As many amateurs may be situated precisely as we were, as regards the position of their house, we will describe, as accurately as may be, the manner in which we proceeded. Our aviary, first erected at Kennington, was a substantial building of wood, and at the rear of the house. From the limited size of the garden, as to width, we so contrived that the back-door on the ground floor opened immediately from the house into the aviary. Thus, in wet weather, constant access might be had, to and fro, without incurring the risk of taking cold.

Immediately between the back door and the aviary, was a small room, or recess,* with a covered roof. Herein was fixed the stove, intended to warm the bird-rooms in winter. We could thus have entrance to the back garden, either through the side door of the small room (opening on the left into the garden), or we could walk through the entire length of the aviary, if necessary; making an exit through the door at the extreme end.

When we removed from Kennington to Hammersmith, the original aviary was partly re-constructed, and placed in quite a different position—viz: at the bottom of the garden (which is 120 feet long and 34 feet wide); and the front windows faced the dwelling-house. This was a remarkable improvement every way. It was also divided into two distinct portions, each complete in itself.

The second portion, for warmth in winter (there being no convenience for a chimney at the bottom of the garden), was erected immediately contiguous to the house; whilst the other, assigned to the hardy birds only, who require no fire during the winter, remained exposed, like any other building.

The proper length of a detached aviary is 15 feet; width, 9 feet; height, 11 or 12 feet. Of course, if two aviaries united in one be required, the proportions will be just, or nearly, double, as regards the length; with a

glass door, and a latticed-wire partition across the centre.

In the winter, the lattice-wire should be covered over with green baize, and all draught excluded, as far as is practicable. The ceiling should, of course, be flat; and the external roof shelving from the front backwards. The latter should be covered with zinc, and a gutter of the same material should be made to convey the water from one corner of the roof, at the back, downwards into the ground.

The building should be entirely of wood. There should be three windows in the centre of the front; equally divided, and boarded above and below. Also, two windows at one end of the aviary, equally divided, and boarded above and below. At the opposite end, a glass door of entrance; immediately over which, there should be a double window, opening outwards on hinges. To protect it, and to prevent the escape of the birds, a moderately-close net-work of galvanised wire should be nailed on, from the inside. The birds will then get plenty of fresh air, and be able to introduce themselves to their brethren in a state of freedom, who will assemble in numbers on the adjoining trees and branches to join them in their song. Our garden has always been the resort of multitudes of these song birds; and the harmony during the seasons of spring and summer—not excepting the piping of the thrushes and blackbirds in the winter months, has been delightful.

One of the panes at the opposite end of the aviary should also be made to open outwards, with hinges; and the interior lined with wire-work; whereby, free ventilation will be secured. This is important. The back of the aviary should be entirely of wood, by which means it will be more readily kept warm and snug. The front should be painted white, with at least three coats. It should afterwards be ornamented with double cross-barred lattice-work, painted green; not too close, but arranged with a due regard to relief or effect.

Between each window, and at the extreme ends of the windows, should be upright fluted pillars of wood; which, though really hollow, appear when viewed from a distance, perfectly solid, and important withal. These pillars should be strongly painted in green; excepting the plinths, which should be white; the fascia, of stone color; and the ornaments running round the top of the building, of a Vandyke pattern—painted green. Thus much as regards the general directions for the erection of the building. The internal arrangements we shall discuss anon.

With respect to the "look-out" of the little musicians; this requires some judg-

* We erected this little ante-room, for the express purpose of placing a stove in it; inasmuch as there was no other place where we could have broken into a chimney elsewhere, without occasioning a nuisance to the neighbors, in the matter of smoke.

ment. There can be no doubt that they are most in their element (during confinement) when in the immediate neighborhood of trees, shrubs, flowers, and plants. It will be desirable, therefore, to render the aviary as umbrageous as possible; and to have it overarched, at all events in the summer season, with drooping foliage. An Ivy plant would greatly assist in this matter, and a Honey-suckle; also some fine Cubas, which would soon grow bushy, and look very handsome on either side. A Palm and a Sycamore tree would also be of rapid growth. The more secluded—except at the front, which must be kept more open—the better on every account. It attracts the wild birds, and tempts them to take up their quarters with you; thus strengthening your own orchestra, and improving the taste of the respective performers; for we must ever concede, after all, that Nature is the best teacher.

Round all the windows, on the outside, a miniature balcony should be affixed, in which might be placed pots of Geraniums, Calceolarias, Sweet Williams, Pinks, Sweet Peas, and other varieties. These, when properly bestowed (not too crowded), show off your birds to great advantage; for while they sit singing on their perches at the window, their plumage and action will be distinctly visible between the flowers, from one extremity of the garden to the other.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. IV.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I LEFT OUR PARTY at the "Tour de Gourzes," just going to commence operations. Every one, net in hand, was looking out for a prize. Suddenly a loud cry was heard from the music master, about twenty feet below. "Kommen sie! Kommen sie! Schnell! Schnell! See what an astounding creature I have found!" And there he was, poking about with his stick in a little puddle of dirty water, about four feet square. Anxiety and curiosity were depicted on his musical phiz.

Down rushed every one, and forgetting they were not on a level surface, they never looked before they leaped. Some came "head over heels," and some rolling sideways. Luckily, this rush happened on the eastern side of the mountain. Had it been in the contrary direction, I fear it would have been the last day's sport for some of the party. I should not particularly have wished to try it my own self. Well, judge of their astonishment, when the astounding creature turned out to be a—tadpole! A capital laugh had we at the music master, in which I and my brother joined heartily.

Presently, the German servant calls out "Purple Emperor!" and certainly a splendid creature *was* sailing about, over a little bit of a sallow that grew on the top of the ruins of the ancient tower. "But how can the Emperor be

there?" says Bombyx Atlas. "I don't see any oak tree near the spot: it is very odd. You must catch that butterfly, Karl, or I'll kill you." "Oh, I'll have him, I'll watch him. He shan't escape, or I'll be shot." "I've got a noble Podalirius," cries one of the young ones. "I've got Dorylas," roars another. "Here's Niobe!" shouts Bombyx Atlas. Just then another shout. This was from the German servant. "Here he is 'wunderschön,' but it is not the Emperor—what a beauty! There goes another; got him. Well, it is a noble fellow. It is Nymphalys Populi." "Here's another, a little smaller and rather darker," calls Frère Jean. "That's Tremulæ, Jean; take them all." "Here's Machaon." "Oh, bother your Machaon; unless it is a variety, we have no room for him—let him go." "Here's a beautiful blue!" sings out the music master—"That's Adonis!"

"Seize that fellow," calls Bombyx, "it is Lynceus." "Oh, look at these splendid golden ones," bawls the eldest boy; and he and his brother were soon in the field. "I say, young strike-a-light, can't you just get out of that field?" screams a sulky Swiss peasant, "if you can't I'll just make you." "I tell you what, old donkey," says Frère Jean, "if you don't go home, and mind your business, I'll just put you in the middle of the lake;" and he walked up quietly to him, suiting the action to the word. The fellow did not like his appearance, and made a bolt of it. "Now I'll not let him show his nose," says Jean, "till you have got all you want." So, at least twenty lovely "Polyommata chryseis" were taken; and the old fellow came out grumbling and swearing, and Jean laughing at him as coolly as possible.

Now it was an abominable shame to turn a man off his own field; but Jean did not care for anything. He took it all as sport. Besides, no harm was done or intended, and a Swiss franc afterwards made all good friends together.—A whole host of "Rubricollis" were taken, as well as a lot of Geometræ; among them "Smaragdaria" "Chaerophyllaria; Macularia" &c., &c. Also, an immense number of "Satyres and Argynnes." But to mention *all* their names, would take up too much space. Suffice it to say, every box and beetle bottle were full. An amazing quantity of Caterpillars were also taken. Among them was a nest of "Vanessa antiopa." All this before they returned to dinner, which they did about a quarter of an hour before the time appointed.

I am not going to say how many frogs, field-mice, and lizards, I and my brother disposed of. Arrived at the "chalet," we found a long deal table, bedecked with a snow-white cloth, laid out under the shade of two beautiful plane trees. Upon this was soon placed one of the most delicious soups you ever tasted, Mr. Editor. The principal ingredients were the wild herbs from the mountain. Then some trout, just fresh from the celebrated "Lac de Bret," about half an hour's walk from the foot of the mountain. Then followed cutlets, chickens, and such a salad—with the best walnut-oil. I never shall forget it! and then,—but it makes me sigh to think of it;—*such* an omelet!! I have got the taste in my mouth now. Never did I know what an omelet was

before. Egad! the remembrance of it makes me quite tremble all over with delight. Certainly my tail never wagged so fast before; nor ever will it again. Hurrah! for the omelets of the Tour de Gourzes! Then, some delicious "Tommes de chivra," and fresh butter; vegetables of all sorts; capital beer; plenty of yvorne and cotillon; and you may imagine what a thoroughly merry party we were! A glass of stiffish cognac and water, and a cigar; and then, in the cool of the evening, all quietly sauntered home, quite delighted with our trip, and resolved to renew it on some future occasion.

So now—my dear Mr. Editor, good bye for the present. Your faithful friend,

Tottenham, Nov. 16.

FINO.

THE VALUE OF WOMEN—AT A "PINCH."

"Some people" say—Women are mere cyphers. Are they! Let "some people" read the following, and give in their recantation at once:—

"I instituted an action, for a large amount, in the county of——. The suit was brought upon a plain promissory note, which I was assured was founded upon good consideration; and I was curious to know what defence could be set up. I was aware that I had to deal with a wily adversary; and when I offered my note in evidence, and closed my case, I was more terrified than surprised, when I heard him direct the sheriff to call Mrs. Mary Jackson. The witness appeared. To my horror, she was a perfect beauty; possessing a sweet countenance, with an exquisite form. I saw at once that my antagonist had formed the same opinion of human nature that I had; and that he was about to make the experiment of washing away the obligation of a note of hand, by the tears of a female witness. I knew that nothing but a desperate effort could save my client, and that her testimony must be excluded before she had time to cry.

I rose at once. 'I perceive,' said I, addressing the court, 'that this lady bears the same name with the defendant; I therefore respectfully request that she be placed on the *voir dire*.' This was done.—'Will you be kind enough to say, madam, what relation you are to the defendant?'

'Sir,' answered she, applying a beautifully-embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, 'I am his injured wife!'

'Then, of course, your Honour, the lady's testimony is inadmissible.'

'Oh, very well,' interposed my adversary; 'you wish to keep the truth from the jury, do you? Gentlemen of the jury, you see what technicalities are resorted to, to procure a verdict against my client—I hope you will appreciate it, gentlemen.'

By this time, the lady was a beautiful re-

presentation of Rachel of old; and one glance at the jury was sufficient to convince me that my case was ruined. I turned to my client: 'You are gone, my friend,' said I. 'Gone!' said he; 'gone, my dear Sir. Don't give up my case so coolly; I shall be made a beggar, if I lose this case, and then what will become of my wife, and my poor daughters?'

'Oh, you have daughters, have you? Run and bring them, my dear friend! If they mine, we must countermine. Bring them, one and all!'

'May it please your Honour,' I began, 'I desire to offer some *rebutting* testimony.'

'Rebutting testimony, Mr. C——? Why your adversary has not been permitted to examine his witness. What have you to rebut?'

'A great deal, your Honour. The witness *has* given some testimony. She called herself the *injured* wife of the defendant. Injured by *whom*? By my client. Injured how? By procuring this note, the subject matter of this suit, from him. Now, Sir, I wish to swear the *afflicted* daughters of the plaintiff, against the *injured* wife of the defendant.'

Here my fair witnesses commenced to *weep* bitterly, while several of the jury looked on, with evident commiseration. My triumph was complete; but I determined to pay off my legal friend, in his own coin.

'I do not seek, Sir,' continued I, 'to take up the time of this court and jury, by administering the oath to all these witnesses. I am afraid their heart-rending description of this nefarious transaction (of which, be it remembered, they did not know a syllable), would unman us all; and your Honour, and this intelligent jury would be tempted to inflict summary justice upon the base wretch, who, with a heart like Caligula, and a spirit like Nero, could attempt to doom to a life of beggary, of shame, and perhaps of infamy, the beautiful offspring of my unhappy—my too credulous, too confiding client. Sir, in the spirit of a liberal compromise, I will swear but *three* of them.'

Here there ensued a new burst of anguish from the daughters, and a corresponding and prolonged excitement of the jury. My legal friend saw that I had out-generalled him, and so he said: 'C——, stop your nonsense, and take your verdict!' Of course I did so; but to show my knowledge of *jury nature*, I add, that as the foreman passed me, he said: 'I am rejoiced you have gained your suit; but, before you offered to swear those witnesses, *your case was a very dark one.*—*Knickerbocker.*—*The 'Georgia Lawyer.'*

[A pretty, or fascinating woman, armed with a few tears, and an embroidered handkerchief (a killing weapon)—would disarm "justice" in any court; aye, in any country. How *is* this?]

HONEY FROM A NEIGHBOR'S HIVE.

A CHILD'S FIRST LETTER.

To write to papa, 'tis an enterprise bold
For the fairy-like maiden, scarce seven years old;
And see what excitement the purpose hath
wrought,
In eyes that when gravest seem "playing at
thought!"

The light little figure, surprised into rest—
The smiles that *will* come, so demurely repressed—
The long-pausing hand on the paper that lies—
The sweet puzzled look in the pretty blue eyes!

'Tis a beautiful picture of childhood in calm;
One cheek swelling soft, o'er the white dimpled
palm,
Sunk deep in its crimson; and just the clear tip
Of an ivory tooth on the full under lip.

How the smooth forehead knits! With her arm
round his neck,
It were easier, far, than on paper to speak;
We must loop up those ringlets: their rich falling
gold
Would blot out the story as fast as 'twas told.

And she meant to have made it in bed; but it
seems
Sleep melted, too soon, all her thoughts into
dreams;
Yet, hush! by that sudden expansion of brow,
Some fairy familiar has whispered it *now*.

How she labors, exactly each letter to sign,
Goes over the whole, at the end of each line!
And lays down the pen, to clap hands with
delight,
When she finds an idea especially bright!

At last, the small fingers have crept to an end:
No statesman his letter 'twixt nations hath
penned
With more sense of its serious importance, and
few

In a spirit so loving,—so earnest, and true,
She smiles at a feat so unwonted and grand;
Draws a very long breath, rubs the cramped little
hand:
May we read it? Oh, yes! my sweet maiden,
may be—

One day you will write what *one only* must see!

"But no one must change it!" No, truly it ought
To keep the fresh bloom on each natural thought.
Who would shake off the dew to the rose-leaf
that clings?—

Or the delicate dust from the butterfly's wings?

Is it surely a letter? So bashfully lies
Uncertainty, yet, in those beautiful eyes;
And the parted lips' coral is deepening in glow,
And the eager flush mounts to the forehead of
snow.

'Tis informal, and slightly discursive, we fear;
Not a line without love, but the love is *sincere*.
Unchanged, papa said he would have it depart,
Like a bright leaf dropp'd out of her innocent
heart.

Great news of her garden, her lamb, and her
bird,
Of mamma, and of baby's last wonderful word;
With an ardent assurance—they neither can play,
Nor learn, nor be happy, while *he* is away.

Will he like it? Aye, will he! what letter could
seem,
Though an angel indited, so charming to him?
How the fortunate *poem* to honor would rise
That should never be read by more critical eyes!
Ah, would for poor rhymsters such favor could be
AS WAITS, MY FAIR CHILD, ON THY LETTER AND
THEE!*

* "Household Words," No. 138.

LINES

ON THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

A CAIRN of stones, and rocks around are there;
The sky clear blue, with dark-form'd floating
clouds.

The crags (for e'en the faultless-stepping goat
A fearful chasm!) strike our gazing front
With awe unceasing. To our right, a ridge*
Whose sharp-edg'd summit often there withholds
A warning to the hasty, careless soul,
Not oft to tread without a mind prepared,
And robust heart, so strong that nought of fear
Should lead it once astray upon those heights—
Here herb-scant sheep on frozen tracks do roam,
With only hoofs to guide their changing path,
And the kind bleating winter's welcome given
By other comrades through the mountain mist.
Lo! deep beneath, lies solitary Tarn;†
Not by itself so much, but still alone:
For how can craggy heights, huge rocks their
boundaries,

Tell to the sister lake that there's a form
So like its own in round Keppel's waters;‡
For walls (a barrier fearful, and so stern)
Present an enemy, as convent walls—
Which tell not what a sister's breath has been.
Here follows some sly whisper now and then,
It touches the calm breast of Red Tarn's waters;
Gives rippling kisses, by rock channels borne,
To a young sister in the Keppel cove;
Then, 'mongst mighty heights and sullen depths,
Breathes forth aloud, "Peace in silent Love."
So there is near a sister that's a Tarn,
A little mimic lake, in fact a pool.
Thus living in the mountains as two gems,
Two pearls might softly glimmer in the chain,
When cast upon the breast which loved them
well.

Yea, 'tis upon the top of sire Helvellyn,
A noble sight for all men once to see—
The little Twins reclining in his arms,
And far beyond, all round a perfect scene
Of endless landscape, mountains, lakes, the sea
And vales, which seem to run so far away,
To other fells,§ which lastly end in skies!

Keswick, Nov. 8.

C. W. R.

* Striding Edge.

† A small lake.

‡ Keppel Cove Tarn.

§ Mountains.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. 1. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS I. to XI., price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—P. P. You are not singular in your love for our valued contributor. She is a jewel. —BOMBYX ATLAS.—J. C. E.—E. P. BARTLETT. Many thanks. You have judged us rightly. Next week.—J. J.—R. A.—C. P.—W. L.—CROCUS.—DEW-DROP.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, November 27, 1852.

WE HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN DIRECTING ATTENTION to the first of a series of articles, from the pen of FORESTIERA, which appears in our paper of to-day. We mean "THE WORLD WE LIVE IN."

So much are we all the children of circumstance, that until we see our habits, manners, and mode of life brought vividly under our eye, we are apt to pass them by unheeded. In truth, we seldom think, until we are compelled to think; and then, alas! it is often too late.

Common honesty, and brotherly feeling, one would imagine to be universal—in every nation that would be happy. Indeed we cannot, in our short-sightedness, see how it is possible to be happy without them. They are sadly wanting amongst us; and hence the artificial lives we all lead. We rather "exist" than live.

We have vowed to try what argument will do in this matter, towards working a reform. Single-handed, we could make little progress; but in our energetic ally, who has travelled all over the world, who has seen everything, and who has studied everybody, we have a host. Her tender heart, gentle spirit, and benignant love for her race, are such as *must* gain her a patient hearing. Hard indeed must he be, who could turn a deaf ear to arguments so lovingly and disinterestedly brought forward for the social benefit of mankind.

IN A PAPER LIKE OURS, we have deemed it inexpedient to introduce either Religion or Politics. The reasons for this are obvious. We want no controversy. Our object is to

promote harmony; and whilst we amuse, to let all our observations tend to instruction, the love of nature—and above all, the love of nature's God. True churchmen are WE.

Still we see no valid reason why we should be muzzled, when asked to give our opinion touching the policy of trying to make the seventh day of the week* a day of universal gloom. We observe, with pain, the many attempts that are now being made, by people who ought to know better, to *force* people to become good; to *drive* them like cattle into places of worship, and to deprive them—aye, even by Acts of Parliament, from enjoying afterwards a harmless walk on a fine day. Cant! we like thee not.

Now, when people who are not largely gifted with reasoning powers, and who closely watch the actions of those who would morosely coerce them into the practice of what they do not feel—see this evil party-spirit put forth, what does it do? Why it causes *that* to be disliked, and scoffed at, which might otherwise have been sought after with delight. We may "lead" anybody by kindness, but compulsion is always bad.

How great a blow to true religion was the stoppage of the mails on Sunday! The mad refusal to deliver letters on the Sabbath morning, whose contents were rife with matters involving life and death, was indeed a fearful blow to the interests of our Protestant Church. We bring the Christian faith into supreme contempt, by our own insane acts of folly.† Our Creator requires no such sacrifices as these; and we offend heavily in so misleading men's minds.

As for the abuse of the Sabbath by the encouragement of extra steamboats, railway excursions, &c.—this is altogether another affair. Riot, debauchery, drunkenness, and such like, no sane person would defend. The day is wisely appointed for rest of mind and body, and for the service of our Creator. We speak only of the attempts now making to prevent the people walking out with their families after church—to enjoy (what we are all entitled to) the fresh air of heaven.

Superficial are we, and Pharisaical to the last. These prohibitions are prayed for—not from a motive of true charity, or

* Sunday—commonly called the "First" day.

† It was said, that conscientious motives prompted the movers of this measure! It might be so; but its speedy abolition fully proved the insanity of the scheme. As well might steam vessels have been stopped on the high seas; the sun itself bidden to stand still; the tides forbidden to ebb and flow. Such incense is an abomination. The Creator looks at the heart. Are we not a superficial people?—Ed. K. J.

love to the Creator. Most assuredly not. One of our correspondents innocently asks us—what she may harmlessly do on Sunday, and what she may not do? This is the very point we want to canvas—the sole object of this paper.

Our Sabbath is observed in a marvellously odd manner. Some shut themselves up altogether, and will not be seen on that day. Some think they are best at home, and remain there. Others go to an infinity of places of worship. Some yawn; some sleep; some laugh; and some sigh. Some go because they think it right to go; others, because it is the custom. Some go to see their neighbors in new dresses; and others go bowed down with a weight of finery that it is alarming to behold. These stately women are followed by some tall stiff men in plush—carrying a portable library of large, superbly-bound books, with gold clasps; and thus furnished, the ceremonies begin. Far be it from us to deduce any unfair inferences; but we do hate hypocrisy. Shocking is it to behold certain people, partake of certain solemn rites in certain churches, and return home to turn the whole observance into a broad jest. Yet is this regularly done once a month, or oftener.

We have had our say on this matter. Now for a word to our innocent correspondent, CLARISSA. You ask us, Mademoiselle—what you may do, and what you may not do, on the Sabbath? Our answer shall be explicit. We all profess to love our Creator—do we not? Well then, our first study should be to please Him. To do this, the utmost sincerity and honesty are requisite. Let us adduce a pleasing illustration of our meaning.

Supposing, CLARISSA, that there existed between us two, a feeling of the most affectionate regard; and that our love for each other was, as it ought to be, pure and sincere. Suppose, also, that by circumstances we were separated by a long intervening distance. What should we do, to prove to each other the fervor and intensity of the love that existed in our hearts? Should we study how short our letters might be? Should we try how little time we could devote to each other—and go as close to the wind as we could, to satisfy the demands of propriety and “customary” etiquette?

We imagine that such a course of action as this, would not go far to prove us worthy of each other, or to prove the sincerity of our love. There *may be* such love, we grant; but WE cannot recognise it under that name. No! WE should write letters by the quire—by the ream, if opportunity offered. Each missive should be more tender than the last. This would be the spontaneous effusion of a chaste, loving heart; and would establish

the fact of a willing sacrifice. Apply this to the observance of the Sabbath, and your question is answered.

Whatever you do in the way of observing this sacred day, do it with all your heart. If hypocrisy and formality be the main-springs of action—not only is the offered sacrifice detestable in the sight of the Creator, but you become a despicable, artificial character. You pretend to be what you are not; you pass yourself off as a religious person, when your conscience gives the lie to your actions.

Believe us, CLARISSA, to be perfectly sincere in our remarks. The moment we begin to form a nice calculation as to what we may do, and what we may not do—and to measure our performances by a mathematical rule of exactness, we are wrong. If we love our Creator, we shall *rejoice* to serve him. Duties will sit light upon us, and our heart will be at his disposal. Coldness, formality, hypocrisy, deceit, and worldly guile, rule nine tenths of the present generation. Hence the hollow state of the “World we live in.”

The seventh day of the week, CLARISSA, devoted to a round of dry, unsatisfactory observances, will never satisfy an honest heart. Nor will the mere presentation of a person's body within our walls of brick and stone on that day, make him a Christian.

Six days spent as we list, and the seventh devoted to rubbing out our offences of the week—may do for us: but the EYE above us is NOT to be so deceived. So, whatever we do, let it proceed from a heart honest as the light of day. Then shall we be a happy people, and the world a land of blessedness.

This is our Religious Code. We have stated it—ONCE AND FOR EVER.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Case of Conscience.—A few months since, Mr. Editor, you rated some of your readers soundly, for *lending* your JOURNAL to their friends—after they had themselves perused it. You remarked—how could you afford to produce the JOURNAL, and “live;” if such unfairness were practised generally? Your remark was manly; and no less manly than just. Listen, one moment. I have wished to do you some good. I have “lent” your Journal,—or rather OUR Journal, to hosts of people—far and near. ALL are delighted with it,—of course. Well, ought *you* to suffer by this? Oh—no! Enclosed are two sovereigns, to which you are justly entitled for the benefits you have dispensed, through the JOURNAL, to the hearts of so many admiring readers. Believe me your very sincere, but unknown friend,—J. J., Worcester.

[As our “Chancellor of the Exchequer” words it,—“We beg to acknowledge the receipt of two sovereigns, ‘Conscience money,’ transmitted to us by J. J., Worcester.” But WE are not so

repacious (quite) as the "Chancellor of the Exchequer," who sweeps all into his coffers, and then—looks out greedily for more silly madmen. No! nor do we laugh in our sleeves as does the said sly Chancellor, when his insane victims tumble so delightfully into his power. No! we feel highly delighted by this proof of friendship; and shall feel still more delighted, when the sender supplies us with the names of any friends of hers, to whom we can forward bound volumes of OUR JOURNAL—equivalent in value to the sum received. We shall then be proudly and happily independent (commercially speaking); and gratefully thankful (in the language of friendship). As many tokens of regard as you please, fair ladies,—but *not* in the form of £. s. d. It deprives poetry of its grace, and makes our head droop. We have a small recess, very neatly fitted up; and in it are put all—but it is unnecessary to say more. As one of our correspondents remarked in a former number,—we ought to be "a happy man." We are so; and in the present instance, more particularly so. The seal on the letter sent us by "J. J." has impressed on it, a motto in Italian—breathing fervently of love, and friendship unto death. It is assigned a choice place in "the recess" before alluded to.]

In-door Plants.—I am delighted Mr. Editor, to notice how sedulously you are introducing new and interesting features in OUR JOURNAL. Your observations on Window-Gardening, and ladies' popular fancies with regard to flowers,—are topics that will give universal satisfaction. I send you an extract from the *American Gardeners' Chronicle*, on the subject of "In-door plants." It is worthy of notice. "As the plants," says the writer, "are placed in or near windows, there is no injurious deficiency of light; but as it comes to them most intensely on one side, they should be half turned round every day, that their heads may have a uniform appearance, and the leaves be not turned only in one direction. If the window faces the south, the intense heat and light should be mitigated during the mid-day of the summer months by lowering the blind. Whenever the out-door temperature is not below 34°, the plants will be benefited by having the window and the door of the room open. They cannot have too much fresh air at any season of the year, if they are not grown under a Wardian case; for the exterior air always contains a due proportion of moisture, whilst the air of a room is, as invariably, drier than is beneficial to the plants. A due supply of moisture in the air, as well as in the soil, is absolutely necessary to our room-plants. To obtain this in the best available degree, little porous troughs, constantly filled with water, should be kept on the stand among the plants; and the saucers of the pots themselves, if made according to Hunt's plan, may always have a little water remaining in them. The application of water to the soil, requires far more attention than it usually receives. Room-plants mostly are the *protégés* of ladies, who administer water with their own hands; and so long as the novelty and leisure prompt to this attention, all goes well. But no room plant ever existed, perhaps, which

was not, at some period of its life, left to the tender mercies of a housemaid, with the frequent usual consequence of a deluge of water, cold from the pump, after the roots had become heated and parched by days of total abstinence. Plants so treated cannot flourish. The water should be allowed to stand in the kitchen for some hours before it is applied to the plants; so that it may be as warm, or warmer than the soil to which it is to be added. It may be given in dry, hot weather, every second day; and in such abundance as to pass slightly through the earth into the saucers."—This hint, about not trusting to the "tender mercies of a servant," is capital. Servants kill both birds and plants, if left in their care. Is it not so?—LIZZY.

[Yes, dear Lizzy. All who "love" their birds and their flowers, *must* see to them in person; else will they languish and die. It seems a "universal law" among servants, to hate both the animal and vegetable worlds.]

Wonderful Properties existing in Silk.—I need not tell you, Mr. Editor,—as news, what everybody knows but too well; viz., that ours is a climate peculiar to itself. We rather exist than live in it. However, let us make the best of it. I have just read the following remarks of Dr. Sigmond, in his "Treatise on Mercury." At this season, they will be found invaluable. He says—"To every one in damp, moist conditions of the atmosphere, flannel is a great comfort, but silk is the most useful covering of the body. It is by far the best friend and comforter that can be applied. We know, if a silk handkerchief be perfectly dry, that lightning, the most accumulated, could not pass through it, so decided a non-conductor is it. Hence, *if worn next to the skin, the air cannot absorb the electricity of the human body.* Silk-waistcoats, drawers, and stockings of the same material, are of the greatest service during the humid state of the winter months of this country. The hypochondriac, and the nervous, will derive from them more benefit than from the most active tonic; and they will prove a more invigorating and rational cordial than any spirituous dram. Nor are the effects transient; for a buoyancy of spirits, and an agreeable warmth, are thus diffused over the whole frame."—I am glad Dr. Sigmond has entered his protest against the use of ardent cordials. I agree with him, and with yourself, that spirituous drams are anything but "rational." They cannot cure, but they often kill.—A FAMILY MAN.

Curious Applications of the Bamboo, to Articles of general Use.—I forward you, Mr. Editor, some interesting particulars, recorded by Mr Fortune, in his "Visit to the Tea Districts of China." They refer to the extensive use of the bamboo; which, he tells us, is one of the most valuable trees in China, and is used for almost every conceivable purpose. It is employed in making soldiers' hats and shields, umbrellas, soles of shoes, scaffolding poles, measures, baskets, ropes, papers, pencil-holders, brooms, sedan-chairs, pipes, flower-stakes and trellis-work in gardens. Pillows are made of the shavings. A kind of rush cloak, for wet weather, is made of the leaves,

and is called a "So-e," or garment of leaves. On the water it is used for making sails and covers for boats, for fishing-rods and fish-baskets, fishing-stakes and buoys. Catamarans are rude boats, or rather floats, formed of a few logs of bamboo, lashed firmly together. In agriculture, the bamboo is used in making aqueducts for conveying water to the land; it forms part of the celebrated water-wheel, as well as of the plough, the harrow, and other implements of industry. Excellent water-pipes are made of it, for conveying springs from the hills, to supply houses and temples in the valleys with pure water. Its roots are often cut into the most grotesque figures; and its stems finely carved into ornaments for the curious, or into incense-burners for the temples. The Ning-po furniture, the most beautiful in China, is often inlaid with figures of people, houses, temples, and pagodas, in bamboo; these form most correct and striking pictures of China and the Chinese. The young shoots are boiled and eaten, and sweetmeats are also made from them. A substance found in the joints, called "Tabasheer," is used in medicine. In the manufacture of tea, it helps to form the rolling-tables, drying baskets, and sieves; and last, though not least, the celebrated chopsticks—the most important article in domestic use—are made from it. However incredulous my reader may be, I must still carry him a step further, and tell him that *I have not enumerated one-half of the uses to which the bamboo is applied in China!* Through life, the Chinaman is almost dependent upon it for his support; nor does it leave him until it carries him to his last resting-place, on the hill-side—and even then, in company with the cypress, juniper, and pine, it waves over and marks his tomb.—I cannot help thinking, my dear Sir, that a record of these little-known facts will assist greatly in giving OUR JOURNAL even an increased value. If you think so, I shall often be troublesome with my literary love offerings.—CAROLINE E.

[Begin, kind Caroline, from to-day, to be as troublesome as you will; and keep on sending us your "love offerings," till we bid you to hold your hand. We have already read your character.]

Cod Liver Oil.—When "Consumption" is so fast entombing its victims, it is only kind to make extensively known the best and readiest means existing for its alleviation. *Cure* for it, alas! we too well know, there is none. Some people have written books to prove that there is; but *gain* was their object, at the expense of truth. Cod liver oil is the subject of which I speak. It has done, and is doing, much good. My object in now addressing you is to bring under your notice a curious case of consumption, alleviated by an exterior application of the oil, taken into the system by absorption. The lady patient resided at Kingsdown, near Bristol. When the symptoms of consumption first appeared, the aid of the most eminent of the faculty was called into requisition, and the disease having made rapid progress, large doses of cod liver oil were ordered, as the only effectual means of restoring the sinking constitution. This medicine the lady found it impossible to take, as the vomitings it

produced rendered it of no avail. Her medical attendant then recommended change of air, and advised his patient to proceed immediately to Sidmouth, in Devonshire. Here she again sought the advice of a medical gentleman, who recommended the use of the same medicine as our fellow citizen had been previously giving her. She told him it was impossible for her to retain the medicine on the stomach, when the doctor recommended the application of the oil externally, which system was adopted, by means of completely saturating linen cloths with the oil, and applying them to her chest. These were continually changed by day, and by night; and in less than three months, the lady was able to return to her family. Some people object, that the taste and smell of this oil are such as to prohibit its use. This is idle, when the benefits derivable, so far exceed the drawbacks.—MEDICUS, Brighton.

[We quite agree with you in all your remarks. A friend of ours is, at the present time, making use of cod liver oil; and he tells us that the good he derives from it is incalculable. We hardly need remark, that it is not in cases of consumption only, that it is so largely beneficial.]

A Merry Heart.—My dear Mr Editor—As a pendant to your immortal article on "The Christmas Tree, and its Associations," (in No 46) do pray insert the following lines, by Charles Swain. Christmas will soon be here; and it will be delightful to see two such subjects, treated by two such men, bound up in one cover:

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short our stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whate'er the world may say.
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a flaw;
*But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!*

If life but brings us happiness—
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most, may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

There's beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too—
*It shows the heart's an honest heart
That's paid each man his due:*
Aye, lent a share of what's to spare,
Despite of "Wisdom's" fears;
And made the cheek less sorrows speak,
THE EYE WEEP FEWER TEARS.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
And tempest-wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is within.
Then laugh away! Let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most, may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

Here is moral philosophy for you, that does the heart good; and teaches a man to be contented

with what God has so kindly given him. Do I not echo your own sentiments, my dear Mr. Editor?—NANNETTE.

[Dear Nannette! How more than happy do we feel, that we shall die in your debt! We would not cancel one of our existing obligations for the Universe. Yes, you *do* echo our sentiments,—for a merry heart and a grateful heart are the very pride of our life. We look towards you for *more* Christmas comforts.]

Thought-reading, and Book-reading; from the Brain.—I was present, Mr. Editor, a few evenings since, when MR. GERALD MASSEY gave "a Lecture" on the above subjects; illustrated by experiments in which Mrs. Gerald Massey was the performer. What I saw was indeed wonderful, inasmuch as there could be no deception practised. The room was well-filled, and every facility given for fairly testing every experiment made. Can you explain *how* a person can read, blindfold; and tell, from the top of the head, the contents of a massive volume, and read glibly off, line by line? I confess I am puzzled.—SARAH H.

[WE were present at the *scèance* you speak of, and were equally surprised as yourself at the phenomena exhibited on the occasion. We only know that this power *does* exist in some people, and in MRS. MASSEY to a most wonderful extent. Mrs. M. is the same lady, of whom we spoke in a former number, and who so ably and faithfully delineated, by passing her hand over our head, the natural characteristics of our disposition. She is very young; amiable; and gifted with much good sense. An article from her pen on the "Education of Children," (see page 396, vol. I.), witnesses that she is an accurate observer of daily occurrences; and that her philosophy is of the right kind.]

The Hollyhock. Additional Notes.—Although the Hollyhock is a gross feeder, and requires considerable root room, it is perhaps not more gross than some other plants which are grown for exhibition purposes, as for illustration *Clerodendrons*; and if we observe the same rule with the Hollyhock, and give it rich compost and manure-water; in fact if instead of allowing a cubic yard of soil we concentrate the nutriment of that mass in a ninth part of its compass—I have no doubt that the Hollyhock may be grown to great perfection; yes, to greater perfection than when unrestricted in the open ground, inasmuch as undue grossness may be controlled, and so equalised, that instead of having a few flowers, at the apex, the plant may be proportioned to the flowers, and the flowers to the plant. That is, a well grown and properly bloomed plant may be produced. Of course, for exhibition purposes, a proportionate and regularly bloomed plant would be preferable to a large one with a few remarkably fine flowers, and yet the bloom buds might be so thinned out and protected as to bring them to great perfection, both in size, color, and quantity. I have had some plants in the open ground, scarcely more than four feet in height, and beautifully branched, which I consider would be splendid pot subjects; and a dozen or score of them, nicely bloomed and contrasted, would form a group scarcely less

remarkable and gorgeous than a bank of *Azaleas* in May. But it is not so much as objects of interest at exhibitions as for general gardening purposes that I would advocate the growth of *Hollyhocks* in pots; for, nicely managed, the purposes to which they might be applied in a decorative point of view are almost endless. Grouped together in well-contrasted masses upon lawns, the pots plunged in the grass, or even as single specimens, mixed with gardenesque examples of shrubs or dwarf trees—arranged in lines along straight walks, or upon terraces, placed in niches, or indeed arranged anywhere where a very conspicuous object is required; they would be found exceedingly effective and alike useful for the decoration of the cottage ornée, or one of the palatial houses of England. We have no plant so effective as a single specimen, or which in its symmetrical proportions accords so well with straight lines and architectural proportions of a first-rate residence, as the plant under notice. Again, the season of the *Hollyhock* may be much extended; for, by bringing the first lot in pots forward in a warm situation, and retarding a late lot in a north aspect, we might have plants in perfection from June until October. In fact, in no one point of view could the *Hollyhock* be out of place.—W. P. AYRES, *Blackheath*.

Wine—a Gay Deceit.—It has been said, "there is no deceit in Wine." This is a vulgar error;—

Hath WINE an oblivious power?

Can it pluck out the Sting from the brain?
No! the draught may beguile for an hour,

But it doubly increaseth the pain.

A PRODIGAL.

The Hyacinth grown in Glasses.—Some of my *Hyacinths*, grown in glasses, have made roots four inches long, but these latter are covered at their extremities with a sort of mouldy, slime-like substance. The water they were grown in is rain-water. Can any of your readers tell me what this appearance proceeds from?—FEDELTA.

Early Rising,—Extraordinary Inducements for.—You have given us admirable reasons, dear Mr. Editor, why we should rise early, and shown us how much we lose by not doing so; but your reasons, I fear, are not half so cogent as those which appear in the *Church of England Quarterly Review*! Hear what a writer says,—and says it gravely too, in that most luminous record. "Captain Nutting, being an early riser, was in the habit of taking long walks [accompanied, we imagine, by a long-bow] before breakfast. On one of these occasions, while on the high road to Dover, over *Shooter's Hill* [preparing for the "long range?"] his attention was drawn to a crumpled piece of white paper on the ground. Opening it, he found [of course] a bank-note for £1000. Extending his search [he was a covetous as well as a long-sighted man], he found *another* of the same value. Afterwards,—four more!"—This, Mr. Editor, is a clear elucidation of what is vulgarly called—"throwing the hatchet."—However, I think *your* reasons for

early rising are the best after all; and I shall assuredly follow them.—SYLVIA.

[Well said; sweet sylvan sylph! Agreed; we will wander out in Spring, at early dawn; and seek better treasures than these,—the treasures of health and innocence.]

Bees and Chloroform.—Your correspondent, "Pegasus," when he described how to stupify bees by the use of chloroform, did not state the quantity that should be employed. Will he be so good as to mention how much would suffice for the capture of one hive?—W. C. W., *Devizes*.

Fancy Rabbits.—Where can I obtain a first-rate breed of fancy rabbits? I have long been wondering, why you have not given us a treatise upon rabbits, and should recommend your doing so at an early day.—P. J., *Derby*.

[We cannot imagine why some of our readers persist in withholding from us their names and addresses,—especially when they require any particular information. Had our correspondent entrusted us with his name, we could at once have referred him to a first-rate breeder of the very finest fancy rabbits, who is now disposing of his stock. It may not yet be too late. We propose to hold some gossip about rabbits, at a no distant period.]

Voracity of the Pike.—In the year 1814, my sister being desirous of obtaining some "maids of honor"—a delicacy with which no doubt most of your readers are acquainted—I took my skiff and rowed her from Twickenham to Richmond, where the said "maids of honor" are alone to be obtained. When opposite the pretty cottage called "Ragman's Castle,"—and when near the entrance which leads into the meadows, I observed a large swan, tail erect, and with his body elevated above the water. I imagined he was in search of food. He however remained so very long in this position, that I felt puzzled, and told my companion so. As we returned, there was Mr. Swan, still balanced high in the air. This was too much for my philosophy to unravel; so I called a waterman, and accompanied him in his boat to see the meaning of it. Hauling the swan into the boat, the first sight that awaited us was a huge pike, weighing about twenty pounds, attached to the swan's body. He had gorged the head and entire neck; but the body was "one too many" for him; and being unable either to retire or go on with his dinner, he and his intended victim perished together.—VERAX.

EARLY EDUCATION.

A MOTHER once asked a clergyman "when she should begin the education of her child?" She added, "he is now four years old." "Madam," was his reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile over an infant's face, your opportunity begins."

[There is so much beautiful truth in the remark of this clergyman, that we direct special attention to it. It should be treasured up in the heart of every parent, and NEVER forgotten.]

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

[From the HAMPSHIRE ADVERTISER, Nov. 6.]

WE herald in the month, as usual, with varied quotations from KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL, one of the most pleasing companions for a country resident—aye, or the denizen of towns, who can occasionally steal away from them—that has ever appeared. We much regret, that our friend still continues to suffer such vexatious annoyance from the opposition of booksellers to the circulation of his JOURNAL. We cannot conceive an objection on the score of his work being "moral;" we really do not believe that such can be the ground of their lukewarmness; but looking at his title page, and seeing that the JOURNAL is published "For William Kidd," and not for a bookseller, he may rest satisfied, or convinced of the fact being, that the publishers do not approve of any over-bold wight intruding upon their domain, and trying—for it can only be trying—to detract from their profits. We are not booksellers ourselves, and therefore cannot be accused of battling for the craft; but we do well recollect an attempt being made by the late Professor Donovan (whose works on Natural History numbered about a hundred volumes, richly brought out by the Messrs. Rivingtons) to publish on his own account, whereby he put the final seal upon his prospects. He, as a young man, was contemporary with Johnson in his old age; and his style was moulded upon, and considered almost equal to, that of the classical genius of Bolt Court. His life was at last eked out by the allowance liberally made him by the Rivingtons, for coloring the plates of his own works, when a purchaser happily came—a rare chance! This coloring, be it observed, was done with exquisite fidelity to nature by his accomplished daughter, who sacrificed her talents, youth, and prime, to the *drudgery*, but the noble labor of sustaining her parent. We should like to see some notice of poor Donovan, and other martyrs to the "sweet service" of Natural History, in KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL. However, our five minutes' writing has run away with our proper business, which is to introduce a portion of an article by our pleasant friend, appertaining to the season of Autumn.

[These remarks by our contemporary are perfectly just. If the publishers and the trade could succeed in sealing our ruin—how hard they have tried!—it *would be* "the happiest day of their life." But for our indomitable energy, and Herculean perseverance, we should have been entombed long since. We have been everlastingly reported as "done up," "discontinued," "never ready in time," "out of print," &c.; and to their great surprise, we are yet alive! One of the London publishers, who is the proprietor of a cheap weekly periodical on Gardening, &c., told his Dublin agent (who has the largest wholesale establishment in that city), "that if he dared to sell KIDD'S JOURNAL, he would at once withdraw his agency, and terminate all further transactions." The same unfair influence has been largely employed all over the country; and this, by men calling themselves "our brethren!" Publishers would seem to have neither a heart nor a soul.]

THE AGES PASSED AWAY.

TO THE EDITOR.—Dear Sir, OUR JOURNAL is now becoming so widely circulated in Families, that I think it right to call your attention to one single passage in it (see p. 87, vol. i.), in which "a sentiment" appears to be expressed, from which I know you, and all your readers, would recoil with horror. I allude to the concluding stanza of Mr. SANKEY's poetical sketch, headed as above. It would, as it at present stands, seem to deny the doctrine of the immortality of the soul—a doctrine which, in every line you pen, seems to be ever uppermost in your mind. One word from you will set all right.

Your sincere friend, J. N. M.

Rusholme, Manchester. Nov. 18, 1852.

[We return you, Sir, ten thousand thanks for your vigilant observation. Far be it from us, either in thought or by word, to offend in a matter involving such serious considerations. You have judged us righteously. We believe the impression meant to be conveyed was—simply the instability of all below; and that as *one* dies, so *another* arises to take his place. In this confession of ours, let us behold the *bane* and *antidote*.]

FIRST,—AND "ONLY" LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A COLD."*

LOVE has ever been the master-tyrant of mankind. Poets from the earliest ages, have sung their sweetest notes about him; and yet, to this day, there is something more to be said of love. In fact, love is quite undefinable. He that can define the Deity, may define love. We may call it the love of the universe, or by whatever poetical term we please; and, after all, *we have not the shadow of love's power* pictured in the fancy.

Love is the link of similitude among mankind. Zones may separate, the sun scorch, and atmospheres vary the size and shape of the body. But in every clime, love is the same; in the smile of refinement, and in the rude laugh of the savage's admiration. Still, in these days, every writer who wishes to sublimate his character by apeing the stoic, relieves himself of some pert common-place about love. Love-sick, love-lorn, and love-mad, are introduced with much grave conceit. True, the subject of love is too often harped upon by ephemeral rhymes; but is it on this account that indiscriminate ridicule is to be thrown on love, moonlight, and poetry? Do the witty gentry mean to tell us, that love is not a proper theme for poetry; and that moonlight, after all their pointless jests, is not an hour of inspiration? The critics need not be alarmed; for though love and moonlight are often united, and though the former will ever be the main-spring of all our hopes,

fears, energies, and exertions, Venalism has long unveiled it of that romantic and noble enthusiasm with which our ancestors invested love. Modern society is, in plain words, a penny-getting, hand-to-mouth creature.

Youth is the season for love in its genuine purity and freshness. From the age of nineteen to five-and-twenty, there is a bloom on the mind, which, once worn away, never returns.—It is as delicate as the down on the flower, which vanishes at the rude touch of the elements. At this springtide age, the heart is unsoured by the cares of life. As yet, the world has not chilled the warm current of generous feeling, nor nipped its budding hopes: it has little of that worldly dross collected around it, called experience; which, the more it increases, the more it eats away the tenderness of sympathy, and the fire of enthusiasm. From nineteen to five-and-twenty, is the May-day of the mind.

There are those, whose grey wisdom will smile at this. They have become satiated with life, and they repay its unkindness by sarcasm on the romantic affections of the young. They have marked the folly of young people imagining themselves into a mutual affection, before they have seen enough of the world to judge of the firmness of their inclinations;—they had better wait till added years have tempered their passions, and tried their firmness. By such reasoning, the blossoms of young affections are often torn away; and two hearts which would have been fountains of love to each other through life, are sundered, and left to wear away in uncongenial spheres.

That the prudence of age is often necessary to cool the ardor of youth, cannot be denied. In some instances, the hand which snaps a link that would unite two hearts together for future want or woe, is merciful though severe. But does it not too often happen, that pride rather than wisdom rules the destiny of affectionate minds? Is that mother, for instance, to be called kind and wise, who severs her child from her first affections, to which she has clung with the energy of innocence and truth, because the object of it does not reach the *precise* point of her vanity or ambition? Is it for her child's sake, or for the gratification of her own pertinacity, that she dooms her to love no longer? A mother may cloak her vanity under this amiable garb; the neighboring mammæ and friends may applaud her *prudence* and warm *solicitude* for her daughter's welfare; but in the clear eye of Nature and of God, she stands condemned.

Duty will often triumph over love: and, therefore, a daughter, submitting to the decrees of her parent, will bury her passion in her own bosom, and believe, or try to be-

* See vol. I., p. 172.

lieve her mother most tender, when she is most severe. But first love, once cherished in a noble heart, can never be completely vanquished. It may be hidden, but never extinguished. There will be an ember, burning in secret till life itself shall be no more. But it is rare that the parent knows this. Her child has vowed submission to her will; and, as far as nature will permit, she will perform her promise. Her brow will be bright as before; her eyes smile with the beam of happiness; and the music of her tongue flow richly as ever. Under these appearances, a mother congratulates herself on the obedience of her child, and the success of her plans. To promote these, she leads her into company, where another and a wealthier suitor becomes enamoured. She acquiesces; and by persuasive arts, paves the way for his acceptance with her daughter. What can she do but submit, or add, to the anguish of a desolate heart, the ill-will of a mother? Neither is hypocrisy here. She really will, to her utmost, transplant her affections to the choice of her parent. The wedding-day approaches,—friends and acquaintances pour in congratulations and compliments, and the maid becomes a wife. But has she smothered the remembrances of him, around whose heart her young affections twined? What was the language of that dreamy hue, lurking about her cheek as she stood in loveliness at the altar? What was the meaning of that frequent tear, which glittered under her eye-lids? Was it nothing more than the mere pathos of the marriage hour? Oh! you are but blind detectors of the workings of the mind, who think so. Her mother's delighted vanity may conclude thus; but it was a thought, chaste as melancholy, of him who *should* have been by her side at this hour. She can never love another as she did him.

First love is the only love, in real intensity and truth. But the world shall not know this. She who has sacrificed her, shall prove her all that she can desire. She will return from the altar in smiles; and the first moment she can steal from the gay crowd around, she will retire to her room, and invoke the God above, with tears and sighs, to enable her to submit, and be resigned. Would it be thus, had she wedded him to whom her soul was drawn by the magnet of sympathy? Like a stream, forced from the channel where Nature placed it, her heart will follow the track of duty that now lies before her; but it will never regain its native energy.

Let us continue the scene. All hopes of union with her bosom's choice, are blasted. They must voyage on to Eternity in different tracks, and with different duties to perform. Time flows by: he marries, and settles far

away. She is encircled with domestic cares; and, judging from her affectionate conduct as a wife, her visions of youthful happiness have flitted into oblivion. Among her acquaintances, the subject is entirely forgotten; or but rarely resuscitated by gossiping grandams, who serve as living registers to the neighborhood.

But has first-love left no soul-graved record behind it? Have all the dreams of early passion completely vanished from her memory? As far as one unhallowed wish goes, first-love is quenched: but she can no more refrain from recalling ideas of her once blissful prospect, than she could drain the life-blood from her heart and yet live on. No! in a thousand ways, shadows of young hope will pass over her soul. Voices, features, and, above all, those walks and streams where first-love hovered round their steps,—will awaken recollections of the past, and of him who hallowed all her hours. In the melancholy noons of autumn, when she stands by her parlor-window, and gazes with a vacant eye on the scene without,—thoughts of bygone days will sadden her mind with momentary regret. And often, when sitting round a winter's fire, with her husband before her reading some volume, and her infant playing with her hand—even then a mournful shadow of the past will obtrude on her inward eye. And when her husband laughs at her musings, she will smile them away, and blush for her unrevealed error.

There is a misery beyond all this; perchance, attendant on her disappointed first-love. I mean a sudden meeting with its object in after years. In the ball-room, for instance, while floating down the dance amid the rich glare of the chandeliers, and the swell of music, the eye of her first Love unexpectedly glances on her. Then who shall describe the sickness of soul, the chill creeping of the blood, and thrill of the loaded brain,—that now bewilder her? Her heart seems to pant beneath the burden of recollections,—her cheek is dimmed into a paleness,—her whole frame shivers,—and then, friends approach. She feigns to be unwell; leaves the room; the dance is re-commenced, and the Spirit of the night resumes her reign. This is not romance; or if it be, it is "the romance of real life."

(To be Concluded in our next.)

TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.—It requires no little heroism to act *always* in accordance with right principles; but it is the obstacles that present themselves to our doing so, which render the triumph to be achieved over them more meritorious.

FEAR.—That man, whose overbearing makes others fear him, has great reason to fear *them*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

How boundless is a mother's love,—
Unquenchable her zeal!
Who can its vast dimensions prove,
Its height or depth reveal?

Sad is the heart that never felt
Her dear and fostering care;
Or at her feet in childhood knelt,
To lip its evening prayer.

Years pass away; with them we change.
Friends, too, oft faithless prove:
But time can ne'er her heart estrange,
Or damp her ardent love.

A mother's voice so soft and kind,
Speaks with a double power;
It has a charm that calms the mind,
In sorrow's saddest hour.

Her spirit, gentle as a dove,
With pity soothes our woes;
It savors of that holy love
Which God on man bestows.

A mother's smiles our hearts sustain,
When torn by wild despair;
Her loving hand can ease our pain
And banish all our care.

We trace that smile in every scene,
Where'er our footsteps rove;
Oh, sad indeed this life had been
WITHOUT A MOTHER'S LOVE!

THE HUMAN HEAD AND FIGURE.

A LOVELY object is a woman's head! It is a sight on which we could fondly gaze for hours and hours. ADDISON, in his "Treatise on Ladies' Head Dresses," thus speaks of it:—"The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermillion; planted in it a double row of ivory; made it the seat of smiles and blushes: lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes; hung it on each side with curious organs of sense; given it airs and graces that cannot be described; and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works. When, therefore, we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone-lace."—If Addison were living now, and were to see some of our modern fashions, we imagine he would faint outright. If Woman's form be beautiful,—and we maintain that it is most beautiful—why, we ask, do they take such elaborate pains to deform both themselves and their children?

DOMESTIC LAYS,—No. II.

TO A WIFE,—SLEEPING.

SLEEP on, dear love; the midnight hour
Brings rest to every folded flower;
And twilight's gloom, or morning's air,
Came never yet on bed more fair
Than that o'er which my eyes now keep
A vigil far more blest than sleep.

Upon thy smooth and drooping brow,
The night-lamp sheds its trembling glow;
Thy lips like rose-buds lie apart,
And smiles, such smiles as chain the heart,
Flit o'er thy cheek like passing showers
Of sunlight over beds of flowers.

Still as those honied lips I seek,
Their balmy breath plays o'er my cheek;
And as I drink each murmured tone
That makes thy very dreams mine own,
A silent joy pervades my breast,—
Too deep to let my spirit rest.

Dream on; thy very sleep reveals
Whate'er thy gentle bosom feels;
Love's herald blazons on thy cheek
His blushing crest, in hues which speak
Of hopes and joys from sorrows free.
Tears were not made for such as THEE.

Smile on; oh! never may'st thou know
The darken'd spirit's dream of woe.
God's own pure gift to me, I bless
The Giver, and the gift no less;
As well I may,—for thou hast been
The shield betwixt my heart and sin.

To thee, my gentle bride, I owe
A heaven of happiness below.
I live within a world of bliss;
A quiet world, most dear in this,—
That THOU art still the ONE pure star
Whence all its light and pleasures are.

Yet, oft I fear the vast excess
Of my unbounded happiness;
And as I fold thee to my heart,
And feel how VERY dear thou art,
I tremble lest my love should be
THE CAUSE OF DEEP IDOLATRY!

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NOTES BY A NATURALIST.

PEARL FISHERY.

THOUGH THE GREATER NUMBER OF PEARLS worn by the ladies of the present day are undoubtedly procured from foreign countries, yet it is no less true that our own country produces not a few, which are palmed off on purchasers as imported. This is done—in order that the fact of their being native should not diminish the value of the gems!

In most rapid rivers, whose bottom is composed of a mixture of gravel and mud, is to be found a fresh-water mussel, with a coarse black shell, often very much abraded at the umbones. Inside these, a pearl or two may be occasionally found. I notice in the *Naturalist*,—a Journal which, like "OUR OWN," cannot be too widely circulated—that Mr. Hennedy found many specimens, containing pearls, in the Clyde. Naturalists will recognise the mussel as the *Alosmodon Margaritifera*; and they need not, I think, be told that the pearl is supposed to be produced by a disease to which the mollusc which inhabits the shell is liable. I had already made an unsuccessful search in the River Derwent for this shell (about the beginning of May), and had almost doubted whether it existed in the river at all, but for the opportune appearance of a single valve on the pasture on its banks.

Having obtained definite information as to the part of the stream where we were likely to come upon the treasures, we started off about noon, on a fine day in the middle of May, before the rain had flooded the river so as to prevent our successful fishing. I say *our*, because I was not alone; being accompanied by a gentleman who takes an interest in Natural History, and for whom I was forming a collection. I was honored, too, with the company of one of the most original, and certainly most amusing men in Keswick, who is familiarly known as Sir Richard Musgrave, save only

by a few discontented individuals, who persist in calling him "Dick." Sir Richard is one of the numerous family of guides, to be found in summer months in every place of resort; but his period of *imago* not having arrived yet (for the *season* in Keswick does not begin till the latter end of June), he was contented to shoulder a rake, as any other untitled grub would have done. I carried a shell spoon, and a long rod to attach to it, and these, with a botanical box to hold the specimens, and Sir Richard's pipe (which was constantly in his mouth), completed our arms and ammunition. The day was one of peculiar beauty. It was a day, when stillness and a moderate degree of sunshine give a chastened effect to every object in nature. As we walked under the lofty Skiddaw, the cuckoo sounded its half-melancholy note over head, and was answered by faint echoes from not a few rocky nooks.

"While high up in the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
And mellowing echo on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from some loftier climate, replies."

Birds of all sorts, such as are usually met with on a May-day ramble, called for our passing admiration, and be sure that "OUR EDITOR'S" favorite, the Blackcap, did not escape without its share. But we had now passed both of the bridges which cross the river, and were within about a quarter of a mile of the spot where it becomes lost in the Lakes of Bassenthwaite; and by directions previously received, we imagined that we must be in the vicinity of our friends the mussels. The water was about three feet deep at this place; very clear, and with a bottom of gravel mixed with sand and mud. In this I soon detected a mussel, the mouth end of which was only visible; and looking to the unpractised eye like anything but what it was. This fellow was fished out, and opened; but he was very healthy, and no pearl was to be found. Another and another

were fished out, with like result; until five had been slaughtered. The *sixth* was not to be taken so easily. From this we concluded that *he* must have something in him, so into the water I jumped; becoming for once a pearl diver. No pearl did he contain however, and many of his brethren were as poor; so that we were not unwilling to give up in despair.

The knife was in the twentieth, my spoon was in the water, and Sir Richard's pipe was in his mouth. Sir Richard gave vent to a cloud; I pitched a living mussel on shore; and the other party eagerly exclaimed, "Here's one!" "Impossible!" said I, scarcely believing in the existence of pearls in fresh water, so bad had been our fortune hitherto. "It is though!" cried he; "Hurrah, three cheers!"

I was too far off to see what he held between his finger and thumb; but the bare idea of having fished a pearl out of the river, under the nose of the people of Keswick, was too much for my gravity. I waved the spoon round my head, and huzzaed aloud; while old Sir Richard, ignorant of the cause, but stimulated by sympathetic joy, gave vent to triumphant yells. The pearl was cylindrical in shape, but rounded at the ends, and had much the appearance of a Stanhope lens. It was, however, perfectly opaque, and of a greenish metallic hue, which on being polished, gave place to the lustrous whiteness for which the pearl is famed, and which no other substance possesses in the same degree. Another pearl was found, but was so small as to be of no comparative value. It was, indeed lost in the bottle, which we carried for the *smaller* fresh-water shells which might cast up during the day—the most beautiful of which, was a limpet about half an inch long.

The origin of the pearl in the mussel is very imperfectly accounted for. Moore beautifully expresses the Eastern idea when he sings of

"That rain from the sky

That turns into pearl as it falls in the sea."

A less poetical explanation is given by Patterson. He says, "the shell is pierced by some worm, and the oyster deposits the *naïke*, or the mother-of-pearl, in the perforated part; or grains of sand or gravel gain admission into the substance of the mantle, and become encrusted by a similar deposit."

Lest the subject should not be again recurred to, I may state that molluscous animals, commonly known as shell-fish, are very rare in the lake district, unless we go to Kendal, where the mountain limestone comes in. The only one of any note, which I have found, is the variety of *Lymneus pereger*, with the reduced spire, known as *Gulnaria lacustris* of some authors. D.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. V.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IT WAS ON THE EVENING of a red-hot day in August, whilst Bombyx Atlas was enjoying his cigar and icy-cold wine and water—and myself and my brother were reclining under the shade of a "Catalpa" tree, that the well-known figure of the lanky music master was seen slowly advancing up the avenue of acacia trees which led to our house. His coat was hung on a hook-stick over his shoulder. "This is a burning day!" cried he, as he spied Bombyx.

"Burning indeed; I am almost roasted alive. What news in the 'Capitale Modèle?'"

"Gar nichts; but I thought I should just come up to see what you are going to do to-morrow. My pupils are going by the boat to Geneva; so if you are disposed for a hunt, I am at your service."

I wagged my tail, and my brother gave a bark of approval. "Well, I know no reason why we should not go." So then Bombyx calls one of his sons, and tells them to see that all is ready for a long day to-morrow. He also sends a message to "Frère Jean," to let him know he was to be up here before five o'clock next morning. "Oh I'll be after him," cries the cracked German; and he is near the gate, when he discovers he has left his hat behind. Back he runs, and catches the tail of his coat in an acacia bush, and the unfortunate flap is ripped clean off. "Oh, das macht nichts," sings he, "it is a very old one." Then he shakes his head rather angrily at it, gets his hat, and scampers off.

In an hour and a half he returns, bringing word that our body guard (Frère Jean) would be up at half-past four. In the meantime, the nets are mended; boxes, &c., &c., all set in order for the next morning. A bed is got ready for the music master; and after supper, all retire early. The next morning, before the sun had illumined the summits of the "Tours d' Ai," or his beams glistened on the dark "Muveran," Bombyx, the music master, and Frère Jean, were discussing the plan for the day's fun, at the same time sipping a cup of hot coffee, which the latter had prepared "en attendant Madame la cuisinière."

A little after six we started from the house we then occupied, to the east of Lausanne, on the road to "Chailly." We struck across to the "Chateau de Bethusy," a little beyond which is a ridge of overhanging rock; and there we espied "Herbida," and a beauty too! I saw him the other day; and he is still as fresh as the hour he was first caught. This proves that with care the freshness of the green *can* be retained a long time. I never liked passing by "Bethusy" alone, Mr. Editor; for there was a nasty large brown dog, with a large iron-spiked collar, as savage as a wolf; also a farmer as savage as the dog. But so long as my brother was with me, I did not feel uneasy. Well, on we went till we got into the "Berne Road," where we struck northwards as far as to the Chateau de Vennes. Here I saw Bombyx Atlas and Frère Jean begin a most abominable trick—of course immediately followed by the rest. There were a quantity of caterpillars of "Fuliginosa," "Russula," &c. (nasty hairy little beasts) running across the road; and

they must amuse themselves by picking them up and pretending to swallow them, saying to each other out loud, "How nice they are! exquisite! delicious!" Cunning dogs, they had slipped them into a little box concealed under their sleeve! This of course attracted the notice of people going the same road, who, thinking they really did eat them, naturally enough wished to have a taste too. So one scrunched a "Russula," another a "Fuliginosa," &c., &c. Oh, Mr. Editor, had you but seen their faces! you would never have forgotten it. I thought my brother would have died from laughing; for my part, I thought it a great shame.

Once we turned off by "Vennes;" and right glad I was, for I am sure there would have been a breeze. Some of the caterpillar-eaters had got furious; and had we not been pretty strong, they would certainly have attacked us. Well, we soon arrived at the "Tuilerie," crossed the "Flon," where there is a very picturesque water-mill, and reached the north of "Sauvabelin." Here, of course, an hour or two must be spent. So we directed our steps to a quantity of "Epilobium Hirsutum," in hopes of finding some caterpillars of "Elpenor." In this we were disappointed; but we got what is much better—a supply of those of "Ænotheræ." A shout from under the rocks announced something good; and I was so startled, that I fell from half-way up an old oak tree, where I was pursuing a black squirrel, while my brother was keeping a look out below, in case the beast should jump down.

Well, I must say they did not shout for nothing. It was the finest specimen of a "Fraxini" I have ever seen, or perhaps ever shall see. Even the old grandpapa, when he saw it, was ready to faint with astonishment. It was something indeed worth having; and although the old Bombyx has several of them, I always see a smile on his face when he looks at this particular one.

After a capital hunt in this quarter, we returned to the north of the wood, to a singular little mound of sandstone, about seven yards long by two broad. Here several specimens of the beautiful little "Cicindela Germanica" were taken. I heard old grandpapa say, this is the only spot in the canton where they are found; and I know Bombyx never found them elsewhere. Well, we gradually got across the forest, and in the road to "Grand Mont," when, being excessively hot, the music master proposed a halt at a little chalet called the "Etoile." This proposal was carried by acclamation; and so, Mr. Editor, I am going to enjoy my bone, and you shall learn all about our stroll in my next.

Your faithful friend,

Nov. 23.

FINO.

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP.

HE is the best author, who ever keeps virtue in sight; who is more attentive to convey suitable ideas than to amuse with fine language. Who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow,—such as the traveller casts upon declining day.—JOHNSON.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXXVII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 326.)

LET US NOW PROCEED TO A CAREFUL CONSIDERATION OF,—

THE INFLUENCE OF WANTS, ON THE INSTINCTS, PROPENSITIES, AND FACULTIES OF ANIMALS; AND OF MAN.

Some would have the necessities of man and of animals regarded as the principal source of their instincts, propensities, and faculties.

These necessities may be regarded under two aspects. If they come from without—such as cold, heat, &c., all that we have said respecting external things, which rouse our internal faculties, is applicable to these. The accidents which incommode animals or man, lead them, it is true, to exercise their faculties in order to rid themselves of the evil; but, it does not follow that these necessities give rise to the internal faculties: if it were so, the same external causes would produce in all animals and in all men, the same qualities; whereas, each animal and each man reacts in virtue of his organisation on things without, and in the manner peculiar to himself. The idiot tries no means to secure himself from the action of the air; the sane man covers himself with clothing. The partridge dies with hunger and cold in rigorous winters, and the swallow falls benumbed from the summit of buildings; while the nightingale and the quail depart for more temperate climates, without waiting for cold and hunger. The cuckoo has no less need to lay eggs, than the linnet; yet she builds no nest. Are the hare and the squirrel both hunted? The one runs to hide himself in his burrow, the other saves himself on the top of trees. Thus all that can be attributed to external circumstances is, that they put the various internal faculties in operation.

If we call necessities, the internal movements, or sensations which lead both animal and man to seek something out of themselves for their satisfaction; if, for example, we give the name of necessities to voluptuous desires, ambition, &c., it is evident, that these movements of the soul are only the result of the action of the interior organisation; since man and animal can have no such desires, so long as the organs adapted to them are not in a state to act. This previous development and susceptibility of action are indispensable conditions, in order that the interior propensities may make themselves felt, and that the animal and the man may be excited to seek the objects, which find themselves in relation with their active organs. In the newborn infant, the need of the breast acts powerfully; not because the breast itself produces the want, but because, for the preservation of the child, a reciprocal relation has been established between him and the breast. By a contrary reason, the sexual organs of this child and their corresponding organ in the brain not being developed, there is not in him the slightest trace of

the want relative to the other sex. But in proportion as these organs increase and become active, a new faculty, a new propensity is awakened in the interior man; and it is the sense of this propensity which we call want. Does the object which is in relation with this propensity offer itself to the eyes of the young man, or the young girl? their blood is roused; while, on the contrary, the same objects being no longer in relation with the now worn-out organisation of the old man, fail to excite him. Do the limbs develop themselves in the young animal or in the man? the necessity of walking, jumping, running, and of exercising themselves in all sorts of tricks and sports, is likewise felt. It is not because the bird has need of a nest, the beaver of a house, that they acquire the talent of building; but they have this talent because they are destined to build; nature has, in a manner, impregnated their organisation with this talent; and when this organisation becomes active, they are internally prompted to build. Hence it is, that the weaver-bird forms her tissue even when encaged; and hence the beaver builds, however well lodged he may be already. Nothing shows better that in this they follow the impulse of an internal faculty, without being determined by any external necessity. There are, likewise, men for whom travelling, music, &c., are almost matters of necessity; because in these individuals, the organs which correspond to these propensities possess a predominant activity. It is, again, by the same principle, that we must explain, why men who have several organs eminently developed, experience a greater number of wants than those whose organs are less energetic. The idiot has few desires, consequently few wants; and he has few desires, because few of his organs arrive at complete development, or any considerable degree of activity. As we advance in age, our internal wants diminish, because the activity of the organs is impaired.

If, then, the internal wants are the result of the action of the cerebral organs, and if external things cannot become the object of our wants, except by means of these same organs, the assertion of M. de Lamark falls of itself. This author thinks, that the internal organs, as well as the external, are produced by necessity and by exercise. But a necessity can no more exist without a faculty, than the exercise of the faculty can exist without an organ. For the rest, as I do not believe that this strange opinion will find many partisans, I am going to present the leading idea of it, and to reply to it in a few words: Naturalists, says M. de Lamark, having remarked that the forms of the parts of animals, compared with the uses of these parts, are always in perfect relation, have thought that the forms and the state of the parts may have led to their use. Now this is an error; for, it is easy to show by observation, that it is, on the contrary, the necessities and the uses of the parts, which have developed these parts, which have given birth to them where they did not exist; and which, consequently, have given place to the state where we observe them in each animal.

Thus, M. de Lamark supposes, that the sense of necessity exists before the internal organs, and that the exercise of the external organs precedes

the existence of these organs: "The mole," says he, "preserves her little eyes, only because she exercises them but for little; serpents, having adopted the habit of crawling on the ground, and of hiding themselves under the grass, their body, by a succession of still repeated efforts to elongate themselves in order to pass into narrow passages, acquires a considerable length, out of all proportion to their size." Men, moved by the necessity of bearing rule, and of directing their vision both far and wide, have found themselves obliged to stand upright; and this custom having been adopted, from generation to generation, their feet have acquired a conformation fitted to maintain them in a perpendicular position.

But what will M. de Lamark answer to the following questions? Why does not the mole make use of its eyes, and why has the serpent the foolish notion of crawling on the ground, and passing through narrow holes, as the wire passes under the drawing iron? Whence comes in man the propensity to look far and wide? And, in the beginning, when there existed neither interior nor exterior organ, what prevented the mole and the serpent from adopting different habits of life, and thus acquiring the eyes of the eagle, and the legs of the giraffe? How can we believe that Supreme Wisdom has not placed each animal in harmony with his external world, and consequently the internal faculties in accordance with the external organs? Without this harmony, animals would be found in a violent state of perpetual contradiction, or would have perished after a few moments of existence. The tiger would have been destined to feed on flesh; but have received neither the inclination nor the faculty to destroy other animals. The bird would have been intended to migrate from one climate to another; but nothing in his internal organisation would have warned him of it, and, perhaps, wings would have been wanting with which to fly. The bull would have been destined to pasture; but he would neither possess scent to choose salutary plants, nor the teeth proper for their due mastication.

And, into what difficulties should we not fall in fixing the limits, where the production and augmentation of external organs should finally be arrested. Man, to whom his two hands are often insufficient,—would he always content himself to have only two? Would not eyes make their appearance on his back? How much would the legs of the heron and the stork, and the neck of the swan be still more lengthened? On the contrary, from the time of Aristotle, these parts have been as long as they now are: how is this to be explained? Is it, as M. de Lamark says, because birds have always remained in the same circumstances? But, in stating this, he recognises the principle, that nature originally prescribed to them to keep themselves in these circumstances. What cause could have prevented the marsh birds from gradually going deeper in the water, and from lengthening their feet and necks more and more by the continuance of their efforts? Why should cats, rats, and sheep, who use their tails so little, not have lost them wholly ere this? To what extent might not the power be increased possessed by animals, of augmenting the number of their limbs, or of being transformed from

one species to another, by accidental causes, be increased? The opinion of M. de Lamarck might at least be adopted by some sects of philosophers, one class of whom suppose that the soul herself directs the formation of the body, which serves her for an investment; while another maintains, that the species either ameliorate or degenerate without cessation, in such a manner that man might descend to the rank of the monkey, or the monkey raise himself to that of man.

The reader will now be convinced, that there cannot exist any necessity or natural occasion, without there existing an active organ, an impulse from within. Without certain vital forces in the interior, there could be neither hunger nor thirst; nor necessity for respiration, nor of the union of the sexes. Thus the exterior necessities always suppose an interior force.

From this we may form an opinion of the vague and obscure language of some naturalists: "The sensibility, more or less cultivated by the necessities and by circumstances, produces the different degrees of intelligence, whether in the species or in individuals. What we regarded in them as the natural sagacity of instinct, frequently is only a development of that love of self which is a necessary consequence of sensibility: it is not to instinct, it is to the faculty of perception and its effects, that the means belong, which animals employ to satisfy the wants of their natural appetite. It appears certain that if cold and other external agents did not cause the rabbit to suffer, more than the hare is affected by them, this animal, which now digs its burrow, would hardly be induced to take the trouble."

The same George Leroy, otherwise an excellent observer, wished to derive the cunning and in general the inventions and ingenious actions of animals, from a strong sense of want.

The rabbits which we keep in our stables, are certainly not incommode by the cold; yet we cannot prevent them from digging their burrows. And why does not the hare, when pursued by the hounds, feel the urgent necessity of seeking an asylum under ground? How happens it, that such different external circumstances produce absolutely the same instincts, the same inventions, the same ingenious actions in all individuals of the same species; while the same circumstances engender opposite instincts, and very different inventions and ingenious actions in other species? Why attribute to external circumstances the qualities of animals, when it is confessed, that the man of the greatest genius could add nothing to their sagacity when it is aroused and exercised by difficulties.

Who does not see, that in all discussions on the natural wants, men have constantly confirmed the false notion that external objects create the instincts, propensities, faculties, with this other true notion, that external circumstances can arouse the faculties inherent in the animal, call them forth, and give them activity?

PETTY ANNOYANCES.—There are minor miseries in life much more difficult to be borne with patience than heavy trials—not being of a nature to call forth that resignation with which we must arm ourselves to support the misfortunes we know to be inevitable.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE SUN.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator! ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write, with every beam, his praise!

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS OF TIME, to the present moment, the sun has been an object of daily observation by all nations. He appears to rise in the eastern part of the heavens, and to set in the western—to be the cause of day by his presence, and of night by his absence. He is the central body of the solar system, and his lustre so far exceeds that of all the other planetary bodies, that they disappear in his presence.

No stars besides, their radiance can display
In Phœbus' presence, the dread lord of day;
Ev'n Cynthia's self, tho' regent of the night,
Is quite obscured by his emergent light.

To this central luminary of our system, man is indebted for the most valuable benefits, and the most durable blessings he can enjoy. So glorious a body is, therefore, naturally classed as one of the most wonderful works of the Creator. His unrivalled splendor, his stupendous magnitude, his central situation, and the influence he exerts upon surrounding worlds,—claim, for so resplendent and glorious an object, every possible regard and admiration. We are not, then, surprised to find, among heathen nations especially, that the sun became an object of religious adoration; for it is no uncommon thing to find even now that many worship "the creature instead of the Creator."

In order to form some idea of the vast size and distance of this glorious body, astronomers have determined, with great accuracy, that his mean distance from the earth is 23,984 times the radius of our earth, or 95,000,000 of miles. This magnificent body is found to subtend an angle, measured with the greatest accuracy, by an instrument constructed for the purpose, called a *heliometre*, of 32' 3", which is found by a simple trigonometrical calculation to give his real diameter of 882,000 miles. The circumference, then, of this stupendous orb is about 2,770,800 miles! If we make this glorious body the standard of comparison for other heavenly bodies, we shall find that in linear magnitude he exceeds our globe, in the ratio of 111½ to 1; hence his bulk will be to that of the earth as 1,384,472 to 1.

Let the human mind attempt to grasp the idea of this stupendous globe,—this luminous orb of 2,770,800 miles in circumference, revolving on its axis, at the velocity of 4,000 miles an hour, the entire portion of his surface pouring forth torrents of luminous particles,—not directed towards our earth alone, but towards every portion of surrounding space, and it must sink in its feeble imagery, and seek its refuge in humble adoration of the CREATOR! But that we may have still further conceptions of this celestial orb, we find it to consist of more than *two billions of square miles of surface*! Let us try to conceive one continued *blaze* of more than *two billions of square miles in extent*, whirled round at the rate of 4,000 miles an hour, in an eastward direction. We

shall then have some faint notions of that glorious SUN, which forms the centre of our system, the source of light, heat, and life, round which every body of our system revolves, according to certain laws, so admirably demonstrated by Kepler.

Science is greatly indebted to the immortal Kepler for the discovery of the laws of planetary proportionate velocity; a discovery which ranks foremost among the proudest instances of human intelligence. It proves, to the simplest understanding, that in the mechanism of our solar system, to use the scientific words of Kepler, "the forces at different distances are, inversely, as the squares of those distances, and directly as the quantity of matter in the agent;" or, in other words, "the squares of the times of their revolutions (of all the planets round the sun, and satellites round their primaries) are in the proportion to the cubes of their mean distance from the sun." "This magnificent world-propelling globe," says Sir John Herschel, "is not a mere phantom, but a body having its own peculiar structure and economy, as our telescopes inform us. They show us dark spots on its surface, which slowly change their places and forms, and by attending to whose situation, at different times, astronomers have ascertained that the sun revolves about an axis inclined to a constant angle $82^{\circ} 40'$ to the plane of the ecliptic, performing one rotation in a period of twenty-five days, and in the same direction with the diurnal rotation of the earth; that is, from west to east. Hence, then, we have an analogy with our own globe; the slower and more majestic movements only corresponding with the greater dimensions of the machinery, and impressing us with the prevalence of similar mechanical laws, and of at least such a community of nature as the existence of inertia, and obedience to force may argue."

The sun, by its motion on its axis, "agitates the ethereal fluid in which it floats;" hence Sir John Herschel concludes that the sun's astonishing motion must generate "a continual current of electric matter, circulating in the sun's immediate neighborhood." And "as electricity traversing excessively rarefied air, or vapor, gives out light," we can readily infer that "*electric friction* is the source of those rapid waves, or *undulations* which constitute that beautiful phenomenon"—

LIGHT.

Fairest of beings! first created light!
Prime cause of beauty!—for from thee alone
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From this unfading source of splendor draw.
In thy pure shrine, with transport I survey
This firmament; and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitude and motions.

Light emanates from the sun, or rather from its luminous undulating atmosphere, and is transmitted to us in small particles, moving in straight lines, and becoming luminous when they enter our atmosphere. Newton deduced many beautiful mathematical truths from this theory of light, which seem to confirm the philosophers of the present day—(among whom there still exist many opinions on the *nature of light*)—in the truth of his theory. The velocity of light has been determined, by the nicest calculations, to be 192,000 miles in a second of time. Light, as we

now all know, is a very important agent in nature:—

Behold THE LIGHT emitted from THE SUN!
What more familiar, and what more unknown?
While by its spreading radiance it reveals
All Nature's face, it still itself conceals.
See how each morn it does its beams display,
And on its golden wings brings back the day!
How soon the effulgent emanations fly
Through the blue gulf of interposing sky!
How soon their lustre all the region fills,
Smiles on the valleys and adorns the hills:
Millions of miles, so rapid is their race,
To cheer the earth, they in few minutes pass—
Amazing progress! at its greatest stretch
What human mind can this swift motion reach!

CONFIRMATION DAY.—

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

THIS IS THE DAY for a grand Confirmation! It is a bright summer morning; and see yon troops of village boys and girls come marching into the town, headed by the village clerk, or schoolmaster. First one, then another of the little regiments is seen advancing, from different parts, towards the principal church. All are in their best array. Their leader, with an air of unusual solemn dignity, marches straight forward, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but sometimes casting a grave glance behind at his followers. His suit of best black adorns his sturdy person, and his lappels fly wide in the breeze that meets him.

His charge come on in garbs of many colors;—the damsels in green and scarlet petticoats; stockings, white, black and grey; gowns of white, bearing testimony to miry roads and provoking brambles: gowns of cotton print of many a dazzling flowery pattern; gowns even of silk in these luxurious days; long, flying, pink sashes, and pink, and yellow, and scarlet bunches in bonnets of many a curious make. The lads stride on, with slouching paces that have not been learned in drawing and assembly-rooms, but on the barn-floor, beside the loaded waggon, on the heathy sheep-walk, and in the deep fallow field. They are gloriously robed in corduroy breeches, blue worsted stockings, heavy-nailed ankle-boots, green shag waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs of red, with long corners that flutter in the wind, and coats shaped by some sempiternal tailor, whose fashions know no change.

Amid the bustling spruce inhabitants of the town, their walk, their dress, their faces full of ruddy health and sheepish simplicity, mark them out as creatures almost of another tribe. They bring all the spirit of the village—of the solitary farm—of the heaths and woods, and rarely frequented fields along with them. You are carried forcibly by your imagination, at the sight of them, into cottage life,—into the habits and concerns of the rural population. You feel what daily anticipations—what talk—what an early rising, and bustling preparation there has been in many a lowly dwelling, in many an out-of-the-way hamlet, for this great occasion. How the old people have told over how it was when they went to be confirmed. How the fond, simple mothers have sent forth their sons and daughters; and given them injunction on injunction; and followed them from their doors with eyes filled with tears

of pride, of joy, and of anxiety. How the youthful band, half gay, more than half grotesque, but totally happy, have advanced over hill and dale.

The whole joyousness of their holiday feeling is presented to you, as they progressed through bosky lanes and heaths and hills,—the flowers, and the dews, and the green leaves, breathing upon them their freshest influence; the blue, cheering sky above them, and the lark sending down, from his highest flight, his music of ineffable gladness. You feel the secret awe that struck into their bosoms as they entered the noisy, glittering, polished, and in their eyes, mighty and proud town; and the notion of the church, the assembled crowds, the imposing ceremony, came strongly and distinctly before them.

Besides these, numbers of vehicles are bringing in other rural neophytes. The carriages of the wealthy drive rapidly and gaily on to inns and houses of friends. Tilted waggons, gigs, ample cars, are all freighted with similar burdens; and many a strange, old, lumbering cart, whose body is smeared with the ruddy marl of the fields it has done service in, whose wheels are heavy with the clinging mire of roads that would make M'Adam aghast, rumbles along, dragged by a bony and shaggy animal, that if it must be honored with the name of horse, is the very Helot of horses. These open conveyances exhibit groups of young girls, who in the lively air, and shaken to and fro by the rocking of their vehicle, and the jostling of chairs, look like beds of tulips nodding in a strong breeze.

As you approach the great church, the bustle becomes every moment more conspicuous. The clergy are walking in that direction in their black gowns. Groups of the families of the country clergy strike your eyes. Venerable old figures with their sleek and ruddy faces; their black silk stockings glistening beneath their gowns; their canonical hats set most becomingly above, are walking on, the very image of happiness—with their wives hanging on their arms, and followed by lovely genteel girls, and graceful, growing lads. As the rustics' aspects brought all the spirit of the cottage and the farm to your imagination, they bring all that of the village parsonage. You are transported in a moment to the most perfect little paradises which are to be found in the world—the country dwellings of the English clergy. Those sweet spots, so exactly formed for the '*otium cum dignitate*.' Those medium abodes, betwixt the rudeness and vexations of poverty, and the cumbrous state of aristocratic opulence. Those lovely and picturesque houses, built of all orders and all fashions, yet preserving the one definite, uniform character of the comfortable, the pretensionless, and the accordant with the scenery in which they are placed;—houses, some of old framed timber, up which the pear and the apricot, the pyracantha and the vine clamber; or of old, grey, substantial stone; or of more modern and elegant villa architecture, with their roofs which, whether of thatch or slate, or native grey stone, are seen thickly screened from the north, and softened and surmounted to the delighted eye with noble trees; with their broad bay windows, which bring all the sunny glow of the south, at will,

into the house; and around which the rose and jasmin breathe their delicious odors. Those sweet abodes, surrounded by their bowery, shady, aromatic shrubberies, and pleasant old-fashioned glebe-crofts—homes in which, under the influence of a wise, good heart, and a good system, domestic happiness may be enjoyed to its highest conception, and whence piety, and cultivation, and health, and comfort, and a thousand blessings to the poor, may spread through the surrounding neighborhood.

Such are the abodes brought before your minds by the sight of the country clergy; such are thousands of their dwellings, scattered through this great and beneficent country,—in its villages and hidden nooks of scattered population,—amid its wild mountains, and along its wilder coasts;—endowed by the laws with earthly plenty, and invested by the bright heaven, and its attendant seasons, with the freshest sunshine, the sweetest dews, the most grateful solitude and balmy seclusion.

But the merry bells call us onward: and lo! the mingled crowds are passing under that ancient and time-worn porch. We enter,—and how impressive is the scene! The whole of that mighty fabric is filled, from side to side, with a mixed, yet splendid congregation,—for the rich and the poor, the superb and the simple, there blend into one human mass, whose varieties are but as the contrast of colors in a fine painting,—the spirit of the *ensemble* is the nobility of beauty. The whole of that gorgeous assembly, on which the eye rests in palpable perception of the wealth, refinement, and the elevation of the social life of our country, is hushed in profound attention to the reading of the services of the day, by one of the clergymen. . . . They are past;—the bishop, followed by his clergy, advances to the altar. The solemn organ bursts forth with its thunder of harmonious sound, that rolls through the arched roof above, and covers every living soul with its billows of tumultuous music. With its depth of inexpressible feeling, it touches the secret springs of wonder in the spirit; and, amid its imperial tones, the tread of many youthful feet is heard in the aisle. You turn, and behold a scene that brings the tears into your eyes.

What a contrast is there in those children! The sons and daughters of the fortunate, with their cultured forms, and cultured features—the girls just budding into the beauty of early womanhood, in their white garbs, and with their fair hair so simply, yet so gracefully disposed,—the boys with their open, rosy, yet declined countenances, and their full locks, clustering in vigorous comeliness;—they look under the influence of the same feelings, like the children of some more ethereal planet: while the offspring of the poor are seen with their figures, and homely dresses; with their hair, which has had no such sedulous hands, full of love and leisure, to mould it into shining softness—nay, that has, in many instances, had no tending but that of the frosts and winds, and the midsummer scorching of their daily, out-of-doors lives; and with countenances in which the predominant expressions are awe, and simple credence. These touch us with equal sympathy for the disadvantages of their lot,—WILLIAM HOWITT.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT ; and may be had from No. I. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS I. to XI., price 1s. 1d. each ; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—J. B. M., Glasgow. Your bookseller, who told you this JOURNAL "died" a month ago, told you a fib. We are sorry you cannot obtain it; but we really cannot do more than we have done.—D. C. As your Bullfinch suffers no pain from the swelling, do not make yourself uneasy about it. It will not increase. You may give him melon seeds, and the seeds of vegetable marrow, if you will; but no apple pips. Feed regularly on canary and flax; discard hemp seed and the use of the bath; and your bird will enjoy good health.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, December 4, 1852.

THERE ARE SOME FEW THINGS THAT WE MAY HARMLESSLY TAKE UPON OURSELVES TO ANSWER for,—among them, let us record the fact of there being universal rejoicings at the departure of NOVEMBER. Such a month of rain, wind, storms, earthquakes, floods, and severe illness,—we never remember. The "oldest inhabitant" scratches his head, whilst cudgelling his brains to recollect anything at all like it. We had a few intervals of sunshine at the commencement of the month; and we embraced a fine day to ramble abroad in the country. We recorded that ramble,—just in time.* We saw the leaves trembling in the wind. We heard the trees singing a lullaby to the fanning zephyrs, and we recognised the gradual preparation for the departing autumn. The sun, then, was in his best of humors,—our heart too was in excellent tune; and we have lived upon the delightful recollection of that red-letter day ever since.

A change has now come over us. The forests are bare; the trees perfectly naked; the hedges scant of flowers; the fields at this time of writing, flooded with water; the ground strewn with leaves; and stern Old Winter has given notice of his approach. This is undeniably true. We are in DECEMBER.

We are not going to frighten any of our readers, by recommending them at this season to wander abroad and "enjoy the country;" nor will we subject ourselves to ridicule, by saying that they would be amply repaid for their walk. This must be a matter of opinion and taste. Still, we reserve to ourselves this right; and we can, even now, when the sun shines, see in the country beauties innumerable. It is now that the feathered tribes draw nearer to us, and become more familiar; and we can now better test the general amiability of their dispositions. Walk where you will, you will find yourselves in the company of the robin, the wren, and the hedge-sparrow—musicians all, and merry sociable, loving little rogues to boot. We pity the man who cannot get out for "a nice walk" in December, when the ground is dry. There is just as much to observe and admire now, as ever there was. And it is more varied.

In some secluded situations, the leaves are not entirely gone. They cling, solitarily, here and there to their mother branch, as if reluctant to bid it adieu. The feelings engendered in the heart, whilst regarding these natural yearnings even in the vegetable world for the extension of life, are not to be lightly esteemed. They speak with a very powerful voice to a reflective mind, and induce a pleasing melancholy,—ending in veneration and the purest love for God. At such seasons, how delightful is it to meet with *if but one* single friend whose heart beats in unison with your own! We imagine this to be a degree of happiness rarely known. Geniality of feeling is so seldom responded to, that the heart is as it were forced to partake of its own joys alone. It feels what it can never utter. It sees what it can never impart. These feelings are holy, but they are evanescent. Still, the savor of them abides until a renewal takes place; nor can we witness the falling of the last leaf without an inward persuasion that, as the poet says,—

"Whatever is—is right."

Adieu! pale relic from yon widowed tree,
Hovering awhile in air, as if to leave
Thy native sprig reluctant; how I grieve,
And heave the sigh of kindred sympathy

That thou art fall'n! for I, too, whilom played
Upon the topmost bough of youth's gay spring;
Have sported blithe on summer's golden wing,
And now,—I see thy fleeting autumn fade.

Yet, "sere and yellow leaf," though thou and I
Thus far resemble,—and this form, like thee,
In the cold silent ground be doom'd to lie,
Thou never more wilt climb thy parent tree.

But I, through faith, and hope, and love, do trust
THAT I SHALL RISE AGAIN, e'en from the dust.

The winds and heavy floods of November may be said to have constituted the "Over-

* See No. 47, p. 328.

ture" to the "Winter-piece" which is soon about to commence in right earnest. And now, good friends, let us give you a bit of good advice—not any the worse for having been given before. Instead of crowding round large fires, and half baking yourselves, go abroad for a walk, when the weather permits; and so create a wholesome circulation of the blood. Just now, people are martyrs to colds, coughs, asthma, rheumatism, corns, bunions, &c., &c.; and they coddle themselves in hot apartments till they become a terror to themselves, and a positive nuisance to their neighbors. You may hear them groan and "bark," from the top of the house to the bottom.

Let your apparel be suitable to the season, not too heavy nor too scanty; and let your feet be strongly shod. Never mind a pretty foot—"Ease before elegance" is an admirable motto. If a man loves you, fair maidens, "because" you have a pretty foot, or a drawing-room complexion, he is not worth the having. Turn your back proudly upon him, and seek a sensible wooer,—one, fair s el, who

"Loves thee for thyself."

Such a man will study your health; and the welfare of your mind and body. You know what enemies we are to the superficial; and cannot therefore wonder at our earnestness to make converts to common sense, and consequent happiness. *Verbum sat.*

We want to begin to say something about Christmas, and the coming holiday-season; but to-day we must hold our hand. The month has only just dawned upon us; but every week will bring us nearer to that social time when we shall again intermingle with our friends and relations, and exchange with them new vows of unceasing affection. If their hearts are as warm as ours, we shall not have to do much more than meet and embrace.

Meantime, let us not lose sight for one moment of the past blessings of the year; nor fail to behold how everything is progressing, in due order, towards the close. The world is full of wonders; and the more minutely we investigate them, the more shall we love God and each other:—

What prodigies can power divine perform,
More grand than it produces year by year,—
And all in sight of inattentive Man!
Familiar with the *effect*, we slight the cause;
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at! This should not be.

ALL we behold is MIRACLE; but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved
While summer was; the pure and subtle lymph

Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flow'r? It sleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impressed
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round—a few short months,
AND ALL SHALL BE RESTORED.

Here is a prospect worth living for. Let us in the interim introduce and cultivate the seasonable acquaintance of those three lovely sisters,—“FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY!”

THE DREARY MONTH OF NOVEMBER HAS PASSED. “Old Time,” with his sickle, has been very busy in reducing our numbers and thinning our ranks. Very many who viewed the ushering in of the month, in the rude enjoyment of health, are now gathered to their fathers, and remembered only as among “the things that were.”

This is the perpetual change to which we mortals are subject. We unwittingly hasten on our own deaths. We covet pleasure as the “one great good,”—we pursue it with greediness. The “enjoyment” is procured. It fades in an hour. Again we pursue it,—again we grasp a phantom!

We ventured a few remarks in a former number, on the madness of our fellow men—whose determination to be present at the Funeral orgies of the “Great Duke,” and his lying in state, stood paramount above their regard for the preservation of life and limb. We wish much that we had been a false prophet; and that our view of human nature had been morbidly incorrect,—disproved by facts. Alas, no! Let us treasure up as a fearful warning, what has so lately happened; and let such of us as are yet alive and uninjured, be thankful for our preservation; and made wiser for the future. Parents can hardly be said to discharge their duties faithfully, who permit children to have their own way,—particularly in a matter wherein their inclination is likely to blind them to the sense of danger. Many a man who has lost a child, or a wife, during the recent exhibition of the “Duke’s Puppet-show” (from suffocation by the rabble,) is now left to bewail his short-sightedness, and to mourn over his bereavement caused by the want of firmness. Alas! too well knows he now, that he himself is most to blame, for not having exercised his lawful authority. We repeat it—the world is little better than “mad” on many points. On “one” point—pleasure, it is rabidly mad. We saw enough, during the ever memorable days of November 12—18, to bear us out in the assertion—that in England, life is remorselessly perilled in pursuit of pleasure (falsely so called). Women, loaded with finery, were seen rushing and pushing foremost among the crowd. They were robbed and plundered—of course. This was “nothing.” They were cruelly pushed,

and had their clothes torn off. This was "nothing." In a state of semi-nudity, they were borne off through the rabble, on men's shoulders, in a fainting state. This was "nothing." They were *not* thankful for their preservation! Their only regret was, that they "were prevented seeing" what they went to see!

Next,—life fell a sacrifice. Bodies were brought out with life extinct. Lovely faces, illuminated with smiles, and radiant but a few short hours previously with the rosy hue of health, were now seen stretched out,—pale, livid, ghastly. Even now, the number of injuries sustained remain unknown. Hundreds have been rendered cripples for life. Fathers groaned; mothers shrieked; brothers waxed frantic. Victim after victim was dragged bodily forward; most of them were only half-dressed, and many of them nearly half-dead. Our heart sickens at the recital.

Were these sight-seekers uneducated people? Were they for the most part people who knew no better, and to whom such a sight was a rarity? Far otherwise. Among them were the richest of the rich; the gayest of the gay; the most giddy butterflies of fashion. They wanted for nothing,—but were dying for excitement! *By main force alone could they be driven back, in the very teeth of the dying and the dead.* Thus did they return home in their carriages—not heart-broken, but morose and sulky.

As for the heads broken by the police, and the fractured arms of many who tried to get out but could not,—these were treated as "matters of course."

Again we say,—the month of November, 1852, will never be forgotten.

IT WAS NOT OUR INTENTION to take any particular notice of the late Grand Funeral Pageant; but having witnessed its progress, and feasted our eyes on the noble horses that formed in our opinion one of the most interesting portions—if not the most interesting portion of the Procession, we feel they deserve one word at least by way of panegyric.

We ask our readers one and all—such of them at least as gazed upon the continuous line (three miles in extent) that passed before their eyes on November 18,—if they *ever* saw such sweetly-beautiful, intelligent, amiable, and loveable heads, as graced the no less symmetrical forms of those innumerable horses?

Much as we detest all these "grand displays" in the general way, yet were we on this particular occasion ravished with delight by what we saw of the animal world on November 18. We let the words "animal world" stand as we have written them, *quantum valeant*. There needs no conjuror to tell us that those animals love their masters; and

that their masters love them. How proudly majestic did they shine forth in the golden rays of the glorious sun, who came out, as it would seem, specially to do them honor!

Of the procession itself, we need only remark that its arrangement was admirable; perfectly unique. We heard rain pouring down in torrents throughout the night. We found floods of water surrounding us on every hand in the morning. Yet were not these facts visible in the line of route. The road had been carpetted—as if by magic, with light, soft, gravel. The mud had disappeared. Sol shone forth benignantly; the fondest wish of every heart seemed fully gratified. Before noon, the streets—westward, were given up to the people. All excitement had ceased.

For ourself,—we were a Prince for the day. A neighboring friend drove us up in his carriage at 8 o'clock, and conveyed us and our Princess safe to the very door which was open to bid us welcome, in the Strand. Here had been provided ample entertainment for more than one hundred sight-loving guests; and a welcome awaited us all, that left nothing to be desired.

True English hospitality, positively without limit, sparkled on the board of our worthy host—George Biggs, Esq.* Proudly emanant stands he forward, as an Englishman who has kicked the tempting offer of some £250 clean out of the window, in order that he might rejoice and make merry with his friends, and show them that he has a heart.

To have a heart under such circumstances, is—in these grovelling, money-getting days, "a very great fact." It is as great "an honor" to the breast of the Englishman which holds it. One of these Englishmen is,—GEORGE BIGGS, ESQ., of 421, Strand.

* ALL the establishment,—lads and lasses, as well as "children of a larger growth," must come in for a full share of praise. Each seemed a "Family Herald," wafted on wings. Their indefatigable zeal for the comfort of the assembled guests cannot be defined; yet did everybody feel it. Electricity itself could not have worked more wonderful marvels. The "good things" came in as if by the aid of magic,—they departed in a similar manner!—ED. K. J.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Singular Instance of Revenge in the Ass.—I was invited, in the summer of 1827, to pass a few months with a friend in Staffordshire. A day or two after my arrival, I was introduced to a favorite and remarkably handsome Norfolk donkey—Pluto by name. It was his duty to attend us in our strolls, and frequently did I seat myself on his back to be carried to the top of the beautiful hills forming a portion of the Charnock Chase. Pluto was a universal favorite; and lived sumptuously in a meadow, not very far distant from the hill, and where I was fre-

quently in the habit of walking. Pluto and I were not long in forming an acquaintance; this ripened into friendship. Whenever I came to the gate, there was he ready to meet me; and his pleasure was unmistakeably great. On such occasions, I was in the habit of carrying with me either some corn or a slice of bread. On taking this from my hand, it was evident to myself and others, that he felt a regard for me, and seemed delighted to receive me on his back. One day I remember having strolled to a greater distance from home than I had intended. On my return, to shorten the distance, I passed through the meadow. Not expecting to come home this way, I had not brought anything in my hand for Pluto; still, there he was—come out to meet me. I talked to him, fondled him, patted him, and promised him a double allowance on the morrow. I might as well have addressed him in the unknown tongue. He felt slighted; his temper was ruffled; his ears went back; and I left him. The next day I paid him an early visit. He saw me, but avoided me. I tried to coax him to the gate; but he would not move. I went to him, patted him, and offered him his accustomed treat. He looked at it first, and then at me; but he would not touch it. Day after day I visited him, but with no better success. About a fortnight subsequently, he was brought round to carry me up the hill; and to the surprise of all, he seemed unusually bright and intelligent, going at an increased speed. When we reached the top of the hill, the cause of Pluto's pleasure was soon made manifest. No sooner had I alighted, than he endeavoured to push me down the precipitous side of the hill! We at first thought this was accidental; but he tried the experiment a second time. The same occurred again, within a few days afterwards; and two months subsequently, when I repeated my visit, I tried him once more. This was my last attempt; for his aversion for me had now rendered him dangerous. We parted, to meet no more.—BONETTA, *Newport*.

Anecdote of a Robin.—As the summer is over, and all our summer visitors are gone, our little favorite, the robin, has it nearly all his own way. This is just the time to prattle about him, and tell all we know. The bird I now wish to introduce, lives only in my memory. He first visited us in the autumn; and it was then very cold. Previous to his becoming a settler, he satisfied himself, by a personal scrutiny, that our kitchen was well provisioned. He also looked to see if the trees close to the door would give him sufficient protection. These investigations completed, he took possession of the garden, and made our house his home. When we breakfasted, he breakfasted. At luncheon he was there. When the dinner bell rang, he heard it. When the covers were raised, he was there—a self-invited guest. He seldom waited an invitation to begin, but he helped himself! More than once we have assigned him a plate to himself; but this was a branch of *etiquette* that he shook his head at. His familiarity was extreme. He would readily perch upon an extended finger, and there make a hearty meal—"happy in his innocence." We lived together half through the winter, enjoying thus each other's company; but one morning we

found Master Bob lying on the ground near the door, his leg broken! It had been snapped just above the foot. A brave, stout heart had our red-breasted little friend! Oh! Mr. Editor, you *should* have seen his fine bright eye, shining lustreously, as if he cared nothing for pain. Not he! He knew he was in good hands, and he lay passive as a lamb. I shall never forget how submissively he gave himself up to my gentle care, and seemed to know that "his case" was properly understood and provided for. We procured a splint; and bound up the broken limb with that and some soft cotton. We then placed him on a slight spray of willow near the door, and had a little table set for him, well stored with dainties. For some time he sat very patiently, preferring to eat from our hand rather than to hop down for his own food. He felt thoroughly "at home," and in a short time the splint came off, and the leg was strong as ever. Bob was now himself again. In the spring he chose himself a wife, first wooing and then winning her. Hard-hearted must she have been, to have turned a deaf ear to *such* eloquence! Of course, her ladyship was introduced to us; but she was rather shy, and kept at a respectful distance. She did not, however, object to her husband keeping up his former acquaintances, and in this she evinced much good sense. Time passed on. One morning Bob entered the window in a high state of excitement, bowing and scraping in a most ridiculously amusing manner. Imagining he wanted us to follow him, we went out, and saw him enter a hole in the wall. He stood at the entrance, bowing us fairly up to the spot. We looked in. There sat Mistress B., the happy owner of five beautiful eggs! In due time, all were hatched; and never shall I forget the assiduity of the loving pair as they carried in dainties out of number throughout the entire day. Of course, we placed many a treat within their reach; and their pleasure thereat was great. Now for the usual fate of "pets." One morning, early, on going into the garden, we found our little hero drowned in a tub of water. There was a worm wriggling at the bottom. Bob had seen it. He had coveted it. In essaying to seize it, he had met his death!—KITTY.

Window Gardening.—I see in your JOURNAL, (p. 314), a communication on this subject, by DR. McCORMAC. Referring to this, I may mention that the use of Ward's cases, as substitutes for short blinds, for sitting room windows, is by no means an uncommon thing here. There are a couple a few doors from my own residence, which have been in existence for ten years; and since the reduction in the price of glass, such things have become quite common; so much so, that, in my own immediate neighborhood, I know of upwards of twenty windows, in which the use of short blinds is dispensed with, by the introduction of these cases. I, myself, have two in use, and I can assure your readers that, when filled, either with flowering plants, or ferns, lycopods, myrtles, etc., they form a much prettier, and, of course, more interesting blind than anything else, and the original cost is about the same, or less, than that for wire blinds so much in use. Those which I have, are not closely glazed, as they

have no extra glass next the window. They are also provided with a narrow folding slip at top, (which, when shut, rests on the cross astragal of the window) for air, as I had them constructed to hold flowering plants. For this purpose, they answer admirably, provided you have accommodation for a garden-frame, in which to bring forward the plants, so as to keep the cases always gay. But without this accommodation, I would recommend having the cases made tight, and filled, principally with ferns, etc. I may mention, however, that in a close case, all the spring bulbs flower admirably (of course renewed annually), such as Snowdrops, Crocuses, Jonquills, Hyacinths, etc., and at that season some of these cases here are very gay. Tea and China roses, also do pretty well for a short time. These cases are made with a wooden box at bottom, lined with zinc; resting on and projecting, from three inches to six inches beyond the window sill. The framework of the case should also be zinc, as it can be made so much lighter looking. Regarding the heating of these cases, I would suggest a double bottom; the lower part filled with water, and a small jet of gas placed under it. Of course the wooden bottom would be dispensed with. The merest point of flame would keep the heat at 80° or 90° in ordinary weather; and to provide for moisture, a small pipe coming up through the soil, open at top, would give off vapor. It would also serve to fill and mark the height of the water tank below. A friend of mine has a case, so constructed that it can be filled with water for gold fish; having a pretty zinc trellis over the water, for pots of ferns, etc. Of course air is admitted for the fish, but yet the ferns, lycopods, etc., grow well.—J. CHURCH, JUN., *Glasgow*.

The Flying-Fish.—Not the least remarkable of the piscatorial tribes, is the flying-fish, an aquatic Mercury, met with in great abundance in the tropics. Some naturalists suppose, with a pardonable scepticism, that its alleged flight is a leap extending only from wave to wave. But I have seen it fly at least twenty yards, and, on one occasion, a full-grown flying-fish, nearly as large as a herring, alighted on the deck of our vessel, seven or eight feet from the water. The wing, therefore, must be endowed with no slight powers, though some assert that it is very feeble, and regard it as a mere elongation of the fin. It is equally an error to suppose that this little wanderer is subjected, more than any other inhabitant of the deep, to incessant attacks on its existence, pursued beneath the waves by the dolphin or the shark; and that when it seeks safety in flight, it becomes the prey of rapacious birds. What may be its troubles below, it is impossible to say. But I have, in various voyages, seen hundreds of flying fish careering in gay squadrons over the deep, and in no case have I ever known them to be assailed by a gull. It is, therefore, fair to conclude that they are not so terribly persecuted as we have been led to imagine.—W. S. FULLON.

Vine Mildew.—I have watched the progress of this disease on Vines, for these last three years, and my opinion is, that it follows the rising sap. I find that when the first sap in the

branches starts, there is no appearance of mildew,—but as soon as sap rises from the root, mildew comes with it,—developing itself first on leaves nearest the stem, and gradually progressing, till in a few days it is all over the house. I do not consider that the state of the air has anything to do with it. I have had it all round me; and one gentleman in particular, within 100 yards of me, lost the whole of his crop one season by it. By following my advice, this year he has had sound Grapes. About five years ago, I found my Vines in a very dirty condition; with wood not larger than a tobacco pipe, and the bark hanging in strings. The first thing I did, was to get a few cart loads of loam, the parings and cleaning out of some ditches, some well rotted dung, and some lime rubbish. I mixed all well together. I then had the old mould cleared away from the roots, and the new material put in its place; being very careful not to break a fibre that could be helped, I had the roots laid as bare as I could. The result has been, that after the first season I have had abundance of good Grapes, quite free from mildew. By adding new soil to the roots, the Vines made fresh roots “at home;” and sent up plenty of sweet sap, which defied all attacks of the mildew. When the latter occurs, however, it can be stopped by throwing sulphurous vapor into the house. I have now a young Vine that I planted two years ago, which has made a shoot this season upwards of 20 feet in length.—W. S., *Hillingdon*.

The Hedge-hog.—In OUR JOURNAL, vol. ii., p. 156, are some remarks about the non-carnivorous propensities of the hedgehog. To these I must demur. A few years since, I had full experience of their carnivorous propensities, and I recorded the circumstances at length in the “Zoologist, vol. iv., p. 1204; also in a note on page 113 of the “Letters of Rusticus.” If you read the facts therein stated, you will be led to change your opinion, as I was unwillingly compelled to change mine, by those “stubborn things.”—facts! I know you will give ready insertion to these observations,—the more particularly, as they may be the means of saving the lives of many “pets.” No hedgehog ought to be kept in the same yard or garden, with fowls, &c. Your readers may have the same faith in Hoggy’s harmlessness that I once had. This caution will enlighten them. He is a sad fellow, and must be well looked after. Otherwise, farewell to all “pets!”—F. PEMBERTON BARTLETT, *Fordingbridge*.

How to “Strike” Cuttings of Flowers, &c.—Whatever may have been said, or written, or done as to the best mode of striking, it is quite certain that bottom heat is a great agent, and given artificially it promotes rapid development of roots. Some of our readers may say,—how can this be, when I strike cuttings in a common border? Why, the striking of cuttings out of doors is the first proof we shall appeal to. Why do we shade cuttings in the common border? To keep off the heat of the sun, which would make the atmosphere of a higher temperature than the soil. If we desire to strike cuttings in the common border, shade is indis-

pensable. If we have any difficult or obstinate subjects to strike, we use artificial bottom heat. When we put in the cuttings of gooseberries, currants, vines, and shrubs in autumn, and take no notice of them till they strike, it will seem to some people that our theory is upset. But these cuttings enjoy a fine genial bottom heat, be the weather above what it may. The earth has in it the heat it has accumulated in the summer; hence autumn is recommended for all out of door propagations. There is bottom heat all the winter, and the cooler the air above, the greater the contrast; whereas, in the spring and summer, if we do not prevent the sun from warming the atmosphere about the cuttings, they will fail. So that, although we do not give credit to bottom heat for all kinds of cuttings, that is the main agent. In a slip or cutting, the supply from the plant is cut off. If the sun and air be allowed to exercise their influence on it, and take as much from it as it would were it on the plant, death would be inevitable. But we place it in the shade, and cover with hand glasses, to prevent evaporation; so that the soil in which the cutting is plunged, is warmer than the air above it; and roots are promoted by the difference. There is, in fact, no mystery in striking cuttings, but there are some plants more difficult to manage than others. Some are so hard in the wood, that the roots cannot come through unless we take the last growth before the wood is matured; others are so soft that they bleed to death if inserted in the ground before the wound dries. But, in all cases, bottom heat is necessary. Autumn cuttings out of doors do better than they do in the spring, because all the autumn, and greater part of the winter, the earth is warmer than the atmosphere. We should never be able to strike cuttings in summer if we were not to choose a shady place, or cover with a glass, or shade them from the sun; for, while the temperature above is higher than that below, few cuttings will strike root. To promote, therefore, the striking of cuttings, several points should be attended to. First: the soil should be light, rich and porous. Secondly: it should be kept warmer than the atmosphere surrounding it. Thirdly: a cutting should be cut to the bottom, close up to a joint. Fourthly: it should be covered from atmospheric influence to prevent evaporation. Fifthly: if a hardwood subject, young wood should be selected. In general, the simplest and safest way to strike cuttings is to fill a pot within half an inch of the rim with light and rich soil, and put silver sand half an inch thick on the top. Saturate this with water, and plunge the cuttings to the bottom of the sand; but not into the soil. Cover with a bell glass to keep out the air; wipe out every morning; keep it plunged in tan, with a genial heat, and keep off the sun.—G. GLENNY.

Irradiation of Light.—It is a curious fact, Mr. Editor, that if the same letters, of the same size precisely, are painted on two boards, the one white on a black ground, and the other black on a white ground, the white letters will appear larger, and be read at a greater distance than the black. This is owing to what is called the ir-

radiation of light. It depends on this, that the impression made on the bottom of the eye by bright objects, extends a little wider than the actual portion of the organ struck by the light. Invading the space occupied by the darker objects, it makes the brighter appear larger than they really are.—J. O.

To obtain exquisite Skeletons of Small Animals.

—Put any subject, such as a mouse, frog (if a bird, strip it of its feathers), in a box perforated with a number of holes. Let it be properly distended, to prevent the parts from collapsing, or being crushed together by the pressure of the earth. Then place the box and its contents in an ant-hole; and in a few days it will have become an exquisitely-beautiful and perfect skeleton. The ants will have consumed every part of it except the bones and ligaments.—ANNA.

Utility of Iron.—This truly precious metal is capable of being cast in moulds of any form; of being drawn out into wires of any required strength or firmness; of being extended into plates or sheets; of being bent in every direction; of being sharpened, hardened, and softened, at pleasure. Iron accommodates itself to all our wants, our desires, and even our caprices; it is equally serviceable to the arts, the sciences, to agriculture and war; the same ore furnishes the sword, the ploughshare, the spring of a watch or of a carriage, the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass, the cannon, and the bomb. It is a medicine of much virtue, and the only metal friendly to the human frame. The ores of iron are scattered over the crust of the globe with a beneficent profusion proportioned to the utility of the metal; they are found under every latitude and every zone, in every mineral formation; and are disseminated in every soil.—LECTOR.

The Dolphin.—Marvellous stories are related of the dolphin, which, though not so formidable, is scarcely less voracious than the shark, and, from the extent of its depredations, is called the plunderer of the deep. By a wise providence, however, both the dolphin and the shark seize their food with difficulty, being obliged, from the peculiar situation of the mouth, directly under the head, to turn on their backs to bite—thus allowing the prey time to escape. But for this check, their united ravages would speedily depopulate the ocean. I must not omit to mention the varieties of color in the dolphin, which, spite of the declarations of travellers, many naturalists still consider fabulous. That this finny chameleon, however, does actually change his hue, and in his dying hour glow with a hundred beautiful tints, ought not to be disputed, and I must add my testimony that the statement is strictly and literally true.—W. S. FULLOM.

How to try the Speed of Pigs.—Pigs are perverse, very; and it is difficult sometimes to make them do what you want them to do, or to go where you want them to go. However, if you will occasionally herd them together for a race, you may accomplish your point. Collect as many as you please; keep them in the first instance long without food, and then drive them

regularly at a stated hour to a particular place, where they shall find ready prepared for them a well-furnished trough. No slow learner is your pig. Cunning is he as a Jew, and quite as greedy. When your first lesson is given, ever afterwards open your sty-door at the appointed hour, and away will scamper the whole drove, as if their lives were in jeopardy. I once knew a heavy wager to be won by this manœuvre.—VERAX.

Nankin Bantams.—The Nankin bantam should be small, of a pure Nankin color throughout, clean legged. Single combed are preferred, but the rule is not so imperative as in the Sebright. The carriage should be proud, and the head and tail brought as near together as possible. They should only have four toes, and are not worth more than one-sixth of the value of the gold and silver-laced.—J. BAILY, *Mount Street*.

Ferocity of the Pheasant.—A correspondent some time since observed, Mr. Editor, that his pheasants were fierce. Hear what the Rev. L. Jenyn says of them, in his "Observations on Birds." I had no idea until now, of their high courage and overbearing propensities:—"The cock pheasant sometimes exhibits feats of great daring and fierceness, even attacking man. I was once staying with a friend, who had a bird of this character in the plantation near his house, which was accustomed to make frequent sallies upon persons passing near the place of its resort. I saw it myself fly boldly at the proprietor of the grounds, who purposely approached the spot in order that I might witness the extent of its courage and ferocity. It commenced pecking his legs, and striking with its wings; pursuing him for a considerable distance down one of the walks. He said, that he generally carried a stick to beat it off whenever he went that way. Some wood-cutters, who were at work close by, were in the habit of protecting their legs with strong leather gaiters from the attacks of this bird, which was constantly interrupting and annoying them in this manner."—What a pity, that so handsome a bird should be so quarrelsome!—JOHN T., *Dulwich*.

FIRST,—AND "ONLY" LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A COLD."

(Concluded from page 349.)

IF SUCH, THEN, be the agonies of first-love, when blighted in its early stages, those which accompany its destruction after it has been fostered into a second nature, are far severer. Of all cruelty, that of the parent is the most severe, who, through timid or wary policy, permits her child to indulge hopes—only that they may be disappointed. Let her kill them at the birth; this will be mercy, compared to their slaughter after months or years of existence. Snap the links of love at this advanced period, and you often loosen those of life along with them. A withered heart will be their melancholy tomb; and if the salvation of a

single soul outbalances the thousands of worlds which compose the universe, how can a parent think that years of wealth or grandeur can balance against the agonies of a broken heart?

Such are some of the sorrows that attend the ruin of faithful love. Yet, bitter as they are, they constitute but a small portion of those which too often seduce misery to crime. What have been depicted, are the sorrows of a virtuous mind. Nothing has been said of that gulf of nameless guilt, to which the weaker victims of disappointed passion are too often tempted. Yes, there is many a one, at this very hour, sitting in her solitary apartment, and wringing her hands with shame, who, had she been wedded where love and nature intended, would have been the darling of society, and a model of virtue. But we will revert to a brighter prospect.

What a wonderful thing is the human eye! Creation rolls across its glittering ball—it is the mirror of the mind, and betrayer of our deepest sympathy. And how still more wonderful is it, in its immediate communication of love! A youth enters a company, throws a glance on the countenance of some fair one, and *in an instant* both their eyes convey to each other more than years could communicate.* They feel themselves attracted to each other by an indescribable sympathy. It is not the form or the features, singly; but the form, features, feeling, and sensations for which our language has no name, which altogether create a charm that is eventually felt. In short, they love; and feeling will soon find its way to words.

In speaking of first love, let not a mere passion be understood. This is not love in its godlike reality. Pure first love is the affection of two noble minds, certainly not passionless, but with just enough of passion to warm and beautify its intellectuality:—

The pure, open, prosperous love,
That, pledg'd on earth and sealed above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes;
In friendship's smile, and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties,
Into one knot of happiness.

This is the love approved of by Heaven, and sanctified by nature. It is the love that ennobles, refines, and exalts the heart.

* How beautifully true! Yes, this extraordinary sympathy is indeed "indescribable." It goes far to prove the intensity of truth existing in the adage—"Marriages are made in Heaven." Two hearts become "one" in an instant of time. Their eyes meet; they feel alike, think alike, hope alike, fear alike, LOVE alike. As easily could you exhaust the ocean by means of a small syphon, as extinguish *their* love by separation or death. This is true love. All other is mere moonshine.—ED. K. J.

Among novelists, first-love is mostly pictured in the romantic troubles attendant on clandestine affection. Far be it from us to deny the loveliness of a young lady, swinging from a balcony into the arms of her lover beneath. Or the delightful dangers attendant on secret meetings at some old domestic's cottage. Or the perils of a midnight flight to Gretna Green, along roads where every winding leads to an adventure. This is fine and imposing for boarding-school misses to read in bed; but it is owing to the caterers for love follies, that honorable love has ceased to be regarded in its true light. Fair and open first-love, in the calm and chaste enjoyment of its unnumbered delights, is far preferable to that boyish passion which proves its sincerity in bribing servants to convey *billet-doux* backwards and forwards. This is not love, it is nonsense, or something worse.

There is not a more grateful sight under Heaven than two young hearts enlinked together by the sympathetic bonds of love. On the heart of the young man—whatever be his station, birth, or fortune, pure love must exercise a beneficial influence. It will open the spring of new and delicious feelings. It will animate his energies, because there is an object whose eye will brighten at their success. It will give him a relish for the beauties of nature, and persuade him to consider the world as not undeserving, since it has produced such a heart as that which he adores. It will, in short, be a second soul to his nature; and if he be a poet, love will kindle the eye of fancy, nerve the wing of imagination, and waft her into an ideal world of loveliness and beauty. To him the mountain, clad with the evening beams, and the valley with its musical streams, the noontide bower, or the twilight ramble—become inexpressibly sweet. And how congenial to his heart are those meditative hours, when hope and anticipation attend his pathway over some green fields; where, amid the enchanting scenery around him, and the still luxuriance of an azure sky, he will muse over his prospect in life. In the glowing influence of the hour, he will picture the years to come; the home of love, and its domestic smiles; the energies he will awaken, the plan he will adopt, and the duties he shall perform. The scornful smile of the worldling will be raised at such fanciful enjoyments. How dreamy and how trifling is the mind occupied by such castle building! Dreamy it certainly is, but nevertheless delightful. He is not to be envied, who cannot occasionally break away from the selfish fetters of every-day life; and lose himself in an elysium of fancy. To the young lover I would say, make the most of these golden days; snatch from the hours all the raptures they afford; for the evil days will soon come in which he

shall say he has no pleasure in them. This period of life will pass away like the ripple on a stream. Its fresh feelings and fond enthusiasm will never return. The stormy world will soon roll its billows of care and disappointment over these dreams and delights. The heart will grow callous, and cold-eyed Prudence and jealous Care usurp the thrones of Hope and Imagination. Let the young lover, therefore, reap the harvest of first-love's sweetnesses. And when the dim eye of age shall hereafter recall them in the soft hours of recollection, it will be gladdened to review them—though they have vanished, never to return again.

And what shall be said of that dear being, to whom all his hopes and wishes bend? What is the effect of faithful first-love on her innocuous heart? Her love is a second self. The world seems made of him—his spirit's influence for ever attends her steps; and where he has stood, fondness hallows the ground. On her heart his image lies pictured in admiration's brightest hues; and the tones of his voice, when absent, vibrate on her ear, attuned by fancy's sweetest melody. Yes! I see them in their rambles at summer eve, wandering over hill and dale, down briary lanes, and along yellow meads, with health in their cheeks and love in their eyes, and viewing the clouds, and fields, and flowers, through the beautiful veil of love. Or else, perchance, they are returning homeward by the moonlight beach; and while the billows are kissing and frolicking, and plating their bosoms with beams, they are looking into each other's eyes, and saying numberless pretty things only meant for love's ear. Has my reader ever experienced such harmony of mind, such first-love? If so, he has felt it *but once*. And since then, all the banquets and balls of formality have never yielded such deep and unalloyed enjoyment. When alone in his chamber, and turning over the leaves of his by-gone days, no happier moments have awakened at memory's touch, than those past in the flowery spring of first-love—THEY WILL NEVER COME AGAIN!

A PRETTY LOOK-OUT.

MAN is a curious animal, and requires perpetual changes. No sooner is one wish gratified, than another springs up. Is there any one thing capable of affording perpetual pleasure? We think so; because it possesses unceasing variety. What is it? A pretty and intelligent face. Of all *other* views, a man may, in time, grow tired; but, in the countenance of a lovely woman, there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. "The divine right of beauty," says Junius, "is the *only* divine right a man can acknowledge in this lower world; and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorised to resist."—We will not take upon ourselves to contradict so "high" an authority as Junius. Be it, as he says!

LOVE THY MOTHER!

LOVE thy MOTHER, little one!
 Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
 Hereafter she may have a son
 Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
 Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
 And mirror back her love for thee.—
 Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
 To meet them, when they cannot see.
 Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
 With love, that they have often told,—
 Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.
 Press her lips the while they glow.

Oh! revere her raven hair!
 Although it be not silver-grey;
 Too early, Death, led on by care,
 May snatch save one dear lock away—
 Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
 That Heaven may long the stroke defer;
 For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.
 PRAY FOR HER AT EVE AND MORN!

[The above exquisite sentiments have been distilled on us from the pen of poor Tom Hood. Of all delightful sights, give us a living picture of mother and child. Talk of blessings, what *can* equal the blessing of a fond mother's love? It shadows forth something yet to come, which makes one long to enter on eternity—drawing the "sting" of Death fairly out.]

A SONG.

TO DAISY.

THERE is a flower—a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour,
 AND WEATHERS EVERY SKY.

The prouder beauties of the field
 In gay but quick succession shine;
 Race after race their honors yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
 While moon and stars their courses run,
 Wreathes the whole circle of the year,—
 COMPANION OF THE SUN.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August spreads its charms;
 Lights pale October on his way,
 And twines December's arms.

VIOLET.

TASTE.

REAL taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, that scarcely any two authors have agreed in their notions of it. It is "a true harmony existing between the imagination and the judgment." Is it not?

HAST THOU A FRIEND?

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

IS THERE ONE in this wide world of trouble and woe,
 Would share a heart-sorrow with thee?
 Is there one who would cheerfully pleasure forego,
 Thy LONELY companion to be?

IS THERE ONE who would soften thy pillow with care,
 When wearied by sickness and pain—
 Would weep o'er thy sufferings, soothe thy despair,
 And bid thee be happy again?

IS THERE ONE who would faithfully watch o'er thy health,
 And fearlessly shield thee from harm—
 Would cheer thee in penury, bless thee in wealth,
 And guard thee from danger's alarm?

THEN thou hast A FRIEND—a bright beacon of light,
 To guide thee on Life's troubled sea;
 A refuge; a home from the dark, stormy night,
 In a heart that beats fondly for thee.

AFFECTION'S kind hand every doubt will destroy,
 Whilst HOPE brightly beams from above,
 To guide thee in peace to a haven of joy,
 The watch-word is, "FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE."

SONNET FOR DECEMBER.

GIVE to the poor! warm clothing—firing—food—
 At once, unsparingly, and humbly give!
 Prevent the winter cough, and frame-chill'd brood
 Of throes, which make it weariness to live;
 For, lo! December, drenched in fogs and rains,
 Grooms on the air, and incubates the earth.
 Days, short and fickle, nip the laborers' gains,
 And bring increase—of suffering and of death.

Lucky the woodman who shall find employ;
 The hinds who stall the kine, or pen the sheep:
 Plant the young tree; or, lest the flood destroy,
 Extend the drainage, and the courses keep.
 The busy, and the bounteous, at this time
 Are mind and body warm, alone, throughout
 our clime.

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AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;" "THE AVIARY," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 50.—1852.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

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THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

PICTURES OF SOCIETY,—No. II. EARLY EDUCATION.

IF, WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE LOWER CLASSES, the early part of life be darkened by those under whose control they are unhappily placed; and with the poor, by the hard necessity of labor—such as are more favored by fortune are not exempt from influences injurious to the development of mind and character.

The greater number of those who are entrusted with the education of youth, seem to have one type which all must be brought to resemble. To use a hacknied simile, it is the bed of Procrustes applied to the intelligence. A French writer laments, that in the education of girls at school, no pains are taken to inculcate principles of order and economy; that the high and generous instincts which would preserve them from jealousy, envy, and unworthy feelings, are not cultivated; and that they become mentally dwarfed, untruthful, and frivolous. He sums up their education nearly as follows:—"The participle agrees with the regimen, when the regimen precedes the verb. The children of Charlemagne were John, Peter, Paul, and Louis,—the fox and crow-fable. If one egg costs so much, what are they a dozen? Mademoiselle, tenez-vous droite!—et voila." It would seem that, generally, the memory was exercised disproportionately to the judgment, whether in home or school-education. The Queen's Colleges appeared to me a step in the right direction; but so many objections have been raised against them, and against school-teaching generally, that it would be tedious were I fully to enter into the subject.

It is argued, that schools foster selfishness, envy, and hatred. Evil passions are not restricted to schools, but I think they would there be sooner detected, and more effectually checked than at home; while, in the larger

circle of a school, and consequent greater diversity of character and temper, there must necessarily be more occasion for the exercise of forbearance, patience, kindness, and attention to the wishes of others, than can exist in the more limited one of home. It is also objected, that even "book-learning" cannot be acquired at the Queen's Colleges; "no girl liking to ask questions before so many people; and that even writing does not remove the natural shyness of girls at that awkward age"—twelve to eighteen! I do not think the shyness, or "mauvaise honte" would be found in all girls; and even if so, there could not be more favorable circumstances for overcoming it. I always suspect something wrong where it is present; either, that the girl has been discouraged by ill-timed reproof, or that there exists an oversensitiveness of character, which it is important for her future happiness should be early controlled. School experience, moreover, is not bought at the price of that of after-life.

A certain degree of confidence, by no means touching upon unpleasing boldness, may surely be acquired. At home, this timidity is sometimes injudiciously combatted by a girl being required to play or sing to visitors. Conscious of her unfinished performance, the feeling which might have been easily mastered, becomes a nervous one, not always overcome even after the attainment of a respectable degree of talent—utterly preventing the performer doing herself justice, and rendering her, as I have known to be the case, deaf alike to the sound of her own voice and the good-natured applause of a crowded room.

It is asked by the advocates of home-education, "Why all girls should not be kept at home, and subjected only to home influence?" Peace and harmony, content and cheerfulness, do not dwell under every roof-tree. Where there are dissension, difference in religion,—where, from whatever cause, sorrow and gloom abide; where the father returns home weary and depressed from the

toil of his daily avocations : or worse, from his luxurious club and gay associates, discontented with the contrast of his humble dwelling,—far better is school than home for a child.

If the heart of the child be not light, neither will be that of the woman; and the habitual melancholy thus created, is not the frame of mind best suited to fulfil duties to herself or others. Even where such serious drawbacks do not exist, the child is alone. Its instinct is unerring. As soon as it perceives the joining in its games is a condescension,—a duty to be discharged, all possibility of amusing it is out of the question. It will rather take a book, and muse quietly alone; looking enviously on the play of other children, but not daring to join. It does not know how to “play.” If of imaginative temperament, it will create for itself another existence, at first undefined, and exerting no serious influence over the character; but in time, its thoughts will take a definite shape. The actual life will become distasteful; the real cause being unsuspected, it will meet reproof for inattention, giddiness, ill-humor; all this will only drive it back with deeper love to its ideal world. The conversation of school-girls is said to be especially frivolous,—“dress and riches; lovers and weddings,” with the elder. Cannot the teacher, whose pleasant study it should be to win the affections of the pupils, guide their minds to other subjects, without unpleasing exercise of authority? Were it not better to show them life as it is—heavy in its task of suffering, and trial, and sacrifice, instead of (as youth is so apt to imagine it) crowned but with flowers? It were better they looked beyond the bridal wreath; and learnt that in assuming it, they at the best cast youth away, and enter upon a series of grave duties, of heavy responsibilities, of constant self-abnegation.

One great cause of the inanity of school-girls' conversation is, I think, that arts are taught, but not the *love* of art. Study is considered as a necessary task, or a means of “showing off,”—seldom as an unfailing and an increasing source of pure and refined enjoyment. Were it otherwise, there would be less frivolous conversation out of school-hours, and the “genus tabby” you have signalled, Mr. Editor, would become extinct.

It has also been remarked, that “there is a sort of information not to be acquired from books, and never learnt at school, and without which a woman cannot share in her husband's pursuits.” I cannot refrain from quoting the passage, which has appeared in a deservedly popular Magazine. “A young lady in the first month of her introduction to the society of an intelligent home and well-informed men, will hear of taxes, grand juries, customs, mortgages, unions, insurances—which will

be to her an unknown tongue.” In this comprehensive view, it would seem desirable that Muller, Vauban, Naval Tactics, Blackstone's Commentaries, Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen, &c., should be included in the course of study. In an age where so much is sacrificed to the “Idol of Gold,” I do not think it is to be lamented that a girl should at least leave school without such premature wisdom. It is desirable that women should, in their own interest, possess a clearer idea of business-transactions than they generally do; but I cannot consider it in *all* cases desirable they should share their husbands' pursuits. Some men, I think, seek at home a relief from mercenary considerations; a change from, and a contrast to, the more serious and laborious portion of their existence. I am borne out in this by an opinion for which I entertain the highest respect,—as will all your fair readers, Mr. Editor. It was that of a gentleman who, from a very inferior position, raised himself by probity and intelligence to one of high standing, and was to the effect “that gentlemen should make money, and ladies spend it.” Without going quite the length of this gallant assertion, it seems to me that the art of judiciously disposing of money is more in a lady's province, than that of acquiring it. I have observed that girls brought up exclusively at home, when absent from their habitual guardians, or even otherwise, fall easily a prey to the designing,—disappointing their parents, and plunging themselves in lifelong wretchedness; this, not from wilfulness or want of reflection. Such girls will talk shrewdly enough of the concerns of others, but are mere infants where personally interested; they will avoid the errors of the more thoughtless, but see not the pit-fall yawning at their feet, and become victims of the grossest deception—merely, it may be said, from its very grossness, mistaking “the reverse of wrong for right.” There are instances of girls accustomed to military society; to the so often irresistible fascinations of a red coat; who have made an unhappy choice, where neither that prestige nor any other (obvious at least to indifferent eyes) existed.

Let me here beg your patience, while I relate a circumstance which early led me to doubt the general judiciousness of home-education.—The parents of Ellen S. left their country home for a residence in the Metropolis. Where else could competent teachers for herself and sisters be found? To schools, there was an objection. Some months after taking possession of their new abode, a party of friends met to celebrate Ellen's birthday; and on that occasion, the second sister, who lived with an aunt in the country, joined the circle. It was amusing to observe

the ill-concealed dread of Mrs. S., lest Bella's natural but somewhat romping manners should be caught by the more strictly-trained sisters. Her voice was more inaudible, her smile more imperceptible, her movements more dignified than even they usually were. Upon Bella they had no effect; she continued to speak in the natural tone of her voice, to laugh as merrily, and to move without any greater consideration for the exigencies of grace and dignity. She could not, or would not "show off." She congratulated herself upon it, speaking in what *then* seemed terms of comic commiseration of her "poor" sisters, whose triumphs she in no way envied. It was evident that her departure would remove a load of anxiety from Mrs. S.'s mind. Bella made no attempt to disguise the pleasure with which she herself looked forward to it.

Notwithstanding this unpromising "debut," I may observe that she became, in a few years, a very pleasing and sufficiently-accomplished young lady. During the evening, Ellen was frequently called to the piano; and at last, her mother requested her to sing. Somewhat heated and excited by her exertions in entertaining her young friends, and having hoped the long-deferred request would not be made, it was painful to observe the effort she made to obey *cheerfully*. Ellen, let me remark, was a saintly creature; and to excuse herself, or hesitate in acquiescing to any wish of her parents, was not in her nature. The sudden flush, the nervous contraction of the throat, were painfully evident,—but the song was got through. Hearty were the good wishes on parting,—earnest the promises to meet soon again; for although of an infinitely more matured mind, and superior steadiness of character to her companions, Ellen's seriousness was tempered with so much sweetness, her superiority was so unpretending, such a loving affectionate heart was apparent through the gravity of her manner, that all, however dissimilar to herself, loved her. We called a few days subsequently. Ellen had been ill, and was going to be bled. We were asked to return, no danger being apprehended; "and," added the old butler earnestly, "Miss Ellen would be so grieved to hear that you had called without seeing her." We did return,—but saw her no more.

Jessy, the youngest, underwent the same system. Her animated voice became subdued to an irreproachable monotony; her unaffected manners became faultlessly unemonstrative. For a health-giving canter in the pure air, was substituted the studied grace of the riding-school—whose precincts she never entered without a hearty fit of tears. Within a short period, the bereaved parents *again* mourned over an early grave.

Bowed by that grief which cannot be comforted, they now lie beside it!

Well may it be said of these fair girls:—

*Elles etaient de ce monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin,*

*Et roses, elles vecurent ce que vivent les roses,
L' espace d' un matin.*

FORESTIERA.

BIRDS OF SONG,—No. XXXVI.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS. No. IV.

HAVING CLEARED UP all existing difficulties in the matter of external operations, we have now to consider minutely the essentials necessary for fitting up the interior of an aviary; for on the completeness or otherwise of the internal arrangements, do the comfort and happiness of your birds depend.

First, of the flooring. Our flooring was of wood; laid on sleepers, and elevated some considerable distance from the ground. The unsuitableness, however, of a wooden flooring, has been rendered apparent by the total destruction of all our feathered family (a very large number) by an army of rats, who, at midnight—assassin-like—made their way through the floor, and conveyed away their innocent victims one by one from off their perches.

For full particulars of this murderous onslaught, reference can be made to our FIRST VOLUME—where will be found recorded, chapter and verse, the first-rate reception we gave the enemy,—ending in their total annihilation. We had a grand cause for quarrel, and amply revenged ourself. If ever revenge was lawfully sweet, it was then.

We should recommend that the flooring be of thick tiles, about twelve inches square each, and made of brick earth.* This would effectually prevent the entrance of vermin. The walls all round the room should be cased with floor-cloth—of a white marble vein, with a black pattern on it, in the form of a large diamond. This looks remarkably well, both in summer and in winter; and it can be readily cleaned with a sponge and warm water.

* A correspondent under the signature of "X. Y. Z., Hants," says, in reply to this sad record:—"Every one who has read Mr. Kidd's lamentable narrative of the destruction, by rats, of his beautiful and unique aviary, will deeply sympathise with him. The loss is not only great to himself, but to all who love nature. * * * If Mr. Kidd had laid down a bed of shingle or rough gravel, from six to ten inches in depth beneath the floor of his aviary, no rat could have reached him. They cannot burrow in shingle. I have tried it beneath the floor of a barn here, and it has effectually kept this vermin out."

In each of the four corners of the room, about twelve inches from the windows, a square upright pole, nine feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, should be let into the floor, and carefully secured by nailing the feet to the ground. To steady these, at their summit, round perches of sufficient lengths, and of a quarter of an inch in thickness, should be nailed,—one upon the top of each. This will form a kind of rail all round the room; leaving the centre open, so as not to interfere with the grand fountain, which will be in the middle. On these lofty perches the birds will, for the most part, roost. Indeed, in the winter, they will always use them for roosting on. The cause is evident. Being immediately below the ceiling, and not exposed to draught, they will sit warmly, cosily, snugly—defying the most severe frosts.

Through the four square upright poles, round perches, four inches long, and of half an inch calibre, should be inserted, at a distance of five inches apart, every alternate perch being let in transversely. This arrangement will prevent the plumage of the birds being unnecessarily dirtied, by those which are sitting the one immediately over the other—as they will do in the day-time, when they are singing. Another rail of round perches, a quarter of an inch thick, should run all round the windows; they should be about five inches from, and immediately level with, the bottom of the lower panes. The birds, by this plan, will be readily and constantly seen from the dwelling-house, and the variety of their colors will be shown to a great advantage. The beauty of the latter will be materially enhanced by reflection and refraction in the looking-glasses, of which we shall presently speak.

At the back of the aviary—five inches distant from the wall, a long round perch, half an inch thick, must run from end to end. All the perches must be painted over four times at least, in the best green color, and be thoroughly dry before they are fit for use. Round the ceiling there should be a neat moulded cornice; and a narrow skirting-board, painted stone color, all round the bottom of the room.

The door of entrance, which should be of glass, must be at one end of the aviary, and must open outwards; over it the double window before spoken of, also opening outwards. Just within the glass door, should be constructed a three-sided mahogany framework or partition, fourteen inches deep, having a painted shelving top—of wood. The front should form a door opening inwards. This partition should be faced with closely-meshed galvanised iron wire, and the door of it never opened until after the outer door has been closed, and *vice versâ*. By adopting this precaution none of the inmates can escape.

The next thing to be considered is the fountain. This should be of zinc; and its circumference about eighteen inches, with a turnover lip, and sides gradually shelving downwards to the depth of about four inches. The position of the fountain should be immediately in the centre of the room. To carry off the superfluous water, a waste pipe should pass through the wooden support of the fountain and under the floor. A second pipe, similarly introduced, would carry off the foul water every morning, by the withdrawal of the plug attached to the bottom of the basin.

The same aperture that conveys away the waste-pipe, will also admit the pipe which is to supply the water; which last must be forced up by high pressure, and regulated in its ascent by a moveable jet. To accomplish this, a large zinc cistern must be fixed immediately over the aviary, on the outside; and it must be kept constantly filled with spring water.*

To prevent the possibility of any of the birds being accidentally drowned, and to afford them no facilities for acts of "self-destruction," pieces of coral, stone, or crystal rock, should be introduced into the water. On these they will stand in security; and, placing themselves immediately under the descending shower, they will lave themselves in the limpid stream, at least twice every day—retiring from "the bath" in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

The birds having performed their ablutions, which they do in the most perfect order, will now necessarily require to make their toilet. And here let us tell our reader, if he has never yet witnessed this sight, he has a rare treat to come. The "ceremony" observed on such occasions is worthy of royalty itself.

In furnishing them "Aids for Reflection," we should recommend three looking-glasses, each three feet long by four inches wide. These should be mounted in narrow frames of flat oak, and nailed to the back of the aviary—just above or nearly level with the long perches. They should be twelve inches apart. The introduction of these glasses will afford a never-ending source of amusement to all parties concerned; and they will insure "respectability of appearance" at least, among all the inhabitants.

The "hoppers" or food troughs, for the seed-birds, are made of mahogany, on the principle of a rack; having a moveable slide of transparent glass in front, and a cover or lid with hinges, lifting up at the top, to receive the seed. All along the front of these

* Any practical plumber would understand this matter; and would fix the whole, at a small cost.

"hoppers" is a projecting rail, on which the birds sit while eating; and, underneath, four round holes, through which they put their heads to get their seed. As the latter is being cracked, and eaten, the hull falls to the ground, and a fresh supply descends from above—the apparatus itself being self-supplying.

Four of these "hoppers" should be suspended on the wall, between and on each side of the looking-glasses. They should be regularly emptied and cleaned out twice every month, as a quantity of dust, &c., is apt to collect in them, thereby spoiling the food. If kept half filled only, this will prevent waste. They are procurable, we should add, of almost any London dealer in birds.

The pans for the food of the soft-billed birds, must be kept always on the ground. We should advise their being made of glass, or china, and of a square form.

The floor of the room should be cleansed *daily*; and always kept well supplied with small and pebbly gravel (well dried), and old mortar well bruised.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE FIRST FEELING OF WINTER.

How delightfully the first feeling of winter comes on the mind! What a throng of tranquillising and affectionate thoughts accompany its first bright fires, and the sound out of doors of its first chilling winds! Oh, when the leaves are driven in troops through the streets at night-fall, and the figures of the passers-by hurry on, cloaked and stooping with the cold, is there a pleasanter feeling in the world than to enter the closed and carpeted room, with its shaded lamps and its genial warmth and its cheerful faces about the evening table? I hope that I speak your own sentiments, dear reader, when I prefer to every place and time in the whole calendar of our pleasure, a winter evening at home—the 'sweet sweet home' of childhood, with its undeserved love, and its unchanged and unmeasured endearments. We need not love gaiety the less. The light and music and beauty of the dance, will always breed a floating delight in the brain that has grown dull to life's finer influences; yet the pleasures of home, though serener, are deeper, and I am sure that the world may be searched over in vain for a sense of joy so even and unmingled.

It is a beautiful trait of Providence, that the balance is kept so truly between our many and different blessings. It were a melancholy thing to see the summer depart with its superb beauty, if the heart did not freshen as it turned in from its decay to brood upon its own treasures. The affections wander under the enticement of all the outward loveliness of nature; and it is necessary to unwind the spell, that their rich kindness may not become scattered and visionary. I have a passion for these simple theories which I trust will be forgiven. I indulge in them as people pun. They are too

shadowy for logic, it is true—like the wings of the Glendoveer in Kehama, gauze-like and filmy, but flying high withal. You may not grow learned, but you surely will grow poetical upon them. I would as soon be praised by a blockhead, *as be asked—the reason!*

A SPRING DAY IN WINTER.

A SPRING day sometimes bursts upon us in December. One scarcely knows whether the constant warmth of the fire, or the fresh sunny breathings from the open window, are the most welcome. At such a time, the curtains swing lazily to the mild wind as it enters; the light green leaves of the sheltered flowers stir and erect themselves with an out-of-door vigor; and the shuffled steps and continued voices of the children in the street, have the loitering and summer-like sound of June. I do not know whether it is not a cockney feeling, but with all my love for the country, fixed as it is by the recollections of a life mostly spent in the "green fields" I sometimes "babble of," there is something in a summer morning in the city, which the wet, warm woods, and the solitary, though lonely, haunts of the country, do not, after all the poetry that has been 'spilt upon them' (as Neale would say), at all equal. Whether it is that we find so much sympathy in the many faces that we meet, made happy by the same sweet influences, or whatever else may be the reason,—*certes*, I never take my morning walk on such a day without a leaping in my heart, which from all I can gather by dream or revelation, has a touch in it of Paradise.

I returned once on a day, from an hour's ramble after breakfast. The air rushed past my temples with the grateful softness of spring, and every face that passed had the open, inhaling expression which is given by the simple joy of existence. The sky had the deep clearness of noon. The clouds were winnowed in light parallel curves, looking like white shells inlaid on the arched heavens. The smooth, glassy bay was like a transparent abyss opening to the earth's centre; and edging away underneath, with a slope of hills and spires and leafless woods, copied minutely and perfectly from the upper landscape; and the naked elms seemed almost clothed as the teeming eye looked on them; and the brown hills took a tint of green—so freshly did the summer fancies crowd into the brain with the summer softness of the sunshine and air!

The mood is rare in which the sight of human faces does not give us pleasure. It is a curious occupation to look on them as they pass, and study their look and meaning, and wonder at the providence of God, which can provide in this crowded world an object and an interest for all. With what a singular harmony the great machine of society goes on! So many thousand minds, and each with its peculiar cast and positive difference from its fellow, and yet no dangerous interference, and no discord audible above the hum of its daily revolution! I could not help feeling a religious thrill as I passed face after face, with this thought in my mind; and saw each one earnest and cheerful, each one pressing on with its

own object, without waiting or caring for the equally engrossing object of the other. The man of business went on with an absorbed look, caring only to thread his way rapidly along the street. The student strided by with the step of exercise, his lips parted to admit the pleasant air to his refreshed lungs, and his eye wandered with bewildered pleasure from object to object. The schoolboy looked wistfully up and down the street, and lingered till the last stroke of the bell summoned him tardily in. The womanish schoolgirl, with her veil coquettishly drawn, still flirted with her boyish admirer, though it was 'after nine,'—and the child, with its soiled satchel and shining face, loitered seriously along the sidewalk, making acquaintance with every dog and picking up every stone on its unwilling way.

The spell of the atmosphere was universal, and yet all kept on their several courses, and the busy harmony of employment went steadily and unbrokenly on. How rarely we turn upon ourselves, and remember how wonderfully we are made and governed!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. VI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We found a very nice luncheon, and everything very good and clean at "Grand Mont," and mine hostess at the "Etoile" a "brave Vaudoise." After resting some time, we resumed our hunt. The first things laid hold of were "Colias Edusa" and "Hyale," which were skipping about in great abundance among the rocks.

All of a sudden we spied, upon a flower close by us, a butterfly which was neither "Edusa" nor "Hyale," but resembled in some respects both. "What can that be?" "I'm sure I don't know; never clapped eyes on it before. It must be a good one." "C'est bel et bien quelque chose de crane," says Jean, making a spring at it. Off it goes zigzag, and Jean after it. Up comes the German servant, then the music-master. Away flutters the butterfly. The German servant gets ahead of Jean. All over the corn.

"Hallo there! Off the corn!" calls out a Garde-champêtre, a sort of rural policeman. Nobody takes the slightest notice. "Off the corn there, I say, or I'll soon let you know who I am!" "Now keep your tongue civil, can't you, old boy?" cries Jean. "Come off that corn, I tell you, or——" "I shall not come off till that butterfly is caught," replies Jean, "unless it be to hang you up on that oak tree. So now, old fellow, no more bother; walk off," and Jean advanced a pace towards him. It was quite enough. My friend knew him, and he thought it *better* to walk away; albeit not in the best humor, for he was in hopes of touching a five-franc piece. Well, at length the butterfly was captured, and as fresh as a daisy; and so it is at the present time, Mr. Editor, for I saw it only yesterday. It was "Colias Hélice," not to be sneezed at.

A little further we took "Camilla" and "Sybilla," "Alexis," "Euphemus," "Phœdra," "Briseis," &c. &c. We crossed the fields to "Mezery," and along the old wall we took "Catocala Pellex"

and "Paranympha," "Atriplicis," "Tiliaria," "Adustaria," &c. &c. A little further on, a pair of "Lucanus cervus," "Capra," and "Platycerus caraboides," also "Saperda carcharias," which almost made his pincers meet on Bombyx's finger. I was glad it was not on mine! The beast nearly escaped. We were half afraid of him, after the gripe he gave Bombyx; however we bagged a few of his brothers and sisters!

On we went, and crossed a field to Prilly, a curious old village, where the inhabitants certainly do not think that cleanliness is next to godliness. Here we got to another "Etoile," which, by way of distinguishing it from that of Grand Mont, I shall call l'Etoile sale. Before we enter the chalet, I must just describe an ancient lime tree, said to be about two hundred years old. Its goodly branches would each make a tree of no ordinary size. At three feet from the ground, the circumference was fairly measured (for I watched it myself), and was found to be twenty-four and a-half English feet. It was in full health and luxury, and certainly a splendid sight. Singularly enough, Bombyx has a curious souvenir of this tree, in the shape of a "Sphinx Tilice," reared from a caterpillar taken as he was quietly crawling up its huge trunk. We were now very tired, and resolved to have something to eat, and then go slowly home. So we went up some dirty steps into a species of boarded shed, from which, by the by, the view over Lemman's lovely waters is most beautiful—including the summit of Mont Blanc, which, with the sun shining upon it, appeared like a vast peak of burnished silver!

Presently up comes mine host, a dirty, ill-looking fellow, sans shoes or stockings, and with his dirty shirt sleeves tucked up to his elbows. "Bring us some sausage and gruyère, wine, &c. &c." "Ouai, ouai, Monsieur, veut du vin vieux?" "Certainment," says Jean, "the best you've got." "Ah, de vin bouché; I understand. Here, Fanchetta, voyons voir; come and wipe this table down." "Desuite," squeaked a voice below, and up comes "la belle Fanchetta." Such an object! also sans shoes or stockings, with a broad, grinning face, and dirty red hair. "Was ist das für ein hubsches Mädchen!" whispered the music-master (roars of laughter). She had in her fair hand a large sponge, which was probably used to wash the carts with. Bang it goes on the table, making it still more dirty than before. Fanchetta disappears, and up starts mine host with a loaf of brown bread under one arm, an immense bit of cheese between his thumb and finger, and a large knife in the other hand, with which he chopped off a large lump of bread and cheese, throwing it down on the nasty table before us. "We never use plates at Prilly," says mine host, "except on a Sunday." However it all went down; for being uncommonly hungry, and the cheese very good, it would not do to be too particular.

As I and my brother did not care much for the view, we went down into the kitchen, and stretched ourselves before the fire. We immediately saw that master was going to be done; and so I just slipped up stairs, and whispered a word in Jean's ear. "Thank you, my fine fellow," says Jean; "I'll be after him;" and

Coming very quietly down stairs, he just caught mine host dexterously fitting a cork into some bottles he had just filled with new wine, and which he was going to pass off as old "vin bouché!" "Why you abominable scoundrel!" says Jean; "do you think I'll stand this? Now if you don't bring the clef of the cava, and show me your best wine, I'll just brush your hair for you with my serpetta."

There was no escape: he was detected. So he very quickly did as he was ordered, and we got some good wine at a moderate charge; after which we walked home, making a mark against "l'Etoile de Prilly." I must not forget to mention that we took against the old church some fine specimens of "Catocala Nupta" and "Sponsa." Here also we took first the caterpillar of "Saturnia Pyri." The original and its portrait both adorn the old Bombyx's little study. It measures at least six inches in the expanse of the forewings. This is the largest European moth, and a noble insect it is too. The caterpillar is perfectly lovely.

Many a time since then, have we passed through Prilly; but I always turned up my nose at "l'Etoile sale."

Now, dear Mr. Editor, adieu for the present.

Your affectionate friend,

Tottenham, Dec. 1, 1852.

FINO.

THE BLESSING OF AFFECTION.

THE consciousness of being beloved, softens our chagrins, and enables the greatest part of mankind to support the misery of existence. The affections must be exercised on something, for not to love is to be miserable. "Were I in a desert," says Sterne, "I would find out wherewith to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear that they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them." But a short story will illustrate this better than the most beautiful reflection.

A respectable character after having long figured in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish; every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length he demanded more. On this, the curate sent for him. He went.

"Do you live alone?" said the curate.

"With whom, Sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched, you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world."

"But, Sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?"

The other was quite disconcerted; and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject; he desired him to observe that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of the dog.

"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "Take this, Sir," said he; "THIS IS MINE—this I can give you."

WHY?—AND BECAUSE.

WHY does sunshine extinguish a fire?—Because the rays engage the oxygen which had hitherto supported the fire.—Why does a fire burn briskly and clearly in cold weather?—Because the air, being more dense, affords more nourishment to the fire.—Why does a poker laid across a dull fire revive it?—Because the poker receives and concentrates the heat, and causes a draught through the fire.—Why does flour of sulphur, thrown into a fire-place, extinguish a chimney when on fire?—Because, by its combustion, it effects the decomposition of the atmospheric air, which is consequently annihilated.—Why are urns for hot water, tea-pots, coffee-pots, &c. made with wooden or ivory handles?—Because, if metal were used, it would conduct the heat so readily that the hand could not bear to touch them; whereas, on the contrary, wood and ivory are non-conductors of heat.—Why will a vessel which has been filled to the lip with warm liquid, not be full when the liquid has cooled?—Because of the expansion of the fluid by heat. Hence some cunning dealers in liquids make their purchases in very cold weather, and their sales in warm weather.—Why is a glass stopper, sticking fast in the neck of a bottle, often released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of hot water, or by immersing the bottle up to the neck?—Because the binding-ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. Why does charcoal prevent meat, &c., becoming tainted?—Because it absorbs the different gases of putrefaction, and condenses them in its pores, without any alteration of their properties or its own.—Why is baking the least advantageous of all modes of cookery?—Because meat thus dressed loses one-third of its weight, and the nourishing juices are then in a great measure dried up. Beef, in boiling, loses 26lbs. in 100lbs.; in roasting, it loses nearly one third.

NOTICE.

ALL the numbers of this JOURNAL are IN PRINT; and may be had from No. I. inclusive, price 3d. each. Also, PARTS I. to XI., price 1s. 1d. each; post-free, 1s. 4d.

As due notice was given to our Subscribers, early in June last, to complete their Sets without delay, it is hoped they have done so, as the Stock is now made up into Sets, and very few "odd" numbers are on hand. The price of the first two Quarterly, and the first Half-yearly Volumes, will remain as before—until December 26th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—P.G.—THOMAS RIVERS. Many thanks.—VERAX—WALTER TEBBITT. Next week.—W. SPENCER—W. H., Boston. Thanks. CHIRURGA—M. A. R.—R. J. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, December 11, 1852.

THE INTEREST ATTACHED TO THE BREEDING OF FANCY CANARIES, is considerably on the increase.

We have, within the last few weeks, received communications from all parts of the country, requesting us to assist in promoting the practice, and urging us to publish from time to time the proceedings of the various Canary Shows. We shall be very happy to do so; we will aid the amateur to the best of our power.

Hitherto the practice has been, to breed Birds for form and color *only*. "Song" has been considered of little moment. One very extensive breeder, however, MALCOLM GORDON, Esq., tells us that he hopes soon to produce canaries, not only first-rate in the general requirements of color and carriage, but equal in song to any of the German. He assures us it can be done; and from some interesting conversation we have held with him, we feel sure he is just the very man to carry this desideratum into effect. His heart and soul are interested in the result; and therein are more than the elements of success.

We have ever insisted on the fact of these high-bred birds being extremely delicate, and susceptible to cold; also of the food given them rendering them anything but hardy. We have stated as much to the breeders; but they tell us we are wrong. This remains to be proved.

We have also given it as our opinion, that Nature very rarely, if ever, endows beautiful birds with an excellence of song. It is with the feathered tribe as with ourselves. Fine men, and fine women—properly so called, are almost universally destitute of mind. They

are proud of themselves and of their persons; and they care for nothing beyond.* Let us reflect on this for a moment, and our memory will enable us to ratify the fact. We have our eye now on various parties, who more than confirm us in the justice of our remarks. The looking-glass is their best—their only "friend."

Hitherto, "the fancy" have directed all their energies to the *personnel* of their birds. Let us, however, encourage them to persevere; and *try* what can be done to unite harmony of voice with elegance of figure. No person will rejoice more than ourself, to acknowledge that we err in judgment; and let us hope that *both* may be realised.

The great fault with most amateurs is, the habit they have got into of breeding from birds too near of kin. The stock should be more varied—the mates more widely selected. The stock would then be healthier, and less liable to wear itself out. Much judgment should be used in this matter.

The "Hand-in-hand Canary Club" held one of their shows on the 22nd of November.† Among the birds introduced, we noticed some very beautiful little creatures; both with regard to form and color. Mr. MALCOLM GORDON, of whom we have already spoken, belongs to this society; and we had a nice opportunity of noticing the extreme beauty of some of the birds he has reared this season. They were the subjects of general remark. Mr. HOPKINSON, too, deservedly gained several prizes. The day of exhibition was against the Show. It was dark, wet, and gloomy. However a practised eye could easily recognise and appreciate the leading features of the exhibition. We conclude our readers understand the nature of these fancy birds—their tails and flights must be *black*, and the remainder of their body of the richest gold. No foul feathers are admitted. It is impossible for any bird to be exhibited more than once. Nature prevents this; for when they moult, the *black* feathers become *white*, and remain so. However, all young birds, proceeding from this stock, possess in their infancy the characteristics of their parents—losing their primitive colors when (in their turn) they undergo their annual moult.

We shall be happy to report any proceedings of the various clubs, whether in town or country; and will gladly publish any communications that may assist in the more general cultivation of so harmless and so pleasing an amusement.

* Look at the American, and other Foreign birds. How exquisite their form—and how brilliant their plumage! Yet have they no song. This is an invariable law.—ED. K. J.

† At the "Plough Tavern," Museum Street.

It is a crotchet of ours, that people who "love" birds and dumb animals cannot be unworthy members of society. Hence our wish to promote their best interests.

WE HAVE MORE THAN ONCE REMARKED, that there is a vast deal of "the savage" amongst us; lurking under the garb of humanity. We have proved it too,—many times.

We naturally look for brutal feelings amongst the low and uneducated. Hardly can they tell what is right and what is wrong; so few are the opportunities afforded them of being benefited by any society superior to their own. A drover becomes hardened by habit. He deals out savage blows, right and left, upon the cattle committed to his charge, without a thought. Perhaps, from his very cradle, he has been permitted to be cruel; and exercised that cruelty upon even his own father and mother. Here is a case calling for "pity." To a certain extent, these poor wretches cannot help what they do. Still they must be punished; and taught, by the mighty arm of the law, *what should have been taught them by their parents in their infancy.* These matters are what we seek to reform. It is a hard task, we grant; but if we only assist, in the slightest degree, we shall be satisfied.

Our duty to-day, compels us to show that cruelty is *not* confined to the low, the uneducated, the friendless, the orphan, the ignorant, or the poor. Would that we were kept within such limits! Then could we charitably make every allowance for the unhappy creatures "who know no better."

The following is copied, *literatim*, from the newspapers:—

ROASTING A LIVE CAT.—WILLIAM KING, residing at Andover-lodge, Finchley-road, and who holds a situation at the *East India warehouse* of MR. OWEN, New Bond-street, was charged with torturing a cat by *roasting it alive.*

Harriet Dunn said: I am "maid of all work," in the service of defendant. Last Friday fortnight, I gave notice to quit. Our cat, which was large with kitten, was in the habit of going to the next house; and my mistress told me she did not approve of it. Last Monday three weeks, my mistress told me that she wanted the cat. I therefore fetched it from the next house. It returned thither, *and I brought it back again.* My master came down and asked for "Tibbs," which was the cat's name. I informed him that she was behind the door: upon which he took her up in his arms, and put her upon the table. He asked me for a piece of string. After hesitating for a little time, I gave him a bit of cord, which I managed to find. He desired me to make a "slip-knot" in it; but I told him I did not know how. *He* then made the knot, and put the cord round the cat's neck. He asked me where he should hang it? and I said I

did not know. *My mistress* and "a gentleman," a friend of my master's, were in the kitchen at the time. Being frightened, I went out; and stood upon the stairs. In three or four minutes, I heard the poor cat cry out in a dreadful manner. When I came down, I saw it hanging in front of the kitchen fire; the same as if a joint was being roasted. *It smoked as it went round, and screamed and cried shockingly.*

Mr. Broughton: Where were your mistress and "the gentleman," at this time?

Witness: Close to the kitchen door. "The gentleman" told my master, it was too bad of him to serve a cat like that; when he remarked that he would teach it ingratitude. After the cat had struggled as long as it could, it ceased to cry, and appeared convulsed. My master said it was dead, and "the gentleman" said, *"It's astonishing how long these cats retain life!"* Master was going to cut it down, *but mistress said, "DON'T DO THAT, for it MAY GO MAD, and RUN ALL OVER THE PLACE."* Master then said, "OH, NO; it's NOT DEAD." *With a wooden roller which he took from behind the door, he gave the cat two or three blows upon the head, as it was hanging.* The poor thing opened its mouth; and directly afterwards I was convinced that it was dead. Its struggles had been so strong, as to bend the hook it was hanging on. My master took it down, and, having put it into an apron, I, at his desire, threw it away into the road. My master, and "the gentleman," then went up stairs—to take some brandy and water and cigars.

Defendant, in answer to the charge, said that he had lately kept some Cochinchina fowls, and that the network, which he had been at much expense in putting up, was continually being damaged; and as this cat, by which a number of others were attracted to his premises, was a source of great annoyance, he determined upon getting rid of her. He had no intention of acting with any degree of cruelty. *He was quite incapable of a cruel action,* and would, if his worship would allow him a little time, bring "the gentleman" who was with him, as a witness.

Mr. Broughton told him that he had had ample opportunity allowed him for doing so.

Mr. Thomas said, the gentleman was THE SON of MR. PHILLIPS, the auctioneer, of Bond Street.*

Mr. Broughton said, I am bound to express my "astonishment" at a lady being present during these shocking proceedings. As the law now stands—and it is a happy thing that it is so—a man can no more roast his cat with impunity, than he can his child.

Defendant: I hope, sir, that if you cannot look favorably upon me, *you will inflict on me a fine.*

Mr. Broughton gave him to understand that, TO A MAN IN HIS SITUATION OF LIFE, A FINE WOULD BE NO PUNISHMENT AT ALL, AND HE SHOULD THEREFORE SEND HIM AT ONCE TO THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION FOR ONE MONTH.

The gentleman and lady-amateurs who took part in the above act of barbarity, can

* Mr. Phillips has denied the fact of the wretched offender being "his son," but does not say in what other degree of relationship he stands towards him.—ED. K. J.

have no feeling we are aware. Still it is some satisfaction, to find that ONE of our magistrates is honest enough,—not only to speak his mind but to punish.

MR. BROUGHTON has, before now, proved himself "a singular exception" to our magistrates generally, who invariably wink at crime when committed by "a gentleman."

The law allows of fine, or imprisonment. The award of either is in the power of the magistrate. If a poor man offends, he at once goes to prison—of course. If a "gentleman," or an aristocrat offends, he—also of course—draws a well-filled purse, pays a fine, bows blandly to the magistrate, goes home, talks of his "jolly lark," boasts of having "broken somebody's head"—and there the matter ends. We sincerely congratulate MR. BROUGHTON on his manly conduct, and hold him up as a pattern for his brother magistrates to take example by.

We must observe that "the law," in this case, only admitted of "one month's imprisonment." MR. BROUGHTON did not make the law, nor could he exceed his power; else, we imagine, Mr. William King would have been "imprisoned for life,"—a punishment even then inadequate to the offence.

The accomplices have escaped for the present. Let us hope they will henceforward seek to be "amused" by less heinous crimes.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Wild Honey Gathering in New South Wales.—Wild honey, or, as the natives call it, "choogar bag," is collected, Mr. Editor, by a small stingless bee, not so large as the common fly. The honey-nest is generally found at the summit of remarkably high trees. When the lynx-eyed native discovers it from below, there he will stand, with his head up, making a dead-point at it until it is attained by his *gin*, who immediately begins with a small tomahawk, and by a rapid action of the wrist, to cut a notch in the bark of the tree, large enough for her great toe to rest upon. Winding her left arm round the body of the tree, she adroitly raises herself to this notch, and there rests the ball of the great toe of the right foot. She then cuts a notch above her head, and quickly ascends to this. So on, in like manner, until she reaches the dizzy height to which she is directed from below,—exhibiting throughout the most astonishing stretch and pliancy of limb, as well as the most wonderful absence of all fear of danger. She recklessly advances towards the extremity of a fragile bough which appears ready to break. If she can reach the honey, she seizes it, and places it in a sort of calabash slung round her neck; at the same time, holding her hatchet in her mouth. Where she finds it impracticable to reach the honey, she cuts off the branch,—which, with its mellifluous appendage, falls to the ground at the feet of her sable lord, who stands below. The honey is of delicious flavor, after it has been carefully separated from the comb, the

cells of which are generally filled with small flies. The natives, however, devour it just as they find it, and are very fond even of the refuse comb, with which they make their favorite beverage called "bull," and of this they drink till they become quite intoxicated.—SARAH L.

Vinegar Eels.—The little eels found occasionally in vinegar, are well known. Some persons suppose that they are to be found at all times in that liquid, when sought for with a microscope. This however is *not* the case. It is only vinegar which has been kept some time, and which is become bad, that gives birth to them. What is more, *they will not live long in good vinegar.* This I ascertained on one occasion, when on adding fresh vinegar to some that had been given me by a friend, full of these eels, their motions from that day became more and more languid, and in a fortnight's time they were all dead. Previously to this, I had kept them several weeks in the same vinegar in which they had been brought to me. When these little eels are immersed in sweet oil, or proof spirits, their motions are much impeded, but vitality is not immediately destroyed.—JENYN.

Cut Flowers.—At this season of the year, Mr. Editor, people are too apt to cherish to the last, the few flowers that adorn their rooms. They can hardly be aware of the injury they do themselves, and others, by keeping their cut flowers too long. Just give "a hint" on the subject, *pro bono*. I do not write to you without a good reason; and I *know* your remarks will be read in the proper quarter.—DEW-DROP.

[Thanks, little Dew-drop, your hint is well-timed. We quite agree with you, that many persons are not, cannot be aware of the unwholesomeness of decayed vegetable matter in their rooms. We are glad, therefore, to recommend any mode which is likely to counteract the ill-effects. The most simple rules are, not to put too many flowers together in a glass; to change the water every morning; and to remove every decayed leaf as soon as it appears—cutting off the end of the stem occasionally, as soon as it shows any symptoms of decay. A more efficacious way, however, is to put nitrate of soda in the water; about as much as can be easily taken up between the forefinger and thumb. Drop this into the glass every time the water is changed, and it will preserve cut flowers in all their beauty for above a fortnight. Nitrate of potash, in powder, has nearly the same effects; but it is not quite so efficacious.]

Sagacity of the Fox.—The following, from the "Sporting Magazine," shows us, Mr. Editor, how Nature endows some animals, more than others, with an excess of cunning. Of course they could not exist without; hence, "the gift."—More foxes are lost when dead-beaten, than at any other time; and here they show their superior cunning by the wonderful tricks they play the hounds. For instance, when the pack is close at him in covert, and he goes through the outside fence of the covert only, instead of going into the field—he drops down into the ditch, every hound going over him. The pack then make a swing

outside, during which, he crawls up the bank again into the covert; and gets probably to the other side before they cast back. By that time, the scent, owing to the ground he has stained, gets bad; and he has probably time to get fresher. He often steals away without being seen; as all the men are close to the hounds with the belief that they will kill him the next minute. But on these occasions, if the huntsman is awake, he will always order one of the whippers-in to remain at the opposite side of the covert. An old fox had been found several times by the pack belonging to the writer of this; and as invariably run a ring of about three miles, making a round of small coverts, by which he generally moved other foxes, and saved himself. Application was made late in the season to try one more day for this fox, as he was suspected of doing mischief amongst the game. He was found as usual, and ran the same ring twice. When running it a third time the hounds were stopped, and quietly walked back, to the surprise of a large field of sportsmen. On reaching an open part, as was expected, the hunted fox was seen coming the same line as before, directly towards the hounds, which got a view. This so astonished him, that he went straight away, and was killed 12 miles, as the crow flies, from where he was found.

WILLIAM CARR.

Woman—and her dear little “Silver Bell.”—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it, feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh—now here, now there; now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing the wandering voice to this day. Sometimes, it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away, and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep.—I do not know, Mr. Editor, who wrote the above gem; but I have cut it out of a newspaper, and feel sure it will be “set” in “OUR OWN.” A woman’s laugh is bewitching,—is it not?—CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

[Cœlebs! you are nicely “in training.” Stick to your principles; and when you get married, convert your wife into a fairy at once. Make her laugh; keep her laughing; give her cause to laugh; and your days will pass merrily on. It is for want of this natural cheerfulness that men go about so depressed. Oh! if people did but know—if people would but try, the effect of good temper! It is a talisman that makes life sweet—labor welcome—and home “happy.” A woman’s laugh! a merry peal ringing from room to room! yes, Cœlebs, you are right. These things are “bewitching.” May such “Silver Bells” ever be heard in our houses: may we live to hear them, and keep them ringing!]

Talc used instead of Glass for Greenhouses, &c.—A correspondent of the *Builder*, says the “Gardeners’ Journal,” proposes to substitute talc for glass, in greenhouses, conservatories, &c. It is stated that it can be split into extremely thin and light layers; and being so much lighter than glass, strong frames are not required. The article, he adds, would not be so readily destroyed by fire as glass; and neither would hailstorms affect it, not being so brittle. The cost of this article, too, is said to be considerably less than glass; and the writer in question states that it has been tried in several places, and found to answer. If these statements can be relied upon, this material would soon come into extensive use among horticulturists; for though doubtless nothing will ever equal good glass for growing plants, it is to be observed that plants are not always kept in a growing condition; there are many garden structures which might be very properly glazed with such a substance as talc is described to be, and we are willing to receive this announcement for so much as it is worth. But one thing we lack, to make it of any practical benefit to the public:—What is this talc; and where is it to be had? We have endeavored to satisfy ourselves on this important point, but hitherto have not succeeded. We should therefore be glad if any of our readers can furnish the information wanted.—Do you know anything about this talc, Mr. Editor?—JOHN E., *Camberwell*.

[No. But we shall be happy to receive any information on the subject.]

American Cress.—This is much admired by many as a breakfast salad, the young centre leaves only being used. It requires sowing once a fortnight during the spring, as it soon runs to seed, and twice or thrice in autumn for winter supply. Viscount Middleton, with whom I lived, would have it every morning; he said that he considered it preferable to water-cress as a purifier of the blood. Where there is much demand for it, I see no reason why it should not be sown thick, and cut off like mustard. The seeds are cheap enough. Frames can easily be put over it during winter, or a covering of straw would make it always accessible in that season when too many food ingredients cannot possibly be produced.—JAMES CUTHILL, *Camberwell*.

“The Green-eyed Monster.”—You seem, Mr. Editor, to be acquainted with animals of every kind. Pray, has the “Green-eyed Monster” ever crossed your path? If so, I want you, please, to tell me *how to kill him*,—or, at all events, to point out which are his vulnerable points. I am—heigho!—a Benedict. My fate is united to a fair being, of a mutable temper; and of a disposition commonly known as jealous. I love your JOURNAL, dearly. My *cara sposa* as bitterly hates it. It is never allowed a place in our house. Yet do I read it on the sly, aye devour its contents with a gusto perfectly indescribable. Your noble aim to unite us, and to make us all more social, delights me most excessively; and I candidly confess I am altogether a better man since I first perused your paper. This by the way. Now for my complaint. “My chicken,” as I call her,

never allows me to go out where there are any females present, without ruling me with a rod of iron. I must not look, speak, smile, converse, or attempt to make myself agreeable. If I only show an inclination that way, I get a look that would convert wood into stone,—a scowl that lets me into the secret of “what” awaits me when we get home. This happens *whenever we go out together*. My life is a positive burden,—my prospect a most dreary one; and yet I am one of the quietest men [poor fellow!] alive. I would “love” my chicken if she would let me,—but she won’t. She tells me to “be off, and to make love elsewhere,—*she* wants none of it;” and yet she dodges my footsteps from morn till night! What a poor wretch I am, Mr. Editor! advise me for the best.—MÆRENS CONJUX, *Peckham*.

[We should like to see the development of your wife’s head. As this cannot be, we say,—alas! good sir, we pity you. You have forgotten the good old saying, “Look before you leap.” All these domestic calamities have their rise, in the natural unfitness of the parties to pass through life together in the silken bond of love. You fear your wife; and she hates you—“N’ est ce pas?” Here you see are discordant elements. Fire and water meet. The stronger gets the advantage over the weaker. We could well define for you the “duties of a wife,” but this would avail you nothing. It would indeed tend to aggravate your distress. All we can say is,—stay at home, and don’t go out at all this Christmas. If Madame asks “why,” tell her the reason. If your natural disposition is to be cheerful and chatty, you “cannot help it;” and you know as well as we do, that “prevention is better than cure.” Some women seem “born” to be scourges to their spouses. They quite spoil them for society, and shorten their lives by a reign of terror at home. A good wife, sir, would most assuredly feel proud of her husband’s powers of pleasing; and rejoice exceedingly in hearing his praises sounded from pole to pole. Besides, she would estimate herself at too high a value to dread the more powerful attractions of any other woman. Jealousy is a hideous demon, with far more heads than the hydra. You ask “where are its vulnerable points?” It has none. It is proof against every known weapon. You can neither scotch it nor kill it. It sleeps with its eyes wide open. It feeds on venom, and grows fat upon the poison that flows in its own veins. Society will, perhaps, some day—not whilst we live, sir,—make some alteration in its usages. We are quite sure of this,—that no jealous man or woman ought ever to be admitted into civilised company. They are at once a nuisance to their neighbors and a disgrace to themselves. Ignorance and Suspicion are the parents of Jealousy; and their off-spring very closely resembles them both. We are sorry, sir, so to “comfort” you;* but we have probed the wound to the bottom, that

* We have *seen* so much in our lifetime, of what we are now describing, that we “talk like a book.” How often have we blushed for certain people, in certain houses, that could not blush for themselves! Practically, we know not *the feeling* of Jealousy. We never did, and hope we never may. The “effects” satisfy us, fully!—ED. K. J.

you may know the worst. Whatever you do, give no just cause for suspicion. Keep your conscience honest, cultivate the very best feelings of the heart, and by all means “return good for evil.” If a gentle word fails, wrath and anger only tend to make bad worse. When the wind blows very high, begin to count one hundred. When your wife stamps violently on the ground, silently count two hundred. When your head is likely to be placed “in chancery,” open the door gently—“to see if it rains,” and glide noiselessly into the garden. *But not one word in reply*, if you value your life. “Hope on,—hope ever.” There must be an end by and by.]

Cochin China Fowls as Food for the Table.—Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, if, in addition to their size, these birds are of good flavor? They are so much cried up just now, that it is hard to get an unbiassed opinion.—W. J., *Camden Town*.

[WE are not at all partial to this awkward breed. We see nothing whatever in them to admire. A writer, however, in the “Agricultural Magazine,” says of them, with reference to food:—We can add our testimony as to the excellency of the Cochin China chickens as table fowls, for as a test of the conflicting opinions upon that point, Mr. Higgs, whose Cochins gained the first and second prizes at Lewes, had a cockerel three months old killed, of which bird, at the table of a friend, the writer of this partook. Two old housekeepers were also present; and the opinion was unanimous, that no fowl could possibly be superior, either in flavor or in appearance. The bird had been caught unfatted in the yard the previous day, and killed by bleeding at the neck. The bird, though only three months old, weighed, after being killed and picked, four pounds. It is this good size, at so young an age, that renders them so desirable for table. They cost but little for food in that short space of time, and their tenderness is unsurpassable. They are then also of a form that no cook can deprecate. In flavor, we also think them most excellent. Another valuable produce of the Cochin-China fowl are its feathers; these are so fluffy as to be nearly equal to goose-down. We have heard from an extensive breeder of Cochins that hens of this variety have laid two eggs within the twelve hours, but then they did not lay the day following.]

Ill Effects Produced from Plants, or Flowers, in a Sleeping Apartment.—The nature of plants is very imperfectly understood. What is delightful by day, at night becomes little better than poisonous. Yet are there some persons so fond of odorous plants and flowers, as to have them in their bed-chamber. This is a very dangerous practice; many of them being so powerful as to overcome the senses entirely. Even plants not in flower, and without smell, injure the air during the night, and in the absence of the sun, by impregnating it with nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. A melancholy proof of this, recorded by Dr. Curry, occurred at Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire. It is thus noticed in the “Gardeners’ Record:” Mr. Sherbrook having frequently had his pinery robbed, the gardener determined to sit up and watch. He accordingly posted himself, with a loaded fowling-piece, in the green-house, where it is supposed he

fell asleep, and in the morning was found dead upon the ground, with all the appearance of suffocation, evidently occasioned by the discharge of mephitic gas from the plants during the night." Instances of men having slept in woods during the night, and being found dead in the morning, are not uncommon. These facts ought to be registered in OUR OWN JOURNAL.—SYLVIA.

Lemon Juice, a Cure for Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, &c.—As we have all been living so long on water, and many of us nearly under water, Mr. Editor, it is no wonder if some of us should be "groaning and bark-ing," as you word it. To cure these bad propensities (which, I agree with you, are annoying to listen to), hear what one of your contemporaries says:—"I am prepared, by experience of its benefits, to state, that those who dwell in damp districts or damp houses, and are hence subject to rheumatism, coughs, colds, &c., will find the free use of lemon juice, where it otherwise does not disagree with them, a most effectual preventive as well as remedy. I have found the regular use of a wine glassful or two a-day, so strengthen a very delicate constitution liable to colds on the slightest occasions, that it defied not only damp, but every inclemency and exposure."—The foregoing is a very simple and a very cheap remedy. At all events it is worth a trial.—ALICE.

[Thank you, Alice. The "water" you speak of, has been in our house for several weeks; and at this time of writing, our cellars are flooded; the water is at least fourteen inches deep. The same "event" has happened to all our neighbors, right and left; so that we will all go to work at once with the "lemon juice;" and try its effects. Lumbago has well-nigh crippled us; and our neighbors' "bark" may be heard from one end of "Our Village" to the other. Surely Hammersmith is a "damp district!"

Diseased Hyacinths grown in Glasses.—Your correspondent, "Fedelta," who complains that the roots of her Hyacinths are mouldy and slimy, and who asks the reason of it, — may take it for granted that the bulbs, previous to use, were put in too damp a place. When bulbs are not properly protected, a small imperceptible fungus attacks the root. This, when exposed to much moisture and warmth, rapidly increases in bulk, making itself visible in the manner described by "Fedelta." Wherever practicable, these excrescences should be cut off, the glasses thoroughly cleansed by washing, and fresh water supplied. Rain water is best for this purpose,—provided it has not been suffered to stand very long.—FLORA G., Worcester.

Large Mushrooms.—The species of mushroom alluded to by "G. P. of Tipton," at page 220, was probably the *Agaricus Georgii*, commonly enumerated amongst the edible mushrooms of this kingdom. They have been abundant in this neighborhood (Gloucestershire) during the past autumn; growing upon, and in the vicinity of manure-heaps in sheltered places. Many of them have attained the size of a dinner-plate. They are coarser in structure than the *Agaricus Campestris*, or common mushroom, of a paler

color underneath; and when boiled, turn of a yellowish brown, and are very deficient in flavor. If not decidedly poisonous, they are extremely unwholesome. I have myself partaken of them on two occasions, in different years, and each time, after about an hour's indescribable uneasiness, my stomach has rejected its offending contents. They however make excellent catsup; that condiment being used in such small quantity that its deleterious effects are not felt. Moreover, I am of opinion that the continued boiling necessary to make it keep good, destroys in a great measure the poisonous quality. In this I am borne out by the following case recorded in the "Penny Cyclopædia:—A lieutenant in the French army, and his wife, ate some mushrooms supposed to be of a wholesome kind, at ten in the morning. The same evening, they were both attacked with severe colic, and the next day they both died. The person from whom the agarics had been procured, as well as all his family, had eaten abundantly of them without inconvenience; but it appeared that the latter had well salted, and then *boiled* them for a time. They had afterwards pressed the agarics before eating them; precautions which the unfortunate lieutenant had neglected.—J. J., M. R. C. S.

The "Jumping Tooth-ache" in the Whale.—There is a very amusing article, Mr. Editor, in the "Journal of an American Whaler," that I am anxious to see transferred to OUR JOURNAL. It refers to the capture of a whale, and I have copied it in the words of the writer—"Among the ailments to which the sperm whales are subject, is the 'jumping tooth-ache.' It operates on their nervous system as it does upon that of mankind,—rendering them crabbed and fractious. Just at day-break one morning, whilst we were cruising on the 'off-shore' ground, a violent commotion in the water about two miles ahead, resembling breakers, attracted attention; it continued unabated, until we were within fifty rods of it. Then, on a sudden, a sperm whale (for such it proved to be) threw his entire body into the air, and fell back into his native element, with a tremendous report. Of course the yards were hauled aback, and the boats lowered, but several minutes elapsed before it was deemed prudent to oppose the monster. Finding however that he had no idea of becoming quiet, we advanced with caution, and succeeded in securing one iron firmly in his back. This rendered him more restless. Giving him plenty of slack line, we removed to a respectful distance,—hoping he would sound, or retreat. But he was not disposed to do either. So, taking our oars, we pulled sufficiently near to give the boat-leader an opportunity to lance him. He seemed to be aware of our intention, for he turned and rushed towards us with the design of giving us a "fowing." This we narrowly escaped. For the next half-hour he chased us, and we had much difficulty in avoiding him. When near us he turned on his back, and raising his jaw, disclosed two handsome rows of ivory. Among terrific objects, surely an enraged whale holds a prominent place! An hour passed in unavailing attempts to accomplish the desired object. The whale became

more furious; the hope of conquering him grew fainter. At length, while the attention of the monster was directed towards us, the mate came upon him in an opposite direction, and dealt him a death wound. This relieved us of a burden of anxiety, which indicated itself in the pallid countenances, and nervous agitation of the boat's crew. He was very reluctant to yield, and the struggle was long and violent. If a cat has nine lives, as is sometimes remarked, that fellow had nineteen. Before night his blubber was in the try-pots and his jaw was stripped of its covering. On extracting the teeth, the cause of his singular movement was revealed. The cavities in several, contained a large number of worms an eighth of an inch in length. The teeth were perfectly sound, but the marrow or nerve of the tooth, which was an inch in diameter at the lower extremity, was in many of them entirely consumed by the insects that seemed to have bred there.—An awkward customer, this, Mr. Editor! The capture reads well in print, but it must have been "another thing" to witness it.—JAMES L., Brighton.

Chemistry of Nature and Art. — There are some very pretty facts, Mr. Editor, scattered over the periodical, entitled the "Scientific American." I have selected some gems, as being worthy of a "setting" in OUR JOURNAL. The writer says,—“Within a very short period chemistry has made many discoveries in the production of artificial odors. Some of the most delicate perfumes exhibited at the 'World's Fair' were made by chemical artifice, from cheap and otherwise offensive matters. Heretofore, the scents of shrubs and flowers used by the rich, the fair and gay, have been obtained from emulsions of those flowers and shrubs themselves. But now, from the foetid fusil oil, the practical chemist has obtained an ether oil, which has the perfume of sweet pears. This is obtained by distilling it with sulphuric acid, acetate of lead, and alcohol. Sweet-scented apple-oil is obtained in the same manner, only the bichromate of potash is employed instead of the acetate of lead. An oil, fragrant as the pine-apple, is obtained from a soap made with butter, and distilled along with alcohol and sulphuric acid. An oil which imitates that derived from almonds, and which is so extensively used for scented soap, is made from offensive coal oil, distilled along with nitric acid. Dr. Hoffman, one of the jury of chemists at the Great Exhibition, was deeply impressed with the importance of these discoveries; and in a letter to Liebig, he particularly directs his attention to them. The component parts for the production of pear oil, he states, are one part by measure of fusil oil; two parts of sulphuric acid; six alcohol; and two parts of the acetate of lead. The oil of bitter almonds, is quickly made by having a glass worm with two tubes; through one of which, flows nitric acid; and through the other, benzole. When they meet, they unite; forming the nitrate of benzole, which is the substitute for the oil of bitter almonds. The most extravagant prices have heretofore been asked and obtained for strong-scented oils. Their prices must soon come down to a more moderate standard. Che-

mistry has demonstrated the fact, that the perfumes of flowers are only ether oils; but the flower is still the most skilful chemist, for it neither finds its acids, alkalis, fats, nor alcohol ready made—it collects them from the air, the earth, and the falling rain. This new branch of chemistry should arrest the attention of our chemists; for there can be no doubt of the fact, that an endless variety of perfumes can be obtained by the distillation of oils, fats, acids, alkalis, and alcohol together. The chemist cannot produce a single blade of grass. In the true sense of the term—although it is so named—there is no such thing as "organic chemistry." He only works with non-vitallic matter; but, at the same time, it is certainly a triumph of science to imitate Nature in any of her productions. This the chemist has done, in those new productions which we have described."—*This may truly be called—a wonderful age!*—OBSERVATOR.

THE MISCHIEF OF FUN.

IT MAY BE DOUBTED whether malignity itself occasions greater mischief in the world than *fun*. If society may count up its thousands of victims to the venomous propensities of the envious and the revengeful, so may it also reckon its thousands of martyrs to propensities the very opposite to theirs—victims to passions the most joyous and guileless—to feelings the most sportive and child-like; in short, to a taste for frolic—to a love of *fun*. The malice of an enemy is sometimes not more dangerous than the gamesomeness of a friend; the slanderous tongues of the envious and the vile often prove far less sharp and fatal, far less productive of permanent misery to the innocent, than the jocularity of a prankish old fool of a nurse, or the light-hearted sally of an affectionate but deplorably-stupid parent.

There is plenty of tragedy in this life, acted in earnest; but there is a good deal of real poisoning done "in jest." People *will* sport jokes that are no jokes. To every domestic circle into which this page may penetrate, the subject will perhaps suggest some recollection of disasters more or less serious that have arisen from silly and unthinking frolics, prompted more especially by that for which human nature has so intense, so enlightened, and so philanthropic a relish—the fun of frightening people. We hope it may be from no bitter or melancholy experience that the reader concurs with us in seeing "no fun in it." The merry laughing face of this species of "fun," has proved a death's-head ere now; the figure of "fun" has turned out to be a hideous hobgoblin with outstretched arms—a finger-post pointing to the next lunatic asylum. If the fatal consequences that frequently ensue from these practical jests admitted of any feeling in the mind, associated however remotely

with ridicule, how exquisitely ludicrous would the position of that man appear, who, having enjoyed his funny trick, and played out successfully his game of fright, beholds his triumph in the pallid visage, the wild glance, the trembling limbs, the hurried pulse, the panting heart of the object of his cruel sport; and becoming alarmed in turn at the effect which he had taken such pains to produce, is obliged to make some attempt to palliate his error and to chase away the spectres he has conjured up, by exclaiming in the most deprecating and apologetic tone—"I never thought it would have frightened you so, it was only my fun!"

We almost wish that the Legislature would—just for the "fun" of the thing—pass some law that might reach these reckless and desperate experimentalists; and punish the humorous players upon people's nerves, with a severity proportioned to the whimsicality of the hoax. The law recognises the criminality of those who carelessly or wilfully sport with the safety of people's legs, arms, or necks; and it is peculiarly severe upon all who heedlessly venture to trifle with the sacredness of our goods and chattels; but it has no eye to the playful freaks of practical jokers, to whose insatiable thirst for fun the credulous child, the timid girl, the weak-nerved woman, fall victims. It has no ear for the short sudden shriek that bursts involuntarily from white and quivering lips, sounding not unfrequently the knell of sanity in those who utter it, or proclaiming the approach of vacant, hopeless, miserable idiocy. The disciples of this school of fun are sure to find plenty of nerves admirably suited for them to work upon.

Children are prepared for the sport almost in their cradles. Nine out of ten are trained up in terror. They are taught the destructive lesson of fear, before they can even spell the word. Before they can speak plainly, they become practised in the instinctive expression of their feelings, by shuddering, screaming, and crying their little hearts out, at the idea of "bogies," and the horror of being left alone in the dark. The very moment this idea is engrafted upon the sensitive mind, the instant this horror takes possession of the child's imagination, it loses something of the health and happiness to which it was born. The dread of being in the dark—of being alone, and in the dark—clouds perhaps all its after-life. It sees nothing that really is, in its true light, from the fear of seeing something which is not. The influence of the first horror of "bogies," remains for years and years after the particular species of "bogies" that had excited the agony of alarm has become an absurdity too childish to be even laughed at. Unconsciously, the mind is sensibly affected, in ten

thousand different forms, by the very image which it despises and ridicules. The silly bugbear of the nursery has an abundant and most appalling progeny. In this, more perhaps than in any other respect, may it be said that "the child is father of the man." The idea of darkness as something terrible would in few instances be fixed in the mind, were it not for the cruel and senseless practices, by which servants of all grades—we may add, teachers of some—work upon the imagination of children. They are taught to see in darkness a natural enemy, as they are sometimes taught to regard school as a punishment. "If you are not good, you shall be shut in the dark closet,"—or "if you don't behave better, you shall be sent to school immediately." These are family phrases not yet quite out of fashion.—
LEMAN BLANCHARD.

[The immense injury inflicted on the minds of children, by their coming in contact with nurse-maids and domestic servants generally,—can hardly be credited. The effects are visible daily; but neither father nor mother seem anxious to remove the evil; and we feel we labor in vain to bring about a reformation. Superstition and ignorance rule the mind of every female to whose care is committed the child of our fondest affection. There is no improvement whatever in this matter. Time works no moral good upon the minds of servants; and children as naturally share their vices now, as ever.]

TOBACCO AND ITS VOTARIES.

THE INSANE RAGE for poisoning the human breath, infecting our public highways, and demoralising humanity, still goes on. From the shop-boy and the "gent," to the gentleman (so called) and the man of fashion—all are smoke-mad. We find by the statistical returns, that upwards of 5,000,000*l.* are annually laid out upon this most beastly article, in its various forms, by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom!!! This is quite credible, when we reflect upon what meets our eye daily, and goes down our throats, in the streets. In filthy habits, we certainly are only *half* a remove from our American neighbors, whose annual consumption of tobacco has latterly exceeded one hundred millions of pounds weight, being at the rate of about seven pounds for each inhabitant! The cost of this abominable indulgence, is calculated at twenty millions of dollars. The editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, on a late occasion, computed that the inhabitants of that city smoked tobacco to the value of 3,650,000 dollars annually, being at the rate of about 3*d.* daily for each individual.

FANCY.—Thought's holiday; the fairy power of the mind, which, like a kaleidoscope, can invest the meanest trifles with the most brilliant hues.

SMILES AND TEARS.

LET'S LAUGH at those who cannot bear
 The various ills of life;
 Those *brave ones* when there's joy to share,
 And *cowards* when there's strife!
 We all have clouds and sunshine,
 The needy with the rich;
 For Heaven hath wisely tempered
 Life's feelings unto each.
 If there are thoughts that sadden,
 If there are acts that madden—
 Why there are things that "gladden,"
 Things that should "patience" teach.
 Then banish peevish cholic,
 And life's too gloomy fits;
 For, like two boys in frolic,
 Joy may with Grief cry—"Quits!"

Clouds will return with Winter's hour,
 But Summer hath its sky;
 If Death's white fingers touch a flower,
 Are there not "fresh ones" by?
 There may be some who hate us
 The while we weep the tear;
 But "some" are sure to love us
 When sorrow blights our cheer.
 Woe may be in our dwelling,
 Our present mirth expelling,—
 But there's a whisper telling
 OF BETTER MOMENTS NEAR.
 Then banish peevish cholic,
 And life's too gloomy fits;
 For, like two boys in frolic,
 Joy may with Grief cry—"Quits!"

Lips may be false, and hearts untrue,
 But ALL are not like these!
 Though wild winds sweep the green earth
 through,
 We have the gentle breeze.
 Though touched at times by sickness,
 We find health's golden mine;
 If common drink be water,
 We now and then get wine.
 Joy is the twin of Sorrow,
 Both from the heart's store borrow,
 And each may fill the morrow
 With weather dull or fine.
 So banish peevish cholic,
 And life's too gloomy fits;
 For, like two boys in frolic,
 JOY MAY WITH GRIEF CRY—"Quits!"

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

THE TIME OF THE YEAR has come round,
 when we are loudly called upon to render
 certain little acts of kindness one to another.
 The under-current of little kindnesses, though
 but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows.
 Although it glides in silent secrecy within
 the domestic walls, and along the walks of private
 life, and makes neither appearance nor
 noise in the world—yet does it prove in the
 end a more copious tributary to the store of
 human comfort and felicity, than any sudden and
 transient flood of detached bounty, however
 ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.
 Let every one of us endeavor to test the truth
 of this. How easy the effort! How undefinable
 the pleasure of doing good, even on a small scale!

THE PRESENT AGE OF CRUELTY.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

WHERE'ER our footsteps roam, from morn till
 night,
 Our hearts are tortur'd with the wretched sight
 Of some poor creature suffering agony—
 The hapless victim of man's cruelty!*

Poor jaded horse! panting so hard for breath,
 Your pain will shortly terminate in death;
 Yes, death will free you from the frightful rack,
 And from the whip that lacerates your back.

Are these poor creatures, given for our use,
 Thus to be treated—goaded with abuse?
 Lash'd, starv'd, and tortured, wounded, bleeding,
 lame,
 And not a voice be heard to cry out "shame!"

Is there no mercy? can the living be
 Dead to the feelings of humanity?
 What sport is it to see the weak oppress'd?
 Dwells there no pity in the human breast?

Children whose little hearts should ever be
 The home of love and sympathy,
 Practise sad acts of cruelty and vice,
 By wounding helpless insects, tort'ring mice.

As they advance in years, they seek to gain
 Some new invention for inflicting pain;
 Such are their "joys" from day to day; and
 then,
 These heartless children grow to worthless men.

Mothers and daughters! stand ye idly by,
 Whilst every street re-echoes with the cry
 Of some poor beast—the sport of villany,
 Of wretched man's insatiate tyranny?

Men! Fathers! Christians! let your voice be
 heard,
 Heed not the jeerings of the heartless crowd;
 Oppose oppression with your latest breath,
 AND SAVE POOR VICTIMS FROM A LINGERING
 DEATH.

* See the recent case of "Roasting a Cat alive,"
 reported at page 377 of our present Number.

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NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

THE DRUID'S CIRCLE.

ABOUT TWO MILES FROM KESWICK, in a field lying between the Penrith and Ambleside roads, is a circle of stones, supposed to have been placed in their present position by the ancient Druids; and to have formed a temple for their idolatrous rites.

In Wordsworth's description of the scenery of the Lakes, this ruin is thus noticed:—"The stones that form this temple are forty-eight in number; describing a circle of nearly a hundred feet in diameter. Most of these stones are a species of granite, and all of them vary in form and size. On the eastern side of this monument there is a small enclosure, formed within the circle by ten stones, making an oblong square, seven paces in length, by three in width. This recess, Mr. Pennant supposes to have been allotted to the priests—a sort of *holy place*, where they met, separated from the vulgar, to perform their rights and divinations, or to sit in council, to determine on controversies, or for the trial of criminals." If, as we may well suppose they did, the Druids aimed at striking their subjects with awe in the performance of their rites, they could not possibly have chosen a more proper place for their purpose. To the north, the bold face of Saddleback, which, in their day, probably bore the name by which it was known to our ancestors; Blencathera, and the lofty Skiddaw by its side, frowning down upon them,—look like some mighty deities, sometimes boldly breaking into the blue of heaven, and anon their venerable heads covered with a misty shroud. Look south, and to your left the long Helvellyn range, and Great Dod, form a stern background to the beautiful vale of Naddle. On the east a long district of almost level land appears, and from it a rounded hill, Mell Fell, seems something unearthly,—so unlike is it to the pikes and rugged tops seen in the sea of mountains to the west.

Indeed, the traveller might search far and near without finding, to the cultivated mind, such a delightful spot for worship, and to the superstitious one, so dreadful. Inside of the circle, about ten years ago were to be seen a number of stunted larch trees, which, though they added to the effect, as seen from a distance, were not much in unison with the other associations of the place. The larch is one of the fastest growers among our forest trees, and therefore could not but be looked upon as an upstart in that venerable place.

In the passage cited above, it is stated that the stones "are a species of granite." Such is not the case, however,—unless greenstone be looked upon as such. On a late occasion, I examined every stone, in company with a friend, and I found that they were composed of the same greenstone as formed the principal formation of Helvellyn. Where these huge masses could have been brought from, is a difficult matter to determine. The bed of the Greta may have furnished a few; but at the nearest, it is more than half a mile distant, and it would be no easy matter to raise these blocks—many of them being upwards of twelve tons in weight—to their present elevated position, unless mechanical power were put into requisition. The fields adjoining may have furnished a few, but even these could not be procured without levers.

The interior of the circle is now covered with a rich turf; and instead of the bellowing of a Druid's horn, may now be heard the bleating of a few sheep, or the lowing of cattle. Even the stones have changed. On the occasion of my last visit, I could not see one which had not been lately more or less broken; and not only from men, but from Nature's self, do they suffer. Lichens are gradually eating them away, thus adorning their rude shapes with figures painted in yellow and in grey. Every one knows the common yellow lichen (*Parmelia parietina*) so common on old walls and palings, and not

a few imagine they see it on these stones; though in truth there is scarce a vestige of it; its place being supplied by another of a more delicate hue, known as the map lichen, (*Lecidia Geographica*.)

It is a curious fact, that while the former of these is abundant on rocks belonging to the secondary and tertiary series, the latter abound on the primitive rocks; and seldom do we see the slightest morsel of the one, where the other is present. The traveller through the lowlands of England is familiar with the parmelia; but when he enters the region of greenstone and slate, in Westmoreland and Cumberland, he loses his old friend, and discovers, for the first time, the natural haunt of the map lichen.—D.

THE FORCE OF HABIT,—

ENGLAND'S ACQUIRED TASTE FOR ARDENT SPIRITS.

MANKIND are, almost all of them, prone to indulge in ardent spirits. Some take them even in the day time; but far more fly to them, as a matter of course, in the evening. It is an English custom with young and old.

That "use is second nature," is a truth too well known to be disputed; but this use, we contend, is an "abuse." Spirits were never intended, under any circumstances, to be enjoyed as a luxury. It is an acquired taste to be fond of them, and the injury they do the human frame is incalculably great. They are certain poison,—slow perhaps, but the effect is sure.

Some time since, at a meeting of the Statistical Society, a Paper on this subject was read by F. G. Neison, Esq., and we feel it a duty to print its substance in our columns. More particularly at this season—when "Joviality," as it is called, is in the near distance; and excess is at its elbow.

Mr. Neison commenced by explaining, that the primary reason for collecting the data brought forward was, to apply the results to "Life-assurance operations," and he had consequently included only well marked cases of intemperance—not brought into his observations men, occasional drinkers, or what is termed generous or "free livers."

Throughout the whole of the tables, the mortality shown was frightfully high. In the 61-115 years of life, to which the observations extended, 357 deaths had taken place; but if these lives had been subject to the same rate of mortality as the general population of England and Wales, the number of deaths would have been 110 only, or less than one-third. At the term of life 21—30, the mortality was upwards of five times that of the general community, and in the succeeding twenty years, it was above

four times greater—the difference gradually becoming less and less.

An intemperate person of 20 years of age has an equal chance of living 15·6 years; one of 30 years of age, 13·8; and one of 40 years, 11·6 years,—while a person of the general population of the country would have an equal chance of living 44·2, 36·5, and 28·8 years respectively. Some curious results were shown in the influence of the different kinds of drinks on the duration of life,—beer drinkers averaging 21·7 years; spirit drinkers, 16·7 years; and those who drink both spirits and beer indiscriminately, 16·1 years. These results, however, were not more curious than those connected with the different classes of persons.

The average duration of life, after the commencement of intemperate habits among mechanics, working and laboring men, was 18 years; traders, dealers, and merchants, 17; professional men and gentlemen, 15; and females, 14 years only. But perhaps the most important circumstance disclosed, was the remarkable similarity between the proportion of crime in the sexes to the proportion of deaths from assigned causes of intemperance. It was shown that the tendency to crime in the male sex is nearly five times greater than that of the female, or more strictly, in the relation of 336 to 1581, while the ratio of death to the population, from assigned causes of intemperance, at the age of 20 and upwards, is in the relation of 8,011 to 36,769, a most remarkable agreement, the difference being under 2½ per cent.

Mr. Neison concluded by giving an estimate of the number of drunkards in England and Wales. From this it appeared, the number of males was 53,583; and females 11,223, making a total of 64,806, which gives 1 drunkard to every 74 of the male population; 1 to every 434 of the female; and 1 in 135 of both sexes.

We can hardly feel surprised at so many persons losing their senses, committing suicide, and sinking prematurely into their graves, when we know *how* they live. Some people seem to look upon us as "a monster," because we will not do as they do, before retiring to rest,—drown our senses in the bottle! In this matter, however, we shall ever remain singular.

SNAKES IN INDIA.

THERE has been so much said of late about snakes, that we offer a few selections from Mrs. Clemons' "Residence in India." From these we gather that travellers in the East have very many hair-breadth escapes; and that the snake is charmed by music. This last has recently been stoutly denied.

Speaking (says Mrs. Clemons) of India and its delights, there is one thing which I must say

is seriously annoying, and that is the continual dread of snakes. The encamping ground is generally chosen away from the beaten track of the village, and in places but little frequented. I was once sitting with Mrs. M—, the lady of a Captain in the Infantry, in her sleeping tent; her three children, one of them was an infant, had just gone to sleep on mats and mattresses upon the ground, when a large cobra di capello (a most deadly snake) about four feet long, crawled into the tent-door, and winding its way round the children's beds, placed itself between two of them. The horror of the moment to both of us, but particularly to my poor friend, cannot be described. It had luckily the effect of stupefaction, for had we made the slightest call or movement it would probably have caused the death of one or more of the innocent sleepers. It might have been nearly five minutes before the venomous reptile took its departure out of the opposite tent-door. It was only then that a violent scream burst forth from Mrs. M—, and that I could find strength to spring from the cot where I had been sitting, and call for aid to destroy the snake, which was happily accomplished before it had reached many yards from the tent-door.

Snakes frequently present themselves on a march, and it is really wonderful how few persons are bitten. One morning, we had arrived at our halting-ground, and my tent not being quite ready, I breakfasted with Mrs. S—, the commanding officer's lady. My friend required a change of clothes, which had been laid under the mattress of the palanquin, on removing which, a large snake was discovered, coiled up under it, and thus Mrs. S— had actually slept soundly upon it for three hours during a march of eleven miles!

Snakes abound nearly as much in cantonments as in marches. I was sitting in my veranda one evening, when a snake about three feet long darted down from the roof (where it had been concealed among some creepers) close to the chair on which I was sitting. Colonel B—, who was with me, had luckily a slight stick in his hand, with which he attacked and soon despatched it. On another occasion, my little boy had come to bid me rise, when he suddenly stopped short and exclaimed, "Large snake, mamma!" To my terror, the monster was seen winding itself round and round my bed-post, and had then reached about a foot above the level of the bed. On its being killed, it proved to be a cobra di capello, six feet two inches long. An officer had a mania for keeping snakes and trying to domesticate them. The snake-catchers used to bring him every variety of species, having their fangs, under which the poison lies, extracted, and thus they were rendered harmless. He had indulged in this curious fancy two or three years, rather to the annoyance of his brother officers who came to visit him. One day, after he had taken his breakfast, he was feeding his snakes with milk according to his daily custom of doing, when one of them suddenly turned, and bit him in the hand. He found, on examining the snake, that the fang had grown again, and that a quantity of poison was secreted, the same as before. He

had it immediately killed, together with the whole tribe of his favorites; but alas! too late; for he died in the course of two days, in spite of all the medical men at Madras, as well as of those at Palaveram, where his regiment was then stationed. In ordinary instances a few hours terminate life; in this, however it was supposed that the second secretion of poison had become weaker in its effects, and consequently the sufferer lingered two days. * * It is really strange, but it is a fact, that the cobra capello is attracted by music; and the snake-catcher is generally attended by a boy, who plays upon a kind of pipe. The snake will follow the boy, and appears much pleased; but the moment he leaves off, he will raise his hooded head, as if in anger. I was once playing upon my harp, in an open veranda, that led into the garden by a few steps; a snake had reached the second step, and lay there for some time unperceived. A gentleman entered the garden and saw it; he was on horseback, and wished to watch the reptile, for which purpose he remained quiet, and bid me by signs to play on; I did so for a few minutes, for which time the snake remained perfectly still. I then left off, when it immediately raised its head, and having darted about the steps for some time, it took refuge in a neighboring bush. The gentleman having dismounted, came to me, and begged me to resume my harp, in order to allure the deadly foe to its own destruction. This I did; the music produced the same effect as before, and the poor creature was shortly killed.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XXXVIII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from page 357.)

WE HAVE NOW another important matter to consider; and that is,—

CAN ATTENTION GIVE RISE TO ANY INSTINCT, FACULTY, OR PROPENSITY WHATSOEVER?

It has long been one of the favorite notions of many philosophers, that attention is the source of all the faculties of man; that one may acquire such or such a faculty, according as he directs his attention to such or such an object, according as he cultivates the faculty in question. Helvetius has gone so far as to say, that there is no well-organised man, who cannot exercise his attention with all the force and constancy, which would need to be employed in order to elevate him to the rank of the greatest men. Such is the eager zeal, for deriving from a single principle all the phenomena of human life! Condillac made sensation the source of all the faculties. According to him, recollection, memory, comparison, judgment, reflection, imagination, and reasoning, are included in the faculty of perceiving. M. Laromiguière, seeing that sensations are almost the same in all men, while their moral and intellectual faculties are infinitely different, and that the sensations are only passive, believed himself

obliged to admit *attention* to be the generating principle of all the faculties. The attention of Laromiguière is the reflection of Locke. Meanwhile no one disputes that sensation, reflection, attention, are innate faculties. But do these faculties give rise to a specific propensity or talent?

Let us see how attention is exercised in animals and in man; and the reader will judge whether the faculties, instincts, and propensities, are an effect of attention; or whether attention is the effect of an innate instinct, propensity, or talent.

Both men and animals are endowed with different instincts, propensities, and talents. With each instinct, propensity, and talent, nature has established determinate relations in the external world. There is, for example, a determinate relation between the silk-worm and the leaf of the mulberry-tree; between the ferret and the rabbit; between the duck and the water; between the hen and her chickens; between man and woman, &c. It is thus, that every living being has certain points of contact with determinate external objects. The more energetic the instinct, the propensity, or the talent, the more numerous are these points of contact; the more intimate are they—and the greater, consequently, the affinity of each quality to its determinate object.

When an animal or a man is excited by the relation which exists between him and his relative object, the man or the animal is found in a state of *attention*. The hungry fox scents the hare; the falcon, gliding through the air, perceives the lark; they are then *attentive*. The philosopher is struck with a happy idea; he is then *attentive*. Now, you will explain why each animal has the habit of fixing his attention on a different determinate object, and why each different man fixes his on different objects. The roe-buck and the pigeon regard with indifference, *without attention*, the serpent and the frog, objects of the attention of the hog and the stork. The child fixes his attention on playthings; the woman, on her children and on dress; men, according to their individual dispositions, on women, horses, battles, the phenomena of nature, &c. Hence, the difference which travellers make, in their descriptions of the same country and the same nation; hence, the diversity of the judgments which different men pass on the same objects; and as La Bruyère says, if each reader expunged, or exchanged according to his fancy, everything in a book repugnant to his taste, or, which he judged unworthy his attention, there would not be a word of the author's left in it.

Every instinct, propensity, and talent, has, therefore, its attention. Attention is, therefore, an effect, an attribute of a pre-existing innate faculty; and anything rather than the cause of this faculty.

If instincts, propensities, and talents are feeble, their relations to their objects are equally so, and neither man nor animal will have a long or a strong attention. It is for this reason that, in infancy, when certain organs are still undeveloped, and, in old age, when the organs have lost their energy, we regard with coldness the same objects, which, at the age of manhood, excite our liveliest interest.

There is no attention, not even the possibility of attention, where there is no interest, no pro-

pensity, no talent, in relation with external objects. Who will inspire the horse with attention for the monuments, which we erect to glory and to immortality? or, the ram, for our arts and sciences? To what purpose to attribute, with Vicq d' Azyr, the want of attention of monkeys, to their turbulence? Show one a female, or a good fruit, and you will find him attentive. To wish to make him attentive to your lectures on neatness or decency, is to forget that his organisation is imperfect in comparison with that of man; and that there exists no point of contact between these qualities, and the innate qualities of the monkey. The same thing takes place in idiots.

No one, I suppose, will be tempted to derive from attention, the ingenious aptitudes, instincts, and propensities of animals. Who would maintain, that the beaver, the squirrel, the loriote, and the caterpillar, build, only in consequence of an attention, which they must have directed to these objects when they were still unknown to them? Even among men, genius ordinarily commences its great works, as it were by instinct, without being aware of its own talent.

In other respects, I leave attention and exercise, as well as education, possessed of all their rights. It is not enough for one to be endowed with active faculties; exercise and application are indispensable to acquire facility and skill. To awaken the attention of men of coarse minds, we must either make a strong impression on their senses,* or we must limit ourselves to the ideas and objects with which they are familiar; that is to say, with which they have already points of contact.

These considerations will suffice to reduce to its just value the merit of the abstraction so much cherished by philosophers,—*attention*.

CAN PLEASURE AND PAIN PRODUCE ANY MORAL QUALITY, OR INTELLECTUAL FACULTY?

Some rest on the doctrine of Aristippus, who explains, in an arbitrary and very inexact manner, the principle of his master, Socrates, with regard to the happiness of man; to regard desire and aversion, pleasure and pain, as the sources, not only of our actions, but likewise of all our qualities and all our faculties.

Animals, children, and half-idiots, are as sensible to desire and aversion, to pleasure and pain, as adult and reasonable men. They ought, then, according to the opinion of Aristippus, to possess as many qualities, the one as the other. It is with desire and aversion as with attention. For what object does a man or an animal feel desire? Is it not for the object, which is most in harmony with his propensities and his talents? The setter has a desire for the chase: the beaver for building, &c. Such a man tastes the most lively pleasure in generously pardoning offences; another rejoices when he succeeds in satisfying his vengeance; this man places his happiness in the possession of riches; the pride of this man is a philosophy which elevates him above human vanities. Desire and aversion, pleasure and pain, have, therefore, their origin in the activity of the different innate propensities and faculties.

* Propensities.

ARE THE PASSIONS AND THE DESIRE OF GLORY,
THE SOURCE OF OUR QUALITIES AND
FACULTIES.

Helvetius maintains, that the sources of all the qualities of the soul and mind, are the desire of distinction, and the passions; and that, consequently, the moral and intellectual forces are not innate.

Helvetius and his partisans ought first to demonstrate, that ambition and the passions are strangers to the nature of man. If they are innate, then they must become, like any other internal impulse, excitants of the other qualities. The innate desire of distinction, an ardent passion for a woman, will certainly animate the courage of the young warrior; but I should vainly wish to shine in the first rank of poets, or of musicians; all my efforts would be useless. Cicero never succeeded in making verses; and Voltaire remained only tolerable in mathematics.

The desire of glory, again modifies itself according to the predominant talents. The actor wishes to distinguish himself in the histrionic art; the warrior, in battle; the musician, in music; the architect, in monuments; the physician, in the art of healing. Whenever this desire amounts to ambition,—to the love of glory, it is at once a proof that the actor, the warrior, the musician, &c., feel themselves penetrated with an energetic faculty, which sustains their activity in spite of all obstacles; and which never fails, not only to give, but likewise to consolidate a brilliant reputation.

The reasoning of Helvetius is a *petitio principii*. He would derive the faculties from the passions; whereas the passions are the strongest expression of our faculties. Each instinct, propensity; each excessively active talent is a passion. Hence, the passion of love, the passion for travelling, the passion for music, building, war, &c. Consequently, the passions suppose the existence of the qualities or the faculties of which they are the extraordinary manifestation.

When Helvetius, to prove his assertion, advances that he has never found an idiot girl, whom love did not render intelligent, we must conclude, that when he was in love, he found all the girls whom he met with, intelligent.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. VII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The month of June, in these quarters, is oftentimes very hot, albeit by many degrees cooler than the two succeeding months. It is, however, a lovely month for a ramble, and especially in the forest. Therefore I was not sorry, as I watched my old master's face whilst he sat sipping his wine, and scanning the summits of the mountains, to perceive there was something in the wind. "Carlo," said I, "there's something brewing; just look at the old master's phiz."

"You are right, brother," remarked Carlo, as he half opened his blinking eyes, and scratched his right ear most vigorously. "Just look down the road, and see if any one's coming?" "By Jove! Carlo, is not that Frère Jean? He is coming just 'a-propos'—all right, my boy."

"Oh, I've just brought these fat fellows," says Jean, approaching Bombyx. "I found them under the old bridge of Lutry, yesterday, where I went to drink a 'verro' with a friend of mine at 'La Belle Vigneronne.'"

"Aye, aye; I suppose so, Jean. Well, well, we'll not ask the name of your fair 'vigneronne.'" and Jean knowingly smoothed down his nose.

"What weather shall we have to-morrow, Jean?"

Here Carlo almost bit a piece off my tail. "Can't you keep your teeth quiet, Carlo? If not, I'll just let you feel mine." "Be peaceable, you two," quoth Jean—"voyons voir. Parbleu oui! c'est le vent du midi. Ca n'amène pas le mauvais tems. It is all right for to-morrow."

"Well, Jean, have you anything particular to do to-morrow?" "Oh que non. I'll just tell two words to Benjamin. Where does Monsieur think of going?"

"I really don't know, Jean."

"Supposons voir that Monsieur should go to Vernand-dessus. I warrant the boxes won't come home empty; and there's a snug chalet at 'Romanip', and another at Crissier."

"Well, be it so; to-morrow at six. Thanks for the caterpillars; they are Sphinx elpenor. Will you call on Mr. K—, the music-master, and see if he can come with us to-morrow—if so, tell him to walk down to-night. We'll manage a bed for him."

Bombyx calls his eldest daughter. "I wish you would just see if all the nets are right, and new cover my pincers. I think we are short of large pins. Karl go to Jacob's, and get some pins No.3." "I'll go, so schnell als möglich," and in three skips he was out of sight.

"Hallo, Karl, stop; I am coming with you," says the eldest boy. "And I too," bawls the other.

"Suppose we go too, Carlo?" said I. "So we will, Fino; I have not been in the town these three days. Perhaps there is something new."

At half-past seven we all returned with the pins and the music-master, and at eight o'clock supper was ready in the open air, Mr. Editor—for in the summer, Bombyx always had his supper in the garden. (To say the truth, I liked this better too.) I fancy we picked up an extra quantity of little scraps out of doors; at half-past ten o'clock all were snoring or dreaming.

Next morning, long before four o'clock, Bombyx was already in motion (but this, during the summer months, is the old boy's regular hour, even now); and collecting leaves for his various caterpillars, as these were always attended to before breakfast. At seven o'clock, his creatures being all cleaned and fed, and breakfast disposed of, off we went, determined to have a long round; and if possible a profitable one—it was always a merry one.

We passed by "Maupas," "Collonges," "la chablière," the residence of the late highly-respected "General Guiger," along the wall of whose noble country mansion we took many caterpillars of "Macroglossa stellatarum," and a little beyond those of "Fusciformis." A little further still, on an old beech tree, we found several "Liparis monacha," a great many beetles, and several pretty "Hesperidae," "Sylvanus,"

"Alveolus," "Actæon," &c., "Galathea," "Lathonia," &c.

At length we reached "Romanel," where we rested awhile at a curious old chalet called "La Croix d'or. We had a capital luncheon, excellent cheese, salad, and famous beer and wine. Having packed the insects already taken as closely as possible, we started afresh, and at last came to "Vernand-dessus," a most lovely romantic spot. The park was adorned with some of the finest timber I ever saw. The oak trees were of a prodigious size; and I think I scarcely ever beheld such splendid beech trees. We sauntered along till we came to a lovely spot, just on the top of a gentle slope towards the south, really quite alive with insects. The vast number of insects taken on this slope I cannot remember; but I know that both the purple emperor and his imperial consort were made prisoners, and a most singular variety of *Onocrychis*; also a vast many *Noctuelles* and *Geometræ*.

The day was uncommonly hot; and a snug grassy mound presenting itself, under the shade of a noble oak, the whole party profited by it, and reposed awhile in this inviting corner. Myself and my brother of course appropriated the best places to ourselves! While *Bombyx* and his party were chatting and laughing, my attention was drawn to a beast I at first took for a cat, some five or six hundred yards off. "Well, thought I, this is a queer cat. "I say, Carlo, just look here!" (but the beast had slipped behind some trees.) "Look where, stupid?" said he, in his usual rough way. "Upon my word, Carlo, I shall never make a gentleman of you, do what I will." And I very kindly described the beast to him; but I got no thanks. He said I was a wild young fool, and must go to sleep and not disturb him with my nonsense.

Well, he was soon snoring again; but I kept my eye on the animal, and shall give you something more about him in my next. Meantime I am, as ever, your faithful friend,

Tottenham, Dec. 8.

FINO.

"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS,"— FISH-PONDS AND TITTLEBATS.

CASTING our eye over a recent number of "Household Words," we were not a little amused to see some few particulars therein given, of our earliest friend,—the "Tittlebat;" or more properly speaking, the "Stickleback."

How very often have we stolen forth, in our young days, ere it was yet light, to be first on the rail of a certain pond, armed to the teeth with a black wine-bottle (broken), some thread, some pins, a long stick, and a bag full of small worms! There have we sat in many a pelting storm, eagerly watching for a "bite,"—and many have been our innocent joys over "a good morning's sport." This might consist of a round dozen of Tittlebats, caught with a crooked pin,—oftentimes without any pin at all. They were all carefully placed in the bottle; and their gambols when thus confined were infinitely diverting. During baby-hood we were the patrons of Tittlebats, and were found in their

haunts early and late. What we here speak of, has reference to the open grounds where *now* stands the Regent's Park. When we were a boy this site was one wide expanse of uncultivated fields,—and here we revelled to our heart's delight in "the joys of angling."

The Tittlebat is a very curious little fellow. His natural history is as interesting as it is singular. He is completely *sui generis*; "none but himself can be his parallel." He was ever loved by little boys, and he ever will be so. We frequently, now, meet juveniles in eager pursuit of our old favorite sport.

From the collected particulars of this little hero of the pond, we learn that the order of things is reversed in his race. The mother is passive, while the father is active. The male takes all the parental cares upon himself. He trains up the young ones in the way they should go, builds the nest, watches the hatching of the eggs, and defends them in the hour of peril!

"At the approach of the breeding season, which commences in May, the male stickleback—which then acquires great brilliancy of color, takes possession of some particular spot which seems fit for his purpose; and chivalrously defends it against all comers. Any other fish that approaches the defended spot is instantly attacked with vigor. Battles result of the most desperate description. Having secured possession of the chosen place by these repeated contests, the little fish begins the business of nest-building. He collects together every little fibre he can find, which appears likely to suit his purpose; and in so doing, he makes careful selection. The fitness of every piece he, in the first place, carefully tries by dropping it from his mouth,—watching it as it sinks in the water; if it falls rapidly; that is to say, if it is heavy enough to lie still at the bottom of the water, it is immediately carried off and added to the materials already collected; but, if it falls too slowly, it is tried a second time in the same way; and if proved too light, it is abandoned altogether.

If the tittlebat should chance to meet with any piece peculiarly well fitted for some special purpose, he carries it off immediately to his nest. Here an extensive re-arrangement of his materials takes place, apparently in order to dispose of the new prize in the most favorable manner; and it is only by dint of great labor that he succeeds at last in getting every piece fitted in the best way to his perfect satisfaction. The fibres are pressed strongly into the mass of materials with the nose of the fish; any refractory piece is kept in the desired position by means of a small stone, or a few particles of sand brought in the mouth, and neatly dropped upon it; if, however, this method should not succeed, the offending fibre is rejected altogether.

"After a short time the tittlebat makes a round hole in the middle of the mass that he has built, by pressing upon it with his snout. He then continues his previous operations, building up the walls of the nest by the constant addition of fresh fibres; pressing them in, and interlacing them continually with his nose. These operations, however, do not proceed without interruption. Any other male fish that may chance to make his appearance in the neighborhood of

the nest, is promptly attacked; whilst, by way of a more agreeable distraction, the artificer sometimes dashes off in pursuit of the female, seizing her by the fins, and testifying the extremely lively nature of his love. Sometimes the materials collected, are gently shaken up, or tugged asunder in various directions. Then again, compressed; sometimes, the fish hangs, head downwards, immediately over the nest, with his body and fins in a curious state of vibratory motion. By these means, a strong current of water is impelled over the structure, apparently for the purpose of testing its firmness; and for the washing out any light loose matter which might make the fabric of the nest unsafe. Sometimes he draws his body slowly over the surface of his work, apparently at the same time emitting some glutinous fluid, which, perhaps, assists in keeping the materials together, or which, possibly, may be the milt—the same operation being performed after the deposition of eggs by the female fish.

"The nest, when complete, is of an irregularly round form, measuring more than an inch across: the central hole is roofed in, and a small opening being constructed at each side of the nest, a direct passage is formed throughout. The nest is then carefully examined on every side; any loose ends are pushed in and loaded with additional sand. The whole arrangement having been thus carefully brought to perfection, the female approaches the nest for the purpose of depositing her eggs. As soon as she appears, the male fish appears mad with excitement; darts round her in every direction; then flies to his nest and back again, betraying in every possible way the most frantic delight. The female then, passing through the nest, deposits the spawn in the cavity prepared for it.

"The cares of the male fish do not end here. He remains assiduous in his attention to the nest; sometimes shaking up the materials, sometimes repairing it, sometimes putting his head into the aperture at the top, to assure himself of the continued safety of his treasures; or, now and then hanging head downwards over it, to drive a current of water over the spawn, probably for the purpose of free ventilation. In the midst of all these occupations, he does not lose his chivalrous propensities; but still defends his charge,—dashing down like a true fish-at-arms upon any stranger who intrudes on his domain.

"But his assiduities increase when the young fry begin to be hatched. Then, the combats become more frequent, and more prolonged; being conducted, according to one observer, with much science. The sparring, in one instance observed by Mr. Hancock of Newcastle, 'was very wary and generally lasted a few seconds before the combatants closed. The attack was usually commenced by one quietly creeping up, watching its opportunity. On this, the other, acting on the defensive, would turn its broadside to the enemy, and raising the ventral spine, wait to receive the onslaught. The assailant, intimidated by this formidable demonstration, would then slowly retreat, and, in its turn, had in the same manner to defend itself. After thus advancing and retreating for a few times,—one taking advantage of an unguarded moment, would rush

in upon its opponent and butt at it with its head, apparently endeavoring to bite. The other, rallying, returned the compliment; and after dashing at each other in this way two or three times with extraordinary rapidity, the round would terminate, and each fish retreat to its nest to recommence its more immediate duties.'

"The parent at this time rarely quits the nest. During the day, his attention to his offspring is unwearied; during the night, he rests either upon or close alongside the nest. When any members of the young family venture for the first time to swim out, they are instantly seized in the mouth of their ever-watchful guardian, and are quietly put back into the nest. Rarely do any of them, at this time, escape his vigilance; and when they do, it is commonly their fate to fall into the jaws of an enemy. They are devoured by fish of their own species.

"In about three days after the first appearance of fry in the nest, all the eggs are hatched; and the parent's labor for the ventilation of the nest ceases. The young that were first hatched, are then allowed more liberty; and the whole of the family is, by degrees, accustomed to a less restricted boundary. For some time, however, they are all kept within certain limits, and brought back in the mouth of their parent whenever they succeed in breaking out of bounds."

Thus ends this short but eventful history of "the Tittlebat." It is quite clear to us, that somebody, ardent as ourselves, has had sleepless nights, tracing his habits and collecting his peculiarities. The loving manner in which they are here recorded, warrants us in saying that the chronicler has frequently indulged in the use of the thread,—the stick—the crooked pins—the bag of little worms—and the black wine-bottle (broken). Boys and Tittlebats!—long may ye live to keep each other company!

"LATIN" PRESCRIPTIONS.

"MEDICAL prescriptions," says an eminent physician, "are written in Latin; and this practice is *not only ridiculous, it is likewise dangerous*. However capable physicians may be of writing Latin, I am certain apothecaries are seldom able to read it; and that dangerous mistakes, in consequence of this, may often happen. But supposing the apothecary ever so capable of reading the physician's prescription, he is generally otherwise employed; and the business of making up prescriptions is left entirely to the apprentice. By these means, the greatest man in the kingdom, even when he employs a first-rate physician, *in reality trusts his life to the hands of an idle boy, who has not only the chance of being very ignorant, but likewise giddy and careless.*"

[There is much herein for calm reflection. What fools we *all* are, in some things!]

INQUISITIVE PEOPLE.—Whenever we fall in with inquisitive people, we always foil them. Our weapons are small, but deadly. They are,—"yes" and "no!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED. — BOMBYX ATLAS. — D. — W. H. — ANNA. — W. M. — W. COX. — W. SPENCER. — Thanks. We have, in our FIRST VOLUME, given a first-rate Receipt for making German Paste. Leave out the hemp-seed; and use blanched almonds (mixed) in its stead. — G. GREEN. — J. N. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — As we always print one number of the JOURNAL *in advance*, such of our Correspondents as may not receive replies to their questions in the current number, must bear in mind that they are *not* forgotten. We pay marked attention to ALL favors.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, December 18, 1852.

ANOTHER WEEK WILL BRING US TO CHRISTMAS. How very many hearts beat high at the sound of that word! It certainly is full of expressive meaning.

We have often insisted upon it, that half our pleasures consist in the anticipation of pleasure. Our imagination goes far ahead of our positive enjoyments. Hence the expression—we “live in hope.” Well for us it is that we can do so. It is a wise provision of nature. Hope is a safe anchor.

The Christmas of the olden time has long since been forgotten. That *was* a Christmas! The very account of what was eaten and drunk during that festival, fills one with amazement. The sports, too,—how varied and how curious!

OUR Christmas is of a quieter kind. We are not fashioned, we imagine, quite in the same manner as our forefathers were. What *they* disposed of in the matter of eatables and drinkables is incredible. We cannot do one-twentieth part of the execution *they* did; and yet we shall do sufficient to keep the medical men in affluence for the next twelve months.

Twelfth-cakes, custards, plum-puddings, mince-pies, tarts, wine, brandy, and liqueurs, will from to-day be in unceasing requisition for very many weeks to come. Meantime, the poor, harmless, inoffensive stomachs, that are to be receptacles of these “dainties,” and to digest them,—*if they can*, look tremblingly on, and passively wonder where it will all end. So do we.

Whilst we now write, there is a general preparation for “breaking up” in schools. Lessons may be “set;” but those lessons will not be learnt. Precepts may be gravely enforced; but they will nevertheless be lightly regarded. The heart thinks of “home.” It can take heed of nothing else. Oh! how well can we remember the many sleepless nights *we* had, at school, when talking to our school-fellows about the happy day for going-home! Then—the ceremony of writing the “breaking-up letter” to Papa and Mamma!

We expect now, daily, to hear the high-ways resound with the joyous cries of roys-tering boys coming home for the holidays. Many of them still return in coaches, notwithstanding the facilities offered by railways.* We can even now see their ruddy, happy faces,—full of fun, and “up” to everything. We can overhear them planning sundry little affectionate surprises for Maria; speaking of feats (never before heard of) to “come off” under the misseltoe,—and pleasantries innumerable to be put into practical operation the first opportunity that offers. Joyous rogues! Give a loose to your exuberant fancies. Plan,—execute,—and be happy while ye have the license. If ever we envy the feelings of Papas and Mamas, it is when we see them embrace their boys and girls fresh from school. The *re-union* is a holy one; the joys of beholding them all again safely returned are better felt than described. But we must now take a peep at what is going on preparatory to Christmas.

The first decided “move” towards the Christmas festivities in London, is the arrival of prize oxen, exhibited at the annual Cattle Show. These have arrived,—have been admired; and whilst we write, are being slaughtered. When next met with, they will be in homeopathic combination (*à la suet*) with the ingredients of a Christmas plum-pudding.

From this day forward, the London shops will be “a picture” to gaze upon. Everything that the young heart delights in, everything that the eye can covet, everything that can tempt the appetite—will be exhibited in endless profusion by day; and have a still stronger light thrown upon it by night. Oh! the many anxious, longing, inquisitively-pretty eyes that may now be seen, peering in at every shop window! A pretty cap, or a smart ribbon, is a killing bait.

No one rejoices to watch the “progress of events” more than we do,—when the weather is seasonable, and a good stirring frost causes folk to move trippingly on. A cold, bright day,—when the sun peeps cheerily down and gilds the passing scene—makes people quite good-tempered and jolly. Their eyes sparkle, their chins look amiably crisp, their faces round and “short,” and their noses “trim.” They walk too at a rate of speed that circulates the blood, and are all activity. We look, and they look; we smile, and they smile. In that look, and in that smile, lurks a world of merry meaning. Rely on it, the holly, and the misseltoe-bough are in the near distance; and associated with them come thoughts most

* The oft-recurring and frightful accidents on all railways, render this precaution on the part of parents *absolutely necessary*. Nobody now feels “safe” or comfortable when travelling by rail. —ED. K. J.

harmlessly yet ridiculously-pleasing. We avow as much, when we all meet and pass. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

As for the shops,—how shall we describe them, and their commodities? We cannot. The grocer looks quite spicy. The dealer in venison quite buck-ish. The poulterer winks at us, as we pass; and looking up, tells us there has been “war with Turkey.” The pork-butcher recommends us, if our family be large, to “go the whole hog;” and the brandy merchant is quite in spirits while booking our order. In short, there is no end to luxuries—no end to the inducements held out to purchase them.

Covent Garden, too, exhibits a lively scene at this season. Vegetables forced, and vegetables *au naturel*, are piled up in lavish abundance. Rich fruits too are there; of every kind, and from every quarter of the globe. Then there are those immense branches of variegated holly, with their pretty red berries; and that universally-petted domestic ornament,—the misseltoe bough. Of these, there seems to be no end. They arrive in large quantities, but they are purchased as quickly. We imagine there are very few houses indeed left destitute of these honors.

To view the various things we have hinted at in outline, is now the daily occupation of thousands; and we repeat that we feel much pleasure in seeing so many persons pleased. Every face you meet is a study; and every street you pass through, leads to endless meditation and thought.

Having, in our description of the “CHRISTMAS TREE,” gossipped at some length upon the grand object of families meeting at Christmas, we will not now dwell further upon it; but let us emphatically entreat all those who are above want, not to forget at this season “those for whom nothing is prepared.” The same eye that falls upon happy faces, gazing into shop windows groaning under luxuries,—falls also upon many a poor creature, pale, wan, starving. Both parties are looking eagerly and anxiously at the same things; but both are actuated by widely different feelings. What rejoices the one, is torture to the other.

There are *many* ways of doing good, at a small cost; nor shall any of us sit down to a comfortable dinner (on Christmas Day), the less happy for having conferred a part of our happiness upon some poor creature who would otherwise, perhaps, have gone without a meal whilst we were feasting.

SAD OUTCRIES HAVE REACHED US of general sickness prevailing in the POULTRY-YARDS, far and near. We are asked to account for a variety of maladies, which have been brought under our notice seriatim.

There can be no doubt whatever, that the sickness complained of arises from the damp-

ness of the atmosphere; and from the heavy rains that have fallen from one end of the country to the other. We are quite sure that two-thirds at least of the ailments spoken of, have their origin in this cause.

The first thing to look to is, warmth; and the fowls’ “walk” must be kept dry, sweet, and wholesome. Clean water, of course, must be given them daily, and a constant variety of food. Boiled potatoes, rice, cabbage, bread and milk, &c.,—all administered warm; these will soon work a change. Wherever it is practicable, let your fowls have a run in the garden. At this season, they cannot do much harm; and the live-food they will find among the trees, cannot fail to do them good.

We have ever found it advisable, to have earth mould as a top dressing to our poultry yards; and this is turned up constantly. Not only does this arrangement keep the ground dry by filtration, but it harbours a multitude of worms; and worms, at this season, are invaluable for fowls. Of course the ground is considerably raised; and perches are erected at a suitable height to afford a retreat from the damp. Among all our live-stock, *not one single animal is ailing*. Yet have we our land saturated with water, and every external cause for fear.

It may be urged that we “love” our fowls, and that we take extraordinary care of them. That is true. But nothing can be well, and efficiently done, without trouble.

We are still teased to death about the Cochin China fowls, and asked what we think about them. We have already said, that we consider them awkward, ungainly creatures, immensely over-rated in every respect. Their eggs are not large; their gait is frightfully ugly; and their crow is positively offensive,—quite unearthly. We have given one statement (borrowed) in our 50th number, of their being good food for the table. The truth of this, however, we very much doubt. Neither, as yet, are they hardy birds.

The same *furore* was extended towards these gigantic birds, as was recently shown for enormously-large strawberries, prize oxen, over-fat rabbits, &c., &c. There always does exist some unnatural morbid taste; and this is one. We shall never admit any such monstrosities among our stock.

To show the mania that prevails in favor of these gawky birds, we need only point to the late sale at the Baker Street Bazaar. There were 200 birds sold there, belonging to Mr. Sturgeon, of Grays. The united sale realised, we are told, nearly £700. There were some single specimens which sold for 12 guineas; and numbers produced £4, £5, and £6 each.

All sorts of persons attended the sale; both high, low, and middle men. Those which

are reckoned of the most pure breed, are of a uniform buff color. A single dark feather would be fatal to a high price. So much for taste!

Let us say what we will, no fowl can surpass the Dorking—if wanted for the table; nor will any beat the Hamburgh for eggs.

THE SENTIMENTS WE EXPRESSED IN A RECENT NUMBER, touching a proper observance of the Sabbath, in the fear of God,—have been received as we imagined they would be, with great favor. Were it not for the rule we have laid down to exclude Religion and Politics, we should much like to print several of the very interesting letters that have reached us, from high quarters, seconding and confirming our views.*

We see no reason to recall one word that we have written; and we again maintain, that sincerity and an honest heart are the best and only acceptable sacrifices to our Creator. The day for religious cant is gone by. Our eyes are now open to see our teachers; and priestcraft can no longer ride over us roughshod. "The wayfaring man, though a fool," has an unerring guide; and the "little Monitor within" never fails to tell us when we do wrong. Only let us take the "hint," and act upon it, and we may be a happy nation yet.

* The writer "G.C.," who so kindly communicates to us the sad goings-on in the West of England with the "Sisters of Mercy," Auricular Confession, and a certain notorious Bishop (all, alas! but too well known to us before).—must excuse our not printing his letter. Much as we may deplore the fall of the Protestant cause, yet are such subjects unsuited for discussion in OUR JOURNAL.—ED. K. J.

THE WELLINGTON MANIA IS AT ITS HEIGHT. John Bull is as mad as ever. All the rag-a-muffins in London have received "tickets" to see "St. Paul's hung with black;" and have reaped a rich harvest by selling the said tickets to strangers. This is the way "things are managed in London." The Duke's "good-name" has served its turn!

Well; one thing is clear. We have lost a good soldier, and an honest man. Peace to his manes! Yet do we blush to record what has sprung from his ashes. Could he but know it!—but he can't.

The death of the Duke of Wellington was the immediate signal for all the evil passions of man to be brought to light. The sorrows of death, one would have thought, (foolishly) had power sufficient to make a nation weep. Weep! oh—no! The warrior's soul had scarcely quitted the body, ere every London tradesman, rich and poor, pounced upon the name of "Wellington," as a step-

ping-stone to fortune. Rapacity, and extortion of every kind, were openly—unblushingly practised; and all was put down to the account of "the lamented Hero of Waterloo!!"

Trafficking in seats to view, has already been so mercilessly exposed and commented upon by all the respectable public Journals, that we need not go over the same ground again. We are indeed "a nation of shopkeepers!" Napoleon was quite right in saying so. When money is in question, an Englishman really does appear to be altogether divested of a conscience. Gold is indeed his only God.

The Foreign Journals have immortalised our recent "doings," in connection with the State Funeral. With all their severity, however, our neighbors have spoken but the truth of us. We have disgraced ourselves, signally; and they have a right to laugh at us.

As for the name of Wellington,—we believe it never will die. It distinguishes everything now in use,—from a thimble to a mustard-pot. The hosiers, glovers, pastry-cooks, hatters, silversmiths,—all are big with the name of Wellington. Even oysters are recommended as the "Wellington Oysters;" and it has descended as low as the Whelk. This tomfoolery is disgusting; but John Bull lives on it. He would die, were it not for such excitement.

The "Guy-Fawkes Car,"* too, which conveyed the body to its final resting-place,—that was indeed a fair object for proper ridicule! It was worthy of the taste (!) of its brainless designers, who now try to cast the blame upon the manufacturers. But, as we have said, the tom-foolery is now over. We have had our "fun"—and have got to pay for it.

Poor Arthur,—Duke of Wellington! Couldst thou have seen the tawdry set-out that was preparing to "do thee honor,"—how wouldst thou have exclaimed,—"Save me from MY FRIENDS!"

May WE never live to see another State Funeral!

* So called by the Newspaper Press.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Toads, casting and eating their Skins.—You have proved, Mr. Editor, very satisfactorily, that toads eat their skins. However, I will give you additional evidence of that fact. Some time during the month of July, 1851, I was sitting cosily in one of the vineries, smoking a fine flavored cigar. I was in a particularly happy vein I remember; for my vines were healthy and vigorous, and nature all round me was charmingly attractive. Whilst blowing a cloud, and gazing listlessly on the spiral smoke as it curled gracefully upwards, my eye chanced to fall upon a toad

which nearly touched my feet. I thought little of this; as several of these creatures had made this vinery their home. I imagined the animal was looking for flies, and therefore took little notice of him. He seemed, however, unusually fidgetty; and he wreathed about as if in pain. This induced me to regard him more closely, and to put on my glasses,—thus clapping a DOUBLE PAIR of eyes upon his movements. It was evident that he cared nothing for this; for he at once tore half his skin off his back,—and swallowed it. By a second Herculean tug, he ripped off the other half; and stood before me perfectly naked! When he had swallowed this last remnant of his skin, he looked as pleased as Punch. No alderman indeed could have looked *more* complacent, after having swallowed a tureen of turtle; whilst “preparing” for the venison “to follow.” This toad, I fancy, was only half grown. It was of a very moderate size. Now, Sir, as I am no chicken, but rather an old “rooster” (to use the refined American phrase), I hope to meet with a ready credence from your readers.—THOMAS RIVERS, *Sawbridge-worth*.

[We thank you, Sir, for being so minutely particular. Cases reported as you have reported this, carry with them a conviction of their truth.]

Spines of Cacti.—It has been mentioned, says Hooker, as something remarkable, that one of M. Ehrenberg's Cacti had upwards of 2000 spines. By counting first the number of spines, then that of the bundles of each rib, and ultimately that of the ribs of every individual, I arrived at the following result: An *Echinocactus Wislizeni* was found to have 8,360 spines, and the *E. Visnaga*, in the Royal Gardens, 17,600. There was formerly at Kew a specimen of the latter, three times larger than the present, and which cannot have had less than 51,000. Those cacti whose bundles consist of a greater number of spines, present results still more surprising. The tallest *Pilocereus senilis* at Kew, having 30 in each bundle, has a total number of 72,000. Yet these plants, giants as they appear in European conservatories, are but pigmies among their kindred at home.—ELIZA G.

Tricks of “Bird Sellers” in the Streets.—There are many cases on record, Mr. Editor, of certain fair damsels having purchased canaries, “warranted,” in the street; which, on taking their first bath, have proved themselves anything but “fast colors,”—being immediately “washed out” into plebeian sparrows. Some time since, a lady relative of mine bought a bullfinch of one of these street worthies. It was stated to be a first-rate vocalist, of course; but I hardly need tell you, it proved itself a true follower of the goddess Muta. A few days since, I witnessed another of these street tricks. A fellow was standing with two showy birds in a cage at the corner of Leadenhall Market. He called them mock nightingales, and warranted their song to be *superior* to that of Philomel himself. He would soon have disposed of them, had I not crossed over the road, and ejaculated the word—*wagtail!* They were the yellow wagtail, (*motacilla flava*), well known to ornithologists, but quite unknown to Cocknies. I dare say the fellow wished me at

Jericho. There is no doubt, however, that he did eventually dispose of his “mock nightingales.”—WALTER TEBBITT, F.L.S.

[People who purchase birds in the street, are invariably “sold” the moment the birds are “bought.” These tricks are very common.]

Deformity in Young Canaries.—Can any of your readers, Mr. Editor, throw a light upon the following? A friend of mine in this town (Boston), put up a pair of Canaries for breeding, in April last. The hen laid five eggs, and in due time hatched five young ones. Of these *not one had any feet!* Their legs all terminated with a stump. In all other respects they were perfect. My friend, thinking it better to do so, killed them. The same pair of birds had a second brood: of these, none were perfect, some having only one claw on each foot. My friend was more fortunate in the third brood. The young were all perfect. I shall be anxious to see, if we can hear of any other parallel cases.—W. H., *Boston*.

[We imagine the male bird was too young, in the first instance. We always recommend their being two years old when they are put up.]

Interesting Particulars connected with the Coral.—The smallest fragment of coral is an object of interest. It is covered with perforations, but these punctures are not intended merely to add to its beauty. Every one of these little holes, or cells as they are called, was the habitation of an industrious polype. During its whole life it was building up its beautiful abode, and that without any painful effort on the part of the inmate, which was all the while enjoying itself amidst the eastern waves, spreading out its numerous tentacula in search of food abounding in the waters; or if threatened with being made the prey of some rapacious neighbor, ready on the slightest warning to retreat into its coral cave where it was safe as amidst the munition of rocks. When we admire a specimen of coral on our mantelpiece, or in the cabinet of the curious, few are aware that we see not half its beauty. We have before us a portion of a beautifully-built city; but where are its gay and active inhabitants? When in its native position in the deep, the numerous inhabitants appear in bright array at the portals of their houses, like a happy assemblage of living flowers, not inferior in beauty to the flowers which adorn our gardens. Many of our sailors, who bring home to their friends beautiful fragments of coral, are not aware that they were once inhabited. As they were collected when left uncovered by the tide, the inmates were unseen; having retreated into their moist cells till the waves should revisit them. A ship-master told me that on his first voyage to the South Seas, being delighted with the beautiful corals which abounded on the shore, he resolved to bring home presents to his friends in Scotland. He laid in a good supply; but he had not been many days at sea when his collection became so unsavory that he was glad to throw the whole into the deep. On a second voyage, he profited by past experience; and having enclosed his corals in a net, he plunged them into the sea, and fastening the net by a rope to the stern, he allowed it to be dragged in the

wake of the vessel for several days. When hauled up at the end of this time, the corals were found to be sweet and pure. The little scavengers of the deep had entered the minutest cells; and had eaten up what, in consequence of putrefaction, would soon, as on a former occasion, have sent forth an offensive odor.—D. LANDSBOROUGH.

The Wellington Pageant.—You are much to be commended, Mr. Editor, for the manner in which you have spoken about the late "Grand Procession." There *was* indeed nothing "solemn" about it. It was simply "a show;" and no more. I agree with you, that it was little better than a "puppet-show." I see a writer in "Household Words" has been far more severe than yourself; nor have the respectable Journals, collectively, hesitated to speak their minds as freely about it. The day was a day of feasting,—not of fasting. There was nothing whatever to induce solemnity, either of thought or feeling. It was altogether a grand mistake. Of all men, the departed Duke would have been the very first to repudiate such unmeaning "honor" paid to the dead.—PEREGRINATOR.

[We have received a number of communications to a similar purport; but we think this one will be quite sufficient to mark the sense of the whole. We have elsewhere expressed our feelings on the matter. There was no attempt at "solemnity." It was simply a pageant, which the multitude gazed at,—turning the remainder of the day into one of enjoyment. This *ought not* to have been the case; but it was a Government transaction, and it is therefore beyond our jurisdiction. All who are real friends of the worthy Duke, must have been disgusted indeed with the empty display!]

The Moss Rose.—There are some very curious and interesting particulars, Mr. Editor, in the "Gardeners' Record," respecting the origin of the moss rose. I send them to you, believing they are worthy a place in OUR OWN. The writer is Mr. H. Shailer, residing at Chapel Nursery, Battersea Fields. He says:—On the first introduction of the old red Moss Rose, it was sent over with some plants of orange trees from the Italian States to Mr. Wrench, then a nurseryman and gardener at Broomhouse, Fulham, in or about the year 1735. It remained in that family nearly twenty years, without being much noticed or circulated, until a nurseryman of the name of Grey, of the Fulham nursery (now Messrs. Osborn's), brought it into note. In speaking of the first production of the white moss rose, which took place in the year 1788, the first birth was from a sucker or under-ground shoot. My father, Henry Shailer, nurseryman, of Little Chelsea, an extensive grower of moss roses,* perceiving it to be a *lusus naturee*, from a stool of the red Moss, cut it off and budded it on the white Provins, or Rose La Blanche Unique. The buds flowered the following season a pale blush; he budded them again the following season. It became much whiter, It was then figured in Andrews' "Rosery," under the name

of Shailer's White Moss. He then sold it out; the first plants to Lord Kimbolton, then to the Marquis of Blandford, Lady de Clifford, the Duke of Gloucester, &c., at five guineas per plant. He continued to sell it at that price for three years. He then entered into a contract with Messrs. Lee and Kennedy of Hammersmith; they taking as many plants as he could grow for three years at 20s. per plant, binding him not to sell to any one else under 42s. per plant. After cutting down the shoots which produced the white moss, it threw up two weak shoots, which he budded from; they flowered the second season from the buds. That was the birth of the striped Moss Rose, a most beautiful and delicate variety; but when grown very strong, apt to go back to the original parent. The first production of the single red Moss Rose in 1807, was a sport of nature. My father sent some plants of moss roses down to a nurseryman of the name of Essex, in Colchester. On the receipt of a letter from that person, I went with my father to see it when it was in bloom. I took some cuttings away with me to bud, and fetched the original plant away in the following autumn to our nursery at Little Chelsea. We sent the first plants out at 5s. On the first production of the old scarlet moss rose, which is a semi-double, it flowered on a plant given by my father to his brother, Mr. F. Shailer, of Cook's Ground, and Queen's Elm, Chelsea, in 1808, nurseryman. The first production of the Moss de Meaux, was from a sport of nature from the old De Meaux, in the neighborhood of Bristol; but brought into a high state of perfection by Messrs. Lee of Hammersmith. The birth of the sage-leaf Moss Rose I must claim myself. It was a sport of nature. I discovered it on a Sunday afternoon, in the month of June, 1813. I sold the whole stock to Messrs. Lee, of Hammersmith. It has a delicate shell-like form, and is a beautiful blush; it is now nearly extinct. The Rose Blanche Unique, or White Provins, was discovered by Mr. Daniel Grimwood, of Little Chelsea, nurseryman; he was on a journey of business in the county of Norfolk, in the month of July, 1775; when riding very leisurely along the road, he perceived a rose of great whiteness within a mill; he alighted, and on close inspection, he discovered it to be a Provins Rose. He then sought an interview with the inmate of the mill, who was an elderly female. He begged a flower, which was instantly given him; in return, he gave her a guinea. In cutting off the flower, he cut three buds. He went to the first inn, packed it up, and sent it direct to my father, at his nursery, Little Chelsea, who was then his foreman—requesting him to bud it, which he did. Two of the buds grew. In the following autumn, he went down to the same place; where for five guineas he brought the whole stock away. He then made an arrangement with my father to propagate it, allowing him 5s. per plant for three years. At the expiration of that time, he sold it out at 21s. per plant—my father's share amounting to upwards of £300. Mr. Grimwood sent the old lady at the mill a superb silver tankard, &c., to the amount of £60. The Shailer's Provins, or *Rosa gracilis* (so named by Messrs. Lee), was raised from the seeds of the spineless, or Virgin's Rose, sown by

* Faulkner's "History of Chelsea."

myself in 1799, and flowered in 1802. We raised numerous varieties from seed up to 1816; generally selling them to Messrs. Lee, who sent them out under their own naming. I can vouch for the truth of the above.—The above can hardly fail to interest all who love the Moss Rose.—**SNOW-DROP.**

A Sparrow killed by the Electric Wires.—On Monday last, Mr. Editor, at the Stockport station, a sparrow was observed to alight upon one of the wires of the electric telegraph. The bird did not exhibit the slightest symptoms of uneasiness; but, on the contrary, kept hopping about and chirping, as sparrows are wont to do, for about a minute. It then fell suddenly upon the ground, and died in about five minutes afterwards. This was, no doubt, produced by the shock which the bird received from the electric current passing along the wire, and which was sufficient, in this case, to suspend animation.—**J. B., Stockport.**

A Live Mussel said to be imbedded in Sand.—The following, Mr. Editor, is recorded in the last number of the *Preston Pilot*. If true, it certainly is very curious. A few days ago, as some men were making the necessary excavations for the sewerage in a field below the Ormskirk parish church, on the Southport-road, one of the men found a mussel lodged in a bed of sand, about six feet from the surface. The fish was alive and healthy. The sand in which it was found was of a light and porous nature, similar to that on the sea-shore, and quite unlike the soil by which it was surrounded. It must have been lodged there for a vast number of years. It requires strong faith to believe this,—does it not? —**JAMES L., Northallerton.**

[We cannot attempt to put this forth as a "fact," but record it as an *on dit*.]

The Cheese Mite.—A very minute apterous insect, of the acarus genus. It is so small as to be very nearly microscopic. It accumulates, in great multitudes, upon dry decayed cheese; and by an extraordinary perversity of taste, it constitutes, in the estimation of many gourmands, a grand recommendation of the *putrid* caseous masses which it overruns and inhabits! How it gets into cheese is not known. A colony of it, as seen through a microscope, are interesting objects of both curious and scientific observation. But how they can be pleasant subjects of mastication, or desirable tenants of the human stomach, none but gourmands and gross feeders are able to conceive. A cheese-mite has eight legs; and between two claws, on the foremost four of these, is a long-necked vesicle which possesses great capacity of inflation and contraction. When the mite sets down its foot, the vesicle inflates. When the creature lifts up its foot, the vesicle contracts.—**W. T.**

[Decayed cheese, eaten in excess, is little better than poison.]

The Cocoa-nut Crab.—M. Darwin, in his "Voyage Round the World," thus describes a crab which lives upon cocoa-nuts, and which he found on Keeling Island, in the South Seas:—

"It is very common on all parts of this dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. It has a front pair of legs, terminated by strong and heavy pin-cers, and the least pair by others which are narrow and weak. It would at first sight be thought impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoa-nut covered with the husk; but M. Liesk assures me he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing away the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated. When this is completed, the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of these eye-holes, till an opening is made. Then, turning round its body, by the aid of its posterior and narrow pair of pin-cers, it extracts the white albuminous substance." I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature, as a crab and a cocoa-nut.—**WILLIAM T.**

How to make Old Oak.—The appearance of old oak may be obtained by exposing any article of new oak to the vapors of ammonia. Every variety of tint may be procured, according to the duration and temperature of the volatile compounds. A new oak-carved arm-chair, exposed to the vapors of ammonia, will, in about twelve hours, have all the appearance of its having been made 200 years before.—**E. B.**

Confined Air.—A schoolboy carrying about him a pocketful of marbles, carries enclosed in these playthings, air sufficient in quantity, and sufficiently noxious in quality, to prevent him, if he received it into his lungs, from ever playing at marbles any more. Again, from a very small quantity of red-lead, so much air of another kind may be extracted, as, if the boy were to breathe it, when almost dead from the effects of his marble dose, would rekindle the expiring embers of life, and give him the power and disposition to roll his mortal and innocent bullet about again.—**LECTOR.**

PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE WORD "PHILOSOPHER" had its origin in the modesty of the first who bore the name. "Call me not wise," said he, "but a lover of wisdom."

Words, by long use, become warped from their original meaning, and are put out of shape by means of an ignorant handling; so that, now-a-days, the term philosopher gives intimation rather of the possession than of the mere love of wisdom. Ancient philosophers courted wisdom, were humble suitors to her. Modern philosophers have married her; she has become bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh; and philosophy now signifies wisdom gained, not merely wisdom sought. To give any one the name of a philosopher, is a compliment; to assume it, is an arrogance. Philosophy, however, such as it is, is now so exceedingly common, that the arrogance of its assumption is greatly abated,

and any one who even thinks that he is thinking, has a very good right to call himself a philosopher. He will find plenty to keep him in countenance.

There is not a parish in London, and there is scarcely a town in the kingdom, in which any fidgetty little prig, who had nothing better to do with his time, might not get up a Philosophical Society. If you have a telescope, and an almanac, and a pair of globes; and if you look at the moon with your night-cap on your head,—you are a philosopher. If you have an electrical machine, and serve your friends 'shocking' tricks, you are a philosopher. If you have a barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and hydrometer—if you chronicle the clouds, and tell the world once a week which way the wind blows,—you are philosopher. If you have a mantelpiece covered with brick-bats, and a bureau full of black-beetles, and cockchafers,—you are a philosopher. If you roam about the fields and the ditches with a tin box in your hand, picking up chickweed, groundsel, and duckweed,—you are a philosopher. If you become a cat's butcher, and kill mice with an air-pump,—you are a philosopher. If you risk the blowing up of your house with hydrogen gas or other combustibles,—you are a philosopher. If you hunt for a soul with a dissecting knife, and then, because you cannot find one, say that there is no such thing,—you are a philosopher. If you read German metaphysics, and talk moonshine that nobody can understand,—you are a philosopher. If you disbelieve what your neighbors believe, and believe what your neighbors disbelieve,—you are a philosopher. If you do not care who is hanged or drowned, or whose cat has kitted,—you are a Stoic philosopher. If you growl at everybody and everything,—you are a Cynic philosopher. If you have a fancy for fish, flesh, and fowl, and like good cookery better than bad,—you are an Epicurean philosopher.

In short, I verily believe that the difficulty now is to avoid being a philosopher. The whole air and the whole nation is thoroughly bephilosophised—saturated with philosophy. We cannot open our eyes or ears, but wisdom must come in. We cannot open our mouths, but wisdom must go out. Everything is made on philosophic principles—wigs, whiskers, boots, breeches, and bed-posts; so that we are almost all of us forced to be philosophers, whether we will or no.

But the worst of the matter is, that, as what is everybody's business is nobody's business, so, what is everybody's distinction is nobody's distinction. In the days of old, when reading and writing were clerkly attainments, there was some merit and some desirableness in being able to read and

write; but when these accomplishments became general, there was disgrace in being without them. This seems now to be pretty nearly the case with philosophy; and as when people quarrel they sometimes say one to the other, "Sir, you are no gentleman,"—it will presently be the mode to say, "Sir, you are no philosopher."

It is indeed an unpardonable sin for any one in these days to be unphilosophical! Philosophy is now made easy to the meanest capacities; and perhaps, the meaner the capacity, the easier the philosophy. One of the chief sources of difficulty in philosophy anciently was, the restlessness of the mind in making inquiries beyond the power of the visible world to answer; mingled also with some little sense of human imperfection, and the incapacity of the mind to comprehend and know all things. This difficulty now is pretty well done away with. The mind seems to be marvellously increased in its power; or nature is greatly circumscribed as to its principles and comprehensiveness. Should there, indeed, be any knowledge which a man cannot carry in his head, he can certainly carry it in his pocket; and so long as a man possesses knowledge, what signifies where he keeps it—in his head or in a wooden box! In the eye of philosophy, there is not much difference. A Penny Cyclopædia is a kind of promissory note, which says, "I promise to pay at ten minutes' sight, John Smith, or reader, a pennyworth of wisdom, value received."

The art of painting has greatly contributed to the diffusion of knowledge of all kinds—useful and useless, entertaining and wearisome, religious and profane, politic and impolitic. Formerly, knowledge was in human minds—treasured as a choice gem in the heart and understanding; but now it is no longer confined to such narrow limits, but is spread abroad over many reams of paper, and is sold very cheap in many shops, and stands on many shelves.

Gracious reader, be not scandalised at these remarks; though you thought that we would grudge knowledge to the many. Alas! you know us not, if you think us capable of any such narrow views. Nay, on the contrary, our remarks are prompted by our wish, that the shadow may not be mistaken for the substance, and that the flatulence of a vain conceit may not be substituted for the solid fulness of intellectual truth. Care must be taken, that the diffusion of knowledge becomes not the dispersion of knowledge—the scattering of it to the four winds of heaven. There may be a plethora of information, accompanied by an indigestion of knowledge. Solomon, who has been generally reckoned a wise man, had no objection to the diffusion of knowledge, for he says, "Get knowledge;" but he did

not think that knowledge was wisdom. He rather seemed to intimate that it was *not*, and that it might be in some cases an obstacle to the attainment of wisdom,—for he adds, “With all thy getting, get understanding.” Solomon is a good authority in such matters, and we may safely take his opinion. It is, indeed, somewhat of a matter of doubt with us, whether Solomon would have recognised “philosophy” in “modern philosophers.”

Modern philosophy differs from the ancient, in this one point as much as in any,—viz. that its possessors do not learn modesty from it. It was prettily said by one of the ancients, “My knowledge only teaches me how ignorant I am.” One might make a parody of this, applying it to many modern philosophers, putting into their lips the aphorism, “My ignorance only teaches me how knowing I am.” It has been stated in our hearing, with some semblance of sophistry, though not altogether without some basement of truth, that the present pantological fever is not unlikely to terminate in intellectual darkness. The state of the argument is this:—The possession of knowledge requires thought. The more knowledge a man possesses, the more thought he wants; but the more a man wants thought, the less intellectual he is. To speak after the manner of the late Mr. Malthus, I think one might say, that knowledge may increase in a geometrical ratio, but understanding can increase only in an arithmetical ratio. And when a man possesses more knowledge than understanding, his intellect is in no enviable condition.

In a word, the passion of the day is for knowledge; and as the citizen advised his son, saying,—“Get money—*honestly if you can, but at all events get money* ;”—so fashion says, “Get knowledge; and understand it if you can; but at all events—get knowledge.”

LYNX.

HONEY FROM A NEIGHBOR'S HIVE.

THE MOTHER TO HER BOY, (BORN DEAF AND DUMB.)

THOU art not beautiful, my voiceless child,—
Thou canst not fill thy mother's heart with pride;
Thou dost not heed the words that have beguiled
My other noisy young ones to my side.

Thou canst not chatter music in my way,
Nor call me by a sweet and holy name;
Thou dost not ask thy sisters—if they'll play,
Nor scold thy brothers with a sportive blame.

But thou art precious in my household love;
Thy form is closest watched, my poor dumb boy!
I stroke thy fair hair, and I hang above
Thy quiet features with a solemn joy.

I hear thy father praise the quick replies
Of his “bright eldest one”—I often see
His face light up, when his two girls surprise
The twilight circle with their saucy glee:

He tells them long and wonder-waking themes
Of Sinbad, Crusoe, and the Fairy Queen;
He leads their games; he joins their laughing
screams;
With many a fond and wild embrace between.

But there's a something deeper in his smile
When his poor dull one leans upon his knee;
And something gentler fills his heart the while
His fingers make a paper boat for thee.

The other young, gay spirits talk and shout
In tones that come like songs of morning birds;
Or, pressed by childish grief, they wail and pout,
And pour their anguish forth in sobbing words.

I seldom see thy grey eye give a tear,
When their red cheeks shine through the
pearly gem;
But I believe, my child, that thou canst hear
The secret, deep, soul-whisper lost to them.

When they surround me with engrossing clutch,
And some loud tale of anger or alarm—
I turn not as I do to thy soft touch,
That falls like ringdove's wing upon my arm.

My silent boy! I hold thee to my breast
Just as I did when thou wert newly born;
It may be sinful, but I love thee “best,”
And kiss thy lips the longest night and morn.

I never listen to the coming feet
That chance to slip and stumble in the hall,
But my heart leaps with quick and sudden heat,
Lest *thou*, my speechless, be the one to fall!

I never look into a story-book,
And hear the joyous hum thy brothers make,
But, leaf by leaf, I turn with hopeful grief,
And wish it held some pictures—for thy sake.

I never stand among ye to divide
The birthday apples, or select the toy—
But I assign the fruit with rosiest side,
And daintiest plaything—to my wordless boy.

Oh! thou ART dear to me beyond all others;
And when I breathe my trust, and bend my
knee,
For blessings on thy sisters and thy brothers—
GOD SEEMS THE NIGHTEST WHEN I PRAY FOR
THEE.

I would not they should know it. But if Fate
Did its worst work, and snatched away my
young—
I feel my soul would bear a deadlier weight,
To miss *THY* silent love than their fond tongue.

Oh! thou ART very beautiful to me,
My own dumb boy! my gentle, voiceless one!
And while it throbs, thy mother's heart will be
THY BEST AND FIRST INTERPRETER—MY SON!

ELIZA COOK.

THE DAISY.—The word Daisy is a thousand times pronounced, without adverting to the beauty of its etymology,—“the eye of day.”

THE END OF AUTUMN.

AUTUMN's last tints now linger on the trees;
The dying notes sound mournful on the breeze.
The wither'd leaves are floating on the stream,
Which glows no longer in the sunny beam;
But onward, as it holds its ceaseless course,
Laments the parting year with murmurs hoarse.
The flowers are gone; scarce may a trace remain,
To tell where summer held her fairest reign.
The rose has breathed to heaven its latest sigh,
The Violet veils in earth its deep blue eye;
The bright Carnation hides its spicy breast,
The maiden Lily doffs its snowy vest;
The Woodbine and the Pea together sleep,
The slender Hare Bell long has ceased to weep.
All—all are fled; and nature wails their doom,
Chanting wild requiems round their lowly tomb!
The sun shines faintly through his misty shroud:
December hovers on his throne of cloud:
Far flies the voice of melody and gladness,
Before the stern approach of wintry sadness.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

WHOM do we dub a gentleman?
The knave, the fool, the brute—
If they but own full tithe of gold,
And wear a courtly suit.
The parchment scroll of titled line,
The riband at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify
And grant such high degree.
But Nature, with a matchless hand,
Sends forth *hers* nobly born;
And laughs the paltry attributes
Of wealth and rank to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare,
Half human, half divine—
And cries, exulting, "Who can make
A GENTLEMAN LIKE MINE?"
She may not spend her common skill
About the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light,
Upon the brain and heart:
She may not choose ancestral fame
His pathway to illume;
The sun that sheds the brightest day
May rise from mist and gloom.
There are some spirits nobly just,
Unwarp'd by pelf or pride;
Great in the calm, but greater still
When dashed by adverse tide—
These hold the rank no king can give,
No station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman,
AND MONARCHS MUST GIVE PLACE.

WHAT AM I TO THEE?— OR, THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

As a flower in the wilderness,
As a spring in deserts lone,
As the honey-dew in bitterness,
As the true when all are gone;
As a sun-beam in the darkness,
As a glance on summer's sea,
As sympathy in sadness,
ART THOU, SWEET LOVE, TO ME.

THE JOYS OF HOPE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

HOPE, as a bright and gentle flower,
Beaming with loveliness;
Cheerfully wafts a fragrance o'er
The heart it loves to bless—
Dispersing with its grateful bloom
Even the sadness of the tomb.
Here, gentle flower, pry'thee rest—
All other joys have fled.
Oh make thy home within my breast,
My heart shall be thy bed.
Rest thee, sweet HOPE, and ever be
The fairest flower that blooms to me.
HOPE, as a cheerful, happy bird,
Our fond affection shares;
Its soft and mellow notes are heard,
To soothe our doubts and cares.
And when the heart's oppress'd with wrongs,
It sings to us its sweetest songs.
Come, pretty bird, come live with me,
Oh let me call thee mine!
Thou shalt my fondest treasure be,
And I will ne'er repine,
If thou wilt sing that melody,
That bound my heart, sweet HOPE, to thee!
HOPE, like a brilliant star of light,
Shines on our dreary way;
Cheering the gloominess of night
With many a gentle ray—
Beaming with love and joy, to bless
The cheerless path of wretchedness.
Oh! I will love thee, gentle star,
E'en as thou lovest me;
And though thy dwelling is afar,
My heart shall live with thee.
My lips shall never cease to bless
The bright star of my happiness.

A MAN KNOWN BY HIS DRESS.

A MAN'S MIND is parcel of his fortunes,—his taste is part of his dress. If we wore diamond rings on our fingers, cameos in our breast-pins; if we sported cambric pocket-handkerchiefs (breathing forth attar of rose, and other similar smells,) and pale lemon-colored kid gloves,—our emptiness of skull would become transparent to every sensible mind. True modesty and real merit are ever indicated by a quietness of apparel, and a detestation of *all* ornament. How infallibly do the "decorations" of the body, bespeak the shallowness of the decorator's mind!

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THE HOLLY.

See Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.

THOMSON.

I AM VERY PARTIAL TO THE HOLLY, THE YEWE, AND THE IVY. They give both food and shelter to the birds; whilst their charming green foliage makes us almost forget that winter has set in. The holly claims my preference; for, in addition to food and shelter, it affords an impenetrable retreat to those birds which take up their quarters on its branches for the night.

Our ancestors knew and felt the value of the holly hedge, when the wintry blast whistled through the naked hawthorn. Hence they raised it as a barrier against the north; and, on the breaking of the clouds at noon, they would resort to the protection which it offered, and there enjoy the sun's delightful presence. But modern innovation, which, in nine times out of ten, does more harm than good, seems to have condemned the holly hedge as a thing of stiff unsightly form, and in its vacant place has introduced a scanty sprinkling of isolated plants. I own that I am for the warm arboreous plan of ancient days; and thus I never pass a garden where yew and holly hedges grow, without stopping to admire them, and then I proceed onwards with favorable notions of the owner's taste.

But, to the holly in particular. I am so convinced of its utility both to men and birds, that I have spared no pains in rearing it as a shelter from the cold, when Boreas, sure harbinger of storms, sweeps over the dreary waste.

The deeper and richer the soil, so much the better for the holly. Still, this favorite plant of mine will thrive almost in any soil, and even amongst the clefts of rocks, where there is scarcely any soil at all. Neither can any of the four rude winds of heaven affect the perpendicular growth of the holly tree, although they make an impression upon

the sturdy oak itself. Thus, in this neighborhood, whilst we see the elm and the beech leaning towards the east by the overbearing pressure of the western blast, we find that the holly has not given way to its impetuosity. Indeed, keep the roots of the holly clear of stagnant water, and you will have little more to do, for it forms its own defence; and, moreover, it has one advantage over most other plants—namely, it can push its way successfully up amid surrounding shade and pressure. Its lateral branches, too, will take root, so soon as they come in contact with the soft soil beneath them.

If you place a young holly-plant in a full-grown hawthorn hedge, it will vegetate in that incommensurable site; and will manage at last to raise its head aloft, and flourish clear of all opposition. Thus, driven from its native home, perhaps through scarcity of wheat and whiskey, I have known a hardy son of Caledonia, although put in a situation apparently hostile to advancement either in fame or in fortune, maintain himself under fearful trials of adversity. In process of time, his perseverance and honesty were crowned by complete success. He took kindly to it, where you thought there would be no chance of ever getting on; but, by carefully watching his hour of advance, in the death of this competitor or in the negligence of that, this frugal, careful, steady emigrator from the North, moved slowly onwards, till, in due good time, he passed through all surrounding difficulties: and, having got at last into the full sunshine of good fortune, he there took the lead on the high road to long-expected wealth and honors.

He whose nerves would be affected at the sight of a straight holly hedge, might prevent their irritation by forming a crescent; say a segment of a circle to a radius of sixty yards. This would present a fine appearance to the eye, whilst it shut out both the north-west and the north-east winds of winter. Hollies, too, may be planted in a clump,

with very pleasing effect to the beholder. I consider a regularly formed clump of hollies to be the perfection of beauty, in grouped arboreal design. One single tree of mountain-ash in the centre of this, would add another charm to it; and would be of use to the ornithologist at the close of summer. When the holly trees are in full bearing, and the berries ripe, we may roam a long while through the whole extent of British botany, before we find a sight more charming to the eye than the intermixture of bright red and green which this lovely plant produces.

I have a fine circular clump of hollies here (Walton Hall), under which the pheasants are fed; and to which, throughout the whole of the winter, a vast number of sparrows, green linnets, buntings, blackbirds, and some starlings resort, to take their nocturnal repose in peace and quiet. The holly sheds a large proportion of its leaves, after the summer has set in. These remain on the ground in thick profusion. So formidable are their hard and pointed spikes to the feet of prowling quadrupeds, that neither the cat, nor the weasel, nor the founmart, nor the fox, nor even the ever-hungry Hanoverian rat, dare invade the well-defended territory. Hence the birds, which in yew trees and in ivy would be exposed to inevitable destruction from the attacks of these merciless foes, are safe from danger in the holly bush.

People generally imagine that the holly is of tardy growth. It may be so, in ordinary cases; but means may be adopted to make this plant increase with such effect as to repay us amply for all our extra labor and expense. Thus, let us dig the ground to a full yard in depth, and plant the hollies during the last week of May—taking care to puddle their roots well into the pulverised soil. We shall find, by the end of September, that many of the plants will have shot nearly a foot in length, and that not one of them has failed, let the summer have been ever so dry. Small plants, bought in a nursery, and placed in your own garden for a couple of years, will be admirably adapted for the process of transplanting. Had I been aware in early life of this encouraging growth of the holly, it should have formed all my fences in lieu of hawthorn, which after arriving at full maturity suddenly turns brown in summer, and dies in a few weeks, without having given any other previous notice of near approaching decay.

Birds in general are not fond of holly berries; but many sorts will feed upon them when driven by "necessity's supreme command." Thus, during the time that the fields are clad in snow, and the hews and the haws have already been consumed, then it is that the redwing, the blackbird, the field-fare, and the storm-cock, numbed by the cold,

and bold through want of food, come to the berry-bearing holly close to your house, and there too often fall a prey to the gun of the designing fowler.

In these days of phantom schemes and national extravagance, when work is scarce and penury fast increasing, the holly tree is doomed to suffer from the lawless pilferer's hand. When least expected, you find it arrested in its growth. Its smaller branches by degrees lose their vitality, and, by the end of the following year, one half of the tree appears as though it had received a blast from the passing thunderstorm. This declining aspect of the holly has been occasioned by the hand of sordid mischief. It is well known that birdlime is produced from its bark. In the spring of the year, at earliest dawn of day, our finest holly trees in this neighborhood are stripped of large pieces of their bark by strolling vagabonds, who sell it to the nearest druggist. So common has this act of depredation been in this vicinity, that I should be at a loss to find a single holly tree, in any hedge outside of the park wall, that has escaped the knife of these unthinking spoilers!

Some six or seven years ago, there stood in the ornamented grounds of my baronet neighbor a variegated holly, of magnificent growth; and it bore abundant crops of berries; a circumstance not very frequent in hollies of this kind. Many a half hour have I stood to admire this fine production of nature; for it was unparalleled, in this part of Yorkshire, in beauty, size, and vigor. But, at last, it was doomed to perish by a plundering and unknown hand; one morning in spring I found the whole of its bark stripped off the bole, for full two feet in length. Notwithstanding this disaster, the berries became ripe in due time; whilst its leaves apparently retained their wonted verdure upon the greater branches. Even the year following it was alive, and put forth new leaves and blossoms; but the leaves were of a stunted growth, and the berries did not attain their usual size. During the course of the third year from the day of its misfortune, the whole of the foliage fell to the ground; and then the tree itself became, like our giant debt,—a dead unsightly weight upon the land.

CHARLES WATERTON.

SYMPATHY.

THE tender violet loves to grow
Within the shade that roses throw;
The myrtle branch bends towards the rose—
Behold how GOD his wisdom shows!
How natures, formed alike, come nigh—
Attracted by sweet sympathy!

BIRDS OF SONG,—No. XXXVII.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

No. V.

HAVING GIVEN DUE CONSIDERATION to the establishment of a general Commonwealth, and noticed the principal arrangements connected therewith, we will now offer a few remarks for the preparation of a winter aviary for the "Warblers."

We have before noted, that the proper time for the separation of the tender from the hardy birds, is in August. The seasons known as the "Moulting season," and the "Fall of the leaf," are most sickly times for birds of every kind—poultry not excepted. This we shall have to comment on, at a future stage of our inquiry. About the middle of August therefore, all due regard must be paid to the welfare of those birds which are more particularly prized. It is by no means needful that the room devoted to the reception of these tender birds should form a part of the same building as the other. If you can have them nearer your dwelling-house so much the better. But this, in some instances, must depend, as it originally did with us, on the convenience offering for setting a stove, the smoke from which must be conducted through some chimney already built.

Instead of allowing your birds free liberty, as in the general commonwealth, it will be advisable,—perhaps needful, to confine the majority of them in a very large cage, erected against the back of the room; which latter will answer admirably as the back of the said cage. The two sides should be made of very thick deal; the top and bottom also of the same material, and of an equally stout substance; the whole being painted three times in a dark-red color. The length of the cage should be not less than 9 feet; the height 6 feet; and the width 3 feet 6. It should be made portable, and put together by screws. The perches should be of thin cane, or bamboo; some of them bent in a semi-circular or arched form; the principal perch, running from end to end, being perfectly straight. This last should be of square deal, a quarter of an inch thick, and painted four times in stone color. Immediately in the centre of the cage should stand, on a wooden pillar, also painted stone-color, an oblong zinc fountain (*not* a "living" fountain), into which should be poured, regularly every morning, a fresh supply of pure spring-water. The depth of the fountain should not exceed 3 inches. If a plug be fitted in at the bottom of it, the foul water may be readily carried off by a pipe running through the wooden pillar, and received into a pan beneath; or the pipe could be conducted through the floor of the room. Over the fountain, forming a kind of cover,

must be placed a semi-circular net-work of galvanised wire, having circular apertures in it sufficiently wide to admit the heads of the birds when in the act of drinking. The object of this wire-cover is, to prevent the birds bathing, which they would do every morning,—*non obstante magistro*, even in the depth of winter! If such precaution were not taken, the necessary consequences would be—cramp, cold, numbness, inflammation in the bowels, blindness, and loss of the use of their limbs.

The cage should be lined throughout with the best green baize; strained, and nailed on evenly. The front must be of wire, and have two doors in it, one on either side of the centre; down which, from top to bottom, there should be a support of wood, about 2 inches wide and an inch thick. By means of these doors, ready access will be given to the fountain.

All along the bottom of the wire-work, from end to end, there must depend a long flap of wood, 3½ inches wide, hung on hinges, and having a small brass knob in the front. By raising this up, the floor of the cage can be readily cleaned out, which it should be, every other morning; being afterwards replenished with small, dry, pebbly gravel; or red sand, *not* sifted. This must be carefully looked to.

Over the top of the cage, immediately along the front, must be nailed a curtain of green baize. This should be drawn down over the birds every night; so as to add to their warmth, and secure their comfort. The food should be fresh-made every morning, and conveyed to them in saucers, or china pans, as they are dearly fond of turning the whole over and over,—pecking at and selecting what they consider tid-bits.

When your birds are all collected in this their new habitation, it is more than likely you will find some of them quarrelsome; others sulky; others wild and "flighty." To provide against this, it will be needful to have the room hung round with a number of appropriate cages; with the fronts only of wire; the two sides and back, boarded. These cages should be 16 inches long, 12 inches high, and 9 inches deep; made, not of deal but mahogany, to prevent the ingress, inhabitation, and domestication of vermin. A long perch, running length-ways, from end to end, a glass wash-bath, and two tin pans for food, will complete the furniture of these dwellings.

Into one of the cages, you must put any bird who refuses to associate amicably with the rest; he will soon be reconciled, and come into song. Great care should be taken, so to arrange the cages as to prevent the birds seeing each other. This is important.

Our next consideration must be, the mode of warming the room. This can be properly

done, only by having an open fire-place. The iron pipes attached to portable and other stoves, give out, when heated, so much carbon, that their use cannot be honestly recommended. So finely are the lungs of our migratory birds constructed, that any foul or vitiated air,—more particularly when heated, kills them at once. Their respiratory organs become painfully excited; their head droops; the scene is soon over.

The stove we first adopted, by way of experiment, was one of Dr. Arnott's, improved by JEAKES, of Great Russell-street, Bedford-square. Immediately over, and around the stove, were casings of iron; forming within, by a peculiar arrangement, secured by patent, "air chambers." By this admirable contrivance, a plentiful supply of well-warmed, salubrious air, was continually generated.

The stove being placed, as we have before intimated, in a small ante-room, we had to "force" the air from the stove into the nearest, or "Warblers'" aviary. This was done by cutting out a panel in the room, immediately contiguous to the stove; and supplying its place by a panel of perforated zinc, or (what has since been invented, and which is much better for the purpose) closely-meshed galvanised wire. Through the interstices of this panel, a current of hot air was always passing inwards. By these means alone, we avoided poisoning the birds by the carbonic acid gas; which was continually escaping from the heated cast-iron and copper pipes.

To have had this stove fixed in the room itself would, we hardly need observe, have annihilated every living animal it contained. Therefore we must here repeat, that an open fire-place, connected with a direct chimney, is to be preferred and adopted before all others.

In the winter season, all draughts must be vigilantly guarded against, and the fire kept at one regulated heat. If the weather be unusually mild, then gradually reduce the heat; if a sudden frost set in, as gradually increase it. The fire should be made up the very last thing at night, before retiring to rest; and must be looked to very early on the following morning. In removing the ashes, &c., and while sweeping the room, care should be taken to prevent the dust flying about more than is needful. The lungs of the warblers would inhale it immediately, and it would do them serious injury.

Whenever the weather is foggy, damp, or more than commonly dreary, the curtain should be lowered from the top of the cage half-way down; and every precaution taken that prudence can suggest to guard against any of the inmates taking cold. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

DRUNKENNESS. — Deliberate suicide of the brains.

THE NATURE OF SOUND.—No. III.

(Continued from page 242.)

CONNECTED WITH THIS SUBJECT, LET US NOW DIRECT ATTENTION to the sounds produced by Insects and Plants.

The sounds which are caused by Insects, are not least observable among those which attract our notice when walking abroad:—

Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd as he lies reclin'd.

Insects, however, have no organs similar to those of the voice in the other animals; that is, they never use their voice for the purpose of making sounds. Accordingly, the buzz of flies, the hum of bees, the chirp of crickets, the crink of grasshoppers, the drone of beetles, the whizz of dragon-flies, the song of the cicadæ, and the ominous click of the death-watch, are all produced by the wings, or other parts of the insect, either rapidly beating the air, or striking against the parts near them, or on wood, stones, and other sonorous substances. Some of the cicadæ have a finely contrived drum, whose beating, in the Brazils, may be heard at a mile's distance.

The variety of sounds produced by plants, are also worthy of observation. The wind, as ST. PIERRE remarks, produces a different sound, according to the form of the leaves. It whistles in the pine; trembles in the poplar, like the babbling of a brook; sounds hollow in the oak, in the bamboo like the working of a ship, and in the cinnamon, when full of pods, like the clack of a mill.

MR. WHITE, in his very interesting History of Selborne, mentions a singular sound, which cannot be well referred either to plants or animals. It is like the loud audible humming of bees in the air, though not an insect is to be seen. In walking over the highest part of the Downs, he says, on a hot summer day, it would make a person suppose, that a large swarm of bees was in motion, and playing about over his head. In wandering among the Swiss Alps, Saussure says, he was often awakened from a sublime reverie, by loud sounds similar to thunder, followed by long continued *roulemens* and echoes. These, probably, proceeded from the falling of fragments of rock, and the descent of small avalanches, as the humming mentioned by Mr. White, probably arose either from flights of aerial insects, or from some electrical or unknown commotion in the atmosphere.

With the acuteness and caution which ever distinguished all his investigations, Dr. Wollaston discovered the very singular fact, that there are many persons who never felt any defect in their hearing, and who yet

cannot hear certain sounds, which others perceive distinctly. It is well known, that persons affected with slight deafness, hear sharp sounds much better than those which are grave and low. They distinguish the voices of women and children, from their acuteness, much better than the lower tones of men's voices. This fact is acted upon practically; as it may be remarked that those accustomed to speak to deaf people, use a shriller tone of voice, rather than merely a louder tone than common.

This partial deafness may be artificially produced, by shutting the mouth and nose, and exhausting the air in the Eustachian tube, by forcible attempts to take breath, in expanding the chest. When this is carefully done, so that the exhaustion of the air behind the drum of the ear is as complete as possible, the external air is felt strongly, and even painfully, pressing on the drum; and the ear becomes insensible to low sounds, though shrill sounds are as readily perceived as before.

After the ear is brought into this state, it will remain so for some time, without continuing the painful effort to take breath, and even without stopping the breath; for, by suddenly discontinuing the effort, the end of the tube will close like a valve, and prevent the air from getting into the drum. The act of swallowing will open the closed tube, and restore the ear to its wonted feeling.

When the ear is thus exhausted, if we attempt to listen to the sound of a carriage passing in the street, the rumbling noise cannot be heard; though the rattle of a chain, or a loose screw, remains as easily heard as before. At a concert, the experiment has a singular effect. As none of the sharper sounds are lost, and the great mass of the louder sounds are suppressed, the shriller ones are so much the more distinctly heard,—even to the rattling of the keys of a bad instrument, or the scraping of catgut, unskilfully touched.

In the natural healthy state of the ear, there does not seem to be any strict limit to our power of perceiving grave sounds. On the contrary, if we turn our attention to the opposite extremity of the scale, and, with a series of pipes exceeding each other in sharpness; if we examine the effects of them, in succession, upon the ears of any considerable number of persons,—we shall find a very distinct and striking difference between the hearing of different individuals, whose ears are, in other respects, perfect.

The suddenness of the transition from perfect hearing to total want of perception, occasions a degree of surprise; which renders an experiment on this subject, with a series of small pipes, among several persons, rather

amusing. Those who enjoy a temporary triumph, from hearing notes inaudible to others, are often compelled, in their turn, to acknowledge how short a distance their superiority extends.

Dr. Wollaston found, that one of his friends was quite insensible to the sound of a small organ-pipe, which was far within the limits of his own hearing. He also once heard a relation say, that she never could hear the chirping of the hedge-cricket.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. VIII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—WHILE MY BROTHER was sniffing and snoring under the beautifully-spreading oak mentioned in my last, I strayed some fifty paces sideways; and presently had a fine view of the beast. What a sharp nose he has got; and bless me, what a tail!

Back, I ran, to Carlo. "Make haste," said I, "and see with your own eyes."

"What's the matter?" said Jean, as he caught sight of the beast, and took an extra large pinch of snuff. "There's some sport for you—look sharp." "Oh! I see him," said Carlo; "now, gently there; don't be in a hurry. Don't run till we get as near him as possible."

"What do you call that beast, Jean?" said I.

"C'est un gros Renard. Mon cher! look after him!"

Well, we sneaked along as well as we could. But Renard was not to be done. He smelt us, and saw us too; and off he bolted,—we after him, leaping, jumping, springing, howling, squeaking, like two great 'Nigauds.' Every one followed, till we lost sight of my friend in the thickest part of the dense wood. We traced him, however, to a most lovely valley, through which meandered an enchanting stream of the clearest water—as fresh and as cold as ice itself. On either side arose immense rocks of the wildest and most fantastic shapes; the sides being clothed with the loveliest wild flowers. On their summits, and here and there along the sides, grew some of the most stupendous forest trees I ever beheld. There were also several singular caverns, only fit for the habitations of bears and wolves.

Upon my word, I went through with fear and trembling; for although only hunting for Monsieur Renard, I fancied I smelt some rather different kinds of creatures. We did not, however, give up the pursuit for a long while; but it was all to no purpose. Cunning Renard had fairly given us the slip, and was no doubt laughing at us, with his little pointed nose poking out of some snug cranny in the overhanging rocks. This valley separates the forests of 'Vernand' and 'Crissier.' So we struck to the right, and made our way to the top, taking a number of caterpillars and some beautiful specimens of those noble satyrs "Circe" and "Hermione." Our attention was now arrested by a sudden halt of the music-master before a beech tree.

"So wahr ich lebe," exclaimed he half-stupified and half-frightened. "So wah'r ich lebe," (here's a lobster feeding on a beech tree.)

"No, no; he's no lobster," cries Jean. "It's a scorpion, lay hold of it." "Not I," says the music master, "I'll not touch the monster for a hundred florins." "I'll bring the creature down," says Jean; and he cut the branch off with his "serpetta."

"That's a beautiful caterpillar, Jean."

"That a caterpillar!" quoth Jean, as he stroked his nose in double quick time; at the same time eyeing Bombyx as if he thought he was making a fool of him,—*"Ah! c'est bon! vous allez me faire un poisson!"*

"Non, non; it is indeed a caterpillar, Jean, and a scarce one too." "Well, I shall believe it when I see the moth." "So you shall, Jean, he is nearly his full size. It is 'Harpya Fagi.'"

"Well, I have picked up another very good one," says Bombyx, "it is 'Thyatira Patis.' We are rather in a lucky corner." "And look at this beauty," cries one of the young ones. "This is a lovely beast. I found him crawling up that walnut tree." "I think it is 'Alni.' Yes it is! capital!"

"And what is this?" cries the German.

"Well, that is really one of the most beautiful caterpillars you can well see; that is 'Exoleta;' it is handsomer but not so scarce as his cousin 'Vetusta.' Well, we cannot complain to-day." "No, I only complain of getting rather thirsty," says the music master.

Jean grinned, and scratched his chin. "Well, Jean, how far are we from the chalet?"

"Voyons voir. Depuis ici, il nous faut bel et bien trois quarts d'heure!" "Well, we have done capitally, so now let us go and see mine host at the Croix Blanche."

Neither I nor my brother were sorry for this move; for we had stretched our legs to their very utmost; and were not sorry to think we should soon have a rest. As we went forward, we took 'Oxyacanthoe gnaphali,' 'Iota,' 'Cubicularis,' 'Abietaria,' 'Miaria,' 'Badiaria,' &c., &c.; and a vast many Micro-lepidoptera,—among them, the lovely little 'Chlorana,' 'Viridana,' 'Arcuana,' 'Grotiana,' &c.; and along the road the beautiful little 'Lycena Alsus.'

After a while we reached 'Crissier;' and were quickly ushered up-stairs into a funny little corner room. Some gentlemen below were discussing the affairs of the parish over a pipe and a 'quartetta.' I must say mine host of the Croix Blanche was a thoroughly kind good sort of a man; for, hearing of our adventure with Renard, he mixed us a soup fit for a 'grand-conseiller,' which we devoured with capital 'gusto.' After this we walked up stairs, where we found the music-master cutting up a beautiful sausage. Bombyx too was busy dissecting a couple of roast fowls, whilst one of the young ones mixed a most delicious salad. The other was occupied with a most savory omelet, albeit not comparable to the ever-to-be-respected ones of the 'Tour de Gourzes; some capital vin de la côte and excellent pale beer; a noble melon and ecrelet arrived, fresh in the morning, from 'Nyons;' after which were introduced a glass of eau de cerises and a cigar.

Our weary limbs being thoroughly invigorated, we marched slowly home, bringing with us about a dozen lion ants, which we turned out of their curious 'Entonnoir;' and which by their singular

operations and manners, afforded us much amusement and profitable instruction. I assure you, Mr. Editor, I took a vast deal of interest in watching these queer-shaped insects.

We passed by Prilly, and I gave a hasty glance at 'l'Etoile sale;' but I can assure you I was not sorry to reach my snug home, and make myself comfortable for the night,—being thoroughly knocked up.

Now, Mr. Editor, good-bye for the present; and believe me, ever, your faithful old Friend,

Tottenham, Dec. 16.

FINO.

LINES

ON HEARING A SOLITARY THRUSH SING.

BY WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

Oh! lovely bird of lovely song,
How strike thy tones upon the heart!
How purely soft thy music breathes
And soothes awhile grief's cank'ring smart.

How sweet,—how deeply sweet thou art,
Alone upon the leafless tree,—
Awakening with thy simple note
The happiest chords of memory!

The clouds are dark with heaping floods;
The sun o'ercast is seen no more:
And night's stern mantle droops to swell
My sadness, when thy song is o'er.

Oh! wait awhile, my rustic friend,
Nor cease to mock my bosom's swell;
I live again, but in the world
My home—my home alone can tell!

And then, where thou art now but one,
A thousand would in chorus join,
And fill the air with melody;
But while *you* sing, *I* dare repine.

Oh! sing—yes, sweetly sing, ye birds,
And may your warblings never die;
While Men have hearts to ease from pain,
And Nature tears for sympathy!

Ryde, I. W.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Lines suggested by reading in OUR JOURNAL some beautiful verses on "Friendship," by HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Is not HE a true friend, who whate'er may befall,
Will ever be ready to answer your call?
Who in life's changing seasons, whate'er may betide,
Will ever be found clinging close to your side,—
In the path of prosperity loose not his hold,
But unaltered remain, though THE WORLD should grow cold?

Yes, HE is *indeed* a true friend who will share
Your joy and your gladness; your grief and your care;

Rejoice when prosperity shines on your way,
Like the radiant gleams of a bright summer's day;
And in life's sad afflictions can e'en feel the smart,
Which strikes deep in your wounded and sorrowful heart.

Do you know there's a Friend whose compassions
ne'er cease,—
A friend, whom to love brings a heaven of peace?
Once a man of sore sorrows, acquainted with
grief,
His joy now sustains, and His arm brings relief.
Yes; THAT Friend EVER LIVES though you lose
every other,
A friend FAR more faithful is HE than a brother!

J. A. NISBITT McEVOY.

Rusholme, near Manchester.

[This is a "Christmas Carol," which it gives us real pleasure to insert. We are always for looking up," like the lark; and we love to give all glory to the God who made us—"in whom we live, move, and have our being." Haters of cant to the very last degree, and uncompromising enemies of demure faces and hypocritical observances, founded in pride—yet do we avow our unceasing affection for FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY, the very essence of ALL Christian virtues.]

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

HAIL to the night when we gather once more
All the forms we love to meet;
When we've many a guest that's dear to our breast,
And the household dog at our feet.
Who would not be in the circle of glee
When heart to heart is yearning—
When joy breathes out in the laughing shout
While the Christmas log is burning?
'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
When the world seems all of light;
For the thought of woe, or the name of a foe,
Ne'er darkens the festive night.
When bursting mirth rings round the hearth,
Oh! where is the spirit that's mourning,
While merry bells chime with the carol rhyme,
And the Christmas log is burning?
Then is the time when the grey old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes bear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth.
Oh! then is the time when the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hands we press,
While the Christmas log is burning.

TO WINTER.

EARTH is again in fetters at thy shrine,
Again, thou conquering Winter! and, with
veins
By thy enchantment frozen into chains,
Owns in still patience, King, that she is THINE.
There while she lies, expectant of the sign
Of freedom, 'tis her children's nobler part
To mock thy magic. Now, should every heart
Beat warmer, kindlier. Pour the festive wine,
And spread the glittering board—all mindful still
To help the helpless. Strive, as in you lies,
The feeble spirit with strong hope to buoy.
Control with sterner hand the oppressor's will;
Rescue the erring, dry the orphan's eyes,
And cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.

SONNET TO DECEMBER.

BY JACOB JONES, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

CROWN'D with Chrysanthemums that, on his brow,
Smile lonesomely, like Duty tending Age,
December, to fulfil his annual Vow,
O'er moor and mountain toils in pilgrimage,
See! with the stinging sleet, or driving blast,
He buffets; or with mist his path is cross'd;
Now, a white world, bewild'ring, sets him fast,
The trees all cover'd, and the tracks all lost,
Save where the peasants keep the farm-ways clear;
Or robins on the berries' boughs alight;
Or madcap youths, in holiday career,
Snowball each other to their hearts' delight,
Till driv'n to troop—from ghosts and darkness
round—
Where fireside romps and cheer, for Christmas
folk abound.

[We printed in OUR JOURNAL, No. 49, a Sonnet, headed "December," which MR. JONES, the author of "Rural Sonnets," has written to inform us is from his pen. We found it, printed anonymously, in a Manchester paper; and we copied it as a selection. The author, MR. JONES, tells us it originally appeared in the "Times" of October 30, 1844. The Sonnet has, it seems, in its progress, been appropriated to December, instead of "November." The word death (see line 8) should be *dearth*; and the letter *s* should be added to the word *flood* (in line 11). We copied it *literatim*, but we feel bound, nevertheless, to humor the author in the correction, although so trivial.—ED. K. J.]

"THE CHRISTMAS-TREE."

BY AN INVALID CHILD.

You say—"I do not look so pale to-day,
But in my cheek
A rose-leaf tint begins to bloom and play,
And I am not so weak."
It is because I see you all
So happy at the feast—the ball—
The merry-making in the hall.
And Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day, to me
Are VERY dear;
They bring a bright and wondering memory
Of one delightful year.
I look back through my little span,—
And, thinking how its joys began,
Forget how thin and changed I am.
They led me—I was then a little child—
Through a dark door,
Into a room all hung with branches wild,
With lights upon the floor;
And lights above—in front—behind—
So bright they almost made me blind,
While other sights confused my mind.
It was the splendor of a Christmas Tree!
With fruits thick hung;
And glittering pictures, lights, and spanglery,
The dark fir boughs among.
While soft-toned music came—and went—
I cried in joy's bewilderment,
"This Tree I'm sure from heaven was sent!"
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

NOTICE.

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SPRING,—SUMMER,—AUTUMN,—WINTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION, and the AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS, will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—BOMBYX ATLAS.—EDOR, Hayes. In our next.—H. H.—F. G.—T. D. W.—J. E. L. M.—HAND-IN-HAND CANARY SHOW. See page 413.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, December 25, 1852.

AS THIS IS THE LAST SATURDAY in the Year of Our Lord, 1852, and as our SECOND VOLUME is this day COMPLETED,—a few valedictory words from our Editorial pen will perhaps be looked for.

We believe the bulk of our readers are fully prepared to hear, that our labors have now altogether terminated; and that the JOURNAL will, from to-day, cease to exist. It is no more than natural that this should be the general impression, as the Public receive their Papers so irregularly.

When we state that we have lost by the speculation a sum of money exceeding £500,—all within a twelvemonth; and that our own time and labor have been sacrificed IN ADDITION,—we think we are entitled to “a Rule, to show cause” why some little change should not be made in the state of affairs.*

We have taken up our pen about a dozen times,—and have thrown it down again as often, to say “Farewell!” to our readers. That word, however, half chokes us. We cannot utter it. We find our very life is bound up in the leaves of OUR JOURNAL. If it were to die, WE should die too. How then can its life be prolonged? “Aye, there’s the rub!”

* It may naturally be asked, what benefit have we incidentally derived from this? We answer—an extent of fame, and a year’s experience. We leant heavily, in the first instance, upon the aid of our brethren, the booksellers. They however tell us, “they hate our principles;” and they long since deserted us. This is “experience.” Our good name, however, still abides. This is our capital, and our stock in trade. Many have begun the world under much worse auspices.—ED. K. J.

On this subject, we have had many,—many anxious debates; and held arguments innumerable with those who dearly love the JOURNAL. To repeat these, formally, would be useless. Suffice it, that at the very last hour we have been prevailed upon to make ONE more venture.

To go on as we have been going on up to this time, would be an act of madness. Energy is good; but Prudence must hold the reins. Her ladyship has pulled up. She will go no further. Some have said—“be patient.” We have established ourself in this matter, as second only to JOB. Sir Walter Scott, remarks:—“Patience is a quiet nag; nevertheless she will bolt.” She has bolted. But to the point.

It has been suggested and carried *nem. con.*, that with the NEW YEAR the WEEKLY issue of the JOURNAL shall cease; and that the Work shall be at once converted into an Eighteen-penny Monthly Magazine,—the first part to be published on the first of February, 1853. It will then be written for by the country booksellers, and it will be forwarded in their monthly parcels with the other serials. Thus *alone* can we stem the unceasing and overwhelming attempts of “the Trade” to seal the ruin of OUR JOURNAL.*

In making this new attempt to prolong our literary life, and in assenting to the proposed change, we feel quite a free agent. We are “taking advantage” of nobody. All our promises given, have been most honorably performed. We have no fear of any charge being brought against us of a breach of faith. We meet from to day on entirely new ground.

Our contempt for money,—as money, is supreme. All we want is, sufficient to defray the actual expenses attendant upon the publication of the JOURNAL; and to find (at a distant period) a trifling surplus, to assist in keeping a family joint suspended in the larder. This is the extent of our hopes,—the *ne plus ultra* of our very moderate desires.

Our life,—like the life of a distinguished physician, is a pleasant one for the most part. Our profession brings us into daily contact with many delightful—many interesting “patients.” They talk to us, and they write to us. Their communications are “privileged,”—of course. They consult us. We prescribe for them. The physician, however, is not altogether so happy as WE are. When he has had his say, his hand grows sadly rest-

* Our *weekly* purchasers, who now receive their copies BY POST, at an extra cost of 2d. each, will be *gainers* by the change. A MONTHLY part can be franked by post for *sixpence*. Indeed, as many as THREE parts would come free AT THE SAME COST.—ED. K. J.

less. It becomes mysteriously agitated, in expectation of "a fee," and he "takes it" with the best grace he can. Poetry and prose come here painfully into contact. Yet could not our professional friend live without these little shining coins. "Business is business," says Franklin.

We confess "the fee" is an unpleasant affair. Could we afford it,—we cannot; we would willingly write for nothing. Our life should be one wide expanse of poetry. But this is against Nature's law; and we must all admit that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

The advantage gained by the proposed alteration, will be,—an addition to the quantity of matter. We shall also print from new and elegant types. When bound, each future volume will certainly have a more handsome appearance; and it will more strictly resemble a library-book.

As regards the general arrangement of the subjects introduced,—this we shall not alter. Everybody seems so well pleased with it now, that we see no good reason for making any change. Constant variety has been our aim, combined with instruction; and to this we shall still adhere.

Valuable *materiel* on all kinds of interesting subjects has so encreased upon us, that we feel our MISCELLANY must be more than ever sought after when it becomes better known. Our readers are now conversant with the bent of our mind—with the one object of our sleeping and waking thoughts. Our pen will henceforward have its full sway. We are aware of our growing power; and will exercise it for the public good.

One word more. If our present subscribers like our company—and we have voluminous evidence that they do—let them kindly cling to us. They shall lose nothing by it. Their adhesion to us will in less than six months stop an actual loss. Our own labor will, of course, still be gratuitous. If our good friends will reflect but one moment, they will see how reasonable is our argument.

A prospect of HOPE and FEAR lies before us. If LOVE be added, we think the "Good Ship 'Honesty'" may yet sail proudly into port. FAITH shall, at all events, be our captain.

So "Hurrah, boys! Crowd all sail!"

WE ARE OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER, when Christmas was very different indeed to what it is now.

The "waits" were in those days "musicians." If your slumbers were broken in upon, it was that your ear might be attuned to the sweetest of love-strains. Echo took up the "refrain," and you might imagine yourself in fairy-land. Now,—but we won't mention it.

The folks, too, who came round for their "Boxes," were quite different creations to what they are now. The "*only* true and veritable dustman" has long since sunk to his rest. "The gentleman," too, "who swept your 'chimbleys reg'lar."—*he* also has passed away. The "bellman," and how many others?—all, all are lost to sight. We are becoming unkind; and actually trying to "do" our POSTMEN—God bless those emissaries of good news!—out of *their* well and hard-earned gratuity at Christmas! These are *not* pleasing "signs of the times;" and we set our face boldly against such hard-heartedness.

We do not know how it is; but when these particular seasons come round, our heart seems *naturally* to melt. The feelings are not sought after; they are self-existing. From this—we are an oddity!—we augur that they ought to be listened to; especially as they make us so inclined to "love one another." We talk in this strain occasionally, at Christmas, and at Midsummer; and also at other festive seasons. Our sentiments, however, find little echo. We must live on, singular as ever—resting only on the love of those "choice few" whom we so dearly delight to honor.

Yet would we kindly slip in one little word to-day, by way of remembrance. No doubt we shall, most of us, be snugly ensconced at some hospitable board; well cared for, wanting for nothing. We shall be warm and comfortable—"merry," and, let us hope, "wise." Whilst we are so blessed, there will be many—their numbers countless—totally unprovided for. Without either food, shelter, or clothing, these poor creatures will see on every hand what it is forbidden them to *taste, touch, or handle*. They are fashioned like ourselves; suffer hunger and pain in like degree; and are objects for real pity. We would just hint that the "wants" of *some* of them might be taken into gentle consideration, *before we sit down* and quite forget that such people exist; and that they scarcely have where to lay their heads for the night. This by the way.

To give some little idea of what Christmas formerly was, we subjoin a few interesting remarks from Hervey's "Book of Christmas:—"

From the first introduction of Christianity into these islands, the period of the Nativity seems to have been kept as a season of festival, and its observance recognised as a matter of state. The Witenagemots of our Saxon ancestors, were held under the solemn sanction and beneficent influence of the time; and the series of high festivities established by the Anglo-Saxon kings, appear to have been continued with yearly increasing splendor, and multiplied ceremonies under the monarchs of the Norman race. From the court, the spirit of revelry descended, by all its thou-

sand arteries, throughout the universal frame of society; visiting its furthest extremities and most obscure recesses, and everywhere exhibiting its action, as by so many pulses, upon the traditions, and superstitions, and customs which were common to all or peculiar to each.

The pomp and ceremonial of the royal observance were imitated in the splendid establishments of the more wealthy nobles, and far more faintly reflected from the diminished state of the petty baron. The revelries of the baronial castle, found echoes in the hall of the old manor-house; and these were again repeated in the tapestried chamber of the country magistrate, or from the sanded parlor of the village inn. Merriment was everywhere a matter of public concernment; and the spirit which assembles men in families now, congregated them by districts then.

Such, indeed, was the merry Christmas of the olden time. The whole wide country was then filled with rejoicing. In the bannered hall, the long tables were spread; on the ancient armour and the antlers of the wild deer, holly, and ivy, and misseltoe were placed.

The huge yule log went roaring up the wide old-fashioned chimneys; and cold although it might be without, all was warm and comfortable within. The large wassail-bowl—a load of itself when full, was passed round; and each one, before he drank, stirred up the rich spices with a sprig of rosemary, while the cooks (says an old writer) “looked as black and greasy as a Welsh porridge-pot.”

Roast goose and roast beef, minced pies, the famous boar's head, plum porridge and pudding, together with no end of sausages, and drinks of every description; but, chief of all, the “bowl of lambswool”—seem to have formed the staple luxuries of an old Christmas dinner. But even more than two hundred years ago the cry was raised, “Is old, good old Christmas gone?—nothing but the hair of his good, grave, old head and beard left!”—*Tempora mutantur*.

The season of Christmas is far “better” kept now, than it used to be then. Refinement has greatly improved the taste of the inhabitants of the nineteenth century, and we are nearer the mark than we were. *Still* there is a wide field for improvement; as “excess” will, from to-day, be brought before us in all its hideous forms for the next six weeks to come.

On this lamentable abuse of the good things sent for our comfort, we will not dwell. We can hardly expect to get an audience even thus far. So,—as we shall not meet our readers any more this year, we beg most cordially to wish them every happiness that THE SEASON is capable of affording.

On the 1st of February, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, we hope again to be found singing; and we shall assuredly

bring with us, *D.V.*, a short, round, crisp face; and a right merrie heart.

No readers of OUR JOURNAL will ever be found with a long, or a hypocritical face!

WE THINK IT RIGHT TO GIVE OUR READERS A TIMELY HINT, with reference to the FIRST VOLUME OF OUR JOURNAL. We have before remarked, that it is NOT ephemeral; but positively INVALUABLE as a Work of Reference for all who love Birds and Animals, and the varied Works of Nature faithfully recorded. This opinion of ours, has recently been confirmed by a daily increasing demand for the volume, of which a few copies still remain. IT WILL NOT BE RE-PRINTED. We state this, to prevent any misunderstanding.

The price of the First Volume, is from to-day raised (in accordance with the weekly notice which has appeared in the JOURNAL for the last six months) to the same standard as the SECOND VOLUME, now just ready. No further charge will ever be made.

Let the sale of these volumes be what it may, the public can *alone* be the gainers. OUR loss in their production can NEVER be made good.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS are reminded, that it will be needful for them to order IMMEDIATELY, through their respective BOOK-SELLERS, any of the BACK NUMBERS of this JOURNAL which they may require to complete their sets.

The STOCK is being made up into VOLUMES: and there may be hereafter some difficulty, if not an impossibility, of obtaining any particular NUMBER or PART that may be wanted.

A copious INDEX to the LAST Twenty-six Numbers, with Title-page, Preface, &c., to VOLUME II., is now ready, price Three-pence. Also, STAMPED COVERS for the FIRST and SECOND VOLUMES. Price 1s. 2d. each.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A remarkable Jackdaw.—You have called me, my dear Mr. Editor, in a note you sent me “one of your pets.” [Such indeed you are!] I therefore feel pleasure in sending you the following, as being worthy of record in OUR OWN. A cousin of mine recently had a jackdaw,—a most remarkable character. He had virtues and vices not a few, and some of them were always peeping out. He loved his master dearly, and would follow him about everywhere. He would answer him too; and deign no answer to any *but* him! yet, alas, he was cruel,—naturally cruel, my dear Sir. The garden was freely accorded him as a promenade. He had a nice cage too, as a dwelling, to receive him when it

rained. Near this cage, when bent on mischief, he would secret himself and look out for prey. Jack had a saucer of bread and milk always placed in his cage. This held out a tempting lure to certain chaffinches and sparrows, and other little birds. Jack availed himself of this knowledge, and set the trap for his victims with an artfulness perfectly wonderful. Shrouded in ambush, how often has he been seen to watch for a victim! Sometimes an ill-fated chaffinch, sometimes a luckless sparrow, would be overcome by the sight of the tempting saucer; and enter the cage to taste the bread and milk. Quick as thought, up rushed Jack in pursuit; and in less than a minute, the adventurer lay dead at his feet. His fate was indeed sad! for *brains*, *eyes*, and *heart*, all were devoured by Jack,—who afterwards left the mangled corse to be removed by his master. His mode of picking out the heart was particularly “neat.” Every bird’s structure he perfectly comprehended, and went to work like a student of anatomy. We always knew when a prisoner was taken; for Jack set up a regular “war-whoop.” On one particular occasion, a prodigious *fracas* was heard to come off in Jack’s cage. Out rushed my cousin, just in time to see Jack tackling a blackbird. This time he had his match, or nearly so. However, he set his foot upon poor blacky, and nearly strangled him with a *gripe*,—dragging him into the water with a view to drown him! Another five minutes would have seen him drowned. My cousin, however, came to his timely rescue, and released him when more than half dead. Dire was the mischief committed by Jack, if left to himself. One day he artfully approached a cage in which were five pet birds. Opening the door gently, he soon devoured *four* of them (at least their eyes, brains, and hearts); the fifth luckily escaped. You will ask,—what became of Jack? He shared the fate of all “pets.” One day, when sought for, he was *non est*. It was surmised he had been stolen: for he was never seen afterwards. My cousin, like yourself, possesses the power of taming *any* living creature. He throws a spell over them that wins them at once. He has some beautiful bantams that go to sleep on his knee. I shall have more “nice” anecdotes to send you as soon as I return home.—FANNY A., *Brighton*.

[Thank you, thank you Fanny. Our pages shall be always open to you. You write so pleasingly, that our readers will soon love you as much as we do.]

Cloves.—Cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree, that resembles in appearance the laurel and the bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size; and grow in large numbers, in clusters at the very ends of the branches. The cloves we use, are the flowers gathered before they have opened; and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire; and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts; a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flowers rolled up, inclosing a number of small stalks or fila-

ments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact the flower-cup and the unripe seed-vessel.—J. P.

Mechanism of a Watch.—A watch consists of 902 pieces; and forty trades, and probably 215 persons, are employed in making one of these little machines. The iron of which the balance-wheel is formed, is valued at something less than a farthing. This produces an ounce of steel worth 41.2 pence, which is drawn into 3250 yards of steel wire, and represents in the market £13 13s. But still another process of hardening this, originally a farthing’s worth of iron, renders it workable into 7650 balance springs; which will realise, at the common price of 2s. 6d. each, £956 5s.; the effect of labor alone. Thus, the mere labor bestowed upon one farthing’s worth of iron, gives it the value of £956 5s.; which is 918,000 times its original value.—E. J. DENT.

Plants for Pillar-Decoration.—Experience of the usefulness of the common Heliotrope (*Heliotropium Peruvianum*) enables me to come forward as its advocate; and I can justly place it foremost in the rank of plants for adorning pillars, wires, or any other suitable situation of a cool conservatory where a graceful pyramidal appearance would be deemed an acquisition. Few lovers of plants and flowers, pass through our conservatory without granting their tribute of praise on the subject under notice, which runs up a pillar to the height of fourteen feet, and about three feet diameter at the base. It tapers too in its upward progress, to a couple of leading shoots, forming a pyramid of pendent branches, with clusters of flowers hanging gracefully from the extremities of each of them. I find it requisite to pinch all the laterals proceeding from last year’s growth of the leader, or any other strong shoot protruding without the boundary. This induces them to throw out a number of a weaker stump or flowering shoots; checking their vigor and benefiting those underneath, by directing the current of sap to them. From their spurred nature, and from repeated prunings, they break with more shoots than are required. The weakest should be weeded out, to allow the others the benefit of the sun and air, when they will shoot out rapidly; and produce that much admired form, the pyramid. The usefulness of this plant for the conservatory, or cut bloom, may be best understood when I say, that during nine months of the year, it is covered with bloom. I believe it would prove perpetual were pruning not requisite to keep it in form. That operation is performed in the beginning of March. In a few weeks after, it is covered with a lively green, and its growth encouraged during that season with frequent waterings of liquid manure, which are discontinued in August. After that time, the plants placed upon the soil wherein it grows supply it plentifully with the water that has passed through them; and the increasing moisture of the atmosphere and withdrawal of sun-heat make its wants more moderate. An interesting companion opposite to it—in habit and foliage resembling it very much, whilst in the color of the flowers it forms a

decided contrast—is the lovely and rich scarlet-flowered *Salvia Gesneriflora*. Under the same treatment as the *Heliotrope*, it thrives equally well; and flowers abundantly during the winter and spring months. *Sollya linearis*, covering a third pillar, may be classed next it in usefulness for cut bloom, but it is inferior to none of the former in exhibiting a graceful habit, densely studded over with its lovely blue blossoms. It is said to grow best in a mixture of peat and sand. Here, it grows and flowers freely in the border mixture, which originally was loam and leaf mould; but all traces of the latter are gone. The fourth pillar is covered with *Cytisus racemosus*, with its evergreen garb and fine spikes in yellow bloom, imparting a cheering influence in a dull period of the year. The time required to cover the pillars might be raised as an objection to the use of such slow-growing plants as recommended above. The same objection is applicable to our finest exhibition plants. But who grudges the few years spent in bringing them to that acmé of perfection, as seen in the specimens which adorn the show tables of our metropolitan exhibitions? Or it might be got over by planting a late and rapid-growing *Fuchsia* at a considerable distance from the pillar, where its roots may not interfere with those plants which are to remain, and carrying its stems under ground to the bottom of the pillar,—clearing its branches away, as they clothed the part under it. When covered, it might be removed, or allowed to remain; when it will form a fine umbel and showy head of bloom during the summer and autumn months.—ALEX. ROGER, *Wrotham Park*.

Floods: their Causes and Effects.—As thorough draining has been stated to be one of the causes of floods, it may be well to correct so erroneous an opinion. The effect of thorough draining is, to cause the rain at all seasons to sink into the ground; and to prevent any of it from running off the surface. As its descent is gradual, and the drains continue to discharge long after rain has ceased to fall, much more time is occupied in the discharge than in the fall. The tendency of draining, therefore, is to equalise the discharge of rain into the main water-courses; and to lessen the liability to floods. Undrained land at this season, soon becomes saturated with moisture; and then all the rain that falls on it runs off as fast as it comes. It is, in fact, then in the condition of a full sponge, or overflowing basin; which can take in no more, and throws off all that is poured on to it as fast as it falls. Drained land may be compared to the dry sponge; or cracked basin, which, not holding water, is admitting all that is poured into it at the same time that it is slowly discharging. The true cause of floods is to be found in obstructions (artificial and natural) to the free courses of rivers. The mischief to health, and to adjoining properties, from mill-dams, weirs, and embankments, has been a subject of complaint for very many years. The injury to the public, and loss to adjoining land-owners and occupiers, from these causes, is very poorly represented by the gain to individuals. It is to be hoped that the Boards of Health will rapidly sweep away these obstructions to better

drainage. But there is another cause of floods that is much more difficult to deal with; namely, the gradual rise or silting up of the beds of our rivers, from the sluggishness of their courses through flat districts; and where they meet with tidal obstruction, and the consequent loss of the natural drainage of the land beside them. In this way, for instance, the present channel of the Thames has been raised many feet, and may in many parts be said to have become artificial; for, were it not for the high banks that keep it to its old channel, it would have long since broken into a fresh course, and, in doing so, would have given drainage to large districts which are now without it. In this way has the drainage of large districts throughout England been destroyed. I see no remedy for the very serious mischief throughout the country, to health and comfort generally, as well as to private property, that this want of drainage causes—save by means of some general measure which shall provide new channels to receive the water from the drainage which is so much wanted, but which cannot be effected without other outfalls than those now available.—HEWITT DAVIS.

Development of the Lungs.—Much has been said and written upon diet, eating and drinking; but I do not recollect ever noticing a remark in any writer upon breathing. Multitudes, and especially ladies in easy circumstances, contract a destructive mode of breathing. They suppress their breathing and contract the habit of short quick breathing; not carrying half-way down the chest and scarcely expanding the lower portions of the chest at all. Lacing the bottom of the chest also greatly increases this evil; and confirms a bad habit of breathing. Children that move about a good deal in the open air, and in no way laced, breathe deep and full to the chest, and every part of it. So also with most out-door laborers and persons who take a great deal of exercise in the open air, because the lungs give us the power of action; and the more exercise we take,—especially out of doors, the larger the lungs become, and the less liable to disease. In all occupations that require standing, keep the body straight. If at a table, let it be high and raised up, nearly to the armpits, so as not to require you to stoop; you will find the employment much easier, not one half so fatiguing, whilst the form of the chest, and the symmetry of the figure will remain perfect. You have noticed the fact that a vast many tall ladies stoop, whilst a great many short ones are straight. This arises, I think, from the table at which they sit to work or study being medium height; far too low for a tall person, and about right for a short person. This should be carefully corrected and regarded, so that each lady may occupy herself at a table suited to her, and thus prevent the possibility of the necessity of stooping.—J. FITCH, M. D.

Canary Shows,—the "Bradford" Fancy.—I send you, Mr. Editor, the points and properties considered by the Bradford Club as essential for well-bred yellow and buff canaries.—1. Round in the back; well-shouldered; a good frill; a long small tail.—2. Good leg, to show the thigh,

and to stand firmly erect.—3. For length of the bird—4. Small head, and long neck—5. Well feathered.—6. Richness of color.—7. For handsome carriage and elegance throughout. A long thin bird is, in all cases, preferable. This refers to birds of all classes.—W. S., *Idle, near Leeds.*

The Bourbon Rose.—About 35 years ago, a French botanist, M. Brèon, visited the Island of Bourbon; and found growing in a garden at St. Benoist, a rose altogether new to him. The flowers were rosy carmine, beautifully cupped; and the petals remarkable for their size and smoothness. Our botanist did not fail to appreciate this *nouveauté*; and sending it to Paris, it was there multiplied, and scattered abroad. This was the original Bourbon Rose. It is not a species, but an accidental hybrid, supposed to have sprung up between the common China Rose and the red Four-seasons. Some of your readers will doubtless remember the Rose Ile de Bourbon, or Bourbon Jacques—for under both these names it was disseminated; and it is from this Rose, variously hybridised, that all the Bourbon Roses have been obtained. For the first few years, most of the seedlings raised were of the same color as the original. Some were finer, and many more double. One of these, Augustine Leileur, remains a good rose to this day. The first variation was the production of kinds of a clear and beautiful silvery tint; then of a dark purple and crimson hue; till, now, we have flowers as brilliant in color, and equal in form, to almost any rose. The Bourbon Roses generally, are hardy and easy of culture. The short-wooded, free-blooming kinds, require two annual dressings of manure and close pruning. They are then the most beautiful of autumn Roses; flowering better and more abundantly late in the season than in summer,—fine flowers often expanding at the end of October.—W. PAUL.

Lend me a Shilling, will you?—At Christmas time, Mr. Editor, many a man, in want of a meal, is apt to “try it on,” and come Jeremy Diddler over us. Let us hear what Charles Lamb says of him, and be on our guard. “What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! What rosy gills! What a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money! accounting it (*yours and mine especially*) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*; or rather, what a noble simplicity of language (beyond Tooke,) resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive community—to the extent of one half of the principle at least! He is the true taxer, “who calleth all the world up to be taxed.” His exactions, too, have such a cheerful voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state gatherers—those inkhorn valets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and wanteth no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas or Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, which to that gentle warmth expands her

silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveller for which sun and wind contended.” How many a man, Mr. Editor, has sold himself for half a crown,—aye, for a shilling!—ARGUS.

“*Love one Another.*”—Do, my dear Sir, contrive to squeeze these lines into your “Christmas number.” The author of them is a Mr. Edmund Teesdale. They were written four years ago, at which time I copied them into my Album. They are worthy of “OUR OWN,” which so delights in cementing the bond of love among people of all denominations.—NANNETTE.

Oh! why should petty difference tend
To break the bond of love between us?
Then bring that little pride to bend,
And let men see, as men have seen us.
Should aught on earth give cause for *hate*
Between earth's sons, a few years' dwelling
On this bright world, in mortal state—
Each object round to love impelling?

View Nature in her wildest mood—
The storm once passed, then see her smiling—
Hill, mead, and stream, and gay green wood,
To love, and peace, and kindness willing.
See! struggling for the upper part,
Sweet Nature-yearnings for thy brother!
Oh, may these feelings of thy heart,
Reign absolute o'er all the other!
Alas! that *hate* should find a home
'Mid all man's nobler God-like graces—
That spleen or malice e'er should come
To darken sweet affection's traces.
One common tenure do we hold
Of earth and life:—then love each other!
Let one united bond enfold
Each human heart, each man and brother!

[Nannette! You are a treasure—a dear, sweet, delightful girl! Most gladly do we insert this, as we have done all your other love-offerings. Cater away for us; and let the New Year give us still more energy to do good to our fellow-man. We are proud of you, as you are of us. “You love us dearly,” you have said. Can we do less than say the affection is reciprocal? Such sisterly love will never die,—nor should it.]

The Hand-in-Hand Canary Show.—To make your recent report of this Canary Show complete, Mr. Editor, I send you the names of the successful competitors, with the awards—**MEELYS**,—1st. prize, Mr. Hook; 2nd., Mr. Gordon; 3rd., Mr. Waller; 4th. Mr. Crocker; 5th. Mr. Hopkinson; 6th. Mr. Arthur.—**JONQUES**,—1st. prize, Mr. Hook; 2nd. Mr. Pattenden; 3rd. Mr. Waller; 4th. Mr. Gordon; 5th. Mr. Hopkinson; 6th. Mr. Paice.—Yours obediently,—
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

[We are much obliged to you for forwarding us these particulars; and also for the kind invitation contained in your note.]

Shaking Hands.—You have given us already, an excellent article upon “Shaking Hands” (at page 204). At this season, do just graft upon your own remarks those of Christopher Tadpole. There is nothing so sickening, he says, as the presentation of a limp hand which cannot return

a grasp. Never put much trust in its owner; for he is either meanly cunning, or contemptibly feeble-minded. Be also cautious of your enthusiastic wringers, who grasp your hand like a vice, upon a first interview; and throw an expression of beaming delight into their faces, *intended to make you believe* that the great object of their life is accomplished in meeting you! Believe rather in the warm hearty shake where the forks of the thumbs and first fingers closely meet each other: and the very wrist is almost included in the grasp,—without squeezing all the blood away from the hand for five minutes afterwards, and pressing the fingers together like figs in a drum. The man who does this, and looks you well in the face at the same time, has not much harm about him. If he cannot bear to meet a direct gaze, he is either a lunatic or a swindler—most probably the latter.—These are fair arguments. How icy cold some people are! How flabby are their digits, whilst pretending to be glad to see you! Out upon them! say I. What say you, Mr. Editor?—SYLVIA.

[Fie, little Sylvia! you, who know us “by heart,” ought not to ask us such a question.]

HUMAN SORROW,—EVANESCENT.

How STRANGELY SOON are the dead forgotten! There is surely nothing which so forcibly brings before us the passing nature of all earthly things as our insensible, but certain forgetfulness of those who in life were so dear—at the hour of death so lamented! When the stricken mother sees her child borne from her earthly home to the last long dwelling-place, would she not scorn the voice of prophecy, which might whisper to her that the memory of that hour would at least return less bitterly when time had softened the blow? When the sister hangs in hopeless grief over the grave of her who has been the bright companion—the fond friend of her young life, would she listen to the voice that spoke of glad days to come, and new hopes and joys, where the image of the lost one should come rarely, and bring with it a more tempered sorrow? Ah! no; in the first hour of uncontrollable grief, earth seems robbed of its beauty; and the mourner deems that beauty gone for ever.

And yet, return to that home *in a few short months*; there is scarcely a trace left to tell of those who have passed away! It is a merciful work, that work of time—for the weight of life would become intolerable if the first agony of the last parting were to remain unsoftened. *But surely it is not the less strange, that the deepest wounds should so soon heal—that what remains of life should so soon blot out the memory of death!*

In remembering how transitory are our sorrows in this world, should we not be reminded that earth's joys are also fleeting?

There are, doubtless, some few exceptions to this forgetfulness of the dead. There are some to whom the midnight winds sigh mournfully, as voices from the grave; there are some, who can only see in the bright summer day a gladness which meets no echo in their joyless heart—for the sunbeam is playing upon the grave of one who, in the long-ago time, loved the

bright days as *they* did. There are some who dare not trust their thoughts to range through past years, lest the voices of the dead should cry aloud of hopes that have withered—of joys that have passed away.

But it is rare to find any who are thus clinging to the past. Much oftener does a passing cloud alone—when some long silent chord is touched—speak of those who are *now* but a memory, *and a memory which is fast dying into distance.*

Cannot every one of us attest the truth of this? Alas! now-a-days, the death of a fond wife, or a fond husband, seems to cause but a month's regret. *Another* object presents itself; and it is as readily idolised in turn! Poor human nature!

A PICTURE OF DECEMBER.

Now the brief days are cold, cheerless, and gloomy. The woods are naked and desolate. There is a sad, leaden, melancholy color about the sky. The open country is silent, the fields are empty, and the lanes abandoned by the village children; and excepting the robin, you hear not the voice of a bird amid the whole landscape. You wander on in the direction; and there, upon the large frozen pond, surrounded by a few aged willows, you behold a group of hardy rustics amusing themselves with the healthy exercise of sliding, and making a strange, hollow, and unearthly sound, as they run upon the ice.

You see the sportsman far off, with his dog and gun; and behold the white smoke rolling beside the hedge in the valley, while the report awakens the low and sleeping echoes. Further on, along the frozen and cheerless road, you see the village carrier's grey tilted cart, rocking between the naked hedgerows. See, it moves slowly on past the cold white guide post, by the embankment which is covered with withered and hoary grass, beside the long plantation where the snow is piled beneath the dark green fir tree, past the reedy pool where the flags stand with their sharp froken edges, looking as if they would cut like a sabre—so sharp, cold, keen, and piercing do they appear.—THOMAS MILLER.

“BE MERRY AND WISE.”

THERE IS A LARGE CLASS of people, who deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be made light of; who leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips as on a gravestone or in a ledger.

Surely it cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Is there less of sincerity, in nature doing her gambols in spring, rather than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? And is it altogether impossible to take up one's abode with truth, and let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it and to smile upon it as a kind father or mother, and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it as with a child? No; otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with truth; no otherwise Cervantes and Shakspeare.

"YES" AND "NO."

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THERE are two little words that we use
Without thinking from whence they came;
But if you will list to my muse,
The birth-place of each I will name:
The one came from heaven to bless,
The other was sent from below,
What a sweet little angel is "Yes!"
What a demon-like dwarf is that "No!"

And "No" has a friend he can bid
To aid all his doings as well,
In that delicate arch it lies hid
That adorns the bright eye of the belle.
Beware of the shadowy frown,
Which darkens her bright brow of snow,
As bent like a bow to strike down,
Her lip gives you death with a "No."

But "Yes" has a twin-sister sprite—
'Tis a smile you will easily guess—
That sheds a more heavenly light
On the doings of dear little "Yes;"
Increasing the charm of the lip
That is going some lover to bless;
Oh, sweet is the exquisite smile
THAT DIMPLES AND PLAYS AROUND "YES!"

CHRISTMAS.

BRING hither, bring hither, the dear misseltoe,—
From the bright holly bough shake its clusters of
snow;

They shall hang with deep ivy to grace the high
wall,—
For a Christmas we'll keep in my father's old
hall.

Bring hither, bring hither, the well-flavor'd ale,
And summon my neighbors to merry wassail;
While the hissing crabs float, pass the love-cup
about,—

Remember 'tis Christmas, the waits are without.

Bring hither, bring hither, the solid sirloin:
Bring the well-fatted turkey and savory chine;—
Here the youthful and aged together shall dine,—
'Twas my father's old custom, and still shall be
mine.

Bring hither, bring hither, the friendless and poor,
And welcome the young to my father's hall
door;—

Bring the bright sparkling cider and rich-spiced
cake,—

Remember 'tis Christmas and all shall partake.

Bring hither, bring hither, the log for the hearth;
Bring the boys and the girls to establish our
mirth;—

Here the gay and the sober may happily join,—
'Twas my father's old custom and still shall be
mine.

Bring hither, bring hither, the dear misseltoe,—
From the bright holly bough shake its clusters of
snow;

They shall hang with deep ivy the broad chimney
o'er,

And the hall of my fathers be merry once more.

Seven Oaks, Kent.

A. G.

GAME OF THE "CHRISTMAS-TREE."

MR. SPOONER, of 379 Strand, well known as the purveyor of Christmas and holiday games and puzzles for children young and old,—has just issued a new and interesting game entitled the "Game of the Christmas-Tree," which will prove more than ordinarily attractive. It is well conceived and equally well executed; and it is calculated to make a long evening pass rapidly away. There is a great deal of ingenuity evinced in the arrangement and construction of this game; and the elements of fun are nicely locked up in every branch of the tree,—which, when in full leaf, will be found quite an ornament to the drawing-room table. We give our young friends a timely hint, in order that they may be thoroughly furnished for the festivities of the coming season.

WINTER IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE following description of Winter, written about three hundred years ago, will be new to many of our readers. It was written by a good old Scotch bishop, named Gavin Douglas, and first rendered familiar to English readers by the poet Warton, to whom we are indebted for the following beautiful version:—

"The fern withered on the miry fallows; the brown moors assumed a barren, mossy hue; banks, sides of hills, and bottoms, grew white and bare; the cattle looked hoary from the dank weather; the wind made the red reed waver on the dyke. From the crags and the foreheads of the yellow rock hung great icicles, in length like a spear. The soil was dusky and grey, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass; in every holt and forest the woods were stripped of their array. Boreas blew his bugle-horn so loud that the solitary deer withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked to the thick briars, shunning the tempestuous blast, and changing their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roared, and every linden tree whistled and bowed to the sounding wind. The poor laborers, wet and weary, draggled in the fen; the sheep and shepherds lurked under the hanging banks or wild broom. Warm from the chimney-side, and refreshed with generous cheer, I stole to my bed, and lay down to sleep, when I saw the moon shed through the window her twinkling glances and wintry light. I heard the wild geese, with screaming cries, fly over the city through the silent night.

I was lulled to sleep; till the cock, clapping his wings, crowed thrice, and the day peeped. I waked and saw the moon disappear, and heard jackdaws cackle on the roof of the house. The cranes' prognosticating tempests, in a firm phalanx pierced the air, with voices sounding like a trumpet. The kite, perched in an old tree fast by my chamber, cried lamentably—a sign of the dawning day. I rose, and half-opening my window, perceived the morning, livid, wan, and hoary. The air was overwhelmed with vapor and cloud; the ground stiff, grey, and rough; the branches rustling; the sides of the hills looking black and hard with driving blasts; the dew-drops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hailstones, deadly cold, and hopping on the thatch."

A PLEA FOR THE POOR.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

"Blessed is he that considereth the Poor."

THINK ON THE POOR, when blessings surround thee;

Oh, turn not the needy away from thy door.
When the ties of affection and friendship have bound thee,

To kind hearts that love thee,—pray think of the poor!

Visit their homes, let thy smiles cheer their dwelling;

They need thy assistance,—do give them relief.
Hear the sad tale a fond mother is telling,
As she bends o'er the dying, half frantic with grief.

Pity the Poor! remember their sorrow,
Softly breathe words of compassion and peace,
Hope beams not for them on the dark cheerless morrow,

Oh! let not thy kindness—thy sympathy cease.

Remember the dangers, the doubts that oppress them,

Their dear little children half-famish'd, half-clad!

Whilst thou hast the power, *do* pity and bless them,
The smiles of the mourner will make thy heart glad.

Weep for the poor! the monster "temptation,"
Is secretly prowling to make them its prey;
In mercy may God bless the poor of our nation,
And lead them to pleasures that never decay!

Let us, too, fulfil every duty we owe them;
From the needy and helpless withhold not thine hand!

Bless those that are "ready to perish," and show them

THE KINDNESS AND MERCY THEIR SORROWS DEMAND!

SELECT POETRY.**THE HOLLY.**

O! reader, hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it, well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralise;
And in this Holly tree,
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance I may appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show;
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen,
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
And when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they,—
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly tree.

SOUTHEY.

MADNESS AND FOLLY.

WHAT a poor value do men set on HEAV'N!
Heav'n—the perfection of all that can
Be said, or thought; riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty. And all these not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal,
Lost for a pension or poor spot of earth,—
Favor of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure!
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
SHOULD RUN TO LIGHT THEIR TAPER AT A GLOW-
WORM!

SHIRLEY.

LOVE—A MYSTERY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

My heart! I bid thee answer—
How are Love's marvels wrought?
"Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits to one thought."
And tell me how love cometh?—
"It comes—unsought—unsent!"
And tell me how love goeth?
"That was *not* LOVE which *went*!"

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

There cannot be a more glorious object in
creation, than a human being replete with bene-
volence,—meditating in what manner he might
render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by
doing most good to his creatures.—FIELDING.

END OF VOLUME II.

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